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★ PHOTOPLAY

July

15¢

CORNEL WILDE'S LIFE
Told in Pictures

Esther Williams
By Paul Hesse

©M-M 2/47 3Y R
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

Just One Cake of Camay Brings Softer, Smoother Skin!



MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER
the former Gloria Harpe of Coral Gables, Fla.
Bridal portrait painted by **MAWICKE**



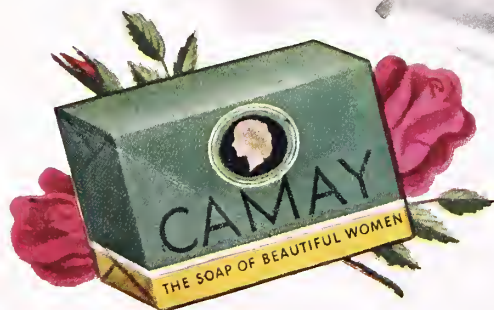
Like a dream come true, your complexion is clearer, fresher—with your very *first cake* of Camay! Yes, new loveliness can be yours when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin!

NOTES ON THE ROMANCE OF THE GREERS



Shell-hunting on the golden Florida sands, Russ wooed and won lovely, blue-eyed Gloria. Her complexion is fair as the skies that smiled down on their romance! "Camay is my standby for skin care," Gloria discloses, "since my very *first cake* of Camay brought out a real sparkle in my complexion!"

Gay goings-on at the Greers'! And the fresh beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—thanks to *mild* Camay care!" So Gloria promises, "to keep my skin winning praises, I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." You can make *your* skin lovelier, too! Every Camay wrapper tells you how.



Cherish Camay—use every sliver. Precious materials go into making soap.

"What're you looking at, Sis?"



GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? Look at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam*? I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."

CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: What dentist? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*? He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



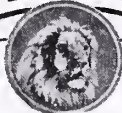
GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist, my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile . . . one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)



We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd besaying: "Wetold you so!"

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audience you could possibly get together.

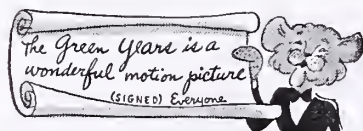
Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? Everyone says so!

Our congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon. To a perfect supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. To those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:



Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our world of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Cover: Esther Williams, appearing in "Fiesta"
Miss Williams's bathing suit by Jantzen
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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Van!

dances and romances with
gorgeous Esther Williams
IN TECHNICOLOR



Van!

sings love songs...and so
does Lucille Ball
IN TECHNICOLOR



Van!

fights and frolics with
funny-man Keenan Wynn
IN TECHNICOLOR



M-G-M's whirlwind musical romance **IN TECHNICOLOR**
VAN JOHNSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS
LUCILLE BALL • KEENAN WYNN

"Easy to Wed"

CECIL KELLAWAY
CARLOS RAMIREZ • BEN BLUE
ETHEL SMITH
AT THE ORGAN

Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley • From the Screenplay
"Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard
Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer
Directed by
EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by
JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FINK AND SMITH



Rhythmtime—Gloria De Haven and John Payne



Lana Turner, John Hodiak do "Honky Tonk" on air



Paired in "Honeymoon"—Shirley Temple and Guy Madison

New York News: Lucky Cal to find himself in New York at the time his good friend Lana Turner arrived from South America. Together we did the shows, the taverns and yep, we even got dragged into an afternoon shopping spree, with the autograph hounds and Cal going around like waltzing mice. Funny thing about those New York fans, too. They're always the same ones who, by this time, must have two dozen Turner signatures and still aren't satisfied.

Frankie Sinatra came over to our table at Toots Shor's one evening to say hello. Wayne Morris, minus his pretty Pat, waved to us in the Cub room of the Stork Club. We greeted Ray and Mel Milland at the party given by Myron McCormick who is so good in "State of the Union." The Millands told us all about their plan to visit South America, with Cal smiling to himself at Ray's naive suggestion that no one would really know they were there. Oh, no? And with that newly won Oscar fresh in the minds of the Latins?

We supped one night at "21" at the table next to the Ray Bolgers. Seems to Cal too little has been said about the sixteen years of happily married life these two have shared. And here's a bit of news for you. If Ray, who is a dancing (Continued on page 6)

POSSESSED
BY ONE WOMAN...
OBSESSED
BY ANOTHER...



This man who dabbled with the
destiny of nations...in Paris...Rome
...Washington...Berlin—helpless
before the power of the Searching
Wind that stripped away the veils
cloaking his secret love!

HAL WALLIS' production
The Searching Wind

FROM THE SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY PLAY BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

STARRING **ROBERT YOUNG • SYLVIA SIDNEY • ANN RICHARDS**

with **DUDLEY DIGGES** and Introducing **DOUGLAS DICK**

Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE** • DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY—**LEE GARMES, A.S.C.**

Screenplay by **LILLIAN HELLMAN** • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

From the Producer of
"CASABLANCA"
"LOVE LETTERS" and
"SARATOGA TRUNK"

"Of course you
know about Midol
BUT
HAVE YOU
TRIED IT?"



Be fair with yourself! And this very month *prove to yourself* that the natural pain of the menstrual process can be relieved simply by taking Midol.

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain, and their action is both *prompt* and *sure*. Prompt because relief is generally obtained in a few minutes. Sure because *three* fast-acting ingredients work in these ways to bring welcome relief: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

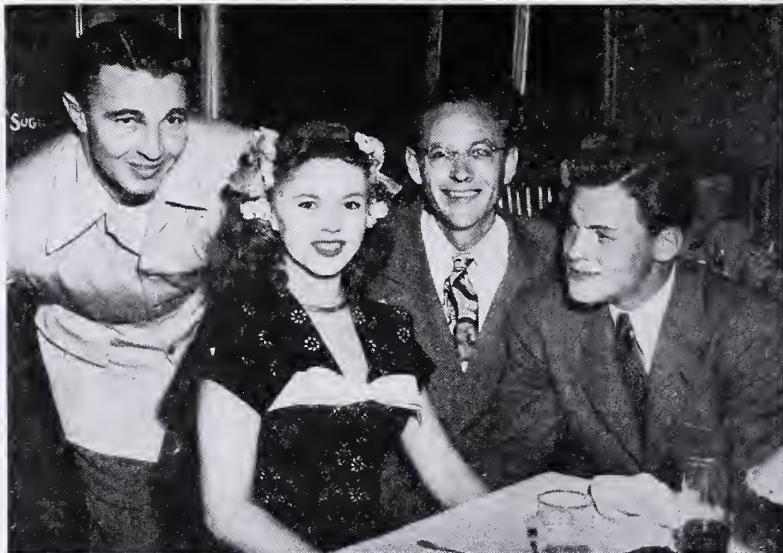
Let Midol keep you brighter. Take it confidently and see how comfortably you can go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-76, Room 1413,
41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS—HEADACHE—"BLUES"



Three men in her life. George and Jack Temple with Shirl and husband John Agar at her birthday party at Beverly Hills Tropics

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 4) sensation in "Three to Make Ready," does come back to Hollywood, he will play the lead in a picture based on the life of that wonderful dancer, Jack Donahue.

Parties! Parties! This past month might well be described as Hollywood's field day for photographers! What parties, openings and general goings on! Of course, Cal doesn't think the town will ever get over that lavish dinner-dance that Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Eddie Duchin and Johnny McLain (the "Cads") teamed together to give at the old Clover Club, which they re-opened for the event. And what a glamorous event it was. Starting out with a gorgeous buffet-dinner; a wonderful, hot band playing for every movie star you could name to traipse around a roomy dance floor—and winding up at seven-thirty in the morning with Bing Crosby, Hoagy

Carmichael, Duchin and others taking their turn at the piano and singing departments. It was the same night that Virginia Cherrill (now Lady Jersey) returned to Hollywood after several years in England—and everyone thought she and Cary would resume with that "old feeling." But Cary was devotion itself to Betty Hensel all that evening. Rita Hayworth, in a simple, very low-cut slinky dress was with Jimmy Stewart. The most avid dancers at the ball were Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Peter Lindstrom—they even jitterbugged together and seemed to have such fun. But the rumba that Ida Lupino and Bing put on together was really something.

Then there was the very gala opening of the "Ziegfeld Follies" right in the heart of Hollywood (for a change!) and the lens boys had fun snapping so much beauty. And (Continued on page 10)



Glamour corner at Ciro's. Charming Mrs. Gary Cooper lends a festive ear to serious conversationalist Clark Gable

WOW!
WHAT A
LESSON IN
CARESSIN'!

THE SCREEN'S
FULL OF
STARS WITH
THEIR ARMS
FULL OF
LOVE!



JACK CARSON
A weed in their garden of love!



OH, WHAT ANNIE DID TO THE "XMAS IN CONNECTICUT" KID!
ANN SHERIDAN and DENNIS MORGAN



ALEXIS SMITH
Everybody's sweetheart—all at once!

JANE WYMAN
She's been around so much
she's dizzy!



IT'S THE BIG LOVE AND LOVE-IT SHOW FROM WARNERS!

ONE MORE TOMORROW

The hit with the
Hit Parade tune
"ONE MORE TOMORROW"

with **REGINALD GARDINER** • Screen Play by Charles Hoffman & Catherine Turney • Additional Dialogue by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Music by Max Steiner • **DIRECTED BY PETER GODFREY** • **PRODUCED BY BENJAMIN GLAZER**

1946 — 6 Academy Awards including best picture, "The Lost Weekend," and best male performance, Ray Milland!



Paramount
the
Academy
Award
Company
Brings You
Two great
new hits!



1945 — 8 Academy Awards including best picture, "Going My Way," and best male performance, Bing Crosby!





OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND... AND THE MOST
DYNAMIC MALE STAR DISCOVERY OF OUR TIME...
BRING YOU A STORY THAT RANKS WITH THE
TWO UNFORGETTABLE ROMANCES IN SCREEN HISTORY!

Olivia DeHavilland

"To Each His Own"

with Mary Anderson • Roland Culver
Virginia Welles • Phillip Terry • Bill Goodwin
and introducing John Lund

A Mitchell Leisen

Production

Produced by Charles Brackett • Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Jacques Thery



THEIR "HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"...
AND NOW THEY'RE HAVING TWICE AS MUCH FUN
WITH A COLLEGEFUL OF MEN... TAKING OVER A
PRINCETON HOUSE-PARTY, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARITONES!

"Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

Starring

GAIL RUSSELL • DIANA LYNN
and BRIAN DONLEVY

with BILLY DE WOLFE • WILLIAM DEMAREST

James Brown • Bill Edwards

Produced by Daniel Dare • Directed by William D. Russell

Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Based on a story by Frank Waldman

*Wash away
Unightly Hair!*
ZIP
CREAM
Hair Remover



You can have satin-smooth arms and legs—free from unsightly hair, with ZIP. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly. Your skin emerges petal-smooth.

3 Sizes—28c 55c \$1.10

Many Women Prefer
ZIP
HAIR REMOVING
Lotion

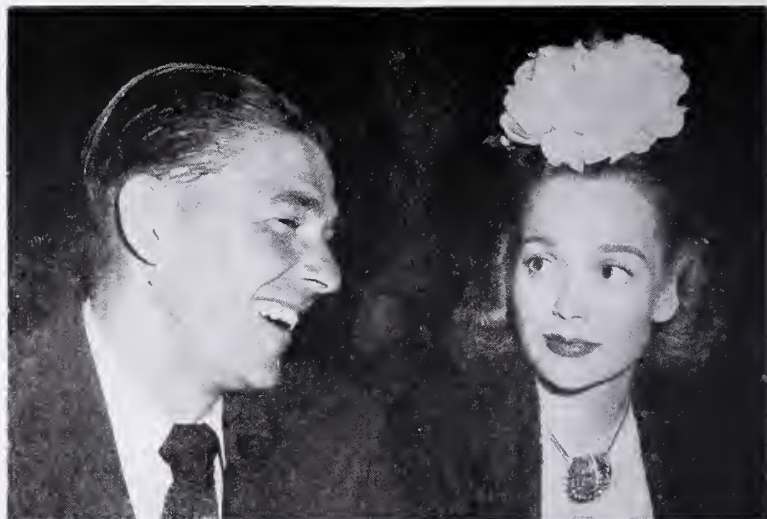
No ugly cuts or scratches.
No stubble or shadow.
Keeps skin lovely longer.

**QUICK!
EFFECTIVE!**



At drug and cosmetic
counters everywhere.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon
Madame Berthé, Specialist, 608 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Laugh line—or is it? Jane Wyman, dining out with husband Ronald Reagan at Ciro's, isn't so sure. No doubt about Ronnie!

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6) just for added measure there was Mickey Rooney, with his wife—Mickey back from his overseas stint and making his first "public appearance." Audrey Totter and Ross Hunter showed up as a new combination that evening—and have been doing a lot of dating since.

Then there was the huge dinner dance that producer Hal Roach gave for the briefly visiting General Carl "Toohey" Spaatz. Again very dressy and celebrity studded—and it was the first chance that David Niven really got a chance to introduce his wife, Primmie, to a great portion of Hollywood all at once. She charmed people. And her story of how she got to her Davie on this side of the pond (along with their two kids) on a freighter that took eighteen days to cross the Atlantic proves the gal really has a lot of patience and spunk.

With the smallpox scare, people in smallish groups were giving "vaccination parties" all over Hollywood. The gag was to invite a bunch of friends in—then send for a doctor or a nurse and have all the guests vaccinated after dinner—and everyone went for it in a big way.

Bachelor Bob: You mustn't faint if Bob Walker turns up as a bridegroom soon. And if he does the gal will not be any one of the many Hollywood starlets with whom he's been linked in the columns. She will be Betty Furness, who at this writing is up in Las Vegas divorcing Bud Ernst. Walker made four trips in three weeks up there just to see her.

British accent: Latest rave among the Hollywood belles is a guy who isn't even within (Continued on page 12)

Profile view of a not-so-serious conversation. Handsome Tony Martin listens with a smile to charming Ida Lupino while dinner-dating at Ciro's



Fun-for all!



© WDP

WALT DISNEY'S

Make Mine Music!

THRILL to the
TALENTS of

Benny GOODMAN and the Pied Pipers sending solid in "All the Cats Join In"!
Dinah SHORE enchanting in a sparkling Ballad Ballet, "Two Silhouettes"!
The ANDREWS SISTERS singing the love story of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet"!
Nelson EDDY singing *all* roles in the amazing "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met"!
Jerry COLONNA starting a mirthquake in the immortal "Casey at the Bat"!
Andy RUSSELL spellbinding in the lovely lyrics of "Without You"!
The KINGS MEN reviving the rip-roaring feud of "The Martins and the Coys"!
Sterling HOLLOWAY telling the story of Prokofieff's famous "Peter and the Wolf"!

*Tania Riabouchinska and David Lichine in a
never to be forgotten Disney Ballet!*

A COMEDY MUSICAL FEATURE IN TECHNICOLOR

RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES



OF COURSE YOU CAN...



GO IN SWIMMING...



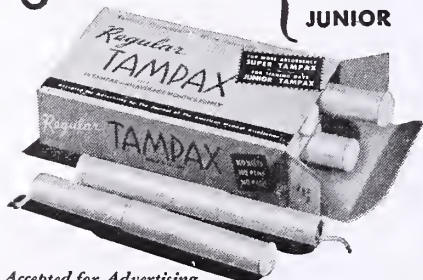
WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR**
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Out Hollywood Way—Helen Gilmore, Photoplay Editor, lunches at Eatons with Catherine McLeod, embryo star of "I've Always Loved You"

(Continued from page 10) three thousand miles of them! We mean James Mason, English star of "The Seventh Veil", and he's taken the cinema city by storm. Every studio, plus hordes of agents, is trying to sign him—and wherever you go his name is sure to pop up over the lunch or dinner table. He will definitely be coming to Hollywood in the fall—and, of course, has his pick of offers.

Hollywood Scene: Children with their nurses were playing on the green lawns of Roxbury Park in Beverly Hills just a few blocks from Cal's door. On the other side of the park a baseball game was in progress. A tall, thin man was about to come up to bat when a little tow-headed girl trudged over dragging a bat behind her.

"Here, Daddy," she exclaimed proudly. "Thank you, dear," he said and

smiled at the pretty blonde in the front row bleachers who went into screams of encouragement when the thin man hit the ball for a two-bagger.

When the game was over, the batter, the pretty girl and the little towhead climbed into a car and drove away.

"Who was that?" a tourist asked.

"That! Oh that was Harry James, his wife Betty Grable and little daughter Victoria. They're here every Sunday," we told him.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," said the tourist, shaking his head.

Our Mr. Goldwyn: At a buffet dinner party recently Mr. Sam Goldwyn approached blonde June Haver with a smile. "Why, Miss Grable," he beamed, "you look radiant tonight. And by the way, tell that little partner of yours in 'The Dolly Sisters' she did a good job."

June re- (Continued on page 14)

Bob Landry gets a special smile from Peggy Cummins





Where GOLD
was king...
and LOVE
was queen!

Out of the turbulent
era when the West
was coming of
age... here
is thrilling,
romantic
adventure!

IN OLD SACRAMENTO

starring

WILLIAM ELLIOTT and **CONSTANCE MOORE**

with

HANK DANIELS • **RUTH DONNELLY**
EUGENE PALLETTE • **LIONEL STANDER**

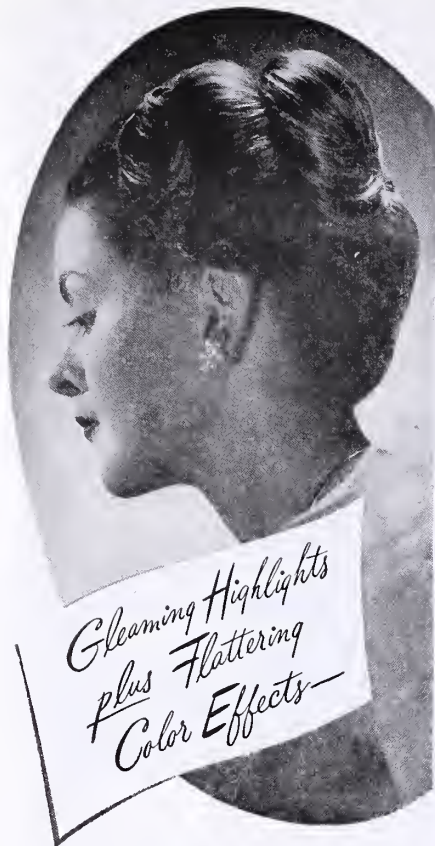
and

JACK LARUE • **GRANT WITHERS**
BOBBY BLAKE • Screen Play by

Frances Hyland • Adaptation by Frank Gruber
Original Story by Jerome Odlum

Associate Producer & Director Joseph Kane

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



—with “Make-up” for Your hair!

Complement your coloring . . . No matter what color your hair may be, one of the 12 smart Marchand's Rinse shades is just right for the effect you want to achieve. For example, you can highlight and brighten your natural hair color . . . or by using a different rinse shade, you may add an attractive coppery sheen.

Make the most of your hair . . . This modern hair cosmetic not only adds lustrous highlights and accents your natural hair coloring, but certain of the Marchand's Rinses may be used to blend gray streaks in with your original shade.

Absolutely harmless, too . . . that's Marchand's Rinse. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this rinse is made with Government-approved colors. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar . . . and does so much more for your hair!

After your next shampoo . . . dissolve a package of Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of dulling soap film vanishes. Your hair is easier to manage, alive with new color; you're prettier than ever.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

INSIDE STUFF

Time out for laughter: Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Rooney celebrate his homecoming at Ziegfeld Follies Premiere



(Continued from page 12) turned the beam. “Thank you, Mr. Selznick. I’ll tell Miss Haver.”

“Why can’t these young actresses get names right?” Mr. Goldwyn complained to a friend. “Betty doesn’t even know me from David Selznick.”

Observations: Artie Shaw and Ava Gardner aren’t behaving like honey-mooners—but are expected to straighten things out . . . Bob Hutton is being very devoted to June Haver—even though he stepped out with Lana Turner shortly after she got back . . . Jane Greer is getting much attention from Howard Hughes who doesn’t like publicity about that sort of thing. But Cal has seen them together too many times not to catch on . . . Joe Cotten has departed for England to co-star with Margaret Sullavan in “The Voice

of the Turtle” on the stage there . . . Martha Vickers and Jack Buetel (wonder if he’ll ever live “The Outlaw” down?) are sort of steady dating these eves . . . The Joan Crawford-Bette Davis feud blew sky high when the two of them posed together for a twin magazine layout . . . Looks as if Madman Muntz, the Zany and rich auto dealer, is a cinch to be Mr. Three for Lois Andrews.

Hard Luck, Freddie: From the moment he landed in Hollywood, Freddie Bartholomew has known only grief and hard luck. Any success he attained on the screen has been counterbalanced by a series of law suits instituted by his parents in England against his faithful Aunt Cissie who brought the lad from England to play the boy David in M-G-M’s “David Copperfield.” After the endless years of suing (Continued on page 16)



Bad-boy Dan Duryea on good behavior accompanies Mrs. Duryea to the same premiere

She goes "Wolfie" ... to show him
the kind of Kissing he's Missing!

... so for every blonde he
fondled—she went out and
found 6 feet of man ...

Oh, Man!



UNIVERSAL presents

George Lucille
BRENT BALL
Vera ZORINA

with CHARLES WINNINGER

in

Lover Come Back

A FESSIER-PAGANO PRODUCTION

CARL ESMOND RAYMOND WALBURN ELISABETH RISDON
LOUISE BEAVERS WALLACE FORD FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Original Screenplay Written and Produced by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Executive Producer: HOWARD BENEDICT

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

FAITH Hope AND CHARITY

... combined to make Bob Hope's bazaar fun-ful profit

Ann Sothern's smile might have influenced Zachary Scott to buy preserves. Tickets cost \$12 a couple and for that guests were fed. There was quite a chow line!



Bob hoped for a high bid on the horse. He turned over his place to the Immaculate Heart College for the bazaar, proceeds went to needy children in Europe



Margaret O'Brien bought a puppet and decided to play with it before making further purchases. The lad was only too willing to help her

The Bells of St. Mary's weren't on sale, but Bing sold religious articles—and with success. When the last guest had gone, what a heap of money they had!



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14) and counter-suing, Freddie seemed to attain a measure of peace when suddenly he was plunged into trouble again—his car and one driven by a friend of Joe E. Brown's collided in Beverly Hills and for weeks and months Joe's daughter fought for her life in a hospital. Freddie was plunged into gloom and sorrow despite the fact he was exonerated of blame.

And now Freddie at twenty-two is married to a twice-married older woman—and against Aunt Cissie's wishes. He promised her they'd wait, but impulsively he and Maely Daniele, his press agent, changed their minds and eloped to Las Vegas. Hollywood hopes Freddie and Aunt Cissie will patch it up. They've been through so much together.

Amber notes: "Forever Amber" seems to be taking forever in getting under way. Now it's postponed for a few months—and when it's again under way there'll be a new *Amber* because the studio felt Peggy Cummins didn't have the *Amber* note. Not that Twentieth are dropping the innocent-faced, little blonde beauty. They're not. She's going into "Bob, Son of Battle." Bosses know they've found real talent in the young lady and intend using her where she'll show to best advantage.

Peggy's made a lot of friends since she's been on the lot. In the publicity department they swear by the little English girl who knows everyone by name. "Hello, Johnnie, 'Hello, Nat," she'll call. And those friends are pulling for her good luck in the next venture.

A Line or Two: Tom Drake and John Dall have hair alike—a protruding bang like *Alvin* in the *Blondie* comic strip . . . Off the screen, Mark Stevens is a mild, self-effacing chap. On screen, his is the perfect marriage of celluloid and personality. How it happens no one knows . . . Gregory Peck is a favorite among the Latin Americans, who can't understand the popularity of Van Johnson . . . Diana Lynn is still wearing Henry Willson's ring on her finger but in her heart she wears the symbol of another beau . . . Jack Benny, the proud godfather of Bob Cummings's baby boy, presented his godchild with a miniature violin that does not automatically play "Love in Bloom" as reported.

Van and Frankie: Cal was about to attack his steak at a local bistro when who strolled over to our table but Frank Sinatra in for a quick broadcast.

"Guess who chaperoned Van Johnson on that San Francisco junket?" he grinned. "Who?" we asked. "I did," said Frankie. "You should have seen me trying to get Van past the bobby-soxers. Thought he'd get killed. 'And you had to have freckles yet,' I told him."

Cal allowed as how Frankie hadn't exactly passed unnoticed.

"With Johnson around?" he snorted. "Don't be silly." (Continued on page 18)

So NEAT! *So* SWEET! *So-o-o* INDISCREET!

Ginger in Paris...
running away from
her past... stumbles
smack into her future
... a tall, dark and
handsome future!

ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM
present
GINGER ROGERS

in SAM WOOD'S

Heartbeat

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Melville Cooper · Mikhail Rasumny
Mona Maris · Eduardo Ciannelli
Henry Stephenson

and

BASIL RATHBONE

Produced by
Robert and Raymond Hakim

Directed by Sam Wood

Adaptation by Morrie Ryskind

Director of Photography
Joseph Valentine, A. S. C.

Released by

**R K O
RADIO
PICTURES**



← Meet Jean Pierre Aumont—He's Ginger's new "Heartbeat"—Yours too!

Lovely hair deserves fine care

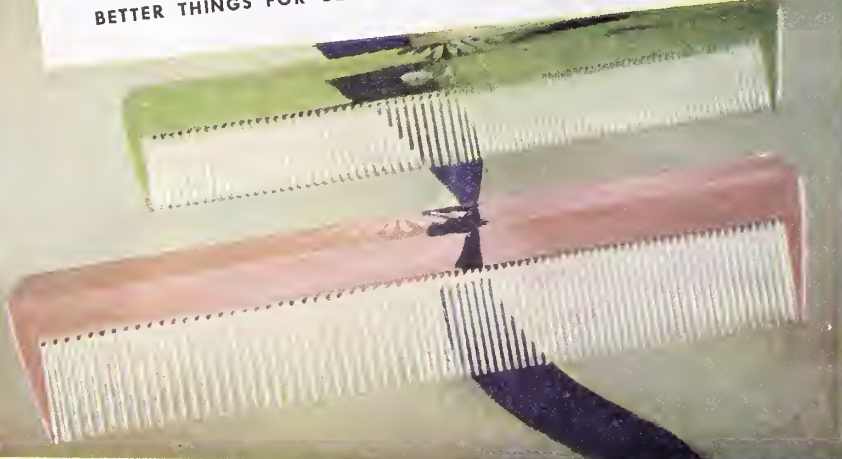
... use a Du Pont Comb



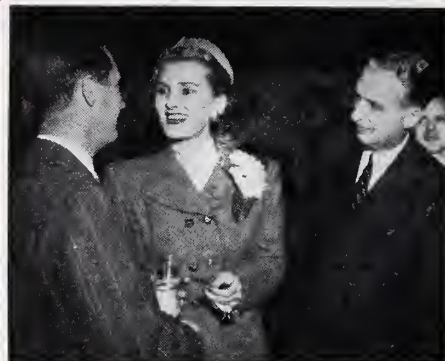
THE GIRLS MEN CARE ABOUT are fussy about all the little things that are part and parcel of good grooming. Hair kept in shining order, for instance! Your best beauty bet for that is a Du Pont comb! Its rounded teeth won't worry your scalp, the smooth washable plastic just glides through your hair. And the colors are gay, enticing—colors to match your purse, your room, your mood! Du Pont combs—in exclusive Du Pont designs—10 to 50 cents, at good dealers everywhere.



Du Pont Combs
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



INSIDE



The Face beautiful, Anita Colby, Photoplay's new Beauty Editor, chats with Bob Reimers and Macfadden's Harold Wise

The Face in Photoplay: Here's a beautiful surprise. Anita Colby is to be Photoplay's new Beauty Editor!

Naturally such good news called for a celebration, so we welcomed Anita with a cocktail party. From five to seven o'clock—and thereafter—one hundred guests, including Carole Landis and Bonita Granville, toasted the guest of honor.

Anita, whose lovely beauty made her the most famous model in the beauty and fashion world and labeled her "The Face," (over which she makes a wry face) has a simple and direct approach to all subjects which work together to make a woman beautiful and we believe our readers will be inspired and excited—as well as benefited—by the things she has to suggest. She'll be giving you the same advice she gives such glamorous Selznick stars as Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple. You'll be seeing her soon.

Flynn and Nora: Hollywood is enchanted with the very endearing spectacle of Errol Flynn falling more and more in love with his wife, Nora, day by day. Nora has behaved so beautifully. She has carried herself with such dignity and integrity throughout their marriage that the town is happy for her sake that Errol is at last beginning to appreciate his lovely wife. Flynn even tossed a surprise party for Nora on her twenty-second birthday. He took such pains to make it really a surprise that Nora turned up in slacks with no inkling that a party had been planned for her. High spot of the evening was when their darling fourteen-months-old daughter, Dierdre, appeared with her grandparents.

Home on the Range: When George Montgomery and Dinah Shore sold their home and bought a six-thousand-acre ranch in Encino, their troubles really began. Longing for the wide open spaces, they found themselves with a

STUFF



Beauty thoughts—Bonita Granville and Florence Pritchett are glamour pair chatting with Photoplay's Fred Sammis

two-room-plus-kitchenette shack on the ranch. That was all right, even though their oversized bed wouldn't fit into the bedroom, and neither the stove nor the refrigerator would fit into the kitchenette. They'd just move their belongings into the barn and sleep there.

"But it got too cold in the barn," says George, "so we moved the bed into the living room and put the refrigerator in the bedroom. We couldn't find room for the stove, so we got a little two-burner for the kitchenette."

Thereupon Dinah's sister and brother-in-law, with their two children, joined the household until they could find a home. Then George's nephew, just out of the Navy, moved in with them too. This made matters a little complicated.

So they put the bed back in the barn and moved seven cots into the living room, thereby neatly filling up all the available space. So now George has to get up an hour earlier than usual so he can shower and shave before the children awake. Dinah has to get up at the crack of dawn in order to prepare breakfast for George and the children. No one can help her with this chore because there's just room for one in the kitchenette.

Spur-of-the-Moment Party: It was the big gathering at the Bing Crosbys. Now you know the Crosbys never throw a party. It's been years! But Dixie was fresh out of the hospital and feeling fine again and suddenly the two of them just up and invited about a hundred and fifty people over to the house—black ties, formal gowns and all the trimmings. Bing furnished a lot of the trimmings by singing for hours on end—and no one on earth is going to kick about that! And guess who came together! Jimmy Stewart and Betty Hensel—and now once more her romance with Cary Grant is supposed to be on ice. Or could be a guy parking his gal with a pal while he takes off for England.



PINK CAMELLIA BRUNETTE *by coby whitmore*



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES

Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES

Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES

*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

**Famous artist, Coby Whitmore,
shows how subtle brunette
skin tones come alive with original*
"Flower-fresh" shade of
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder**

How can a brunette become more beautiful? Here's how: apply Rose Brunette, an exciting new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. A joyous shade to brighten your brunette coloring. And *do* see how this smooth, smooth face powder masks your skin with a silk-like finish. It veils tiny blemishes, clings for hours on end. There are other "Flower-fresh" shades of Cashmere Bouquet to complement every complexion.

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET** *face powder*

Where Beauty "reigns"

**No other shampoo leaves your
hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage**



IT'S SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautifully behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, you bring out all the natural beauty of your hair, all its alluring highlights... when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamorous fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fonssagrives, "because it reveals far more sheen than any soap or soap shampoo." As much as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film on your hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with her gleaming hair in a practical, fetching top-knot. Below she shows you another favorite hair-do you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use the wonderful improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE, you're the evening's star with lovely, lustrous hair. "This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," Lisa says, "right after shampooing with Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all hair back to point below crown, tie firmly and form three large buns. Don't forget the rosebuds!



Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ To Each His Own (Paramount)

THIS overlong tale of frustrated mother-love frustrated us, too, because we couldn't help tiring of poor Olivia de Havilland's vain attempts to catch glimpses, a few times a year, of her son, whom she nobly gave up to keep him free from the taint of illegitimacy.

During World War I, Olivia falls completely in love with a handsome young flier with whom she spends only a brief but ecstatic few hours.

The picture may be commended for its forthright and sympathetic portrayal of the facts leading to Olivia's facing the tragic necessity for her baby to be reared by a friend, excellently played by Mary

Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Phillip Terry.

The picture introduces John Lund as the doomed flier, who imparts to his brief appearance on the screen a living vitality and a deep understanding of the cynical, war-weary lad.

Roland Culver as the English lord, Griff Barnett as Olivia's father, Bill Goodwin as her persistent suitor and Victoria Horne as the nurse who befriends her are all excellently cast. Olivia's "ageing" is done to absolute perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love this tear-jerker.



Olivia de Havilland and John Lund know love in this World War I epic

✓✓ The Green Years (M-G-M)

M-G-M, A. J. Cronin and a multi-million budget are blended in a long and lavish dramatization of the novel about a middle-class Scotch family into whose penny-pinched bosom is thrust a young grandson from despised Ireland.

Charles Coburn has the role of the year as the great grandfather with a taste for tall tales and Scotland's native brew. Tom Drake has for the first time as the grown lad been given a role that utilizes his acting skill as well as the boyish charm that won him his first popularity. The many others in the cast perform with equal credibility, mixing warmth, humor and pathos skillfully.

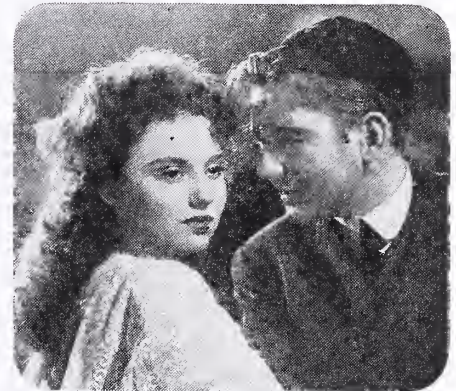
Deserving of special note are Dean Stockwell, who plays Robert Shannon as a child, Hume Cronyn as Papa Leckie and

Richard Haydn in the role of the school-master.

If the film, advertised by its studio as "a great motion picture," suffers a lack, it is in the quality of the story that is told. The drama has an obviousness not usually found in Cronin novels and an artificiality in the contrived climax. So loaded is the picture with delightful moments along the way, however, that audiences will spontaneously applaud at the curtain.

More accurate perhaps than the studio's advertising claim might be the forthright claim that here is a satisfying film for all the family, with poignant moments and memorable acting.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture you won't want to miss.



Beverly Tyler and Tom Drake share tender moment in this touching film

✓✓ Specter of the Rose (Republic)

THIS strange death-dealing love story of the ballet has a number of original touches. It will either move you deeply or leave you completely cold.

Little ballerina Viola Essen's whole being is absorbed in the half-mad genius, Ivan Kirov. He is rightly suspected of having murdered his first wife, Nina, who was his dancing partner in the "Specter of the Rose" ballet. Viola's once famous but aged ballet teacher, played superbly by Judith Anderson, tries to save her protegee from a tragic fate and to save at the same time Kirov's genius from relentless stalking by the police.

When the two dancers do marry, Viola's

(Continued on page 24)

determined devotion to Kirov and his own will to remain sane overcome his temporary fits of madness and they both star in triumph in a new ballet, financed by Michael Chekhov. But Kirov's murderous nature is too powerful a force to be conquered for long.

Ben Hecht who wrote, produced and directed the film has brought two new vivid personalities to the screen in the ballet stars. Lionel Stander plays a poet also in love with Viola, and Chekhov's role of the impresario is full of colorful whimsy. The musical score is powerful.

Your Reviewer Says: It will be talked about.



Viola Essen and Ivan Kirov dance to death's music in unusual picture

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Picture of the Month and Best Performances See Page 25

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 129

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 130

Smart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to *there*...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

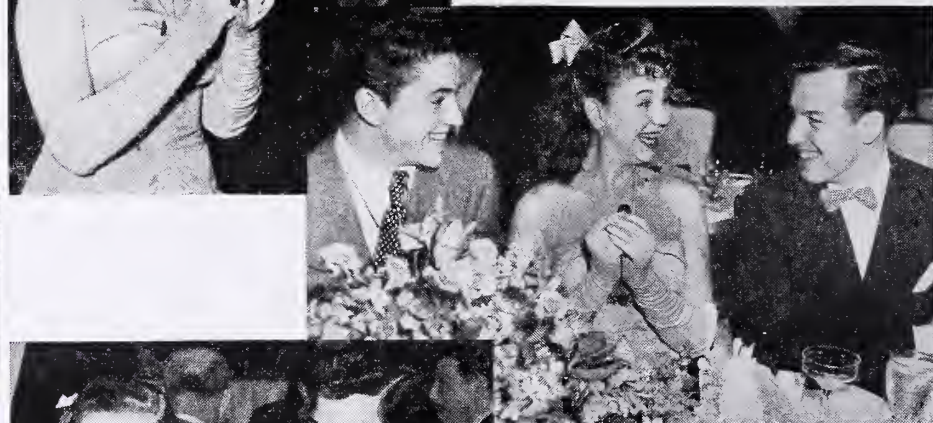
Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

Party Roundup

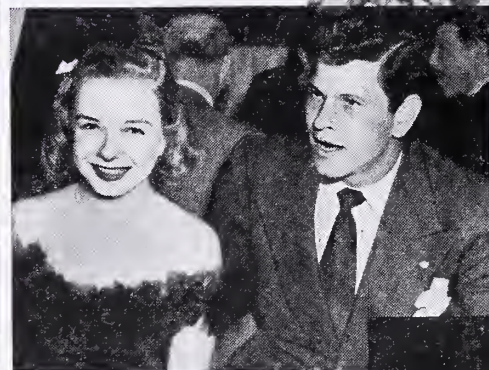
Twenty candles on the cake, gay young friends to toast Jane Withers out of her teens



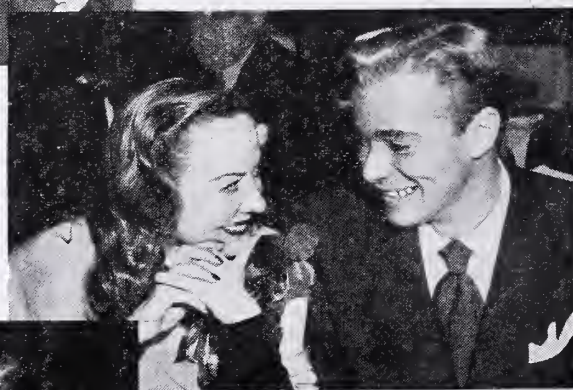
Special light for a sailor—Jane autographs his match book at her birthday party at Ciro's. Before nightfall Jane and her gang spent the day at the beach for swimming, sunning and picnicking



With all the trimmings! Flowers, soft lights, sweet music, Farley Granger and John Dall add exciting moments for Jane



Two-ed for a special event—Diana Lynn and Loren Tindall together again for Jane's birthday party



It could be love for Audrey Totter and Ross Hunter. It's party fun for Joan Caulfield and her date, Frank Westmore, as they share a tidbit for two





“There she was waiting at the church!”

THERE she was waiting at the church... because the cutest boy of the neighborhood playing “groom” to her “bride”—walked out on her . . . *and told her why.*

Lucky little Edna—to learn so young what some people never realize at all—that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a fault not easy to pardon. It was a lesson she never forgot. Later in life, attractive and sought-after, Listerine Antiseptic was a “must” before every date.

How is Your Breath?

Can you be sure that at this very mo-

ment your breath is sweet and agreeable? You can't always tell!

Why take chances . . . why risk offending others needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic so often offers such an easy, delightful precaution?

Simply rinse your mouth with it morning and night and especially before any appointment where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath is fresher, sweeter . . . less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of unpleasant breath, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial

fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Lucky for you, Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.

Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic; it's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Before every date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

✓ Without Reservations (RKO)

SO light, so frothy, so appetizing is this nifty little box-lunch affair all tied up with blue-ribbon performances, that one feels a trifle undernourished when it's all over. It's the old "leave 'em wanting more" philosophy, we suppose, and for our money they could have eliminated the slow draggy middle and given us more detail at the end. Being a nosey kind of movie-goer, we like to know what eventually happened to everyone and why.

Claudette Colbert, the successful but stuffy author who experiences all sorts of revolutionary emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood, is so delightful she practically shakes a scolding finger at the thread-thin yarn for not providing a story equal to her abilities. But golly, we'd love to know how Miss Colbert manages to look so neat and Vogue-ish after days of the hardest travel through rain, in haystacks, in jails and over desert roads. It's a plain caution, that's what it is.

John Wayne as the Marine captain whom Miss Colbert decides to cast in the screen version of her book has never been more natural, more charming or better cast. He's so darned right for the role somehow. His pal, Don DeFore, another Marine flier who plays cupid between the principals, is an ingratiating chap who also fits his role the way he fits into that handsome uniform, and that's good.

Interesting people—such as Cary Grant, Louella Parsons and Jack Benny, playing themselves, flit briefly through the story lending a note of authenticity to the Hollywood background.

Anne Triola is the "beetle" whose comedy routine wasn't too clearly defined, somehow, but who could be very funny,

we'll bet a dollar. Dona Drake is the Mexican charmer, Thurston Hall the producer and Phil Brown the soldier.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy in the best manner.

✓ The Dark Corner (20th Century-Fox)

FILLED to the hilt with names that count, this tense killer-thriller may prove a death or two confusing, but you'll be too weak from terror to do much about it.

Mark Stevens, released from a phony prison charge, is trailed by Clifton Webb, society art dealer, who wants him to suspect his ex-law partner who framed him, Kurt Kreuger, of the haunting job. Webb's jealousy that his wife, Cathy Downs, is in love with Kreuger leads to the hired murder of his rival—with the rap pinned on Stevens. When Mark finds he loves his secretary, Lucille Ball, he is spurred by her to avenge himself but is balked at every turn by a net of baffling secrets he can't solve.

It's a chase right up Suspense Alley, and the complete cast carries it shrewdly.

William Bendix is excellent as Webb's dumb, ill-fated killer, and Lucille Ball is so right as an earnest wise-cracker. Clifton Webb displays the same sophisticated brittleness he put over in "Laura" and newcomer Mark Stevens makes his mark neatly and powerfully for sure stardom.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll need a good arm to clutch at.

✓ Easy to Wed (M-G-M)

GEE, that Van does everything—he sings, dances, makes love, and even shoots ducks. Just anything the script writers

provide Van does while the fans scream in sheer ecstasy.

The story begins when Van agrees to help his reporter friend, Keenan Wynn, out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who is suing. Well now you know from years of movie going how a thing like that turns out—everybody finds it's love after all and everything gets ironed out including us—we got flattened by an over-enthusiastic bobby-soxer right behind us.

The experiences of Van, who pretends to be an expert hunter in order to intrigue Esther's father, a real hunter, are very funny. But it's when he takes to the floor to trip the light fantastic that the females in the audience swoon.

Lucille Ball, girl friend of Keenan's who never quite makes the marriage grade, is right on the—oh no, we couldn't pun like that—so we'll say beam. And Keenan, as usual, is so good. That very fine actor, Cecil Kellaway, is Esther's father. Ethel Smith at the organ and Ben Blue at the comedy, but never quite reaching it, complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: It has Van—what more do you want?

✓ Somewhere in the Night (20th Century-Fox)

MAYBE as an amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seemed to be an out and out criminal, John Hodiak was too stunned to stir a muscle. Heaven knows we would have been. Nevertheless the picture maintains an aura of suspense, thanks to the story and director, and one is never bored. Nancy Guild (rhymes with Wilde) as the girl who aids Hodiak is new and shows it. Arresting in looks,

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Why, Minnie Huckleberry! Hollywood hasn't changed you a bit!"

her acting leaves something to be desired.

Josephine Hutchinson as *Elizabeth*, the lovely one, turns in a swell bit. Fritz Kortner, the fortuneteller villain, is a menacing old rascal and Margo Woode, his stooge, a naughty girl indeed. Richard Conte is always good and is good again, but why was Lloyd Nolan wasted as a detective when he should be pitching in the big league?

Your Reviewer Says: Better than average mystery thriller.

✓ Her Kind of Man (Warners)

WITH a little more effort, time and cash, Warners could have turned this frustrated little B into a happily contented A. The talent is there—Dane Clark, Zachary Scott, George Tobias and Faye Emerson, plus two newcomers, Janis Paige and Harry Lewis. Miss Paige has a pleasantly appealing singing voice but, oh, how she can't act yet. Given time and practice, she'll undoubtedly blossom into a fine little performer, but the burden of that leading role fell too heavily upon her. Lewis, the *Candy* of the tale, comes out a little better, but then the requirements aren't too heavy.

The story is familiar but unconvincing. Fact is, nobody really cares what happens to whom. Zachary, a scamp of the first order, seems to inspire an unreasonable sort of love within Miss Paige who is led by its chains into all sorts of turmoil. Dane is the Broadway columnist who loves her despite it all. George Tobias in a straight role and Faye Emerson as his wife just sort of wander around getting shot and things. Too bad, too, when the possibilities for better entertainment are there.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, okay, but no repeats, please.

✓ Our Hearts Were Growing up (Paramount)

THEY'RE at it again—Diana Lynn as Emily Kimbrough and Gail Russell as Cornelia Otis Skinner—those enchanting young winsomes of the early twenties.

This fluffy sequel to "Our Hearts Were



It isn't your necklace they'll notice, Pet!

No one overlooks underarm odor—
so look to Mum for protection

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

* So don't stop at washing away *past* perspiration. But *do* guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. Let Mum give un-

derarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Best Pictures of the Month

To Each His Own

Without Reservations

The Dark Corner

Best Performances

Olivia de Havilland in

"To Each His Own"

Claudette Colbert in

"Without Reservations"

Mark Stevens in

"The Dark Corner"



THERE...he sees it

AO Polaroid* Day Glasses filter blinding, reflected glare... enable him to see details clearly, without strain. These scientific glasses also absorb ultraviolet (sunburn) rays, admitting only useful light.



GLARE...she doesn't

Why is she missing so much? It's because she's never discovered how AO Polaroid Day Glasses cut reflected glare... Ask your dealer for a demonstration and begin to enjoy the world outdoors!



AO POLAROID DAY GLASSES

**Only AO Polaroid Sun Glasses
FILTER REFLECTED GLARE**

AO Polaroid Day Glasses... \$1.95

American  Optical
COMPANY

World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Materials

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

Young and Gay" skips merrily through more adventures of two young ladies for whom the trellis-bars of a sedate finishing school do not a prison make. Eager to foster their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls pick on Brian Donlevy, a bootlegger, to pretend he's their chaperoning uncle and help them get their men. After a series of hilarious trials and errors, they wind up in Greenwich Village, determined to gain recognition on the stage, with Donlevy commandeering his raucous buddies as their only boosters.

Diana and Gail are disarmingly charming as the conspirators, and Donlevy's portrayal as the comic, captivated crook is excellent. Billy De Wolfe as a wacky artist inhabitant of Greenwich shines in some funny scenes. Lending strong support are Sharon Douglas, William Demarest, Sara Haden and Mikhail Rasumny. The atmosphere of the years-ago days is beautifully infectious.

Your Reviewer Says: It's an all-family picture.

Behind the Mask (Monogram)

WHO'S to say whether this comes out a murder yarn or a comedy? With both factions trying hard, it's obviously intended to be both, but the fine hand that mixes the two is conspicuously missing. It's another of the *Shadow* series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who dons a mask and becomes the ubiquitous *Shadow*, baffling police and criminals alike on a moment's provocation.

This time he and his fiancée, Barbara Reed, are out to find the killer of a black-mailing columnist. Before they're through, they uncover a few more rackets, too, with the help of George Chandler and Dorothea Kent, who only serve to confuse the issue with their shenanigans.

Your Reviewer Says: This holds a dummy hand.



Mark Stevens is the exciting object of Lucille Ball's affection in the intense Fox murder drama, "The Dark Corner"

Abe,

The Understudy

The then and now of

two good friends

By
Jean Pierre
Aumont



Jean Pierre Aumont,
star of "Heartbeat"

MY personal future looked black, indeed, when I landed in New York in 1941. I had been fighting with a French tank corps when my country was defeated by the Germans' overwhelming odds. I refused to stay under Nazi occupation and escaped to America. I could read English but spoke scarcely a word when I finally landed here. Four days after arriving in Manhattan Katharine Cornell offered me a role opposite her in "Rose Burke."

When I joined the company I was immediately struck by the personality of the assistant stage manager. Oddly, he was also assigned as understudy to Philip Merivale and me. The personalities and appearances of three men could not have been more diametrically different. The understudy was very tall, rangy, looked like pictures I had seen of Lincoln. I nicknamed him "Abe."

We became friends. He helped me with English and invariably before each performance would whisper to me in the wings, "Don't say 'mudder,'" to remind me of my faulty pronunciation of "mother."

Miss Cornell assured me that "Abe" was a brilliant though unknown young actor, so I could never understand why he kept begging me not to get sick. I learned his reason when we reached Detroit in February, 1942, in a snowstorm.

My watch had stopped. I was calmly sitting in the lounge of the hotel when "Abe" came looking for me frantically at 8:15. We started across the icy street; I slipped and fell flat.

"Are you all right?" he pleaded as he pulled me to my feet. "I could never go on in your place. I couldn't manage a French accent and I have no decent clothes. I own exactly two suits, both only \$27.50 when I bought them a year ago, and your suits would be inches too short!"

"Abe" never did play my role nor Merivale's either before the show closed in Toronto; we never reached New York. I went to Hollywood for a film contract, then in 1943 to Europe to join the Fighting French, never having seen "Abe" again.

Returning to M-G-M late last year I visited the set. There was "Abe," a star! He saw me, waved, but was unable to leave the scene just then. Before I left I received a note which read, "Do you still say mudder!"

I had not known that in two short years my understudy had become a star. Of course you know him. Gregory Peck.

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON



Once around the park—

And then, once around the park again! Some things, being young and fun, simply beg for more—and surely, Yardley English Lavender belongs first among them! As long as trees are green and laughter sweet, this joyous scent will go on spreading delight about you all the bright day through.

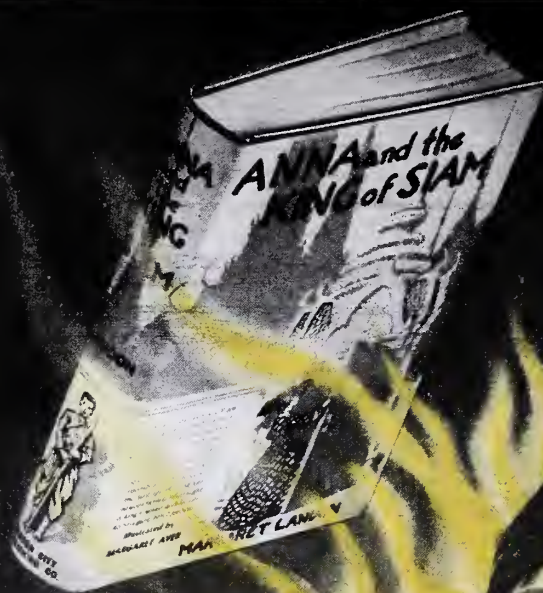
Yardley English Lavender,
the gay-hearted fragrance, \$4.75, \$2.50, \$1.50
Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c
box of three tablets \$1
Prices plus tax



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FROM the top of every
best-seller list it
comes... to top all
screen entertainment
with its warmth and
splendor!



Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

IRENE DUNNE
REX HARRISON
LINDA DARNELL

IN

**ANNA and the
KING of SIAM**

with

LEE J. COBB · GALE SONDERGAARD · MIKHAIL RASUMNY · DENNIS HOEY
TITO RENALDO · RICHARD LYON · Directed by JOHN CROMWELL · Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson · Based upon the Biography by Margaret Landon

20th
CENTURY-FOX



Into His Strange Exotic Kingdom Came Anna...
Bringing The Wonder of Her Western Beauty...
The Flame of Her Courage...The Weapon of Her Wit!

The Hilarious History of a Wayward Impulse!

It's he-man Wayne . . . coming to the rescue of captivating Claudette . . . who first forgets her reservations . . . then loses her reserve! (Brother, so will you!)



JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MACEWEN
present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • JOHN WAYNE

in MERVYN LEROY'S production of



Without Reservations



with DON DeFORE • ANNE TRIOLA and Miss LOUELLA PARSONS

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by ANDREW SOLT



Parting *Without* Tears

Tom and Chris Drake had to give up a marriage
to hold a friendship

BY SARA HAMILTON



Tom, of "The Green Years," and Chris during time of second try

TIt was no tragic break-up when Chris and I separated," says Tom Drake, quietly. "Neither of us is hurt or angry. Neither of us carries a torch.

"Rather something good has come of our plan to divorce—a feeling that by the very effort we made to save our marriage we have the right to remain the friends we've always been."

This personal revelation from Tom Drake is startling. For the quiet, attractive lad who has raised such hopes in the Metro bosom is inclined to live his life deep within himself. No matter how bitter his

personal or professional disappointments, he has always hidden them beneath a James Thurberish sense of humor which, being at once bewildering and distracting, has protected him against intrusion.

Now, however, he is speaking out with amazing candor.

"We tried, Chris and I, not once, but twice. When we parted the first time and she returned to her mother in New Rochelle, I felt that I was letting marriage, which meant a great deal to me, slip away when it might have succeeded if more effort had been put into it.

"When I told Chris this over the

long distance telephone she agreed. So, after a two months' separation period she and her little daughter came home. I shall never forget the day I went to the station to meet them. With my heart hammering in my throat, I determined they never would leave me again while there was any way on earth for Chris and me to make a happy marriage.

"We both tried—to the best of our ability. But at last, with the calmness that comes when you honestly know you've done your best, we accepted the fact that it just was no go for us and never would be."

Tom granted (*Cont'd on page 72*)

Latins, Love

Over desert and jungle she flew—to South America,



Rio—and exuberant Brazilians mobbing the airport to greet Lana, a *bela*

and **L**ana

to Carnival, to the holiday she had dreamed of for years



Gala gaieties to celebrate her birthday at Brazil's mountain castle hotel, Quitandinha

TO three million sleepy Los Angeles citizens it was just another late winter's night, warm and clear. But to the two friends walking under the night skies out to a giant airplane at the Lockheed Air Terminal in Burbank, it was the beginning of the great adventure.

All day they had been packing the wardrobes of princesses into their new airplane luggage; now, dressed in trim new wool suits, they stood looking up at the Pan American World Airways Clipper poised for flight, ready to sweep them off into the starlit sky toward South America and their royal holiday.

Lana Turner caught her breath with pleasure and turned to her companion.

"At last," she told Sara Hamilton, "I'm going

on the vacation I've dreamed of for years," and Sara nodded, thinking of the time she had known Lana, first more formally as writer and associate editor of Photoplay, but now more intimately as the friend with whom Lana had chosen to share the golden days ahead.

"First stop, Mexico City," Lana said softly. They were aboard now, their ears throbbing with the roar of the plane's motors as they lifted from the familiar ground of California and swung off through the darkness to the south.

Quietly Lana flicked off the light over her seat and sat looking out at the stars that polka-dotted the window. "Tomorrow?" she asked her dreams and, sleeping, awaited the answer.

As if in reply, the ancient winding streets and



Hello from Linda Batista, Brazil's radio singer, to Lana



Sara Hamilton of Photoplay and Lana embark at the Burbank airport for "the adventure"

colorful architecture of Mexico City were waiting for her arrival the next day. But first there was an astounding ocean of Mexican faces at the airport turned up to the circling plane—and then as they skimmed down for their smooth landing, there was the swelling roar, "Viva Lana!"

For twenty-four hours Mexico City poured out its friendly heart. There were protestations of love for the little white queen, mid Latin dance rhythms and Latin partners—and then it was time to go back to the hotel, lie down for an hour's pretended sleep and out to the airport where the plane waited to soar up and south once more, to Balboa, in the Canal Zone—Balboa, with all its haunting mixture of races and heavy odors of semi-tropical jungles, a Casablanca of the Western Hemisphere. And here again, thousands jammed into the airport to see Lana—all screaming, all shouting, with the Canal Zone police half carrying her through the tidal wave of grasping hands and waving autograph books.

Whereas they had been able to linger only a day in Mexico City, there were forty-eight hours in the Canal Zone before they were flying again, heading now for what was to be their first stop in South America—an emergency one—the small town of Cali in Colombia. Then Lima, Peru, and a whole new world for the asking . . . (Continued on page 101)





"Miss Whirlwind" diplomatically clears up misunderstanding with the press



Men and more men! These were Lana's most familiar sight in South America. Here she signs autographs at her birthday ball

Swimming duet superb—Esther and Ben Gage, radio singer and announcer, who's considering a New York play offer



FIESTA!

... is the word for Esther.

Successful, loved and gay

she turns life into a holiday

A GIRL who can hang two bloody bull's ears on the corners of her mirror and drape the defunct animal's tail artistically between is an artist with stamina.

"Bravo!" said three bullfighters.

Bravo was not the way Miss Williams felt, but international courtesy makes demands. These elegant young toreadors had called at her hotel in Mexico, where she was filming exteriors of "Fiesta," to present the conventional tokens of the bullfighters' highest esteem. That afternoon she had seen them meet the bull, then in full possession of his appendages, and had applauded their grace, art and courage, qualities she strove queasily to emulate as she handled the late bull's remnants.

Though tenderly feminine, Esther Williams is



plash, and he's in while Esther hesitates



Cover Girl

BY HERB HOWE

no sissy. She's a gutty artist. As testimonial of devotion to her husband Ben Gage she made a lamp out of his ancestral cuspidor, precious heirloom from his family's garret. On it she painted petunias which were not what used to be there, though Ben says his ancestors never missed, and you can't prove otherwise now because all tell-tale stains are lovingly buried under Esther's flowers.

Mexico's best bullfighters say Esther is gifted specifically for *la fiesta brava*, as their national rodeo is known south of the border. Success depends on the hips, they say. You must flip them faster than a hula dancer to elude a bull in a snit. Miss Williams flips hips like a fish. At seventeen she was America's swimming queen. Now she is the First Lady Bullfighter



Swimming time for two of champion form and forms



Esther adds a head-hold to her heart-hold

Esther Williams





The gay Gages dine out, love to dance together

FIESTA!

of the screen which is really quite an honor.

Miss Williams has, as our Mexican amigos say, architecture.

O. Henry said that Californians are a race of people, they are not merely inhabitants of a state. And Harry Carr added, "A race of gods is being bred here."

If you would like to see young gods and goddesses being spawned to beat the Greeks, trolley out to Muscles Beach by Santa Monica. There at age two Miss Williams's hips made their first impression. Some old beachcombers and figure fanciers swear they saw her rising from the sea at practically 0. Miss Williams herself says she did not ride the breakers in till eight. Whatever the figure, Miss Williams has it. Botticelli's "Venus Arising From The Waves" has nowhere the oompf Esther has everywhere.

When Aphrodite Williams swings into Romanoff's there's rhythm like the ruffle of drums. She lights up the old groggery like Liberty with the Torch. Men leap to their feet as for the Star Spangled Banner which they possibly would sing if they knew it. Among the tuna leaping this day were Mr. (Continued on page 78)



The figure beautiful—Esther pauses before the swim

Summer symphony—Esther Williams of "Fiesta"

Now... Dana has found the pot of gold. He's in "Fallen Angel" and "The Best Years of Our Lives"

Engstead

Dana Andrews





Runaway

The youthful Dana meant to make the family rich

The freight train's desolate whistle echoed
through the night. And in an empty car a
small boy shivered with the cold



As kids—Dana between brothers Harlan and Wilton

CARVER Dana Andrews lay in the warm dark, listening to the breathing of his brothers. Listening for the last time, maybe.

It was a big room, like all the other rooms in the best parish house the Andrews family had ever lived in. Over in the bed by the windows, Harlan and David puffed the air evenly in and out, their brown, sharp-ribbed chests working up and down like healthy young pairs of bellows. Lying next to him, Charles stirred in his sleep and flung an arm outward, across Dana's face. . . .

He let it stay there. Tomorrow night Charles would fling the same fist and his, Dana's, nose would be somewhere else. It was sort of too bad not to take Charles with him. Closest of all his seven brothers—the one who always took half the blame and half the lickin', even though it was none of his idea to steal old lady Barnfall's peaches or "borrow back" the penknife out of teacher's desk. This greatest of all adventures, however, was something Charles wouldn't understand:

"I don't think you ought to do it, Carv—" he'd say, "I'm goin' to tell Mom." Charles would tell her, sure enough. . . .

On the bureau the clock ticked excitedly, like his own heart. Together they started counting off the things he had all packed and ready in his two imitation-leather suitcases. Clean shirts, three—besides the blue one he'd be wearing. "You're doing your ironing early this week—" Mom had said; "Guess you've finally decided there's no use kicking like a snared jack-rabbit about it, long's you have to do it anyhow!" Stockings and underwear and plenty of food. (Continued on page 111)

BY
DOROTHY DEERE

Ingrid Bergman



Her sense of humor is
hearty, spontaneous . . .



Engstead

Fair-minded, democratic, woman with vision . . . Ingrid, starred in "Notorious"

The Intimate Story of Ingrid

Close-to-the-heart incidents in the life of Hollywood's
ten-strike Bergman of the coral cheeks

“WHAT did we do before Bergman. . . ?” This singular tribute was uttered by Cary Grant about two weeks after filming started on “Notorious,” the Alfred Hitchcock postwar spy story.

The casting of these two—tall Cary with his chestnut tan, blue-black hair, Ingrid of the full red lips and coral cheeks—was more than a box-office ten-strike; it was sheer inspiration, as it turned out.

For an extraordinary thing happened in the making of this picture; the vehicle that started out to be a typical Hitchcock thriller presently found itself a runaway, irresistibly drawn by the two dominant personalities. What was frankly conceived as an out-and-out spy story suddenly was overwhelmed by the fusion of two dynamic elements. The plot yielded to the love story and gracefully accepted second place. The Pouting Buddha of Bel-Air, shrewd Alfred Hitchcock, quickly readjusted his sights, with the result that the master of mystery is going to astonish Hollywood with his understanding and direction of those gossamer and violent emotions peculiar to man and woman.

Anyone who has seen it will tell you conservatively that the love scene in “Notorious,” between Ingrid and Cary, “is the greatest since Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert.” Conservatively, that is.

I can tell you that the scene (which was filmed three months after Cary’s forthright observation) runs close to three-and-one-half minutes on the screen. During the entire scene—their lips never more than an inch apart—they discuss dinner, answer the telephone and walk around the room.

However, I seem to digress.

It was during the second week of “Notorious” and Cary and I were standing offstage watching Ingrid work. Her scene finished, Cary turned to me and said: “She’s wonderful! She works so easily—almost without effort. She gives (Continued on page 115)



Husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom, that fugitive from a camera, is caught off guard by Hymie Fink as he laughs at the crowds besieging his wife

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



They're off at famous Griffith Park! Douglas Dick, new Hal Wallis find, Diana Lynn and Billy De Wolfe, both in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," and Olga San Juan

PICNIC ON WHEELS

A happy Hollywood foursome
takes to the road for a strictly
laughtime frolic



First stop—tree top. Diana saw a bird's nest! Patience, Billy—what goes up *must* come down—even the cute Miss Lynn



Blister inspection for Diana's pedal-tired feet



A slight matter of balance—or what some guys won't do for a laugh. De Wolfe does it de hard way and the girls sympathize



Zoo-time. Olga, who's in "Blue Skies," does the coaxing while Diana, Billy and Dick, who's in "The Searching Wind," look on



Stop-over for refreshments. Hope there's enough there for Hymie and Sterling—for even photographers get hungry



Color Pictures by Fink and Smith



Preview for Peter—The Fords run off movies of young son

GLENN FORD, Marine, had come home from the war. The studio stage, the huge bright lights, the men on the catwalk high overhead, the intent group around the camera, the grease-painted faces—all these things once so familiar now were strange. He was being tested for Bette Davis's leading man in "A Stolen Life." The part called for dignity, a quiet gentlemanly quality, an actor who could look like a New Englander and, in passing, an actor who could act.

Just before they made the test, Bette took Glenn to one side. She might have said she was afraid he wasn't the right type or experienced enough as an actor. Instead she told him:

"I never saw you on the screen. But I've heard you're an excellent actor. It may be you'll look too young to play opposite me. But if not, if we really look all right together, I see no reason why you shouldn't be perfect for the part."

There are not more than two or three actresses in all Hollywood who would have been as honest about their age.

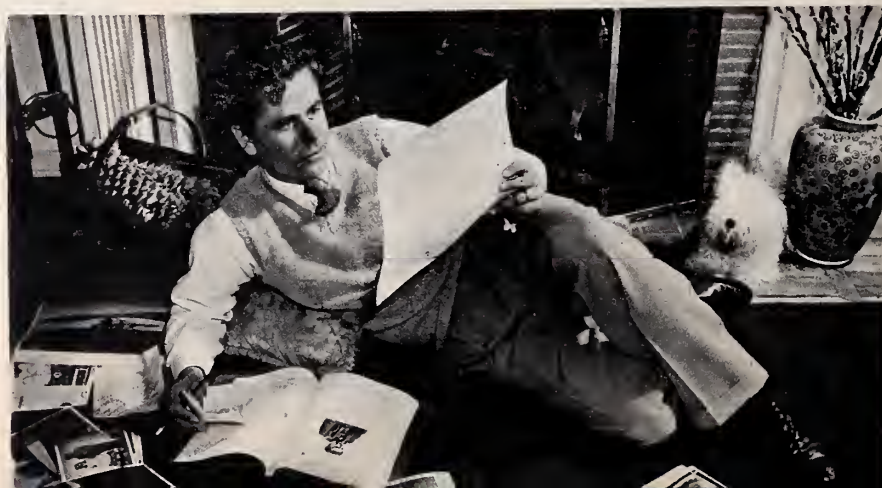
Bette, however, in spite of the unalterable fact that she is always doing this sort of thing, brushed it (*Continued on page 74*)

Watch Glenn Ford Go By

He's man appeal at high speed—this ex-Marine who brought romance to "Gilda"

BY JERRY ASHER

Journey in paper—Glenn does research for role of John J. Montgomery for "Gallant Journey"





Glenn Ford—rugged good looks, high-powered personality

Cronenweth

K-K-K-KATIE!

Unpredictable tomboy with God-given voice,

she's a melodious minx who meets life on tiptoe



Katie and Johnny Johnston met in a duet on the set



Upsy daisy! Time out for play with nephew Jeffrey

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

IN the Palms Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel a vivacious young singing star was thrilling invited guests with a golden rendition of "Musetta's Waltz Song" in Italian.

Halfway through the aria Kathryn Grayson forgot her words. She kept repeating variations of *la-bta-mo sia-sot-til*. Then she mumbled some Italian never heard before or since Caesar. It sounded like a hopped-up helping of spaghetti.

She looked down, hurriedly at her studio boss, who was sitting at the front table watching her proudly. She looked at the other important executives in the room. And she looked right into the eyes of a puzzled Italian cello player in the orchestra. Suddenly she remembered the words, finished the aria triumphantly and took her seat amidst a tumult of applause.

Her boss rose to address the audience and paid special tribute to her. "Kathryn," he said fondly, "tonight you are a great artist!"

The "great artist" all but swallowed her demitasse and ducked out hurriedly when the dinner was over, lest she run into the cellist again.

Later she told her boss what she'd gotten away with and rattled off some pseudo phrases for him. "Oh, Katie," he said, laughing (Continued on page 106)



Kathryn Grayson, saucy-faced thrush of "Two Sisters from Boston"



Treasure trove—Katie loves antiques, handles carefully



Garden time for Katie, who loves to rake leaves, transplant roses

Color Pictures
by Fink

Cornel's life has been a series of changes. After his last trip to Europe, in 1931, his father was taken ill and Cornel had to support the family. One of his jobs was selling toys at Macy's



He had a yen for medicine. In 1933 he enrolled at City College for the medical course, became an expert on human anatomy. He made a three-year course in the record time of two years

He'd studied art in Budapest and it came in handy, equipped him to join the staff of a leading (it later turned out lagging) advertising agency doing layouts



This was only the beginning of his varied activities. Meantime he'd had a whiff of grease paint. One job—bawling over public address system on the stage



THE many talents, the changing moods of Cornel Wilde make him what he is—and explain the reason for his dazzling success. Here he reenacts for Photoplay the high points of his life. He was born in New York City on October 13, 1915, went with his family to Europe for four years, returned, attended school here. Another trip to Europe followed and for six months he traveled, studied art and learned fencing. Then back to the United States to odd jobs which finally led to Hollywood. As Bruce, in "Forever Amber," he reaches a career high. Cornel's own restlessness will find perfect expression in this role of unresting adventurer and empire builder. Cornel has found his greatest job—that of motion-picture star.



Engstead

Cornel Wilde, whose tempestuous life led to Hollywood stardom

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF CORNEL WILDE

BY LYNN PERKINS



Broadway called and he faced the uncertainty of following his chosen dream. One day at a drugstore counter he saw a beautiful blonde. When she left the drugstore so did he and pursued her down the street

It took some doing but after ten months he persuaded the aspiring actress, Patricia Knight, to elope to Elkton, Maryland



At first Hollywood was cold. Times were tough and discouraging. Finally he got a break and went into "Life Begins at 8:30" with Ida Lupino

Cornel's a family man. His greatest admiration is his lovely wife, Pat Knight, who is to have a career of her own—with Cornel's complete cooperation and enthusiasm. He has great faith in her ability, dating back to the time in their leaner New York days when they played together on the stage. In fact, he would like to make a picture with her and it is quite probable he will since Pat is now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox too. When Hollywood first took notice of Cornel, they felt he should not play romantic roles. But he has proved his ability in the varied roles he's played. In "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" he's the swashbuckling son of Robin Hood. In "Leave Her to Heaven" he's the serious young writer. In "Centennial Summer" he's the lover superb. At home Cornel is a family man who pursues his varied hobbies, painting, writing and fencing—who adores little Wendy and beautiful Pat—who looks back darkly on defeat, but smiles with confidence on what's ahead.



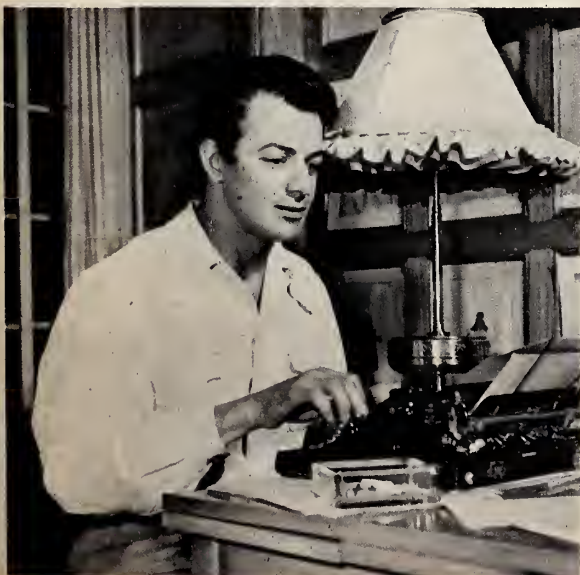
Finally the struggle paid off. The Wildes, Pat, Wendy and their pooch Punch, live quietly in their beautiful Canyon home—just the way they dreamed it



It was as Chopin in "A Song to Remember" that Cornel really made time and movie history

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF CORNEL WILDE

Cornel is a versatile young man—among his many talents is writing. These days he's screen-writing the life of Byron, wants to play the lead himself



A real skill, one he learned in Budapest, is fencing. Was selected for the U. S. Olympic team in 1936. Now he keeps in practice by morning duels with Pat

Preston Sturges—just a step from bar to pool



Ginger Rogers—had the strangest pool problem in town

Come On In!

It's not the house you live in but the pool

you dunk in that rates your social standing



Paul Henreid—fenced them out, as do all smart stars with their children



Kurt Kreuger—swims with a view of Hollywood from his pool in the hills

IN the dear days—temporarily beyond recall—when house-hunting was a pleasure, not a desperate rat race, Hollywood housewives were as particular about the swimming pool on a property—it's size, shape and decor—as housewives elsewhere were about closet space. For in the film colony you are in the swim or out of it. Literally!

Betty Hutton turned down one dream house after another because the pools weren't what she wanted. Betty, who swims the year 'round, sought a pool that would offer not only an adequate area of H₂O but barbecue facilities on the side. When she saw the house in which she now resides as Mrs. Ted Briskin, with its tiled pool lying at the far end of a typical California garden, she knew instantly it was for her. Her shriek of joy echoed in the hills for miles around. And shrieks of joy from her guests have been echoing in those hills ever since over Betty's barbecued steaks, chickens and spareribs.

Surroundings, which can make or ruin a party, do perfectly wonderful things for the Hutton-Briskin fiestas. Betty has furnished her pool terrace with deep squashy white chairs and sofas upholstered in yellow canvas. She's (Continued on page 94)



Joan Caulfield—has a share-the-swimming plan



Sonja Henie—takes the honors in elaborate pool beauty

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Joyously together again—Ann Sothern whose next is “Bunco Maisie,” and her Bob Sterling

it's still the *Sterlings*

IF Ann Sothorn and Robert Sterling did not think this story would help—perhaps help *you*—they would not have given it to me.

They want to forget as soon as possible the unhappiness that parted them for even a brief week.

And, if I didn't sincerely believe every word they said to me the afternoon they came to my home, I would not be writing this. For, frankly, I have grown a little cynical about patched-up Hollywood marriages. The nine separations and reconciliations between Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton are enough to have curdled the trust of an angel. And I'm just a newspaper woman.

But I would stake a lot that Ann and Bob, who parted in anger so deep they both said it was over "forever," have learned a valuable lesson in tolerance and are now together until "death do them part."

I say this because people cannot talk as Ann and Bob did and not mean it.

They hadn't wanted to talk at all. When I telephoned and said, "Annie, will you and Bob come to my house for a cocktail? I want to do a story about you two for Photoplay," she said at first, "Oh, please—nothing about our separation. We want to forget it as quickly as possible. It was so wrong." Then, suddenly, her hand went over the phone and I could hear her talking to someone else. In a moment she was back with me. She said, "Bob thinks, perhaps, we should talk to you. Maybe we can help other people in the same boat. If we could help just *one* other couple, it would be worth it." I think Ann was also influenced by the fact that I was the first person she had told that Bob had quarreled with her and moved his clothes to the home of a friend. When they reconciled again I had another exclusive story.

I had been sad with them and then glad with them and I hoped they had sensed my sympathy.

When they came in, holding hands, I thought what a handsome pair they are—Ann, with her (Continued on page 125)

This isn't just the story of Ann Sothorn, star, and Bob Sterling, veteran. It's a story happening everywhere—not always with a happy ending. That's why you'll want to read it

BY
LOUELLA O. PARSONS

The key to his heart and house—Bob gave Ann this key which is inscribed, "Darling, won't you come and spend a lifetime?"





Judy Garland



Joseph Cotten



Lana Turner



Errol Flynn

2. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

To sleep in a double bed
"Baby"
Turkish baths
Steak and onions
Political arguments
Broadway plays
Newspapermen
Ribbing anyone I like
Women in tailored clothes
Boats

Snobbery and pretense
Extravagance
Garrulous people
The German language
Wearing shoes
Women's hats and snoods
Going to the tailor
Getting haircuts
Playing love scenes
Actors with a "message"

1. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

To argue
Gardening
Gloves
Tennis
Potato salad
A cigar after dinner
"Terry and the Pirates"
Dominoes
Orson Welles
Paper-and-pencil games

Doing plumbing
Horseback riding
Cutting grass
Luke-warm food
Acting in B pictures
People who whistle in dressing rooms
Doing dishes
Bad breakfasts
Games like charades
Second-best in anything

3. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Writing poetry
Walking in the rain
Baby chickens
Anything chocolate
Crying at the movies
Playing guessing games
"Over the Rainbow"
Christmas Eve
Radio "soap operas"
Bonfires on the beach

Dull pencils
Affected accents
Salted peanuts
Waiting for a phone connection
Attending to details
Home-made mayonnaise
Popcorn
Getting up early
Wearing a watch
Waiting for dawdlers

4. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Reading in bed
Pie for breakfast
Bright lumberjack shirts
Anything cooked with cheese
Outdoor girls
Old-time movies
The Beach at Newport
Dancing the rumba
Autograph hunters
Tennis

Telephones
Practical jokes
Crowded rooms
Vegetables
Houses without fireplaces
Onions
Dress clothes
"Window closers"
People who talk in the movies
Up hair-dos on girls

Play "LIKES"

HOLLYWOOD has a new fun game, "Likes and Dislikes." You can play it too—right now! Just decide to which of the eight stars pictured here each listing of likes and dislikes belongs. The stars, who have made up their own lists (of thumbs up and thumbs down), have given you plenty of clues. When you've decided which star wrote the likes and dislikes numbered "1" fill in his or her name on the dotted line. Then go on to the



Bette Davis



Humphrey Bogart



Lauren Bacall



Van Johnson

5. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Acting
Fog and rain
Hot dogs
Camping, pine woods,
open fires
Traveling by auto
Playing and singing
hymns
Ethel Waters
The New York Times
Being suntanned
New Hampshire

Beauty parlors
Traveling by plane
Road hogs
Elaborate food
Formal living
Crowds
Being alone in a house
Men who are rude to
waiters
Houses without flowers
Heavy perfumes

AND DISLIKES"

next one. If you've been a faithful reader of Photoplay you should be able to identify them all.

Check your score by turning to page 121 for the answers.

Why not try the game at your next party. Just have your friends make up lists of their own special likes and dislikes—and then watch the fun as you all try to guess to whom the lists belong!

8. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Tennis, boxing, riding
Writing
Travel to out-of-the-
way places
Boating
Exotic food
Small parties
Gambling
Doing what I please
when I please
Animals
Practical jokes

Routine work
Regimentation
Publicity
Being treated like
a star
Being exploited
Having my privacy
invaded
Too-formal parties
Humorless people
Lounge lizards
Helpless women

6. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Milk with ice cubes
in it
White-walled tires
Irish stew
Murder mysteries
Home-made bread
Sweaters
Macaroni and cheese
Fortunetellers
My baby
Extreme hair styles

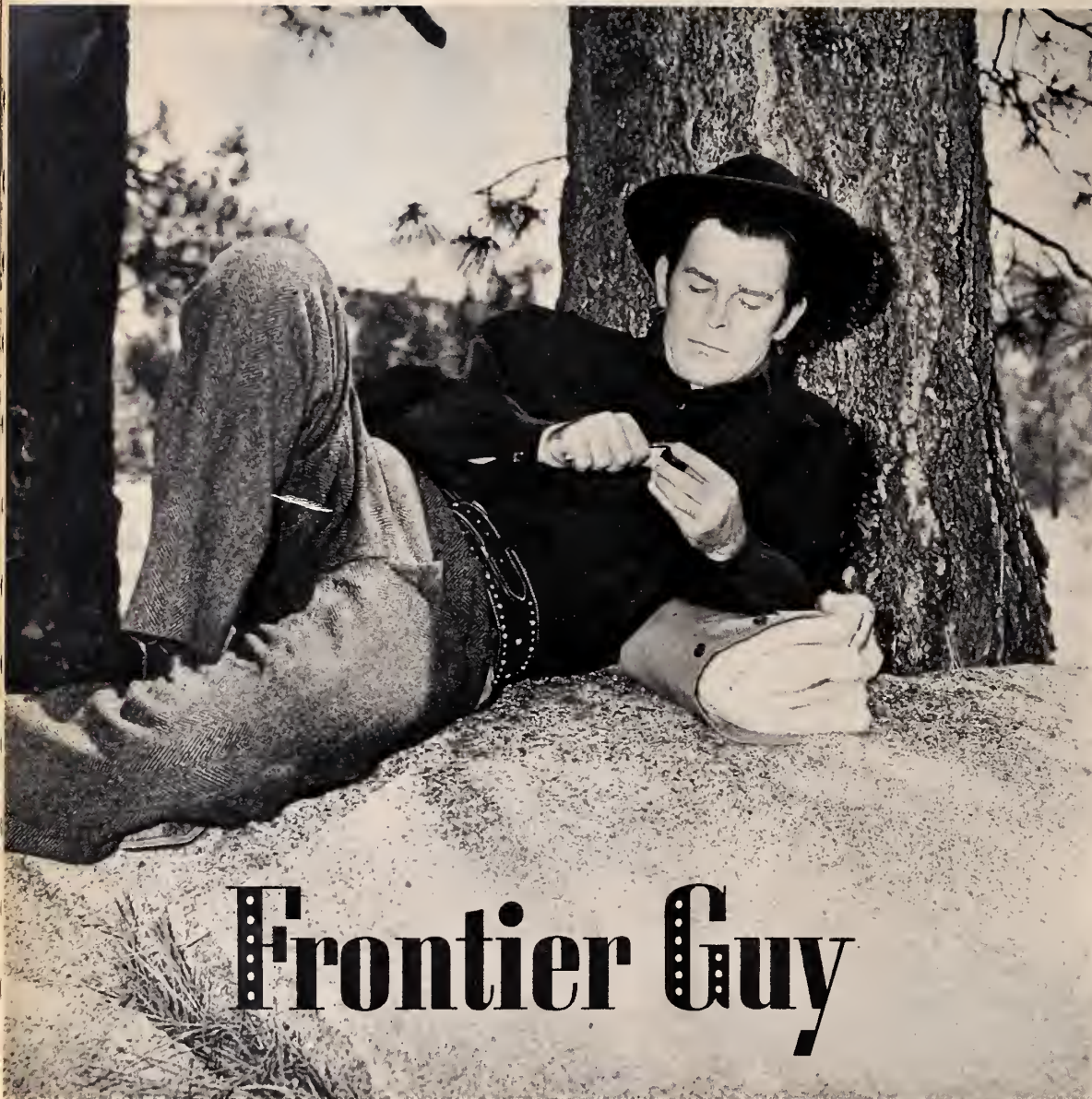
Routine
Sea gulls
Cold plunges
Cider
Fishing
Lumpy oatmeal
Mustard greens
Being hurried
Hearing a woman
swear
Insecurity

7. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Movies
Artichokes
Shoulder-strap bags
Neatness
Basking in the sun
Dancing
Sailing
Good music
People who show
genuine affection
Bette Davis on the
screen

Night clubs
Insincerity
Women who drink
too much
Loud music
"Confidential Agent"
People who gossip
Sham
Cafe society
Frisly clothes
Living in apartments



Frontier Guy

When a sandhog comes up for air, he's sure to look starward—i. e., Rod Cameron

The lady and her likeness—
Rod airbrushes a just-fin-
ished portrait of his mother





Rod—and reel with “Frontier Gal” Yvonne De Carlo



A ride around for King and Rod, of “The Runaround”

BY CAMERON SHIPP

THE Marines occupied Nicaragua, and Rod Cameron was fifty feet under the Hudson River, digging a hole. Captain Charles A. Lindbergh flew from Mineola to Paris, and Cameron was 100 feet nearer the Jersey shore when the afternoon extras hit the street. Herbert Hoover announced that the Kellogg-Briand Pact would outlaw war forever, and Rod Cameron was hacking at hard clay with a pick, in a subway tunnel under 34th Street. The stock market collapsed with a loss of fifteen billion dollars, but Cameron didn't hear it. He was under the East River burrowing in the direction of Long Island.

Cameron was in California, pouring cement under pressure in 1932.

Seven years, altogether—seven years underground. “Why did you become a movie star?” we asked the star of “Frontier Gal.”

“Got tired of working,” said Rod.

Rod has almost forgotten the seven lean years under dirt and water and some of the lean years that fol-

lowed. His current concern is that he is too big for airplanes.

That's a fact. Look at him: Six-feet-four, 190 pounds, lean and hard as a Canadian hockey player—he was that, too—dark as a Saracen in make-up, a handsome dog, a bigger and brawnier combination of Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, with brown eyes and his eyes on the skies.

He recently saved up money to buy a house—one of those pre-fabricated ones, the kind you are supposed to set up in the side yard in a moment's notice, or at most, a jiffy. But he stopped at an airport on his way to the pre-fab factory and bought a plane instead, a pretty, fast-flying two-seater. The papers were signed and the money paid before Rod discovered that he was too tall to get into it. He'd like one to transport him to hockey games in Toronto, hunting trips in Oregon and prize fights in Manhattan. Meantime he'll keep on looking until he finds a plane sized to Cameron. That is, when the time comes that it isn't illegal, according to his (*Continued on page 91*)

BABIES, BABIES,



Y Johnny has sex appeal—already!" sighs Dorothy Lamour.

"Little 'Tish' is so intelligent," murmurs Ann Sothorn.

"Daria has an aristocratic nose," insists Gene Tierney.

"My Maria-Christina, she is the most wonderful bebbby in the entire world, yes!" It is not a question, it is a statement from Maria Montez.

"I wish I had twelve children," says Rita Hayworth.

"One more for me," says Rosalind Russell.

"Three more," says Maureen O'Hara.

"Lots of little Briskins," shrieks Betty Hutton, who will settle for twins to begin with.

"One more, just like Vickie," croons Betty (Legs) Grable.

Formulas, theories, drooling, teeth cutting, should you smack it, should you love it, should you force food, or starve it out. Adults talking baby talk. And babies, babies, babies everywhere.

What's happened? It could be a lot of things. Ego, loneliness, laziness, (Continued on page 120)

It's nursery time in Hollywood

with star-studded dialogue

of diets and diapers



John Ridgely Howard got Dottie Lamour nicknamed "Sarong Mama"



Miss Denise Loder is lady-producer Hedy Lamarr's idea of the super baby production

BABIES

Rebecca is Rita's reason for thinking in terms of a round dozen

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Ann Sothern's little Tish takes honors in the beauty department



Maria Montez insists her brunette baby'll be blonde

"All Actors Are Bums"



Vincent's retreat—his "shack" atop a hill

It was in the script that he'd get the "Dragonwyck" role

So quoth Vincent Price, who
may be. But if he is, he's given
the word a new meaning



He'll top this labor with a foaming tankard

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN





Hollywood wonders sometimes, for Vincent Price is tops in unpredictability and nonconformity

NOT so long ago a couple of Hollywood gendarmes espied with considerable misgiving the approach in their direction of a long, lean and lone hitchhiker. He was headed for Hollywood.

Quickly they came to an illuminating conclusion: This was a bum, if ever there was one! Then, glancing hastily into the back of the patrol car to see if he'd fit—the bum was all of six-feet-four—they leaped out and, accosting the human scarecrow, went over him for concealed weapons. They soon found out that, gatless, he was also anonymous, but what was worse, far worse, he was bereft a draft card.

"And what may your business be, bud?" asked the law.

"Actor!" said Vincent Price, for it was he.

"Oh, a movie actor!" The gendarmes exchanged knowing looks, and the larger of the two said, "A romantic hero, I presume?"

Not so fond memories of what Hollywood had done to

him tempered the smile. "Ah, if they would only make up their minds!"

A little while after that Mr. Price reposed temporarily, but quite merrily, in the clink.

But if you ask Vincent Price, the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Dragonwyck," why such things happen to him, he will probably tell you it's because he would much rather be himself than the character Hollywood would like him to be. And that is fifty per cent *au naturel*, thirty per cent Thespian, and twenty per cent pure, unadulterated bum.

Consequently, and to the consternation of most everyone, including his employers and his friends, Vincent Price more often than not dresses in the tradition of the latter, talks enjoyably and enthusiastically in the picturesque patois and grows horrified whenever the studio wants to streamline him—which is about once every three weeks.

Some of his happiest moments are when he can go

"All Actors Are Bums"



She was actress Edith Barrett and he wouldn't leave New York without her. Result: Three Prices in Hollywood

He's an ardent art collector, opened a shop



He does his sculptoring (a hobby) with a screw driver

unshaven for days on end, slip into his sloppiest clothes, let his hair grow and quaff foaming tankards of beer with fellow bums like painter John Decker. Heaven help the dowagers of Beverly Hills, then, who would throw a party and invite him suddenly. Likely as not he would appear at his door to accept the invitation stripped to the waist, his aesthetic, rather handsome face smeared with paint, lipstick and egg. But you could be sure of one thing, he wouldn't go. That would mean wearing a tuxedo, or at least a bow tie, and such things he would rather leave to Errol Flynn.

The kind of party he would rather go to generally lasts until the dawn and what starts as a purely desultory conversation about the arts, ends with a breakfast in the dawn, actress Edith Barrett hopelessly kissing her husband goodnight, and Vincent and John et al spending the rest of the next day in the garage painting the (Continued on page 80)



He loves permanency—loves puttering around his home

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS

ANSWERED

BY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My mother died when I was six and my father, being a reckless, irresponsible person, never gave me the love and understanding I craved.

Albert and I were only fifteen when we met and became the very best of friends. I knew almost at once that I was in love with him, but I knew that he cared for me only as a friend. The two years Albert was overseas I went out with other boys and even became engaged, but my long friendly letters to Albert never stopped. My engagement had been broken only five weeks when Albert returned to the States. Of course he wanted to hear all my problems and even questioned my broken engagement.

For the next two years he was on the West Coast, where he met a girl, fell in love with her, asked her to marry him, but was refused.

Last fall, Albert was transferred to a base only a few miles from home. He asked me to marry him. I wanted to wait, but Albert didn't agree, so we were married a week later. There is no need to explain the happiness I knew. Albert was the perfect husband in every respect. I had love, understanding, a home, security—everything. Too good, I guess, to last.

We had been married four months when Albert told me that he had received a letter from this girl on the West Coast saying she had changed her mind and now knew how much she really loved him. Albert said he liked me, respected me, and would always be concerned about my future, but that he wanted me to get a divorce.

I love my husband and I want to preserve our marriage if it is humanly possible. What should I do?

Mrs. Victoria T.

If one may judge by your patient waiting, it would be assumed that you are a steadfast person. I approved of your suggestion that you and Albert wait a bit before marrying; that would have been a very wise plan.

However, he seems to have hurried you into marriage. Your entire description of Albert persuades me that he is quite as irresponsible as you are dependable; quite as emotionally adolescent as you are mature.

One thing bewildered me: You neglected to tell me whether Albert had told this girl of his interim marriage. To judge from your letter, I would presume that he had not.

Ordinarily, I believe that when a man wants his freedom and asks for it, there is little a woman can do and retain her dignity and self-respect, except to accede to his demands.

However, in your case, I think you have the character to tell your husband to wait until he gets out of service before seeking his freedom. He hasn't given your marriage a chance to sink its emotional roots; he really doesn't know his own mind, I'm afraid. Help him to grow up and to stand by his decisions.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

As you have probably noticed from my address, I'm a WAC. I love it, and my work, which is very interesting.

My father died when I was just a child and my mother married again. My stepfather has always been a very heavy drinker, but in the last few years he has grown gradually worse. In the course of these years my sister, my brother and I stopped having friends visit our house because of the terrible embarrassment connected with their visits.

In 1940 my brother could endure it no longer and went overseas to join the RAF. My sister waited for a year, then jumped into an unsuitable marriage just to get away from home. Since I was the youngest, I stayed at home until I graduated from high school. Just before graduation I received word that my brother had been killed in action; shortly after that, my sister secured a divorce.

After the death of my brother, I joined the Corps.

Since the war is over, Mother seems to think that I should come home again. I love my mother very much, but life in that house is something you can't believe unless you have lived in it. I would like to remain in the WAC and apply for overseas duty, but I know that Mother would be deeply hurt to learn of such a decision.

Perhaps you can help me.

Corporal Eva K.

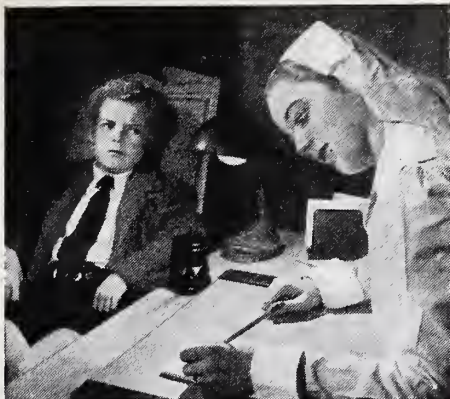
There is one thing about your letter that bewilders me: Why, if your mother could see her children being driven away by their stepfather, has she persisted in remaining with such a man?

There may be some extenuating circumstance, of course—some fact that keeps her with her husband, yet a fact of which you know nothing. How- (Continued on page 70)



Claudette Colbert, star of
"Tomorrow Is Forever"

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 83



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to your local hospital and help.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!

SHE USES POND'S!



Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum



Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

**DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA.,
ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE**

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. Another Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a grand cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: Smooths the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat

—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



Ask for a big luxury size jar of Pond's today.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville*

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) ever, it is difficult to imagine such a thing.

It would seem to me that, since appearances lead one to believe that your mother prefers to remain with her husband while sacrificing the comfort of two of her children and the very life of another, you owe her only your love and loyalty on whatever basis you choose to give it.

If you want to sign for overseas service, it seems to me that you should do as you think will serve your future best. By all means, you should write to your mother as often as possible, and you should see her when you can, but it doesn't seem fair for you to have to be miserable in a home you abhor.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Mom and Dad were separated four years ago through the fault of my Dad and partly of his daughter, my step-sister. I'm very devoted to my step-sister and my dad, but my mother loathes my step-sister.

I have spent quite a bit of my life with other relatives, but I have graduated from high school and got a good job. I went to live with Mom again because she wasn't making much and was unhappy. I buy her a ticket whenever she wants to take a train to see Dad over the weekend. When I don't have the money she accuses me of hoarding my money for a trip to see Sis.

Now about my romance. I met Tom three years ago. At that time I was sixteen; he was nineteen. We were together for a year, then he went into the Army and we have corresponded regularly ever since. I promised to marry him as soon as he was discharged. At least, that was the understanding until recently.

Mom has said repeatedly that Tom is too good for me and that she was going to write to him and tell him all about me. I don't know what she could say because I'm a nice girl.

Tom has been back in this country almost a month now. The first letter I had from him was wonderful. Then he simply stopped writing. I know from Mom's sly smile that she has done something. I can't get an answer from Tom; I don't know what to do next.

My brother will be home from the Navy in about a month, so perhaps I should leave home and get along without a family. Mom and my brother are devoted, so she's going to be very happy to have him at the house.

Laura Louise L.

Since you are self-supporting it seems to me that you should strike out for yourself. Find other living quarters; maintain cordial relations with your mother from

a distance. Since your brother is coming home, she will have his companionship, as you have suggested.

As for the boy: If he doesn't think enough of you to write or to appear in person and ask you for a full explanation of your mother's accusations, he isn't worthy of you. For a man to believe derogatory information about another human being, without getting both sides of the story, is stupid, but still human.

After you have moved and established yourself in a new environment, why don't you write this boy frankly, telling him as much of your family problem as dignity will allow. Don't blame your mother too

Gray hair certainly shouldn't be allowed to cause anyone unhappiness.

If you wish to retain its original color, try a good dye. However, there are some people who have an allergy to hair dye. You should investigate this possibility carefully first. Personally, I think there is nothing lovelier than a youthful face framed by white hair. One of the loveliest women in Hollywood is Mrs. Ray Milland, whose hair is prematurely gray; she has never done anything about it except to keep it handsomely groomed.

It seems to me that, in the final analysis, dealing with gray hair is like dealing with any other item of one's personal characteristics: One should determine how that characteristic can be turned into an asset, then be grateful for it.

Claudette Colbert

PORTRAIT PICKING TIME

All set to enter the race again this month to get the picture in color

of the woman star and the man star you wish to see in Photoplay?

Add your vote to help your favorite win!
Fill out the coupon below and mail to:

Color Portrait Editor
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portrait of

(Man).....

(Woman).....

(My Name).....

much; simply say that she is a difficult person with whom to live and that there has always been a clash of personality between you. If it is true that your mother has interfered, he may take your letter as a cue to write or to see you.

If you don't hear from him, it's possible that your mother had nothing to do with your severed love affair, and the boy simply has found someone else.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is that my hair is beginning to gray prematurely. I am twenty-six, single and in excellent health. Each night I massage and brush my hair religiously, yet the gray hairs are multiplying in alarming numbers.

As I look younger than my age in other ways, this condition is a source of great embarrassment to me and draws a good deal of comment from well-meaning friends. As I am a very sensitive person you can imagine how much unhappiness this causes me.

Would you advise me as to a possible solution? I hesitate to use dyes, not knowing much about such things.

Maybelle B.

There are quite a few girls, like myself, who stay in barracks every night in preference to going out on a date and being insulted.

One girl who was discharged on points, applied for a responsible secretarial job in a large corporation (she had been secretary to a general and is a brilliant person), was interviewed by a corporation officer. Leering at her when he noted that she had spent two years in service, he said, "Well, you've had enough experience with men to know how to handle a little night work around here when it becomes necessary."

She simply arose and walked out on the interview.

If there is any way in which you can come to the rescue of a much-maligned and misunderstood branch of the service, not only I, but thousands of girls will be forever grateful.

PFC Earline W.

First of all I would like to say that all corporation officials aren't vulgar. Just as you are willing to admit that perhaps five per cent of womankind (whether in or out of uniform) behaves in an unfortunate manner, so you must admit that (Continued on page 103)

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

You who value your precious clothes, will adore the wonderful new, improved Postwar Arrid! It gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety for your clothes and skin. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for!



FOR FORMAL EVENINGS, this stunning white linen dress . . . with transparent midriff and drop shoulder of organdy! To guard your precious clothes against perspiration, use Arrid daily. Arrid gives *maximum protection* against perspiration with safety to clothes and skin!

Fine Fabrics Return

Pure linen . . . pure organdy! These wonderful fabrics, which were war-time casualties, are now available again in summer clothes! Don't let perspiration mar their beauty. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. Our tests show it!

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★ All Postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

Only safe, gentle Arrid

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1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
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Parting without Tears

(Continued from page 31) my request for an interview to talk about his marriage, largely because his friendship for Chris demanded it be clearly understood neither he nor she is at fault in any way that it is possible to remedy.

They wanted different things of their marriage, you see. Tom, shy and retiring, above all wanted a wife who would be an anchor upon all of those occasions when he is hurt and puzzled.

Chris was not such a wife and never pretended to be. She wanted the successful career which a series of unfortunate circumstances so far have denied her.

"Had a career worked out for Chris in another way I wouldn't have objected," Tom insists. "But I knew the stock contract offered her was not good from any point of view since, nine times out of ten, these contracts lead to nothing but disappointment and disillusionment."

That nervous shyness which marks Tom's personality and reactions springs, likely enough, from his youth. For he was only seventeen when he lost his parents and found himself suddenly facing insecurity.

As Alfred Alderdice, he knew all the comforts of a boy living in the midst of a well-to-do family. For instance, his father, a linen merchant, often would say at dinner, "We're using the linen that was woven for Buckingham Palace, I see." For should the slightest imperfection appear in the linen loomed for the English Windsors the American Alderdices used it instead.

Tom went to good schools, Iona in New Rochelle and later Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania where Jimmy Stewart had been a student before him. Then, when he was seventeen, his father, mother and older sister died. He and his other sister, Clare, found themselves alone with only a small income to keep them. Theatrical careers, they decided, were the thing.

It was that same year, 1936, working in summer stock at Poughkeepsie, New York, that they met Chris. In those days, however, her name was Isabelle Dunn. She changed it later to Christopher Dunn to have the same name which Clare, happily married, gave her baby daughter.

After that summer in Poughkeepsie, Chris went to New York and the musical comedy stage. And, finally, bouncing back and forth from a flop show to summer stock, Tom landed in New York too, in the hit, "Janie." Whereupon Chris's mother, who liked the two Alderdice kids, more or less placed Chris in their care. The three lived together in a New York apartment house, with Clare and Chris sharing a flat identical to Tom's on the floor above. And, soon enough, neighbors grew accustomed to Tom's poking his head out of the window to call to the girls.

The following year, Tom, off on a summer tour, learned Chris had married Michael Ames and gone to Hollywood

with him. They didn't meet again for two years when Tom too journeyed west to make "The Howards of Virginia." It was not a happy reunion, for Michael Ames had asked for release from his contract and Chris was dancing at the Florentine Gardens. Tom found himself heavy hearted over the plight of his old friend.

It was much later that Tom, who had been in New York, returned to Hollywood to make his hit in "Two Girls and a Sailor" and to learn of Chris's divorce. Then almost immediately both knew a flare-up of "that old feeling."

Lonely and bewildered as they both were, it was easy for them to convince each other that their lives would have been happier had they remained true to the attraction they had known for each other when, seventeen and fifteen, they had had their first kiss behind a flat of scenery up in Poughkeepsie. No need to wait to marry, they argued. Having been kids together, struggled together, taken disappointments together, surely they knew each other well. Too late they discovered how far apart the intervening years had left them.

We suggested to Tom that the housing shortage had worked against his marriage too. For, unable to find another house, Tom had had to take Chris and her small daughter to the house he had been sharing with Clare and her two youngsters.

But Tom shook his head. "At the top of the house Chris, her daughter and I had our own big room with our books and records. There was no need to care who was below or what went on. I didn't even mind when there were three Chrises in the house—my wife, my stepdaughter and Clare's child. Although when Clare told me she had hired a cook named Chris I did think we might be overdoing it."

We suggested his wife might have objected to so many under the same roof.

"I think not," he said, "because Clare and her husband got a house out in the Valley after not too long. And we still didn't make a go of it."

"Chris and I just didn't have what it takes to make a good marriage. We were, above all, friends. That was why it was so important for us to save our marriage, if we could; not only for ourselves but for each other. That is why I speak as I do now; so it will be understood that neither of us suffered any emotional anti-climax, called names or made accusations. A belief to the contrary in any quarter might harm the friendship we've always had."

Thus speaks Tom Drake. Only twenty-seven years old and one of the best looking lads in town, he makes few dates these days. While others play he works. Perhaps until he finds his ideal, Tom Drake will have to take his share of happiness in a career. And it won't be such a mean share if he has the opportunity to live up to the promise he shows in "The Green Years."

THE END

There's a **DARK HOUR**

in Gregory Peck's past

a time when the gods turned their backs and life was black.

DOROTHY DEERE got the dramatic secret from him and she'll tell you about it in an exciting story

NEXT MONTH

"Captivating!"

says Mrs. Gary Cooper,

"And that's why GAY-RED is a sell-out in Hollywood."

Wherever the elite of Hollywood gathers...you'll see alluring Tangee lips capturing admiring glances. Usually the cause of all the excitement is the thrilling new hit-color—Tangee Gay-Red. So let *your* lips go gay with Gay-Red, the light-hearted, carefree lipstick color *that gives you a lift!* And don't forget—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish—long-lasting and lovely-to-use.

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Thrives on Hot Weather!

Look cool and inviting all summer long...by using the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. This Tangee triumph does not get "streaky" from perspiration—lasts for *extra hours* no matter what the weather man says.

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mous Tangee Gay-Red Lip-
stick and Petal-Finish Cake
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Lovelier Hair
THIS NEW EASIER WAY!



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**A SPECIAL NEW
HAIR RINSE**

Brings Golden Highlights To Dull, Faded Hair

Blondes! Here it is at last! The new Rinse and Tint made specially for blondes. Gives dull, faded hair lovely extra lustre and that little touch of color blonde hair often needs. Called BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE, it is not a permanent dye or bleach—washes off as easily as make-up. Made by the makers of BLONDEX, the world's largest selling blonde shampoo. Costs little to use. Sold at all good 10c, drug and department stores.

Watch Glenn Ford Go by

(Continued from page 46) aside by saying:

"There's something about Glenn Ford—an air of loneliness, a sort of helplessness—that makes you want to do everything within your power to help him."

People have felt this way about Glenn ever since he can remember. Needlessly. Because it so happens that he has an independent streak which bears a close proximity to Gibraltar.

Soon enough, Bette, looking at Glenn's test, which proved to be slightly sensational, discovered this for herself. Other stars, however, failing to reverse their first opinion of Glenn as quickly and as astutely, have let themselves in for a number of Hollywood headaches.

It started way back when Margaret Sullivan was painfully tolerant of the "little theater actor" making his screen debut in "So Ends Our Night." So the story goes, Miss Maggie barely recognized Glenn's enthusiastic existence. Then they previewed the picture! In his charming, disarming, unobtrusive way, the same "little theater actor" stole every scene. Glenn Ford has been committing grand larceny ever since.

CURRENT and most conclusive "job" pulled by Glenn takes place in "Gilda." During production his name was listed along with other members of the supporting cast, so far as billing was concerned. The morning following the night of the preview, the front office made a revision. It's now Rita Hayworth with Glenn Ford in "Gilda."

"I look forlorn, I guess," Glenn muses, "because up until the time I went into service I was inclined to brood, subject to spells of depression. I had never learned how to have fun, you see. Being an only son, my father's death made me head of the family when I was just out of high school. I grew up by myself. I didn't make friends easily and I wasn't considered good company."

"I've always known it was a sense of kindness that prompted people to help me and when I discouraged them I robbed them of some kind of personal satisfaction, really. But there are times, of course, when I have to prove I can look out for myself."

Eighteen months have elapsed since Glenn resumed citizenship. Now that the pain of the past belongs to the past, he can afford to be philosophical. Compensations, though costly, he manages to find comforting.

Says Glenn in reflection: "In the Marine Corps, for the first time I lived side by side with fellows my own age. By learning about them, I learned about me. For example, I used to be afraid to say no to people. Afraid of hurting their feelings. As a result, I was constantly obligating myself to go places, do things, mingle where it made me uncomfortable. The Marines changed all that. I used to trust everyone. I was brought up to believe that all people are basically good. Today I can spot a phony. And I've learned to laugh at myself. Before I was inclined to give inconsequential things too much importance."

The change in Glenn is apparent in his reflected happiness. Together with Eleanor Powell and young Peter Newton, life is full and fascinating. Like so many service men, when he got out Glenn couldn't find a place for his little family. So he had to buy a house he could then ill-afford.

"My salary was small before the war," Glenn explains. "Naturally, I couldn't save on a sergeant's allotment. Eleanor had been living with her mother. But the house wasn't big enough for all of us. Our new home is too big for Eleanor to run alone. We could only afford one servant, so we de-

cided it was best to have a good cook. So we got Agnes who turned out to be a mere genius. This left Eleanor free to run the house, take care of Peter—which she wanted to do most because she had given up her career to enjoy a home and children."

From Glenn's point of view it seemed like good sound reasoning. But how it back-fired! On Friday nights Glenn has a standing date to go to the fights with Robert Walker. Otherwise he never goes out alone unless it's on studio business. Either Eleanor was so tired she had to stay home and go to bed early or they couldn't find a "sitter" for Peter. So they were seldom seen out together. Tongues began wagging. It's the one flaw in their happiness but they're determined to rise above it. With current domestic conditions, there's nothing they can do about it anyway.

Stripped down to his infectious smile, Glenn weighed 155 pounds when he enlisted. He came out weighing 170, still smiling. Today he is one inch taller. Glenn claims they just trained him to stand up straighter. Wearing spotless, non-starched white shirts he considers his biggest privilege as a civilian. Fortunately, he owned a good selection. He's been able to have them altered to fit his new body measurements.

Where his memory is concerned, Glenn claims kinship with an elephant. Consider his first day out of the service when he visited his favorite pipe shop. Four years previous he set his heart on a rare and imported meerschaum. He just had to add it to the 150 pipes already in his collection. The proprietor refused to sell it. Still optimistic, Glenn made inquiries. It meant so much to him. He did seem so eager. Overcome with the pleasure of greeting his old customer, the proprietor relented. Glenn made his purchase.

THE Fords also collect records. They actually own over 7,000, all catalogued and bound in red leather albums. Glenn's recording machine is equipped to take airchecks from broadcasts. As a result, you can hear almost every famous person or piece of music when you visit with Glenn and Eleanor. He doesn't like cats because they seem "so bored with everything but their own existence." Glenn loves dogs and right now is in the process of looking for a mutt and not a thoroughbred. "Like high-bred people, thoroughbreds are difficult. A mutt is simple." Glenn loves simplicity.

Seeking out new eating places comes under the heading of adventure. A current Ford discovery is the "Sportsmen's Lodge," situated amongst miniature hills and forests in San Fernando Valley. Pools of fresh-water trout actually make it possible for a guest to fish for his supper. Glenn and Eleanor love going to the movies. Ford favorites include Robert Donat, Claude Rains, Anton Walbrook, Raimu and Ralph Richardson. Glenn never misses them when they play at the local Esquire Theater.

Glenn's favorite review is one in which the critic referred to him as "A gnome-faced actor who has a way of standing up and sitting down—in pieces."

Glenn's one regret is that his father didn't live to see his progress and enjoy his family. Glenn's chief worry concerns his son Peter. Of this blue-eyed, healthy young individual, Glenn grows quite mellow.

"I hope Peter will never be spoiled," Glenn reflects. "So much is happening around us. I'm wondering what kind of a world is waiting for him. He'll need lots of stability to see him through. That's why, in a way, I hope he won't want to be an actor. If he does, naturally I'll help him all I can." (Continued on page 76)

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rouge, nail
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beauty's sake.

Sold in Canada

(Continued from page 74) Despite his well-organized determination to be a positive kind of fellow, Glenn still can't resist a sales talk. So the closet in his bedroom is filled with hats. He never wears hats because, "they make me look like Charlie McCarthy." Speaking of his bedroom, Eleanor says that it looks as if it's been struck by a cyclone three minutes after Glenn walks into it. He hates wearing pajamas. Long before morning the lone sheet that covers him—doesn't! The cold night air pouring through three open windows stimulates him like a double martini—"made with Vodka, please."

Glenn has never quite gotten his fill of the taste of ice cream, the smell of baking bread, night driving with his car top down. "It's the happiest time of day for me, living on a hilltop and being able to look down on Ciro's," which is as close as he wants to get to a night club. Glenn has a recurring dream about houses and streets in Russia and China. He's never been there, yet twice in newsreels he's seen the very same places *after* he's dreamed about them.

AMONGST his dislikes are people—people at large gatherings, people who are late, people who are loud and make him feel conspicuous, any group of people that dedicates itself to small talk that proves nothing. Glenn dislikes *himself* because he can't learn to jitterbug and doesn't really want to, *himself* because he can't get up in front of people and play parlor games, *himself* because, "When I'm thinking about things, I look like I'm wandering around in a fog and unintentionally snub people." Glenn's one great suppressed desire is to give a banquet for all the Hollywood casting directors who warned him to get out of town because, "With that face of yours, you haven't a chance in the movies!"

So far as the public is concerned, "Gilda" is Glenn's first post-war picture. Actually, it was "A Stolen Life" with Bette Davis which is still to be released. Playing opposite Bette proved a milestone and a turning point for Glenn. Typical of Bette Davis, Glenn got every break.

As a result of playing opposite a star of the Davis magnitude, Glenn won a new contract at Columbia, a triple raise in salary and the role opposite Rita Hayworth in "Gilda." It was nice working with Rita. Also a source of great satisfaction. Back in 1940 when the world was young, they worked together in a quixotic little quickie called "Lady in Question." Said question, it seems, was a moot one. Glenn, thin to a cadaverous degree, nervous and self-conscious, was anything but happy in front of the camera. The plump, plain, pensive, black-haired (then) Rita was equally ill at ease and frightened.

"We played two spineless French people," Glenn remembers, "young, wistful Paris in the spring and all that sort of thing. We had a love scene outside, in front of a church. I gave Rita a gentle peck on the cheek. She lowered her eyes and blushed. Automatically, she drew away from me and I had to continue the love scene standing a foot away. The censors had nothing to worry about."

It was just at this stage of their respective careers that Rita was asked to category the ten male companions she'd select, if stranded on a desert isle. All good, clean, wholesome fun. Natch!

Glenn headed Rita's list of Lotharios. After his name, she wrote: "I'd select Glenn Ford because he knows how to make a fire with two sticks—and *that* can be very helpful."

Let us remember the year was 1940, B.O. (Before Orson!) All of which had nothing to do with one Glenn Ford when he read the story. Those two sticks were superfluous. Smoke poured out of his pores! In "Gilda," as the adventurer-gambler, Glenn spent three days loving Rita, hating Rita, smacking Rita. Charles Vidor (who also directed them in "Lady in Question") made sure that Glenn didn't pull his punches. Glenn himself, tall, terrific and tantalizing, sent Rita home at the end of each day, feeling as if she had tangled with a tornado.

Two sticks to make a fire—indeed!
Today, Rita is a much wiser woman!
THE END

ALL OUT FOR WILDE

Cornel wins the votes of two ardent fans

Gentlemen:

We have just heard the "returns" on the Academy Award Dinner, which has prompted us to relegate this tale of woe to you.

How the Hollywood masterminds could have passed up Cornel Wilde's performance as Chopin in "A Song to Remember," and instead given the coveted award to Ray Milland for his performance in "The Lost Weekend," is a little beyond our comprehensive powers. With due respect to Mr. Milland, who has been one of our favorites for years, we do believe that the "Oscar" was given to the wrong actor. The role of Chopin was no easy task; and Mr. Wilde did not just portray Chopin, he *was* the famous composer. Certainly no other actor could have given the role more finesse and appeal than did Mr. Wilde. Granted Mr. Milland did turn in a very good performance and, were it not for the Chopin role, we do believe he would have deserved the award.

To say the least, we were very disappointed with the outcome of the Academy Award Dinner.

Very truly yours,

Anne Medic — Betty Bates

Albuquerque, New Mexico

P.S.—There is also the school of thought that Cornel Wilde should get an award on the strength of being Cornel Wilde.

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(Continued from page 39) Frankie Sinatra, Mr. Bob Hutton, even Prince Mike Romanoff, that democratic, self-made prince.

There's a luminous aura hovering over Esther, golden in spirit and flesh—gold strands in brown hair and gold bubbles in gray hazel eyes under black brows and lashes. She reminds you in beauty and natural charm of Ingrid Bergman. In days of the Greeks she would have brought down the gods from Olympus who were most democratic, you remember, in dallying with earth maidens having auras and hips. As it is, she brought down Mr. Gage from Evanston, Illinois, bigger than Apollo and undoubtedly a better character. A radio singer with range both vocal and physical, he looks down fondly from an altitude of six feet five on his toy wife, just five feet seven.

For luncheon at Romanoff's Mrs. Gage, as our Beach Venus likes to be called, was dressed. This was disappointing. But that's the law. Still, with imagination and sharp eyes, you could see her as she disported in swimming pools and Billy Rose's Aquacade, making money, medals and so much commotion that Leo the Lion roared and licked his chops. She now exhibits exclusively with him.

IN "Bathing Beauty," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Thrill of a Romance" you appreciated her swimming form if you are a man, her breast stroke particularly if you are a sportsman. What probably you haven't noticed is that she has been slipping into clothes all along; she's that good an actress.

On seeing "Easy to Wed" her mother, who had been critically reserved till then, said, "This is Esther; the butterfly is out of the cocoon." What Mrs. Williams meant was that Esther's personality had emerged at last. The girl's a siren even under wraps, such as the mink dangling from her shoulders. Her unexpected frock was appropriate sea blue. Tillets of Mexico designed it and then threw the pattern away. None but our Esther could wear it. It was handblocked all over with white seaweed, yellow fish, pink lobsters and bug-eyed creatures that might be relatives of Eddie Cantor. All this seafood along with her tasty self made a boullabaisse superior to any dish that day in Romanoff's. Indeed the other feminine diners suddenly looked sad and dehydrated, having spent their time mistakenly under lamps and dryers instead of on the beach.

Miss Williams ordered shrimp salad to go with her dress while Mr. Gage took chicken wrapped in crepey blankets and cream sauce. Into this Mrs. Gage promptly forked. As so many dieting beauties, she eats off other people's plates. Abstaining piously from dessert herself, she ate half her husband's banana cake and half her guest's, being always the soul of democracy and tact. What she really goes for is roast beef and potatoes and milk. She is a regular 4-H girl. You know those wonderful head-hand-heart-and-home kids from our farm country—youths tall and golden as Kansas corn and beautiful as prairie flowers—America's own nobility with ancestral pride in cooking, gardening, building and stock raising.

Esther has all this 4-H industry. She cooks, she sews, she dusts, builds and bakes. Together she and Ben remodeled the house they bought on a hill looking to the ocean. He painted and she papered; he built a desk and she made lamps out of cuspidors and coffee grinders.

"We have to budget ourselves," she says. "We both make nice incomes but there are many claims and taxes and we are saving.

We couldn't afford to lunch in Romanoff's more than once a month."

This aroused husbandly tribute.

"Esther can cook better than anyone in this world," said Benjamin soberly. "I have eaten in Ciro's in Mexico, Waldorf in New York, Romanoff's here and I say honestly Esther cooks the best meal."

"My family would not forgive me if I couldn't," said Esther modestly.

Both her parents were born in Dodge City, Kansas.

"My mother was a school teacher at seventeen. Wasn't she wonderful?" says Esther, implying a teacher at seventeen rates a movie star at twenty-four.

Her father was a commercial artist.

"I have the most wonderful family," she avers happily. "Parents, brother, two sisters, nephews and nieces. When we were children we had very little. One year during the depression we didn't have enough to eat but with such wonderful parents we never minded, we had such fun always. Home and family mean everything to me. How can anyone be so mistaken as to put career ahead of these? You would have enjoyed our wedding. It was so homey with all the relatives on both sides, our parents, Aunt Nellie, Uncle Chester, nephews, nieces and Ben's wonderful eighty-two-year-old granny who flew here from Evanston because we said we would not marry without her."

"I am shocked how little it takes to make some girls lose their heads," she said, and added quickly, "I'm grateful to Mother for giving us a sense of true values. My married sisters feel sorry for me. Each has two babies, and I look longingly as they change dummies. Babies always will be the most important part of life and I hope I have lots."

SUCH talk in Romanoff's, the last place you would anticipate the patter of little feet! What is Hollywood coming to? It wasn't like this in the old days when a star wouldn't have a baby for fear of breaking her contract and losing her sex appeal. If the simple-minded stork did drop one where he shouldn't, a star, like as not, would say it was adopted. But now, good heavens!

"Everyone should have variety of interests, especially in this business, to maintain balance," said she, nodding across at Sinatra who was pressed even thinner than usual between two large attentive business men. "Frank is well balanced, so interested in child-welfare and teaching of tolerance. When I was in Mexico City I had Mother fly down. It was her first trip there and she was delighted with everything. I took her to Ciro's, a very gay and colorful night spot. Frank Sinatra was there and he and Mother spent the whole evening in a huddle talking child psychology."

Mrs. Williams is a psychology teacher. In her Inglewood home she holds classes twice a week. One hundred women are studying with her to become counsellors of family relations. Some have followed her for eight years. While she was in Mexico Esther asked Tillets to design a dress for her mother, the first she ever had made to order. It turned out to be an affair of black and cerise, gorgeously tropical compared to the sober little frocks Mrs. Williams had been in habit of wearing. "Oh dear," she said surveying herself uncertainly in the mirror, "Whatever will my ladies say?"

With sore misgiving she launched it before the ladies at one of her classes. Next day she phoned Esther happily. "My ladies love it. They say it takes ten pound off me."

Esther herself is a psychologist. She has the intuition of the sympathetic heart. And she can read handwriting. Asking for the notes a reporter had been scribbling under the table she viewed them without blanching and said, "Your margins are nice." Honest but kind, she contrives always the encouraging word.

Esther was somewhat discouraged herself after her first picture, "Andy Hardy Steps out." None of her precious family made a fuss about it. When pressed, her mother said, "It was good, but it was not Esther."

Esther decided the honorable thing was to release Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from its ill-advised contract. "Of course I couldn't wait for them to decide," she smiles.

Recently on the radio Mr. Louis B. Mayer told humorously of the episode. When she called on him to thank him and release him from his unhappy error, he listened solemnly, then asked her if she would be so kind as to wait in the outer office while he saw another person for a moment. The other party was Clark Gable.

"How is it, Clark, you never have discovered any talent for us?" Mr. Mayer asked. "You have been around here a long time. Most stars are forever discovering new leading women."

Clark was startled by such talk.

"You might start by looking around the outer office," concluded the chief.

In a moment Clark was back with Esther. "I'd like to make a test with Miss Williams," he said.

"I think it can be arranged," said Mr. Mayer.

With Messrs. Gable and Mayer both beaming on her she asked herself who was she to be flunking the Williams girl.

WOULD you have felt badly had you failed?" she was asked.

"Not too badly," she replied with one of her gentle smiles. "I could have gone back to modeling in Magnin's. Instead of a picture a year now I could have a baby a year. Two or three perhaps," she added ambitiously, and then by way of explanation to a startled listener, "Twins or triplets I mean."

Again, how times have changed! Every old-time star was supposed to be a Virgin Queen; now every one wants to be Madame Dionne.

In "Fiesta" Esther appears actually in the bull ring as a girl who substitutes for her brother, a Toreador. The brother is played by the handsome young Mexican actor Ricardo Montalban, who is married to Georgiana Young, Loretta's sister.

"I predict he will equal and possibly top any of our stars," says Esther. "He has the little-boy quality, like Sinatra here, that appeals to the maternal in women. When a man has that he's sold."

And when a girl has maternal warmth, appealing to the little boy in every man, he's sold. Esther is adored by every male in "Fiesta" including the bull who was supposed to bunt her behind but instead, being a manly beast, just sort of pinched her. As who wouldn't?

THE END

BEWITCHING

BEAUTY FROM EIRE

Maureen O'Hara

Comes To Photoplay

In The August Issue



... and Freedom from DRUDGERY

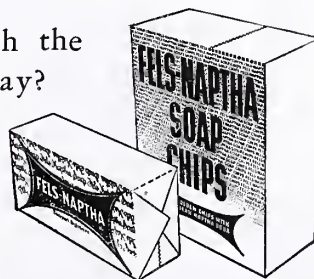
A married woman's life can't always be 'a bowl of cherries.' But it needn't be just a tub of dirty clothes.

The up-to-date housekeeper tries to find a happy medium between work and play. And on washday, her happy medium is apt to be Fels-Naptha Soap.

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Remember—all work and no play makes Jill a dull companion, too.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"All Actors Are Bums"

(Continued from page 67) back wall with Ciceran nudes. Then to round up the weekend, as it were, the actor plus whatever cohorts of the conscious Hollywood that are around, pile into his midget car called "The Bug" and to the resounding strains of the Valkyrie—led by Vincent's sturdy baritone voice—depart for his shack atop a hill overlooking the ocean.

There, for the umpteenth time and no matter how often they have seen it, Vincent Price shows his collection of pre-Columbian art, a fantastic family of small, squat and often rather hideous figures. "They could," says Vinnie, rather reverently, "have been producers. But the artists themselves—ah, what genius!" And the conversation that started a couple of days previously goes on as if nothing had happened to interrupt it.

Of this gay, rather unconventional pattern of existence, Vincent Price has but one thing to say, and not apologetically either. "All actors have something of the bum about them. And the better ones had more than a little of the trait. Like the late John Barrymore and Booth and Barrett and Coquelin. All the greats have left behind them not only the memory of their art, but the richness of their lives."

THERE is nothing ponderous about Vincent Price, who would like to follow in the footsteps of those who have left their mark in the theater. He has quite a lot of ideas on how to go about this. But because Vincent Price doesn't believe in swimming pools, expertly tailored clothes and jowls trimmed up to look like the cheeks of a newborn babe, Hollywood wonders about him a little sometimes.

Then because Vincent Price loves art, he decided to open a gallery a short time back. This the studio didn't like at all. He was working just a little too hard at it, ferreting out promising young painters, catching all the art auctions from one end of the Coast to the other and, when the demand exceeded the supply, turning out a quite acceptable daub, himself.

In the heart of Beverly Hills, the gallery was an instantaneous hit, and actor-painter Richard Whorf sold thirty-four out of the thirty-eight paintings he exhibited. John Decker unloaded a whole month's supply and painters all over the country wanted to send in their work. That was when his studio started getting worried.

For one thing, there was a sudden, terrible fear that Vincent Price might set up shop in the neighborhood of his dressing room. The Twentieth Century-Fox lot, they pointed out, was not the Place du Tertre. Oh, it would have been all right if he had someone to run the place for him and do all the work. But no. Vincent Price not only had to talk to every artist himself, but what was worse he began to look like one.

Said one of the powers, "You're going to be a star and we're going to see that you not only behave like one, but look like one!"

The truth of the matter is they will never be able to make Vincent Price act like an actor off the screen. He wasn't able to do that when things weren't as bright for him as they are now. And when, instead of being seen in pictures like "The Eve of St. Mark," "The Song of Bernadette," "A Royal Scandal" and "The Keys of the Kingdom," he was dying a million deaths in a series of slow-moving, puffed-up B's, that he called TTTTT pictures. They were Typical, Trite, Topical, Trivial, Terrible.

Blue-eyed, gangling, six-foot-four and fair-haired, Vincent Price was brought to Hollywood on the crest of a Broadway wave of public and critical acclaim.

"I learned that after 672 performances of 'Victoria Regina' I was all of three things: Another Gary Cooper, a new type of leading man and the most exciting acting discovery in years," says Vinnie, and adds sadly, "But after 672 days in Hollywood I was convinced of still three more things: A big mistake had been made, I should go back to Broadway and someone should apologize to Mr. Cooper."

In those early days, and many good notices notwithstanding, Vincent Price always kept his bags packed for a swift return to New York.

But the time came when the story was to have a happier ending. The actor signed a long-term contract with Twentieth, with the promise that he be accorded roles suitable to his talents. They made good their word by casting him in exciting roles in the aforementioned good pictures.

As the domineering, emotional *Nicholas Van Ryn* in "Dragonwyck," Vincent Price has been given Hollywood's acting plum of the year. It was both a crown and a challenge for everything that has come before. That he has emerged with flying colors very few have any doubt.

Vincent Price loves permanency. His family has had the same butler for forty years, the same laundress for forty-two years, and their chauffeur has been with them for forty-five years. However, the cook is new; she has only been with them nineteen years. Vincent thinks that most things, especially friendships, can be like that too. But Hollywood he wonders about sometimes.

Vincent Price was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 12, 1912, the son of Vincent and Marguerite Wilcox Price. His father was a wealthy biscuit manufacturer. By birth, he was not compelled to struggle for a living. He deliberately chose the education he could at the exclusive Community School in St. Louis, the St. Louis Country Day School, Yale University and the University of London before he set foot on any professional stage. In case he failed to achieve his first ambition—which was to become an actor—he was prepared to become a professor of history.

AFTER winning his bachelor's degree from Yale, he became singing coach and in his spare time made the rounds of theatrical agencies with no success whatever.

It seemed to him that every time a boat arrived from abroad, down the gangplank walked some unknown who was immediately hailed by some Broadway producer as a "talented new discovery." It occurred to him then that it might be wise to go abroad for a year or so. Ostensibly, he went over to become equipped as a teacher. But he spent far less time at the British Museum than he did in the stalls of the London theaters. He also spent considerable time with a trio of young actors who lived next door to his lodgings.

Finally he was equipped to play Prince Albert in "Victoria Regina." Gilbert Miller, the New York producer, saw the production and sent for Vincent to repeat his role on Broadway.

Vincent Price walked down the gangplank of the ship that brought him back and was frantically hailed as a "talented new discovery"—a little more than a year after he had been turned down by every actor's agent in New York.

"Victoria Regina" kept him busy for three solid years, from 1935 through 1937. The movies couldn't help discovering him, but for a while he resisted all Hollywood offers. Principally, he was loathe to leave New York while a rising young actress, Edith Barrett, still remained single.

But eventually he won the girl—and they went west.

Now as the star of "Dragonwyck," Vincent Price might well relax. At the end of the long road there is, and heaven forbid, a swimming pool, a mink coat for Edith, a European education for Vincent Barrett Price, aged five, and possibly the Academy Award.

All is not grave that glitters in the merry blue eyes of Vincent Price. At moments when the talk gets a little too serious even for himself, he will say gaily, "Let's go quaff a tankard of ale." Then, likely as not, you will hear gayer stories from the lips of the young actor. How, for instance, he came to play the part of *Nicholas Van Ryn*. He had read the book one night and finally putting it down at midnight, he said to Edith, "This is for me!"

"Yes, dear," said Edith, smilingly, and wondered how lamb chops would taste reheated four times. She went into the kitchen and by the time she got back her actor-dreamer-husband had vanished. And the copy of "Dragonwyck." He had gone to bed to re-read it until dawn. The lamb chops stayed where they were.

THE next morning Vincent Price was up with the lark, and when producer Ernst Lubitsch arrived in his office at Twentieth Century-Fox he found the actor sitting there waiting for him. Says Vinnie, "He felt after I had asked him for a test that I was perfect for the part, except that I might not look romantic enough on film. I took the intervening thirty days before the promised test to lose twenty-five pounds—and when I appeared, made up and costumed for the test, Lubitsch said, 'Well, that's one worry over with. You look wonderful. I know you can act. Now let's find something to worry about.'"

But the worries that were to follow weren't those of Mr. Lubitsch or the director of "Dragonwyck" or anything to do with that picture. They were something that had the publicity department not only perturbed but baffled. Here in the making was a great new star. Only he didn't look like a star and sometimes he didn't even look like an actor.

Someone had the bright idea of talking to Vinnie about it. The press agent entrusted with the delicate mission knew how to go about it. "Let's go quaff a tankard of something cold," he said. Vinnie was delighted. There was a little place right on the beach, within a stone's throw of his hill-top cabin, that had a view of Catalina, green fields and boats lying in the harbor.

There the press agent, quaffing a tankard of Mexican beer, spoke subtly but succinctly of matters that were not only of his own, but on his boss's mind. Glibly he bandied the names of expert tailors, fine haberdashers, sleek used cars that ate up a lot of gas and huge annuities that would bring the Normandie, Biarritz and the Ritz bar within the grasp of the up and coming actor. It seemed to him that Vincent Price the star of "Dragonwyck," could hardly be happy with unpressed pants, unshaven cheeks, sports shirt open at the neck, eating in drive-ins. That and saturating himself from head to foot with the remnant of the paint with which he was painting an old house he had just bought.

"There's a whole new world opening for you," said the p.a. blithely.

"And you think I should dress formally for it?" asked Vinnie, anxiously.

The press agent nodded happily.

Vincent Price leaned over and tapped the pewter tankard. "How did the pink champagne get in your cup?" he asked with a sly glance. (Continued on page 82)

who's up a tree!

when it comes to playclothes,
Jantzen has taken care of every angle
...and every curve, too...with
marvelous-looking things like this exclusive
printed cotton twill two-piece, rayon
jersey lined 6.95 (right)... "Clam Digger" (left)
long shorts of Juilliard Sanforized cotton
Jib Cloth 6.95, and many other such sunny jobs,
just as beautifully-tailored as Jantzens
always are...at most stores.

TAN WITH JAN... Jantzen's marvelous
sun-cream lotion for a smooth soft skin-tan



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Jantzen
sun clothes



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

How to bring out the natural sparkling beauty of *your* hair like Powers Models



Miss Phylis Ernst finds Kreml Shampoo never dries her lovely golden hair or makes it brittle

Steps in fixing the above coiffure



First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo to bring out all its natural sparkling lustre. Set hair in pin curls as indicated.



Take down pin curls. Twist hair high. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair more pliable—so ready to fall in place.



Roll twist over and around. Tuck in. Kreml Shampoo is unsurpassed for every type, color and texture of hair.

Leaves Hair So Silken-Soft—Bright and Glossy For Days. If you want something really worth while in shampoos—by all means 'glamour-bathe' your hair with Kreml Shampoo—it's positively seductive in intent.

Those stunning 'million dollar' Powers Models know the secret. Long ago they discovered how Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt, grease and loose dandruff—how it actually brings out all the hair's natural sparkling highlights and lustre—how it leaves hair shining bright for days—so silken soft—easier to arrange.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull, soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals which rob hair of its natural oils. It never dries the hair. Instead, Kreml Shampoo is one shampoo that has a beneficial oil base which actually helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It's such a mild, gentle shampoo—even for kiddies' soft baby hair.

So why not wash your hair to its natural shining loveliness with Kreml Shampoo—a frankly conniving shampoo for stealing 'his' head and heart away! At all drug, dept., and 10¢ stores.



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LORETTA YOUNG

... always decorative and delightful, soon to be seen in Paramount's, "The Perfect Marriage"

* * * *

To make you the loveliest—a Fred Perlberg Original of Bloomsberg Polonaise faille with matching gauntlets and rose-trimmed pockets. Also in heather or maize. 10-16 and 9-15. \$25.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 90)

(Continued from page 80) "But you're going to be a star," said the press agent, feebly. "You've got to look like one. Not like a—a—"

"A beachcomber?" smiled Vinnie. "That's putting it rather politely," said the p.a.

A dreamy look came into Vinnie's eyes and he gazed out to sea. "Know what I'm going to do when everything happens to me you say is going to happen to me? I'm going to get myself a live bait boat and fish my way to South America."

"No yacht?" said the p.a. despairingly.

"No yacht," agreed Vincent Price, and said consolingly, "But I would like to own three homes." The press agent brightened, and Vinnie added, "Yes, three homes. A shack in town, a shack on the beach and a one-room apartment up in Central Park."

The story has it that at this moment the press agent exploded, "But you have all that now." Vinnie nodded and stared silently out to sea. He didn't say anything and even the press agent was silent. He must have realized that, after all, there really wasn't anything more to say.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions





ot his eyes with

For men love polka dots. These

will delight you too—they're so

new and cool!



Romance

LORETTA YOUNG in private life is Mrs. Thomas Howard Lewis of Holmby Hills—mother of Judy, ten, Christopher, going on two, and Peter, not quite one year old. To her family and friends Loretta is fondly known as “Gretch”

Left, a ruffled Bertha to frame a glowing face . . . This Colleen Original of “Regency” rayon crepe is the answer to summertime grooming. Gray, green, navy or luggage. 10-16. \$22.95 at B. Altman & Co., New York, N. Y.; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Right, Crisp and waist whittling . . . A Pat Hartley cotton with cap sleeves that ripple into a perky bow and *really* big pockets! In blue, pink or beige with contrasting dots. 10-16 and 9-15. About \$15.00 at Thalhimer’s, Richmond, Va.; Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 90)



Especially yours for a happy



LISETTE VERA

... lovely Roumanian actress-singer whose emeralds rival Goddard's, whose hats are madder than Miranda's, whose misuse of English equals that of Montez. Lisette provides the chase for Marx Brother Groucho in United Artists' "A Night in Casablanca"

A Joan Miller dress to flatter you. Also in lime or tangerine. 9-15. About \$11.00. At Shillito's Cincinnati, O.; The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Linen hat by Betmar available in all colors. About \$6.00

Summer

CAROLE LANDIS

... who stands 5' 6" and weighs a scant 110 pounds. She was born in Fairchild, Wisconsin, on New Year's Day. Her real name is Frances Ridste and her married name is Mrs. Horace Schmidlapp. And her new picture is United Artists' "A Scandal in Paris"

For summertime fun—hip slimming Juilliard corduroy pedal pushers and a Sanforized cotton blouse, by Korby. Each piece about \$6.00. In other colors. 10-18. Gimbel Bros., New York, N. Y.; Pfeifer Bros., Little Rock, Ark.

(For the store in your vicinity where the clothes on these pages will be available write the manufacturers listed on page 90)





Floating

Bra swimsuit with a winged inner uplift to make your glamour soar! Gantner's suspended beauty bra raises your bust...even robs your hips of bulky inches. At finer stores everywhere!

Made by GANTNER & MATTERN CO.
San Francisco • Chicago • New York



Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

The most sensational and star-dusty party given lately was that at the Clover Club. The hosts were Cary Grant, Eddie Duchin, Jimmy Stewart and John McClain. And the sky was the limit for glamour. Never have the screen lovelies looked lovelier and we might mention that Hollywood has gone décolleté mad; the gals can't get 'em cut low enough. Most of the beautiful shoulders were bare with shoulder straps completely eliminated. "Stays" it seems are here to stay—we mean the kind that hold up those topless evening gowns.



At the party:

Paulette Goddard in a beautifully draped gold lamé gown. It clung to the well-known Goddard figure in all the right places and was slit in the front to the knees. Practically backless, it was softly draped across the bust with one shoulder bare and the other draped with a slim bit of lamé. Gold sandals. No ornament in her hair and NONE of her terrific jewels. She knew her costume itself was striking enough.



Rita Hayworth was a vision in a heavy white crepe gown which was beaded from neck to hem with tiny white beads and threaded with gold. There was a slit in the front of this severely cut gown to show the famous Hayworth ankles rising from white and gold sandals. No straps—no jewels—just a huge gold bracelet and a big square gold locket.



Norma Shearer, too, wore a slinky gown fashioned of a gold and white brocadish fabric. It also was strapless. It also was cut low and heart-shaped. It also was slit to the knees. Norma wore no jewels and her hair was piled high in a braided crown.



Randy Scott's wife and Henry Fonda's wife wore almost identical gowns—both so smart and both with the long slit. They were of black crepe

and featured tiny waistlines and snug bodices topped with huge black crepe ruching which accentuated their slowness. Both gowns were strapless (this is getting monotonous). Pat Scott wore no jewels. Frances Fonda, on the contrary, wore a gorgeous diamond and sapphire clip at her throat, earrings to match and a big oriental sapphire ring.



Joan Crawford enhanced a beautifully simple black net dance frock with her gorgeous diamonds and sapphires. She wore diamond and sapphire bracelets on both arms, a diamond and sapphire clip (about 80 carats) on a tiny black cord around her neck and an enormous star sapphire on her left hand. The skirt of her gown which gathered to a tiny waist was very full and flounced gracefully as she danced.



At a less formal party given by Veronica Lake and Andre de Toth for Howard Hughes at The Club, Veronica wore a brocadéd lamé (silver and rose colored) cocktail suit, with gloves and draped turban to match.



Cornel Wilde's wife, Pat Knight, was as dramatic as usual in a two-piece cocktail dress. The jacket featured enormously wide black and white satiny stripes. The skirt was slim and black.



At the cocktail soiree tossed by Wynn Rocamora, who manages a lot of stars, the gals really outdid themselves in the fashion department. Diana Lynn, who helped Wynn "host" the party (though this doesn't mean they're "going steady" or anything like that), wore a short cocktail dress of black taffeta. A tiny black velvet band bound her hair and she didn't even take off her very short white gloves when reaching for the hors d'oeuvres. Zachary Scott had a wonderful time teasing Reggie Gardner's pretty Nadia about the mad hat she was wearing. But who would mind that? Men just simply don't know.

Vicki Lynn

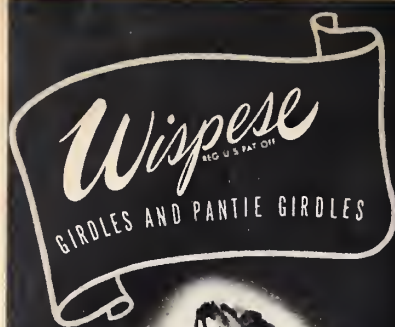


South of the border charm...

A Vicki Lynn blouse in white,

maize, pink and blue. Sizes 32-38 only.

About \$3 at leading department stores.



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for Summer frolics.
Look figure-slick
in your Summer formals.
Wear a soft,
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Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

Pin wonderful red roses at the belt of your basic dress. We promise you'll look anything but basic!!

For dress-up evenings go coquettish; carry a flirtatious fan.

Have you seen the exciting big squares of silk that can be worn so many different ways? As a gilet, turban, belt or just knotted and anchored at your waist letting the ends blow where they will.

Make a dinner blouse of striped satin and tint some white shorty gloves to match the blouse's predominant color.

Very warm for July item: Carry a parasol that will be color-right for all your little cotton dresses.

Wear a gay taffeta petticoat under your skirt and let it blow—let it blow—let it blow!!

Ever think of taking Grandfather's heavenly old-fashioned cane and having it made into the newest and smart-

est-looking umbrella of this year?

Why not make a little pouch bag to match your prettiest summer dress—just big enough for compact, comb and lipstick.

Does your last year's favorite summer hat have a crown? if so, remove it and have the newest hat! Just a brim and your own shining hair for the crowning glory.

If you're doing over your bedroom this summer get a little extra fabric and make a matching negligee.

If you belong to the up-swept hair-do school take your pearls and twist them in and out of your coiffure for the evening you never want him to forget.

Bonnets are the thing this season! So take a tip from your little sister... Wear the most romantic flower-strewn bonnet you can find. A bonnet shape, assorted flowers and imagination will produce one at little cost.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where it is available.

Evening dress

Fred Perlberg
525 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Polka-dot dress with bertha and daisies

Gladly Colleen
1400 Broadway
New York City

Polka-dot dress—large dots

Pat Hartley
1400 Broadway
New York City

Two-piece dress with striped skirt

Rhea Manufacturing Co.
1350 Broadway
New York City

Pedal pushers and blouse

Korby Sportswear
1410 Broadway
New York City

Black linen hat

Betmar
1 West 39th Street
New York City

Frontier Guy

(Continued from page 61) contract, for him to fly.

Rod is now starring in "The Runaround" with Ella Raines, making love to her for the cameras by day and taking her to hockey games by night—on nights when he doesn't take Yvonne De Carlo to hockey games. There is considerable talk about Rod and Yvonne, but not by Rod, who is as taciturn about such things as a Gary Cooper. When he doesn't take his ladies to hockey games, which it seems they sometimes get tired of, he takes them to jam sessions.

As a romantic lover on the screen, either lady might tell you, Rod is making satisfactory progress. But apparently he is even more romantic under water. There's one of those scenes in "The Runaround" in which he is supposed to fall into a swimming pool with Ella Raines. They emerge, dripping and kissing.

Despite the fact that Miss Raines emerged with a cut lip, there were no complaints—not even from Miss Raines.

BOOGIE is his great love. Reports of rare cacophonies performed by hot pianists in obscure joints off the beaten path of Hollywood and Vine inspire hours of exploration. He is as ardent as a New England lady on the trail of an antique. The works of Art Tatum, Pete Johnston, Albert Amonds and other practitioners of the new art form are tonic to Rod Cameron. He collects their recordings and is a performer on the ivories himself.

As a result of this passion, Rod's small house in Dark Canyon is frequently the scene of jam sessions lasting far and loud into the night. He lives with his mother and his sister, patient women both. Like many performers of the esoteric left hand, Rod never had a lesson.

Another love is hockey. Whether the studio will permit him to do it or not is questionable, but the Hollywood Wolves—that's a hockey team, honest—want him to play forward with them next season. The big bosses know that he has frequently worked out with the Wolves in practice. What they don't know is that Rod played three full games with them last season under his real name of Cox. He was thrown off the rink for whapping an opponent across the pate with a stick in the third game and whisked out of sight in a hurry to avoid publicity.

Many of the Wolves are old school chums with whom he shares tender memories of head-hitting and shin-barking with sharp skates during a Canadian boyhood.

What most people don't know is that Rod migrated to California—when the depression began to curtail jobs—with no ambitions for pictures whatsoever.

"I had acted in a church play once," he reports. "My sister got me into it. I had nothing to say. I walked on and I walked off. I was considered adequate."

Then followed the succession of jobs, including selling chemicals to fruit growers. This is a fine business if you get paid, which Rod didn't. He then worked in a five and dime store. All told, he had thirty-five different jobs before acting occurred to him.

One day a tall young man walked into the David O. Selznick studio and said he wanted to act. There was instant commotion. Executives and assistant executives began to break out in rashes of pink memos. Casting directors rejoiced.

"We have found the Tarleton Twins," was flashed around the lot. "The Tarleton Twins for 'Gone with the Wind.' This man can be both of them."

Rod gulped and said, sure, he could play two men, he was big enough.



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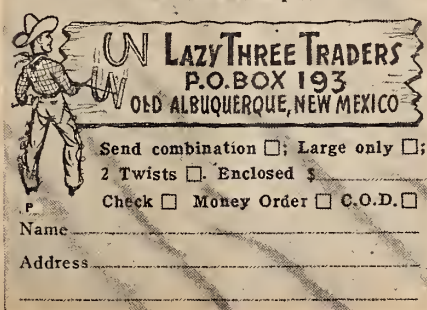
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Si Senores: send me _____ pairs of Play-Mox.
My shoe size _____, Colors _____
Name _____
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After each bath, pat yourself
all over with Mavis Talc!
You're cool, sweet, alluring!

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Talcum Powder 59c, 39c,
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Body Beauty Powder \$1.00
Dusting Powder 59c
(each with large puff)

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Dainty freshness added to slimming
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pocket for neat insertion of tissue
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"Got a Guild card?" he was asked.
"Why, er, no."
So they threw him out. Just like that.
No Screen Actors Guild Card, no Tarleton
Twins.

Rod had sat on so many hall benches by
now waiting to see executives that short
people were using the seat of his pants
for a mirror when he finally became an
actor. A friend in San Francisco gave
him a note to Edmund Goulding, who im-
mediately cast him in "The Old Maid"
and gave him a scene with Bette Davis.
Rod made his first appearance before any
camera in a sequence with Bette.

"Good!" said Goulding. "Wonderful!"
When the picture was about to be re-
leased, Rod asked Goulding again if it was
really all right. "Wonderful, my boy!"
said Goulding.

So Rod spent all his money for tickets
to the premiere, packing the orchestra
seats with family and friends. They
breathed hard for two hours waiting for
the new actor's big scene with the re-
doubtable Bette Davis. It didn't come on
because Mr. Goulding had cut it out of
the picture.

"We all went out and cut our throats,"
said Rod.

Rod snagged another chance, quick. He
was up for a leading part in "Arizona,"
and the papers were about to be drawn
when suddenly he was discarded. An
executive producer threw him out because,
he said, Rod had a scar on his nose. He
has no scar on his nose, but when an
executive producer says you have, why,
brother, you might as well grab a knife
and cut one. He finally wound up at
Paramount.

And this is where he learned how to act.
"Mostly in tests. I tested with every-
body." Then Westerns, when they could
find horses big enough to carry the big
man. He couldn't ride, that being a sport
not taught on the Canadian lakes where
Rod comes from.

His break came when he summoned
nerve enough to quit Paramount and free-
lance. "Pop" Sherman, the Hopalong Cas-
sidy entrepreneur, snapped him up, put
him under contract, and gave him a little
fame as a cowpoke player. Opportunities
for bigger parts showed themselves as a
result. The Sherman contract stood in
the way.

Rod hurried to the Sherman office to
buy his contract, prepared to mortgage his
soul to get out of it.

"I think we're not getting anywhere,"
he began. "What do you say we call the
deal off?"

Sherman looked overjoyed.
"Sure," he said, "What'll you take to
cancel the contract?"

And that is how the ex-hole-digger hap-
pened to play in "Mrs. Parkington" and
opposite the delicious Yvonne De Carlo
in a remarkable picture called "Salome—
Where She Danced." From then on, every-
thing has been onward and upward for
Rod Cameron. Conservative opinion, backed
by important flurries of fan mail from
bobby-soxers and debutantes, has it that
Rod, who is a very hot dramatic bet right
now, will soon move into Cary Grant ter-
ritory as a light comedian. He is as rugged
as a bulldozer but he has a dry wit. It's
inexplicable, but wit and good humor are
revealed on screen as importably as broad
shoulders.

Like most rugged men, Rod Cameron has
a certain complex about being an actor.

In San Francisco for a location sequence
at an airport, Cameron appeared after
lunch with his make-up askew.

"Go fix yourself, quick!" commanded
the director.

There being no studio facilities at an
airport, Rod hurried to the men's room,

paint and powder in hand.
He emerged fast, like a man who'd stepped right into the middle of a snake pit.

"Not on your life," he bellowed. "That place is jumping with sailors. Me stand there and put paint on my face? Think I'm crazy?"

Rod's real name is Roderick Cox, and he was born in Calgary, Canada, Dec. 7, 1910. His father died when Rod was a child, and he has made his own way since the age of twelve. This included semi-professional football between amateur hockey games.

Aside from hockey, football, flying and boogie-woogie, hunting, fishing and Yvonne De Carlo, all enterprises recommended for extraverts, Rod has another hobby which may surprise you. He carves in rare hardwoods and in ivory.

His woodcarving, though exceptionally good for an amateur, is sometimes difficult to understand. Recently he did a portrait bust of Broderick Crawford. In oak, of course. This was being admired around the Universal lot when Rod, with excess artistic zeal, decided to make an improvement with a pocket knife. Then his hand slipped.

Rod tried the best he could, he says, to repair the error, but no matter what he did, that head kept coming out exactly like Frank McHugh. And that's the way the matter rests today.

His next artistic project will be an attempt to carve an elaborate set of chessmen from a walrus tusk, with an inlaid table to match. He is hopeful that this will in no wise resemble Mr. McHugh.

You are invited to agree that this is a reasonably short story about an interesting man's life. But it comes a long way, at that, from sandhog to movie star. Rod has taken it in comfortable stride. His legs are obviously long enough to reach the ground, even if his eyes are on the skies.

THE END

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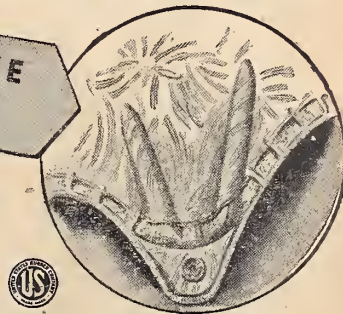
The famous U.S. Howland Hair Dry Swim Cap you've missed so much—with the suction-cup band that protects your ears and

keeps your hair dry. Stunning styles. Made in sizes to fit all heads. At your favorite department or specialty store.

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The only cap with the V-shaped reinforcing ribs that turn the flaps inward to make a perfect seal. To get this patented feature look for the name "U.S. Howland."



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- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25¢
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

Come on in!

(Continued from page 55) had lights installed under the water. And the strawberries she's planted in great urns at both ends of her pool continue abundant in spite of her guests' hearty response to her hearty cry, "Straw-ber-ries! Straw-ber-ries!"

Swimming pools! Hollywood dines beside them, dances on them (I'll explain this apparent miracle later) and builds houses around them. But any swimming that is done in them, except for the children, is done in the strictest privacy. For even beautiful people are not beautiful when they emerge from a pool, dripping, their eyes bloodshot, their hair limp and stringy.

Sometimes, of course, public swimming is done inadvertently—as it was at a party a few years ago when a most dignified star, wearing a dazzling sequined gown which cost over \$800, made a substantial and optimistic bet that she could paddle across a pool in a canoe. She maneuvered herself into the canoe and got halfway across smoothly. Then the canoe ran true to form and she had to swim for the other side. This took time—time enough for her sequins, made of fish skin, to melt away, revealing her in a sheath of net.

IT'S GEORGE Burns and Gracie Allen who give dances on their pool; on, I hasten to add, a portable dance floor which rolls over the top, making a wonderful outdoor ballroom.

George and Gracie's pool also has a sturdy fence around it. The tragic death of the Lou Costellos' son in their pool two years ago caused all the Hollywood stars with children either to build sturdy fences as George and Gracie Burns did, or to swing a net over their pools when they are not in use.

Before Victoria James's arrival Betty Grable regarded her pool gravely. And before Vicky could toddle a picket fence was added.

Not only does the Paul Henreid pool have a fence surrounding it, but there is an electric buzzer installed by Paul himself which rings a warning whenever his children open the gate.

Also, once a week when the pool is turned over to the neighborhood kids, including Fred MacMurray's and Henry Fonda's children, Paul, who awards prizes to the winners in the swimming races, acts as an ever-alert life guard.

Joan Crawford's pool is enclosed by a white ship's rail made of wire twisted to look like rope. A small lifeboat, complete with oars, floats on the water at all times. So do three life preservers prominently lettered "U.S.S. Joan," "U.S.S. Christopher" and "U.S.S. Christina." The fourth preserver which used to read "U.S.S. Phillip" is missing these days.

At the end of Joan's pool is a tremendous playhouse which accommodates a woman's dressing room, a man's dressing room, a large playroom for the children and a professional theater, which seats fifty to seventy-five, is equipped with twin projection machines which show regular theater-size movies and has a stage with footlights and curtain.

Speaking of Hollywood's pools, ten people had good reason to curse them roundly the night of Orson Welles's now famous party. Instead they whistled!

In the middle of Orson's pool is a fairly large island. It looks, for all the world, like a scene from *Pélleas and Mélisande*. Secured to the side of the pool is a little boat. The night of the party Jimmy Durante decided to ferry couples—who-wished-to-be-alone over to the island for a ten-dollar fee. Within the same hour

that he had his brain-storm Jimmy showed me \$50.00 which he had collected for the Red Cross. Then, however, Jimmy locked the boat to the heavy chain that secures it, put the key in his pocket and went happily home.

Came the dawn and Orson was awakened by hoarse whistles and cries. Five marooned couples, discovering that as tempus fugits love fugits too, were demanding to be rescued. Since Orson first had to get the fire department to file the boat chain, it was bright morning before the last unhappy couple was ferried back to the pool's mainland.

Some of the Hollywood swimming pools overshadow any Roman bath ever built, both in size and magnificence. Tiles which form maps, dragons and signs of the zodiac gleam through water as crystal clear as filtered air. And at night, with the underwater lights on, they are out of this world!

SONJA HENIE'S pool, set in a formal garden behind her lavish home, is one of the most beautiful in town.

Cornel Wilde's is beautiful too—but in a more decorative way, looking a little like Shangri-la. For at Cornel's home up in the hills with mountains all around the pool, cabana and barbecue are entirely surrounded by fragrant orange trees.

"At night," Cornel says, "the deer which roam the mountains jump my five-foot fence to drink at my pool. I see them often in the moonlight."

The pool of Preston Sturges, the director-producer who gives us pictures like "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" and "The Great McGinty," is practically a small summer resort. It's irregularly shaped and surrounded by informal groups of trees. His old-fashioned, friendly house is an annex to the pool, really, because of the perfectly enormous playroom which links the two and offers a beer bar right next to the water.

"So," Preston says with a wink, "guests can fall into something reasonably soft."

Actually the stars must enjoy their pools in private as much as they avoid them in public. For the plans of all the new post-war homes find pools all important.

Ray Milland's house is to be built around his pool which will be a perfect circle.

Alan Ladd, a champion diver, talks constantly about the pool he's rebuilding on his new twenty-five-acre ranch out in Hidden Valley. The house on this ranch

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burned down fifteen years ago and never was rebuilt. The pool wasn't damaged. Alan, however, intends to retille it. And already he has built, by himself, a huge trellis for wisteria. So there'll be shade when the valley weather grows hot.

The most fantastic pool in town belongs to Kurt Kreuger. To build his pool, Kurt, who lives high up in the hills, had to have that part of his terrain which juts out over the city flattened and excavated. His pool appears to hang on a ledge. Those who swim in it can look down on Hollywood.

The most costly pool in town, if not the most elaborate or decorative, belongs to Ginger Rogers. When Ginger built her home high on a hilltop she allowed \$85,000 for the entire enterprise; house, pool, roads, landscaping—everything! But her pool alone cost nearly that because of the series of deep criss-cross concrete reinforcements and the heavy retaining wall that the undertaking required—unless Ginger wanted the first heavy rain to wash her pool downhill.

The smallest and least expensive pool in town, as you wouldn't expect, belongs to Esther Williams! Esther's pool, which came with the house, looks like a hole in a vacant lot. The water pumps aren't even screened with shrubbery. And when Esther and Ben Gage, also a good swimmer, are in the pool together there's no room for splashing.

"But it is big enough for us to get wet," says Esther, "and to keep us cool."

THE largest natural pool in town is enjoyed by the Sinatras. It's Toluca Lake, one quarter of a mile long and three hundred feet wide. Where his lawn meets the shore Frankie has had a boathouse built. On his "pool" Frank keeps a sailboat and a rowboat and when he gets hungry he can hang out a line and snag a bass. Beside the lake Frankie and Nancy give their famous hot dog parties. And Sunday evenings also they use the lakeside barbecue.

"It's more fun that way," according to Nancy, "and it saves an endless amount of work inside."

Perhaps the funniest story is that of the luncheon Cole Porter gave beside his beautiful pool not long ago. Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith were there. Cary Grant and Betty Hensel, Ethel Barrymore, Virginia Bruce, Fred and Phyllis Astaire, Clifton Webb, Artur Rubenstein and his lovely Nella, Orson Welles. . . .

We sat down to the most delicious cold soup preceded by the usual melon ball cocktail. But when the main dish was due we waited and waited. After about half an hour Cole's chef rushed up and whispered to him. Cole laughed heartily but said nothing. A little later in came two great platters of chops. I thought mine tasted odd and I noticed Ethel Barrymore didn't eat hers at all. Which was strange, as Cole serves the best food in Hollywood with the possible exception of Arthur Hornblow, epicure par excellence.

The next day, however, Cole telephoned to tell me the whole story. An extra waiter, brought in for the party, who had been carrying the chops from the barbecue, failing to notice where he was going, had stepped ker-plunk into the pool. Whereupon he and the chops had had to be rescued, one by one. And chops, evidently, taste no better after a baptism!

Installing a pool—a little number about fifteen by twenty-five feet with filter, circulator and pump costs about \$3,500 and involves a monthly upkeep of twenty-five dollars—is only the beginning. Next comes special landscaping, pool-side furniture, gay rubber animals resembling nothing recorded by any zoologist, dressing rooms, showers, diving boards—or perhaps a gooseneck-shaped platform like that of which Jon Hall and Frances Lang-

ford are so proud. Their pool, fifty feet long, is plastic lined, of an elliptical shape with sweeping steps leading into the water.

Tyrone Power and Annabella, on the other hand, have supplemented their pool by an outside stairway leading to the second floor of their house—so it's not necessary to traipse through the first floor in dripping clothes.

Some pools, naturally, become more famous than others. Lucille Ball's, for instance. The pool at her Chatsworth ranch house looks like Hawaii, for it is bordered by palm trees with a grass hut to house the barbecue. Its fame springs not alone from its beauty, but from the lavish birthday parties Lucille gives here every year—the only parties, incidentally, that ever see Lionel Barrymore any more. They're costume parties always and last year Lionel, arriving in his wheel chair, wore the flowing mustache and bright striped bathing suit of an old-fashioned lifesaver.

Even Hollywood's bigger and better apartment houses have pools; like the Sunset Plaza where Joan Caulfield lives. This pool is Joan's special delight. "During the war it wasn't too good; empty most of the time," she says. "But now the owner's son, back from overseas, keeps it brightened up—even heated on chilly days!"

Some of the stars prefer pools with a rustic atmosphere—spend young fortunes, in fact, to have them reminiscent of an old swimming hole.

Henry Fonda's pool is adorned by a little rustic bridge and dressing rooms which look like a boathouse. With the mountains in the distance it all has a decidedly New England air.

Allan Jones's new pool is to simulate a pond in a forest. His diving board will look like a huge tree branch hanging out over the water and ferns and moss will cover any and all signs of concrete.

Laraine Day's pool is naturally rustic; a damned-up brook. "It's idyllic," she says, "except when it rains and my 'pool' overflows over the soft white sand I carted in so I can lounge on a sandy bank in the sun. Then the mess is horrible!"

They started something, those old Angelenos and first movie stars, when they thought they had the ultimate in luxury if a concrete pit graced their back garden. I well remember the way those old pools were drained and refilled only when the fungus became too thick to swim in or bred too many mosquitoes. For, naturally, it wasn't long before local engineers, masons and architects decided Hollywood swimming pools could be made to pay off in a big way—and they have!

THE END

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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Melody memorandums of the songs you remember from your favorite motion pictures

 **NIGHT AND DAY:** In advance of this film, Victor has issued a large and enjoyable album of eight Cole Porter pops sung by Allan Jones, including "Rosalie," "I Got You Under My Skin," the title tune, and the deathless "Begin the Beguine."

 **THE LOST WEEKEND:** Another fine example of mood music for movies written by Miklos Rozsa, composer of the "Spellbound" score, which it closely resembles. Al Goodman's Victor orchestra, with Vladimir Sokoloff at the piano, does the recording. For just about the oddest diskpairing of the year, President Truman's favorite "Missouri Waltz" is the companion piece.

 **DENNIS MORGAN:** Warners' star gives out with a rousing package of melodies from Romberg's operetta "The Desert Song." This Columbia album leaves something to be desired but Morgan's fans will cry for it.

 **THE KID FROM BROOKLYN:** Danny Kaye's latest Goldwyn nugget of mirth and music has two hits—"You're the Cause of It All" and "I Love an Old-Fashioned Song"—and Freddy Martin (Victor) plays them handsomely. For a more intimate interpretation of the latter tune try The Three Suns Majestic platter.

 **FRANK SINATRA:** The Voice rejoices with two fine songs from "Centennial Summer," Jerome Kern's posthumous film work. "All through the Day," the love song, is already a full-blown hit but "Two Hearts Are Better Than One" should get plenty of support, thanks to the way Sinatra wraps it up on this Columbia disk. For another slick Sinatra pressing try "You Are Too Beautiful."

 **MAKE MINE MUSIC:** Walt Disney's musical treat has all the music makers playing overtime. Benny Goodman provides the rhythm number, "All the Cats Join in" (Columbia) and Noro Morales (Majestic) and Desi Arnaz (Victor) groove "Without You," the former playing it as a bolero while Arnaz gives it a rumba beat.

 **LOVE STORY:** This film will be remembered for its elaborate theme, "Cornish Rhapsody," a piece comparable to "Warsaw Concerto." Henri Rene's orchestra (Victor) think so well of it they devote both sides of their latest platter to it.

 **ONE MORE TOMORROW:** The title tune is a pleasant love song. Tex Beneke's Glenn Miller Orchestra has turned it out for Victor.

 **THE CLASSICAL CORNER:** Victor has just issued a flawless album of Grofe's colorful tone poem, "Grand Canyon Suite" with the incomparable Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony . . . Rise Stevens brings stirring excerpts from Bizet's "Carmen" in a new Columbia Masterworks edition . . . Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, played by the exciting Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky is another Victor classic . . . For piano magic, try Vladimir Horowitz's Victor rendition of Prokofieff's Sonata No. 7, Opus 83 . . . And for those whose musical tastes are undisciplined, Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale" has just been disked by Victor. The Cincinnati Symphony plays it with Eugene Goossens on the podium.



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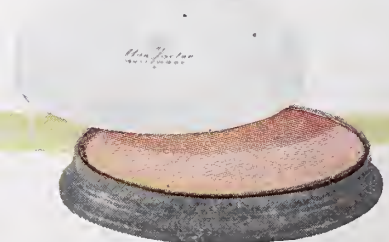


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Marguerite Chapman

in "The Walls Came Tumbling Down"

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

COBURN

Original by Max Factor Hollywood*

Latins, Love and Lana

(Continued from page 34) the swank country club just outside the city where the American colony mingled with the diplomatic set, the Peruvians, and the Pan-American pilots whose base is Lima.

Outside lay the golf course and tennis courts; in Lima, but a few minutes' drive away, was the Grand Bolivar Hotel for dancing, and fragrant Oriental food in the many Chinese restaurants. There was much to learn; of Chosica, for example, located on a hill a distance from the city where people go to see the sun.

"See the sun?" Lana echoed, amazed. "Certainly," was the answer. "In Lima it does not appear for weeks at a time."

And there was the souvenir Lana was to give to the city which the newspaper *El Comercio* had begged for: an autographed portrait to be printed on the paper's front page. "*Por intermedio de El Comercio*," Lana wrote, "*saludo al simpatico y culto publico peruano*"—"Through *El Comercio*, I salute the friendly and cultured Peruvian public."

As the plane took to the South American skies again, Lana could see from her window the famous Mount Misti—great volcano with conical shape—and below, grassless plains stretching out for a thousand miles, where no rain has fallen for forty years, and then, an astounding forest of oil wells that seemed suddenly to stud the ground beneath her.

IN kaleidoscopic succession followed names and sights they had never imagined; refueling at Antofagasta in Chile, Santiago in its emerald-green setting, taking off to fly across the majestic Andes, where at times the jagged mountains soared above the wing tips, losing altitude on the sloping far side to skim low over the flat, treeless pampas of Argentina, circling and coming in at the capital of Argentina, storm center of international politics—Buenos Aires.

Whether it was the wait for the plane, the pastel dress, black hat and mink coat she wore, or just Lana, the crowds surged in so uncontrollably on the landing field that she and Sara were separated and swallowed up by swirling streams of police, airport attendants and happy admirers. Not until separate cars raced into the famous Plaza Hotel did either know what had happened to the other.

In a week it seemed as though they had always lived in the Plaza, as though they had always walked down the handsome main street, Calle Florida, where the chic stores were located, as though they knew the night clubs of Buenos Aires as well as they did Mocambo in Hollywood—the Rendezvous, the Gong (a truly Argentinian club), the Cabana where the steaks are world-renowned, the Alvear Palace Roof (much like the St. Regis Roof in New York) where the samba, the rumba, the conga are danced.

And always around her, whether she was at the Grill Room of her own hotel where the dark-skinned Hindu makes the curries for which he is famous, or whether at the colorful San Ysidro racetrack or at one of the great ranchos where feasts were spread in her honor, Lana felt the pressure of Argentina's pre-election campaign for president, which Peron was to win some weeks after she had gone. Violence and impassioned opinions clashed in the background darkening with the threat of angry mobs and the sharp sound of bullets the week she spent there.

From the ferment and unrest of Argentina they flew north to Rio de Janeiro. Rio's greeting was hysteria, pandemonium. As the plane circled for its landing, a loudspeaker began to shout out news of

her arrival to the thousands packed in the airport below. Lana, watching from the plane window, suddenly was frightened. She had been away, now, more than two weeks, had flown nearly 8,000 miles, and she was tired. The cold that hadn't seemed to bother her in Buenos Aires had been growing steadily worse since they left. Crowds jamming near the plane no longer seemed friendly, adoring audiences but relentless mobs.

"Hold my hand," Sara instructed and Lana, with a smile, wearing a black dress and flower trimmed hat, stepped from the plane. The next minute the crowd had crushed in on her. She and Sara were wrenched apart, she felt as though she were being trampled down into the pressing swarm. Nowhere could she seem to see the police escort. Suddenly she burst into tears. Restrained, the crowd dropped back a little and allowed the police to extricate her and whisk her into a car.

When they finally were reunited, Lana's exhaustion and the cold determined them to proceed immediately for a week's rest in the mountain resort town of Petrópolis, forty miles outside of Rio.

Rest? Certainly the spacious Quitandinha Hotel, a fabulous ten-million-dollar structure, half Swiss chalet, half Walt Disney castle with its giant bird cage flashing with tropical birds in the lobby, should have been an ideal spot for relaxing. But no sooner were Lana and Sara established in the Presidential Suite, which was once occupied by King Carol of Rumania, than the corridors began to hum with people to see "the great North American star of sex appeal."

STILL suffering from the annoying cold, Lana got out of her sick bed to express her appreciation for the honor that was being paid her by everyone from fans to diplomats. As a matter of fact, the moment had clearly come for a bit of diplomacy on her own part. For the Brazilian press had championed the disappointment of the people at not having had their share of her presence. Already there had been a couple of incidents. Yes, clearly, explanations were in order.

And the girl with the white gold hair was more than equal to them. February 8—her twenty-fifth birthday! She would have a party for the press at the Quitandinha complete with birthday cake. She would—and she did. What's more, the press loved it. And they loved her in her short black silk skirt and polka dot blouse. It was here they dubbed her "Miss Whirlwind." With the strains of the "Happy Birthday" song still vibrating in the air Lana launched into the delicate matter.

Through the formal medium of interpreter, she began in a voice still hoarse from her cold: "Since I left Buenos Aires I have been ill with a cold. When I arrived at Porto Alegre I didn't want to cause a bad impression, so I wished to stay in the plane. But this was impossible. I asked them not to photograph me because I didn't look well. This is the cause of that unfavorable attitude against me. In São Paulo I was able to remain in the plane. By the way, I'm not on a publicity trip; I'm on my vacation and not an artist's tour. I love the fans, but for all my love I don't want to deceive them or appear ill, disfigured or indisposed to them. And this has caused another bad impression. Here in Rio, you gentlemen know what happened and you know it has made me unhappy. But you also know that all this has been the work of chance, a quirk of circumstance, that I am not at all to blame."

Thus the Brazilian press came, saw, was conquered. Lana could then enjoy the

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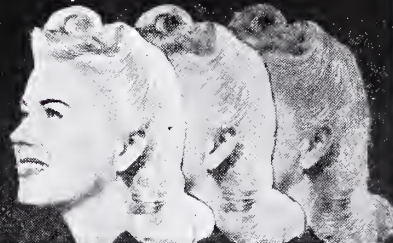
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birthday ball given her that night at the hotel and many was the gasp of pleasure as she made her entrance.

But a still more enticing vista was presenting itself to the two little "North Americans" . . . Mardi-Gras . . . Carnival in Rio . . . those mad, sweet days and nights before the Christian world embarks upon Lent. Wouldn't they stay for them? A quick council of war between Lana and Sara with the foregone conclusion: Of course they would.

Their headquarters now became the Copacabana Palace Hotel back in Rio, from which they were to see the town for the next four weeks. With Americans, Brazilians, Frenchmen, Peruvians, Irishmen, they saw Rio by day and by night. The Avenida Rio Branco became the Wilshire Boulevard of their new world. Copacabana Beach lay just across the street from their hotel. Beyond it stretched the beautiful harbor of Rio. Behind the city stood the statue of Christ on Corcovada Mountain. At night, they could see the light-sprinkled outline of Rio harbor, with the Christus illumined like a mother-of-pearl cross.

THERE is much to see at night in Rio. The most famous night club in the city, the Copacabana, is a part of the Copacabana Palace Hotel. There is the big gambling casino, also part of the hotel, where it is exciting just to watch the faces of the players around the roulette and chemin-de-fer tables. There is the little room off the casino—the "Media Noite," meaning "Midnight Room." And outside are other brilliant night clubs—particularly the Urca Casino and the Atlantida.

Nearly always they dressed formally for the evening. Lana wore evening gowns in every color of the rainbow, mingling like a Northern flower with the charming, fastidious women of Brazil who are among the best-dressed women in the world. Portuguese, the language of Brazil, was all around her like constant music. There was the theater displaying her latest movie, titled for Brazilians "Eramos Tres Mulheres," meaning "There Were Three Women." There was, furthermore, the amusing discovery that in Portuguese the word "Lana" means "wolf." Endless presents flowed in—flowers, candies, perfumes, exotic South American gifts of all kinds, even a Llama and two race horses!

Lana's whole visit was building up to its gala climax—the Mardi Gras Carnival. She went whole heartedly into the spirit of Rio's famous holiday celebration. For the four mad days that it lasted, winding up the day before the start of Lent, she watched, fascinated, the entire city's hysterical happiness. Around her were the shouting, laughing crowds that serpentine the streets day and night, in brilliant-hued costumes and masks and spraying perfume at everyone they met. Gay and grotesque parades wound through the boulevards, there were parties at night clubs and in the palatial homes of Brazilian friends. Rio was a city drenched in color—in clothes, in banners, in music. At the end of it, on March 6, Lana and Sara looked at each other and said as one, "Home!"

They arrived at Miami, Florida, on March 10—almost two months and 12,000 miles after they'd left the United States. In a short time they would be home again. But Lana had grown up since she had gone. She had had a birthday, she had learned finally and completely that fame brings publicity and an obligation to a public—and she had also learned that a certain kind of woman can never move in anything but excitement. That kind of woman is Lana!

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) ninety-five percent of the men in business and industry are well-behaved gentlemen.

The experience of your friend was infuriating and it's a shame that that man couldn't have been crawling around in mud, dodging lead, during the war so that he could appreciate the efforts of every single person in uniform.

There is nothing to say in defense of some of the comments of civilians and GIs except that a civilian always remains an individual and civilian conduct (male or female) is judged on its separate merit or shame. On the other hand, any person in uniform is part of an organization, and his actions reflect upon a mass instead of upon himself alone. I don't say that there is justice in this—there isn't; I say only that many human minds operate in that fashion.

Don't worry. Just as ninety-five percent of the WACs are fine women, so they are judged by ninety-five percent of the population at home.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and my mother is thirty-four. She is very pretty in spite of her age. She has been a widow since I was six and she has worked herself into a very good job. Working in the same company is a man four years younger than Mother who seems to like her very well.

He is lots of fun and very handsome. When he went into service he asked my mother for a picture of herself. Mother and I both had our pictures taken (separately, not together), so I gave him one, too.

Now that he is discharged, he comes to our house frequently, but he acts as if I'm not even there, outside of speaking to me politely. One afternoon he did take me shopping—we were buying a birthday present for my mother—and we laughed and sang as we drove along. We had a wonderful time and I thought he was beginning to pay attention to me, but when we got home he only talked to Mother.

When he comes to the house I put aside anything I've been doing and go sit in the room with Mother and this man. Sometimes I think this annoys Mother, but she never says anything. She sort of smiles.

I like this man very, very much. What can I do to make him notice me? I'm prettier than my mother, I'm sure.

Ginger

Suppose that the captain of the football team began to ask you for dates; suppose you were pleased and flattered and went with him whenever he asked you. Suppose he had to be away for awhile and asked you for a picture, whereupon your mother also gave him a picture. Suppose that when he returned and came to your home, your mother always made it a point to drop whatever she was doing and join you. Suppose, also, that she flirted with him, doing her best to attract his attention.

How would you feel about that?

I can almost hear you lifting your voice in furious complaint.

However, that is exactly what you are doing to your mother. Apparently you think that thirty-four is an advanced age for your mother, but that a man of thirty is not beyond your scope.

Your mother must be a very forebearing woman; having been a widow for eleven years, she certainly is entitled to some happiness after her time of grief and hard work. Perhaps, if you would begin to treat this man like a father instead of a potential boy friend, she might

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can ruin your looks and good times!



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ALMOST EVERYWHERE you go, you see pale people, listless people, people whose enjoyment of life seems at low ebb. Yes, and so often it's a Borderline Anemia—resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—that deprives them of vigor and fun.

Medical records reveal that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have such a Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too small to supply full vitality. Your red blood cells are your supply line of energy!

Ironized Yeast Tablets
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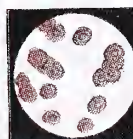
So, if you're tired without good reason—if your color's poor—you may need the help of Ironized Yeast Tablets. Ironized Yeast Tablets are specially formulated to help combat Borderline Anemia and its effects on your red blood cells . . . appearance . . . energy. Of course, continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other

conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this Borderline Anemia and envy others their energy and good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They can help you build up your blood—and along with it your natural vitality and attractiveness.

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resulting from a ferro-nutritional
blood deficiency can cause
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Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula
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TABLETS



even marry again and provide you with a normal home life.

Look around for a nice boy of twenty, Ginger, and for goodness sake, stay out of the room when your mother is entertaining her beau.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My oldest brother is thirty-three (I am fifteen) and has never worked a day in his life to my certain knowledge. My mother has always, until recently, sent him weekly or monthly sums on which to live. Now that he is at home, she just gives him as much money as she has whenever he asks for it. He wasn't in the Army, so he isn't war weary, and he isn't an imbecile because he earned his degree at our state university.

When he was away, he even wrote Mother—when she couldn't give him as much money as he thought he needed—and suggested that she get money from my other two brothers. When I had my teeth straightened, he wrote horrible letters saying that nature knew best (I had buck teeth). He said he could use the money to better advantage.

Now he has come home "to take over management of the family" he says. My mother owns some property, and so does my father. My father tried to reason with Mother, telling her that they had to set their feet down at some time, but she only cries and she says she won't have a child of hers starving to death.

I know where my brother hides the letters he receives and where he keeps his diary. Don't you think I should investigate? I'm positive that there's something wrong with this entire setup, and I think he should be exposed before he takes everything we have.

Ella Arnet D.

At fifteen, one is likely to form conclusions without fully understanding a situation. It is obvious that there is an unusual case in point existing in your family; since it puzzles you, naturally it is a hopeless quandary to someone entirely strange to the problem.

However, if you cause trouble with your brother, you will only be causing your mother further tears.

Under no circumstance should you trespass among your brother's private papers. How would you like it if he sneaked into your room and read your letters from girl friends, and your diary—provided you keep one. Such cheap conduct would infuriate you, wouldn't it?

And suppose you forgot your honor to the extent of snooping and discovered something in your brother's background. Could you break your mother's heart, simply to get rid of your brother?

I think the thing for you to do is to keep yourself busy with your school work and activities; pretend that there is no such person as your brother, do anything to make life easy and pleasant for your mother.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and a senior in high school. Last year I met a good-looking fellow just my age. According to certain stories I have heard, he is—to put it bluntly—a "wolf." I have never had a date with him, but we used to sit side by side in classes and we talked quite a bit.

One day he handed me a letter to which my name was signed. I read it over and couldn't believe my eyes. It was quite a love letter and told this boy that I thought of him all through the day, dreamed of him at night and really got a whizz out of talking to him in class. He asked me,

looking puzzled, "Is all that true?" Before I thought, I said, "Yes, it's true even if I didn't write the letter as you know because you would recognize my handwriting."

Then he said he knew who had written the letter—one of my best girl friends. After saying that, he simply laughed and walked away.

Since that time I have seen him often with this girl. I try to act natural and friendly toward them, but I get so nervous and jealous that I can't do anything with a steady mind or a controlled heartbeat.

Please suggest a sure way for me to forget him, or better yet, a way to make him ask me for a date.

Corinne N.

I think I can suggest a way for you to forget this boy as well as the girl whom you describe as a "friend."

Believe me, she is no friend of yours. Obviously you took her into your confidence to the extent of expressing your admiration of this boy to her. She repaid this trust by making you look foolish.

I can't begin to state the intense contempt that I feel for a girl who will write the type of letter this girl wrote, then sign another girl's name.

So much for the girl. If the boy, knowing what she did, still likes her, he certainly isn't worth another moment of your thoughts. Please don't moon over a boy who undoubtedly has joined your letter-writing friend in hearty laughter behind your back.

Look around you for some boy who admires and respects you, then enjoy his companionship.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In a recent issue of Photoplay, you

"How to have more fun on dates"

DIANA LYNN

starring in "OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"

A Paramount Picture

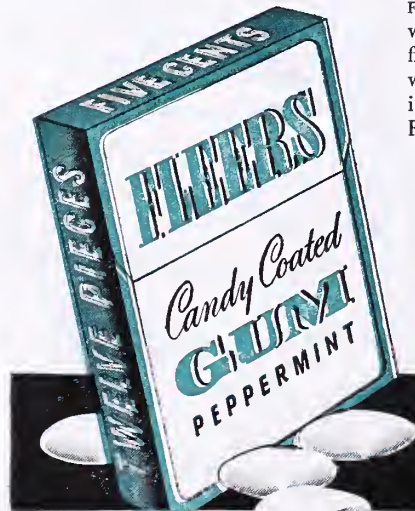


The dates I like to remember are the ones where everybody had a good time. Where nobody told any jokes that reflected on any race or religion. Where nobody acted snooty because he or she had more money, nicer clothes, or a fancier education. It's

silly to be a snob or snide-guy... when real people have so much more fun!

Fleer knows how much little things can mean... guess that's why they make such good gum.

FLEER'S is that delicious chewing gum with the super peppermint flavor. Twelve flawless fleerlets, in a handy green-and-white package, for only five cents. Fleer's is fresh, flavorful, refreshing. Enjoy Fleer's today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

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published a letter from a Chinese-American girl who felt that her heritage was ruining her life and keeping her from friendship and the fulfillment of her dreams.

In our school are a boy and a girl who are full-blooded Chinese; their parents were born in China, but they were born in this country, so they are American citizens. The boy is president of our student body and is one of the most popular boys in school; his sister is running for secretary of our class.

They go to our parties, sometimes together, but usually each has a date with some other student. Both are wonderful dancers, have wonderful senses of humor, are always "in" on everything.

In our school are all nationalities, but it doesn't seem important. What is important to us is that people in our school are good sports, lots of fun, enter in and don't go around feeling sorry for themselves.

I think the girl who wrote in should work on improving herself, having the same manners and good sportsmanship and school spirit as the students around her have, and then she'll be convinced that she has been at fault—not the others.

Altheda S.

(Since the girl in the wheel chair, whose letter was recently published in PHOTOPLAY, failed to give her full address, I am publishing the following letter in the hope that she, and others with the same interests, will write to Miss Wheeler.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was very interested in the girl who wanted to be a fashion designer but was confined to a wheel chair. She and I are somewhat alike. I have been ordered by a specialist to be very careful of my health for a year. I cannot work or go to school. I have a bad heart murmur which has been developing since I was in sixth grade.

I graduated from high school in May, 1945. My "careful year" won't be over until just before Christmas, 1946. At first I was extremely sorry for myself, but now I am taking a home course in designing and enjoying it to the full.

I only wish I knew that other student in a wheel chair because she would make a wonderful pen pal for me. If you have her address, will you please forward this letter to her?

Lois Wheeler,
Proctorsville, Vermont

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast deodorant. Ask for new ODORONO Cream Deodorant . . . stops perspiration faster than you slip into your swim suit. Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

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39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

(Continued from page 48) and shaking his head.

Usually, where Kathryn Grayson is concerned, it's "K-K-K-Katie!" With extra "K's" and double exclamation points.

She's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's triple-threat thrush—this saucy-faced soprano whose talents are as wide ranged as her voice. Her latest performance in "Two Sisters from Boston" is bringing forth raves now. However, adjectively speaking, she has always held her own and is constantly causing Leo's whiskers to curl, whether from purest pleasure or sheer surprise. There are no dull moments around Kathryn—to whom life has always dealt the unexpected and gotten it right back from her.

She is an unpredictable tomboy with a God-given voice, a gay gamin grin and a rebelliousness for routine. The voice is positively her only operative symptom. She's a far cry from anything that smacks of the dignified diva. She's in her best voice when attired in slacks walking with her dog, usually trilling an aria from "La Boheme" as she swings gaily along.

She's refreshingly natural and unaffected. The one swank article of clothing in which she takes great pride is her new mink coat, concerning which she says proudly, "Well, that's one thing I've done—bought my own mink coat."

HER voice and personality just don't match. So far as that's concerned, nothing much matches about her. She's always scanning new horizons, admits she "hates planning anything." Despite a reverence for opera, she loves to try to sing jazz—"but I have a rotten beat, always manage to get five beats in there somewhere." She's old fashioned in many ways, ultramodern in others. Yesterday and tomorrow. Yet, for Kathryn "tomorrow" actually never comes. She lives on tip-toe, ready to take off, but there's another side to her that anchors her down.

Accommodatingly enough, even her hazel eyes change color, switching from a calm, steady gray to a brown shot with yellow sparks when she's mad. There's a gaiety about her pretty mouth, a wind-blown, carefree look about her hair, a shiny, scrubbed, turned-up look about her whole face that give one an immediate lift. Yet there's a piquant sweetness about her, and occasionally a sadness. An almost old-fashioned girl who would love more than anything to have roots, if she wasn't afraid to have them. Whose nomadic living since childhood makes her crave—though not trust—the stability that she sees many others have.

This is the girl who loves to work around her lovely big Stone Canyon home. Who likes to try her hand at whipping up Parker House rolls and makes a production of raking leaves, re-planting roses, looking at her camellias and critically inspecting her orange and lemon trees. The Kathryn who wants four children someday. "Four drove my mother crazy. I guess that would be enough for me." And who has tried to make a go of a marriage that seemed ill-fated from the start. The anchor slipped up on that one.

Her disregard for any sideline comments is typical of Kathryn. She usually just goes along in her own happy-go-lucky way. By nature she is very amiable and easygoing and actually never fights anyone unless she's hurt. Then she'll fight a buzzsaw. She flares up quickly and you can read the small print by the flame. But she's over it swiftly and all is forgotten. She never sulks, pouts or goes "feminine" on anybody. From childhood she's fought her own fights—often holding



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her own ground against her brothers—and no whimpering.

She's never on time for anything. Her secretary, Sally Norton, has a full-time job just reminding her where she's to be and at what comparative time, then calling back and forth later giving everybody reasons why she's never gotten there. Kathryn will come dashing in late for an interview, all out of breath, her cheeks pink, her hair tumbled, her face sincerely troubled. She always has a legitimate excuse, and though one would think she would eventually run out of them, somehow she never does.

Typical of her super sense of humor is the occasion when the accompanist playing for her at the Hollywood Canteen mistakenly started out "My Hero" in the key of "G." Kathryn had to do a "D" above "High C" and sing in her "best imitation of a tea kettle." She shakes her head at the memory of those poor GI's out front. "They couldn't understand a word. It sounded terrible."

She laughs at such accidental flukes, though when it comes to her recordings, the quality of her voice, her everyday singing, she's a perfectionist de luxe. She's very self-critical and if she thinks she's singing badly she cries for hours.

She's indefatigable and will record a number over and over until she drops, trying to get one good enough for her own critical ear. She was brokenhearted over a recording she made with Johnny Johnston for the Jerome Kern musical, "Till the Clouds Roll by." She cried for hours after she got home and began making fast plans to leave for South America. "Even to selling the house," she laughs. "No more pictures for me."

When she calmed down, she went to a neighborhood movie to see "Anchors Aweigh" again and got so interested making mental notes on her make-up, the timing on a line, "all the things I should watch on the next one," that she forgot she'd bidden Hollywood goodbye. When she heard the playback the next day it was better than she'd thought it was. And the kinks went out of her inside—till the next time.

During the making of "Till the Clouds Roll by" she and Johnny had a lot of fun dating.

She had a lot of fun making "Two Sisters from Boston," too, a lot of laughs with Peter Lawford, whom she kiddingly calls "Petah, My Deah," and Jimmy Durante,



Family fun: Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary at their "Hi, Jinx!" broadcast



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER
 Vacation time this year brings more opportunities to travel. If you happen to be near Fremont, Mich., please stop in for a visit and see how baby foods are made.

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Food, of course! Naturally, you make it your loving responsibility to feed him quality foods. We make it our responsibility to supply those quality baby foods to you. We select just the right kinds of fruits and vegetables, wash them in pure, artesian water, then cook them the Gerber way *by steam* . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. That same stress on quality produces "just-right" texture, and pleasant taste. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every label!

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In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

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who calls her "High C Susie," and with whom she became great friends. This probably accounts, in part, for the relaxed performance she gives in the picture. "If she'd ever cut loose—she'd be great," someone once said of Kathryn. She "cuts loose" in this one.

Louis B. Mayer, who has always believed in her and watched her career carefully, says enthusiastically that she's "tremendous" in it! "Talk about sex! She's our glamour girl."

After thanking him appreciatively, "our glamour girl" was soon wig-wagging across the commissary, making Indian signs at "Petah, My Deah" and others as they came in.

She loves to listen to Frank Sinatra, Jane Powell, Johnny Johnston and likewise to another student at her voice studio. Once when a comparatively unknown young coloratura was about to be dropped by the studio, Kathryn, who liked the girl very much and had a great deal of faith in her, went personally to Mr. Mayer's office to plead her cause. "If you'll keep this kid on, you can take her salary out of mine," she offered. She's always very quick to praise another singer. Recently when passing by the music department, she heard Tony Martin singing a high B-flat full voice and went running in to congratulate him on it, saying excitedly, "Tony, that was beautiful!"

She's always been equally as ambitious for her brother, Michael, who has a fine tenor voice, and her pretty blonde sister, Frances Rayburn, to succeed as for herself. All of the Hedricks sing. Back in St. Louis they used to hold regular family "Sunday sings," and what they can do to "Annie Laurie" won't wait.

Sundays at Kathryn's Stone Canyon place is a little like "One Man's Family" with a La Bohemian background. All the clan gather there, including her parents, her brothers and their wives and eight children, and, of course, her sister Frances and her baby, Jeffrey Myron, who now live with her. The children love to play at "Cissie's," as they call Kathryn. The family "Annie Lauries" around the piano. And Kathryn's St. Bernard, "Throckmorton," so named "because he looked like a character in a book I was reading when I got him," romps around playfully knocking them down with his paws.

Recently she bought a large English Tudor place with ten bedrooms, burlled walnut walls and a huge living room with a cathedral ceiling two stories high.

She's always singing snatches of something, no matter where she is or what she's doing; whether she's singing her adored nephew, Jeff, to sleep, walking with Throckmorton or just leaning back on a prop on the set between shots and singing to three grips up on the catwalk.

NO one in Kathryn's family can remember when she didn't sing. In St. Louis they lived across the street from Forrest Park, home of the zoo and also the amphitheater in which the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company gave their concerts. Kathryn couldn't afford tickets to any of these, but she would go up to the top of the hill around the amphitheater and sit down and listen, watching eagerly the figures on the stage below. She used to dream of playing in "La Boheme." "The dreams were always better than the operas," she laughs. "If it's a dream you might as well do it up right. I was always loaded with jewels, feather plumes and stuff."

Then one evening at dusk she crossed the street, stepped upon the stage of the empty amphitheater and sang "The Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Her audience was a deaf little old janitor with a beard, who encouraged her to come again. Sometimes she would go over at

noon, singing dramatically in the sunshine and making sweeping gestures to the janitor and a lot of neutral rhinos and other animals, who may or may not have cared for coloraturas, "but they couldn't get out of their cages to get away."

What happened later on couldn't have happened anywhere else but in Hollywood. To this day she can't understand why Metro gave her a contract. She just wanted to sing. Hollywood could just be a detour, a short-cut to the Metropolitan Opera House, which was what she tried to tell the M-G-M executives. When she finished singing one number for them, they were offering her a contract.

"In the first place I don't think I'd be any good. Nobody would pay to see me. I'm not pretty. Besides—I want to sing," she said.

They said they would give her voice and piano lessons on the lot, musical appreciation, teach her make-up and wardrobe and everything that would help her with opera. "Well, I'll try," she said.

Today, after "Anchors Aweigh," "Two Sisters from Boston" and her beautiful numbers in "Till the Clouds Roll by," she still wants to sing. Recently Metro tore up her old contract and gave her a new one which has a precious clause in it that allows her six weeks off from the studio every year to devote strictly to opera.

She wants to make her debut at La Scala in Milan, Italy. She's studying now with Paul Marconi, internationally famous opera star, who for ten years was leading tenor at La Scala and who has no doubt about Kathryn's future. "It takes time, but she will be ver—e—e—e great!" he says.

Regardless of how hard she's working in pictures, Kathryn goes to her opera classes three times weekly, rushing from the sound stage at 6:00 p.m. to Marconi's studio, where she tosses her sport coat on a chair, takes her stand by the piano, all eagerness to work. Usually she has on a sweater, slacks, a ribbon carelessly around her hair.

It's here in the world she loves that you see Kathryn Grayson as the truly exciting person she is. No longer is she a motion-picture star. She's the little girl who used to act out the operas from her perch on the hill. Just as the St. Louis park was the Metropolitan, so is the Marconi living room the stage of La Scala now.

Mrs. Marconi, who adores Kathryn, plays the accompaniment, as Kathryn starts singing one of *Mimi's* arias from "La Boheme," watching her coach carefully as he directs her with dramatic gestures, stopping her now and then, gently reproving her on a bad tone. "Ah—h—Katrine—Katrine," he says. She tries the tone over and over painstakingly until he smiles. Then they go on.

She goes home exhilarated, her long hours before the camera forgotten. She's still in *Mimi's* world.

She has come a long way since she watched the drama going on down below her in the park. Between the St. Louis hills and today in Hollywood there have been many peak moments, some of them most unhappy ones. Some of her highest notes have come in conjunction with a heavy heart.

Nobody can say how great an artist Kathryn Grayson could be—if just a few things had clicked for her in her personal life. If she'd just had a little of the stability, the luxuries, the calm and happiness that girls normally have. And fewer discords.

Yet, with her love for adventure and the unexpected, a smoother sailing could have ruined everything. She might have wound up third from the end in the church choir, instead of being K-K-K—Katie! The Kathryn of the double exclamation points and the extra K-K-K's.

THE END



Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by

Helen Neushaefer

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Runaway

Continued from page 41) Pork and beans, condensed milk, dried beef—all good stomach-filling stuff. . . .

He'd gone around town for three days collecting everything. On credit—and a minister's family has very meager credit—but he had to have a good stock because he wouldn't be carrying any cash. The few suitcases were hidden in the church bushes across the street. At the thought of someone discovering them beforehand, his heart and the clock ticked so loudly it seemed like they were trying to wake the whole house up.

Getting out of the house on a Wednesday night was as easy as taking your cap off the hall rack. "See you at prayer-meeting—" Dad said, and the screen door banged behind him. The church was already aglow, a ray from one of the windows poking a snoopy finger of light into the bushes where the suitcases were hidden. He panted a little until he'd dragged them out and stumbled as their full weight jerked at the end of his arms. All that canned goods, that was what did it.

Dick Standifer was waiting in the alley back of his house, like he said he'd be. Dick had sandy hair, a self-sufficient chin and a nose straight as an Indian's. Stockier, and with a better-fed look than Dana, who ran it all off. As this was Dick's second me to "hit the trail," he spoke with a light swagger in his voice:

"We'll keep to the alleys until we get to the freight yards—"

The small town of Uvalde, Texas, was strictly minding its own business in this warm, dusk-filled hour, however. A good percentage of its 3,800 citizens, some of whom had moved with fiery, straight-unching Reverend Andrews from other towns, were at the prayer meeting, duly occupied with saving their souls. After the first couple of blocks of unmolested alleyway, Dana started putting his feet down hard, losing that tiptoe feeling.

The freight yard was likewise deserted, but they kept well in the shadow of the water tank. Most of the trains went balling right through. It was an impatient four hours before one of them stopped to fill the boilers.

"Wait'll the fireman gets on the other side of the engine—" hissed Dick, "and don't thump those bags on the side of the car when you're climbing up—"

KARVER DANA ANDREWS lay flattened on top of the freight—facing forward. At thirteen, no one ever looks back. Uvalde, on the Nueces, was slipping behind. Before him lay a shining track and the whole wide world. He was *Dick Whittington* on his way to San Antonio town. He'd set a job, something easy at first, probably as a uniformed chauffeur for a block-long mousine. After that he would become a captain of industry and in no time at all end enough money home to buy the folks a mansion. No more taking those small snubs from the kind of people who seemed to feel a minister's family lived by their generosity. No more taking orders from teachers and parents, either—as a man of the world, he would be beyond all that. . . .

He raised his head for a deep gulp of the wild, sweet air of freedom. He coughed. The taste was acrid and smoke filled, with the locomotive belching full in his mouth. His ears were plugged with the shattering roar and the rush of the wind would eventually blow his eyes out of their sockets. When he laid his head flat to stop his coughing, the head rolled from side to side—his neck was no anchor for it at all. Something about his stomach's pressing hard against the car top was be-

ginning to nauseate him—it wasn't any good to raise his body in an arc, because already his fingers ached with their desperate clutch on the rolling roof. . . .

The friendly mesquite-flats of Uvalde and the familiar dull gleam of the Nueces' waters were gone. The scenery now seemed to be, like his stomach, disturbed by increasing undulation.

"C-cold, riding up here—isn't it?" shouted young Dana, pulling his newly bought corduroy jacket about him.

"What did you expect? It's November, headin' on to Christmas—" yelled Dick. The long, lonesome whistle of another train echoed somewhere in the distance.

AT Kelly Field, Texas, a trainman walking the cars flashed his lantern in their faces. "Get off—" he ordered gruffly, with a swing of his heavy boot. The suitcases hit the gravel first. Following closely thereafter, the travelers touched the ground with their feet and then their knees. Their numbed legs had gone out from under them.

"You rub my cramps out and I'll rub yours out," said Dick. It took a while before their legs would hold them, but that was not the only difficulty of walking. The eerie world of fog which closed them in had neither distance nor direction. The tracks underneath were slippery wet. Tracks, as Dana remembered them in the daytime, were always running off to some bright and definite goal. Lying tangled and stationary in the pre-dawn, the rails seemed to be in a cold sweat of indecision.

"There'll be a string of empties standin' somewheres around—we can crawl into one until daylight. Watch out for yard birds." Dick's Indian nose was lifted, as if he could smell their way along.

An empty was not Dana's greatest desire at this time. The way he had planned things, there would be a comfortable cabin at the side of the road, its light beckoning to them through the rain, or sleet, or whatever weather they ran into. A kindly old man would answer his knock on the door and beseech them to come in. There would be a steaming meal on the table, which the old man and his kindly wife would beg them to light into, and afterwards, a feather ticking waiting to receive their overstuffed bodies. After several days of steaming meals and feather beds, he would be breaking the news to them that he had to move on. This would be slightly painful, as the old couple, tears streaming down their faces, would beg him to stay and be their very own son.

It was to impress the kindly old folks that he had brought some clean shirts along. Falling heir to the small cottage could not induce him to stay, of course. For their offer, he intended to reward them handsomely later on. . . .

The empty, a fruit shipper from its smell, was a surly shelter. Stepping gingerly into its forbidding blackness, Dana felt with his foot for the expected flooring of straw. He slipped as his toe struck a slime of rotting bananas instead. Cupping a lighted match in his hand, Dick found them a clean corner in which to sit down. Dana took a can of condensed milk from his suitcase—the thick, sweet kind he could never get enough of at home—but somehow it was tinged with the flavor of molding orange and banana peels.

A snoring sound came from Dick. At home, none of Dana's brothers snored. Dick's familiar eyes and sandy hair were invisible—he was a suddenly noisy and intangible creature, encountered in the dark. The darkness of the fog pressed down and seeped in from outside and with it came the lost wailing of the train

Hollywood Glamour

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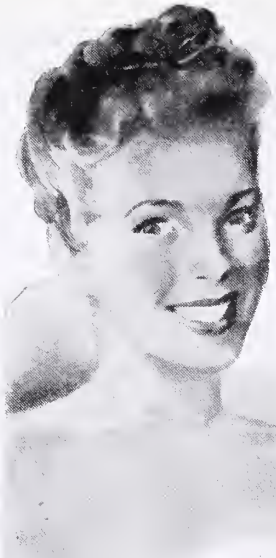
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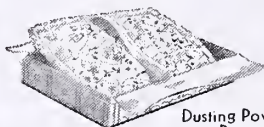
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whistles. Toward daylight, a new nightmare of sound began. After a few minutes he identified it as the nagging of vacuum-cupped tires at the concrete surface of a nearby highway. "NNYAAH-yah-yah-yah!"

In all his small-town life, Dana never seen so many cars as the number that ignored their hopeful thumbing passed them by. Finally, a small delivery truck slowed down. The driver looked them over. A couple of schoolboys, spidily legged in their knickers and long black stockings. The dark one, with red-rimmed eyes, looked as if he'd had a hard night. Well, who hadn't? "Get in—" the driver said, pointing behind him.

The tightly closed body of the truck differed radically from the fruit car temperature. The dampness absorbed during the night now came to beads in the pores, and ran together in small trickles. "Get out—" said the driver after a hairless miles. This time, Dana's lungs well as his legs seemed reluctant to return to working order.

Ten miles of the ninety-mile trek San Antonio remained. In Uvalde, the drivers boys often walked ten miles to swim in the Nueces. The water of Nueces was cool and worth it. The outside San Antonio had risen in a temper and became more furious as it neared the city. Dana's black stockings sticking to his knee, skinned raw when he hit the gravel after his train ride, jerked and stung as he walked, and blood-soaked through the stockings. The stomach cases were unbelievably heavy.

The outskirts of San Antonio were oven-heated slum. Between the shacks and its half-breed population, the stores showed fly-specked windows.

"Guess the first thing to do is to get a job," said Dick. There didn't seem to be any chauffeur-hungry limousines in sight. "I delivered meat at home, one vacation time," said Dana. "Let's try the butcher shop."

Before entering, he squared his shoulders.

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rs. Life begins at thirteen—he was a
an about to accept a job. There was not
much wild rapture about this moment
complete independence as there should
—but that would come later, no doubt,
hen he found himself full owner of the
op. He detoured around the cluster of
imy infants in the doorway and met
p with the interior of his new establish-
ent. Rather, the interior rose to meet
m—the smell of chili peppers and rancid
ease and raw meat, rising in a wave.

"Yes-s—? You want someheeng?"
ked a dark-faced man in a stained
atcher's apron.

Dana raised his eyes above the man's
ead, to a row of purplish carcasses pin-
ned on hooks. "Look, Dick—skinned
ogs—!"

"Aw, they're not," said Dick. "They're
mbs, or something."

"I—I can't tell very well with all those
ies on 'em," said Dana. "Guess I don't
now so much about meat—maybe we'd
etter try a hardware store."

Farther into the city blocks the estab-
shments got better—and the turn-
owns bigger. "What can you do—ever
eld a steady job before?" The questions
an about the same. By sundown, and
their own reckoning, they must have asked
a thousand places. San Antonio, it was
ain to see, was not easy pickings for
ldiers of fortune.

"We'll head for Houston," said Dick, not
o discouraged.

HE freight car gave a great shudder
all along its vertebrae of cars, jerked
convulsively, and started to writhe slowly
ong the rails. It was a few minutes
efore Dana realized they were making a
ft curve—and that Houston lay to the
ght. "Better jump, Dick," he yelled, and
it the stinging gravel with a thud felt
p into his ribs. There was no second
ud. The train had picked up speed and
ick, still atop the car, was disappearing
round the bend.

One of his suitcases was off with Dick
o destinations unknown, but it no longer
eemed important. What counted was the
neliness of the gathering dusk. Also the
dden knowledge that, although it was he,
ana, who'd asked Dick to run away, it
as Dick who'd been enjoying it ever
nce they'd started. As for him, all he
anted was to go home.

In San Antonio lived a Reverend Page,
ng-time friend of the Andrews family.
was a couple of hours and many foot-
listering blocks later when Dana stood
front of his door. A nice door, but not
early so beautiful as the front door back
Uvalde—that one, he remembered, had
sort of fan-shaped panel of flower-dec-
rated glass above the door. This one, he
ddenly realized, was unlit, like all the
indows. The Page family had gone to
ed.

He walked slowly down the steps. At
ome, it was Dad's orders that were al-
ways obeyed because he was a stern
isciplinarian. If the boys had anything
ey wanted to put over—well, they put
over on Mom because she was so gentle
nd forgiving. It was Mom who'd be
orrying most about him now, wondering
ow he could have gone off and left her.
he'd be pleased if she knew he wasn't
orgetting his manners.

From then on, his thoughts grew con-
used. Walking and wondering why he
ould no longer feel his feet. He tried ly-
ng down in a vacant field, spreading dried
rass and weeds over himself as a cover.
ater, he found a bench in a railroad sta-
on, hard but warm, until the man started
asking him questions. The man had hard-
litten eyes and teeth that looked as if a
ream of tobacco would come sluicing

"Ageless"?



DRESS BY CHAPMAN

It's your skin
that "dates" you!

SO HERE'S a worthwhile tip—make every effort to keep your skin at its lovely best by guarding against loss of natural skin moisture. For many beauty experts tell us that the longer your skin retains its *natural* moisture, the longer it will remain smooth and supple and beautiful. Avoid, as far as possible, the things which

dry out your skin: Neglect of proper skin care... too much exposure to winter's harsh winds and summer's hot, drying sun.

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Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol"... a *special* ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

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Both creams contain genuine PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA.



Skin cream—A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol." Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.



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Cleansing cream—A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. 60¢, plus tax.



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"Better get a pair of those new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown rubber heels with the special non-slip feature!" And... extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

through them any minute. He talked him a cop—Dana left the warmth of the station. Sometime next morning, in the midst of a city block, Carver Dana Andrews, missing at large, just gave up. Suddenly the sidewalk was coming up in his face and he leaned forward to meet it. When he came to, an hour later, there were people's faces all around him. Miracle of miracles, one of the faces belonged to Reverend Pags. "I've been looking for you, Son. Your dad phoned—he sort of thought you might show up soon."

When the "ticket" train stopped to let its lone passenger at Uvalde, Texas, the Reverend Andrews was there to meet him. Dad's fiery blue eyes, his chin jutting out, there, was the finest bit of scenery Dana had seen anywhere. The Andrews car was not block-long, but it knew the way home like a horse going to hay. The house was white with blue trim. The wide porch had a trumpet vine climbing up one side and a railing that was swell to hook your feet onto. Inside, there were three big fireplaces and a lot of woodwork smelling as clean as soap and water could make it. Out back there was a spreading china berry tree, for playing Tarzan.

As Dad drove slowly, right on past the house, a great gulp came into the traveler's throat. Just as he'd been fearing all the way home, they weren't going to take him back! The car came to a slow stop and the Reverend's usually fiery eyes were mellow. "Why did you do it, Son?" he asked.

Tears came to Dana's eyes, spilled down his cheeks and he did not try to check them. It was hard to remember why now. It was all confused somehow. "I wanted to make a lot of money—for everybody."

The car started again and Dana's father still not reproachful, said, "The things you take for granted—your home, your parents, your roots, are the things that make you an important human. Someday you'll find the things you want to do, but don't you think it's a little early to expect it all right now?"

The car stopped in front of the house. "Yes, sir," said the Texas traveler, age thirteen, bounding out of the car and running jubilantly up the walk.

THE END



Apologies,

Mr. and Mrs. Mason!

Photoplay erroneously reported

James Mason,

sensational British star,
as single.

He's very much married to

Pamela Kellino,

of the stage
and they live and work
happily together in England

The Intimate Story of Ingrid

(Continued from page 43) so much to every scene no matter how trivial it might be. I've never seen anything like her. What did we do before Bergman?"

And now I shall venture where angels fear to tread. I shall tell you a story for which I fully expect to get kicked down the long fieldstone steps of the Lindstrom house, the booter being Dr. Peter A. Lindstrom, Ingrid's husband and undisputed lord and master of the menage.

The total impact of his six feet, two inches, 174 pounds and dormant Swedish wrath will be an automatic expression of his innate aversion to publicity plus a keen sensitivity to the ethics of his profession. Because of this genuine and admirable combination of modesty and dignity, little is known about him.

Because of the publicity which is concomitant to his wife's fame, he diligently avoids making public appearances with her. Indeed, the only times he has risked the flashlights were at the last two Academy Awards events, but even at these he managed in such a way as to confound and outmaneuver the cameramen.

The Lindstroms attended the Academy March 7th function in company with Leo McCarey, director of "Bells."

Knowing that Photoplay's ubiquitous Hymie Fink was laying for him, the next day I asked Dr. Lindstrom how he made out. He grinned and said: "Oh, I let Ingrid and Leo get out of the car together, and all the photographers crowded in front of them. I stood on the side and had a wonderful time; nobody paid any attention to me. I started to laugh—I enjoyed it so much. Then suddenly one of them saw me and started to take my picture. But I don't think he got a very good picture, I was laughing so much."

THE Lindstroms first met when Ingrid was seventeen. He was then a young dentist who aspired someday to become a surgeon. Dentistry was to him merely a means to an end. It enabled him to make a decent living while he was studying the complexities of medicine. Concurrently, he found time to teach at a dental college, grueling, back-breaking regimen, possible only to a stubbornly determined individual such as the future fugitive from photographers. In 1940, when the film capital had decided to keep for its own the iridescent beauty and rare talent of Bergman, Dr. Lindstrom, who had been her most valued mentor, decided to complete the few remaining months of his medical studies here.

After one-and-a-half years at the University of Rochester, New York, he graduated for his M.D. and then took a year of internship in neuro-surgery at the University of Stanford Hospital. He is now specializing in that branch (brain and nerves) at the Los Angeles County General Hospital, where the rewards are measured in terms of human service rather than in sizable fees.

Ingrid, who knows better than anyone how hard he had worked to achieve his goal, freely expresses her pride in him and her gratitude that he is enabled to pursue the course of his uncommon skills without regard for economic problems. He is now senior resident in neuro-surgery at the General Hospital.

The climax to this elusive story occurred during Christmas of 1945. Following is a verbatim quotation from the Los Angeles Times of December 28, 1945: "A desperate young mother, on her knees at the General Hospital bedside of her

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Count your heart lost when your

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love... your new loveliness...

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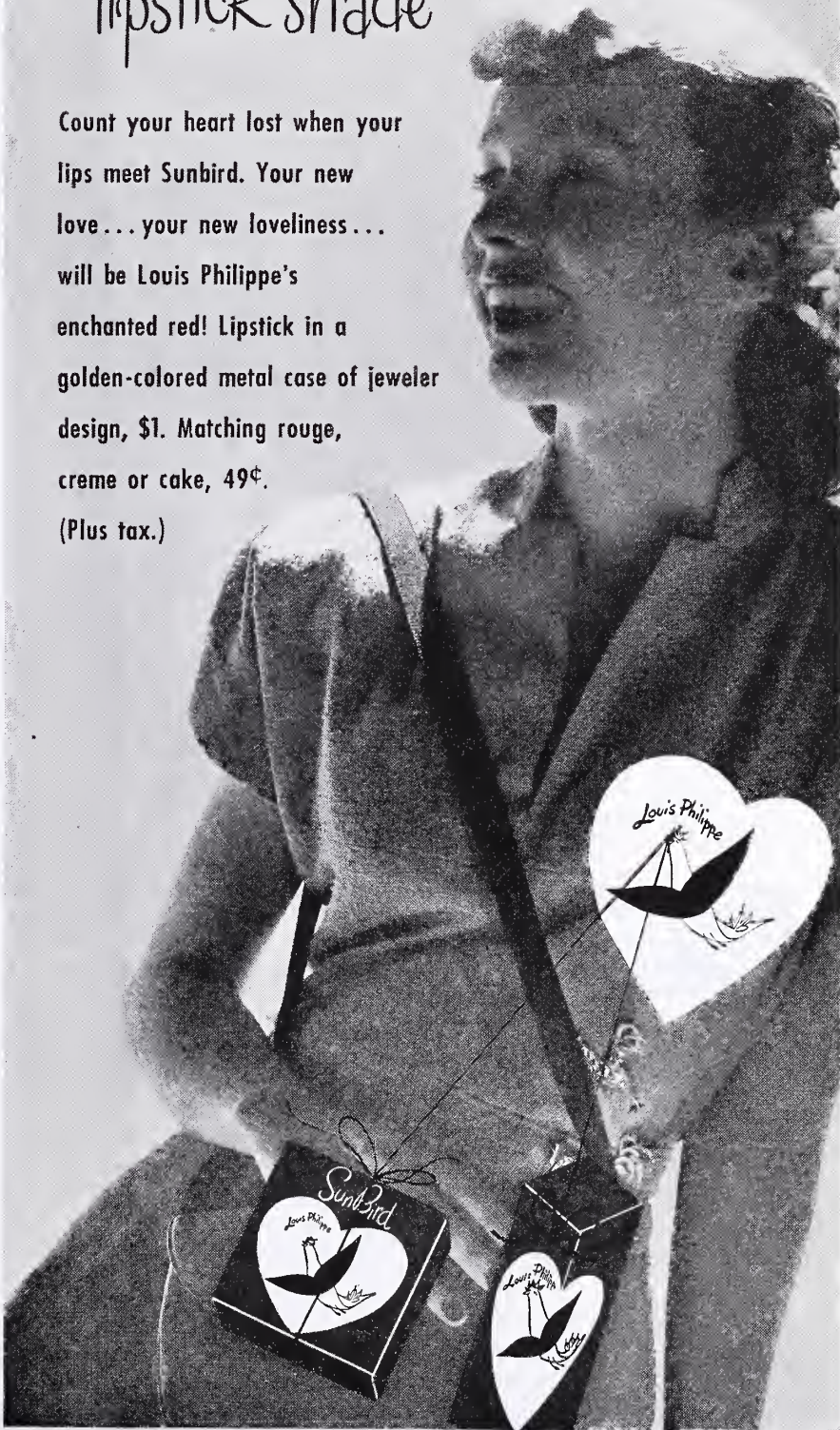
enchanted red! Lipstick in a

golden-colored metal case of jeweler

design, \$1. Matching rouge,

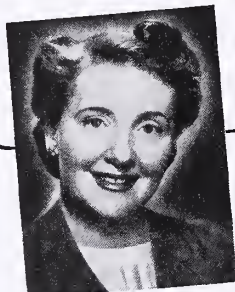
creme or cake, 49¢.

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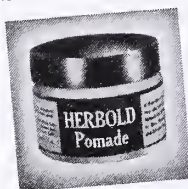


Don't worry if your hair is turning gray, or looks dry, dull and faded. Do like men and women from one end of the nation to the other are doing. Get **HERBOLD POMADE** from your Dealer and use as directed. Read the Guarantee below.

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M. HERBOLD, A.B., M.S., the Hollywood Chemist, creator of Herbold Pomade, who says: "I have such confidence in my pomade that I want it sold only on the basis of complete satisfaction or money back."



stricken seven-year-old daughter, yesterday laid her slim hopes for the beautiful child's recovery from a grave brain injury at the feet of Him who once proclaimed that children were 'of the Kingdom of God.'

"The child for whom medical science has done its very best and for whose recovery a whole neighborhood has been working and praying since she was mowed down by an automobile Christmas Eve, is Margaret Eades, of 11107 S. Grand Ave.

"The left door handle of the car... pierced Margaret's brain in the accident... as the child went on an errand.

"Quickly a crowd gathered... Joe Passalacqua, twenty-nine, cafe proprietor... comforted the child until... an ambulance crew took charge. Surgeons told the mother, widowed only two weeks ago, that it would require the services of an expensive brain specialist to remove the metal from Margaret's brain.

"Margaret's mother... not only didn't have the money, but the rent on her modest cottage was already overdue. And there were two other children to care for, with another anticipated within a few months. Officer Nelson reported this to Passalacqua. The latter pulled out a checkbook and pledged to pay \$10,000—or even more if necessary—to fly a brain specialist out here...

"A noted brain specialist was located... and immediately agreed to operate if his own examination indicated the advisability of surgery.

"It did, and because Margaret's condition was too critical to permit her removal to Children's hospital, he operated at General.

"His fee? Nothing. Only anonymity."

THAT was the gist of the Times article. It was not until the second of January that I learned who the "anonymous" surgeon was, and it came about because the Associated Press had run the story down.

One of their men called me and asked what I knew about it. I knew nothing. He wanted to know if I could arrange an interview with Dr. Lindstrom or if Ingrid would talk about her husband. "I think not," I said. "She knows too well how he feels about publicity."

However, since he was a reporter and had access to the General Hospital he called on Dr. Lindstrom.

That evening I asked the doctor about the case. "Why don't you tell me about these things?" I said. "Oh, no," he grinned. "A reporter came to the hospital today and asked me if I was the little girl's doctor. I said 'no' and gave him the name of the doctor in charge of her ward. That was the truth; technically I was not her doctor."

And that's as far as the reporter got.

In July, 1945, Ingrid Bergman was in Europe with Jack Benny, Larry Adler and Martha Tilton entertaining American troops. For a few days she lived at the Ritz in Paris. At the same hostelry were two gents, strangers to her, but who were earmarked by dint of sheer, unmitigated gall to become her very good friends.

They were Bob Capa, famed photographer, and Irvin Shaw, author and playwright. At twilight both men found themselves in a mood for sublimating companionship. They pondered who might fill this void, and then Capa, a dark, sinister-looking man addicted to roughneck sweaters instead of shirts, recalled that Ingrid Bergman was stopping at the hotel.

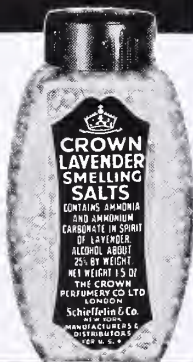
"But how'll we ask her?" Shaw said.

"Write her a note," said Capa, approaching the tactical operation with the nonchalance of a man on a flying trapeze.

And forthwith he wrote: "Dear Miss Bergman: We would send you flowers or invite you to dinner but we don't have

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enough money to do both. If you can come to dinner, come to the bar and wear a flower in your hair so we can recognize you. (signed) Bob Capa—Irvin Shaw."

Having had their fun, the two whimsical, overgrown boys sat at the Ritz bar and cast occasional unexpectant eyes towards the door. Then suddenly, to their confusion and amazement, The Bergman appeared—wearing a flower in her hair!

Several days later, after a solid friendship had been established, Capa asked Ingrid how she felt when she got the note.

"Oh, I wanted to see Paris," she said, "and if you had turned out dull I would have left you."

Capa, now under contract to International Pictures and very likely a future director of importance, fondled an expensive weakness for champagne which he usually gratified by unholy luck at poker. But there was one time when the fickle Dame failed him and left him broke at a moment when he was taking Ingrid to dinner. Nothing daunted, Capa, who is, as you can see, a novel in himself, suddenly spied the equally celebrated photographer, Margaret Bourke-White.

Halting the unsuspecting lady, Capa said: "Margaret, give me ten thousand francs—quick!"

Ingrid looked on in wide-eyed amazement as Miss Bourke-White gave him the equivalent of \$200. It took her a long time to get used to the idea of a man borrowing money from a woman—even though she be a business colleague.

After this incident Miss Bergman insisted on sharing all expenses.

Nearly two years after their informal meeting the incident had an interesting denouement; playwright Irvin Shaw wrote the screen play of Ingrid's next picture, "Arch of Triumph," the Erich Remarque best-seller which Lewis Milestone will be directing as you read this.

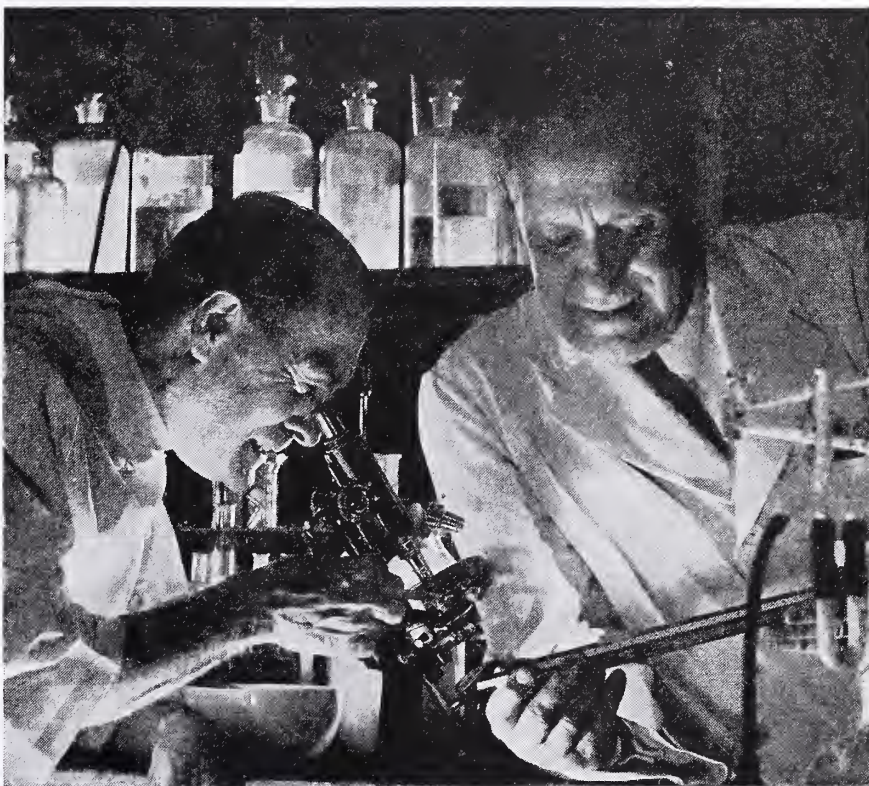
The Bergman sense of humor is a hearty spontaneous, forthright manifestation. It takes many shapes.

It erupts involuntarily into a crackling laughter that comes right up out of the diaphragm. Her face glows pinkly and her body trembles with unrestrained elation.

Though she loves a good story—never an off-color one—she has not yet acquired

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the popular practice of memorizing and re-telling them. On occasion, however, she will reach into her memory and utilize a story to better illustrate a point.

Her unexpected answers and un-Hollywood views have established her with the press as "good copy." Witness:

While in Canada on a Bond-selling tour she was presented with an elaborate, crested compact by the Canadian government. In accepting it, she said: "I've never had one of these... I'm so glad. Now I can use one." But the Canadian government might as well know the truth—she has never used it.

In the midst of making "Notorious" she arrived one morning with a swelling over her right temple. She had bumped into a door—believe it or not—which had swung open when she wasn't looking.

There was consternation and widespread concern on the set. Not because the production might be held up, but because of the dastardly impertinence of Chance directed against the Incomparable Face.

TWO weeks before Christmas, 1945, Ingrid made a personal appearance at the annual Los Angeles Examiner Benefit, staged at the huge Shrine Auditorium, a show which traditionally provides for the needy in the holiday season.

Her presence was the chief attraction and the management, cognizant that she was busily engaged in a picture, assured her that all they expected of her was to make a brief appearance on the stage to welcome the audience; the entertainment itself would be supplied by a big spectacle.

But simply making an appearance, saying "hello" and "glad you're here" does not satisfy Miss Bergman. She never takes the easy, convenient way out of anything. She is satisfied with nothing less than a good job, whatever it is.

She harassed me about her speech for several days prior to the benefit, and late that afternoon it came. That evening she stood before the audience of seven thousand whose paid admissions were to go to the needy and told them this story:

A rich man said to his minister: "Why is it everybody is always criticizing me for being miserly, when everyone knows that I have made provision to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?"

"Well," said the minister, "let me tell you about the pig and the cow. The pig was lamenting to the cow one day about how unpopular he was. 'People are always talking about your gentleness and your kind eyes,' said the pig. 'Sure, you give meat and milk, but I give even more. I give bacon and ham—I give bristles and they even pickle my feet! Still nobody likes me. I'm just a pig. Why is this?'"

"The cow thought a minute, and then it said: 'Well, maybe it's because I give while I'm still living.'"

A week or so before the start of "Notorious" at RKO she was required to make frequent visits to the studio story conferences, wardrobe, etc. She was parking her inconspicuous coupe off the lot across the street and, like any outside visitor, walking through the main entrance.

When asked why she didn't drive into the lot and park near the dressing room assigned her, she said, "But how can I? The studio is so crowded."

Not asking for special privileges is a very special characteristic of Ingrid Bergman, as for example the question of having coffee on the set.

On the second day of "Notorious" she asked that arrangements be made to have coffee and cakes on the set every mid-afternoon, available to every member of the crew and cast, as had been her custom on every picture and for which she paid.

Consultations ensued and she was notified that the studio regretted it was a

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"front office" ruling that such should not be permitted because "it might interfere with the work." She accepted this with grace and went about her work, but an hour later the property man appeared with a cup of hot, fragrant coffee for her.

"What is this?" she asked.

"They said it was all right for you to have it, Miss Bergman," he said.

"Then take it away," was her response.

"If the others can't have it, then I don't want it."

On the surface, this was apparently the end of the incident. But word of this soon got around the entire lot and the "front office" found itself in a dilemma. It promptly extricated itself by lifting the ban for the duration of the production!

There was a feeling extant throughout the industry and among the press that Ingrid should have won the Academy Award for 1945. With this she did not concur. "There have been too many good performances," she said. And when Joan Crawford won a well-deserved sentimental victory, Ingrid, standing in the wings of the Chinese Theater, cried, "I'm so glad!"

Her only regret was that the custom of former years, that of the previous year's winner presenting the Oscar to the new winner, had been changed. She would have liked very much to tell Joan, before that distinguished audience, how happy she was that Joan had won it.

Joan was equally gracious. After joyfully expressing her surprise and happiness, she added: "I voted for Ingrid Bergman, myself."

The day after the Awards I went to RKO studio and ran into Cary Grant and two executives engaged in spirited conversation. The subject was the Awards. One of the executives said to me:

"Cary has a good idea. He thinks the Academy should have a special award and give it to Ingrid Bergman every year—whether she makes a picture or not."

Once again Cary Grant had made a capsule observation that had expressed an international appraisal of Ingrid Bergman.

Her strength, her humor, her sincerity. . . Joe Steele, who knows whereof he speaks, will return in August Photoplay to tell you more about Ingrid Bergman.

Humor horrors: Motion-picture star Edward Everett Horton replaces Bing Crosby for NBC's Music Hall listeners with his special comedy



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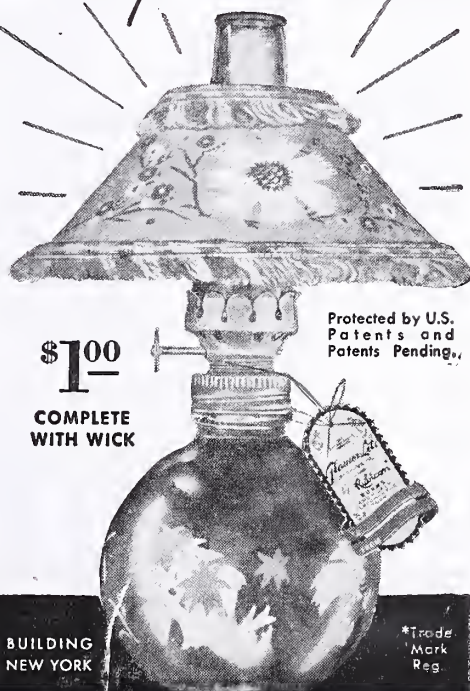
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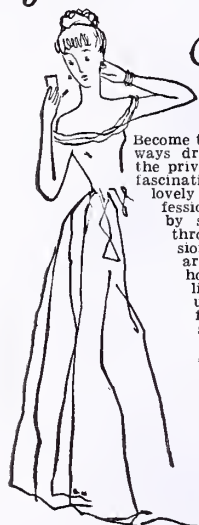


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Babies, Babies, Babies

(Continued from page 62) a desire to own something more substantial than a diamond bracelet. Is it because it is now the Hollywood fashion to have a baby? Or is it to prove that a movie star is also a human woman with as much sex and femininity in real life as she portrays on the screen? I wouldn't really know and it doesn't really matter. All I know is that it is now considered just as shame-making for a married star *not* to have a baby as it used to be for her to have one.

And guess whom they use as a sounding board and echo on the baby subject? *Me!* You'd be surprised how easy it is to trap me into talking about babies. At first I thought the movie queens were genuinely interested in my family life. "How's little Wendy?" they'd ask craftily, referring to my three-year-old wonder child. "She's fine," I'd begin, "and so clever—and—" And that far-away look would come into their eyes and I'd realize they were waiting for me to finish my boring story so they could start their own!

I don't talk about Wendy any more—well not much—but it makes no difference. And it's getting so that I, even I, want to scream, "Enough! Let's not talk about babies!" Besides it's ruining my business. I'm paid to write a column about the news in Hollywood. But what can I do when the only things that seem to be happening here are babies.

Before Judy Garland's Liza was born Judy was worried. All the glamour girls were having girl babies. Then Dorothy Lamour had her boy, Johnny. "Gosh," said Judy to husband Vincente Minnelli, "maybe this will break the run!" Judy wanted a girl. Just such a girl, she assures you, as weighed in on March 12 at six pounds, ten and a half ounces.

"They called her 'The Siren of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital,'" Judy says proudly when I visit mother and daughter in the dusty pink nursery at the Minnelli home. Liza, listening, widens her blue black eyes and coos devastatingly.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" demands Judy, adding quickly, "and that's not because she's my daughter; everyone tells me she is beautiful. Imagine, just one hour after she was born she lost all her redness!"

Yes, little Liza is beautiful. Even Louis B. Mayer, Judy's boss at Metro and a connoisseur of beauty, concedes that. He sent her some pink roses when she came home from the hospital and nestling on top of them was a big envelope with a motion-picture contract for the pink fragment known as Liza Minnelli!

"But that sort of thing she will decide for herself—later," says Liza's movie star mama. "She can be anything she wants to be when she grows up."

Maybe the little girl will sing for a living. When she was two days old Fred Waring serenaded her on his radio show and the recording was sent to her with the inscription—"You're a little young to appreciate it now, but in a few years. . ."

I left Judy and her baby to call on Dorothy Lamour and her baby. And to see the avalanche of gifts showered on the popular Dotty just before the baby was born. Cutest was an exquisite little sarong, designed by ace-stylist Edith Head. "We're keeping it," Dotty tells me, "for our next baby. It will be a girl, I hope."

Then Dottie wants another boy, then another girl.

Meanwhile—"I never go out in the evenings—I just can't bear to leave Johnny," she says, proudly exhibiting Master John Ridgely Howard in his blue nursery. She is very fussy about him. When he

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had the usual colic, she thought he was desperately ill and was frantic. And when she took him to New York, five-gallon jugs of water went along. A change of water is very bad for a young baby, she announced sagely. The young man made as much of a hit in New York as his famous mother, who was dubbed by erstwhile columnists, "Sarong Mama."

Hedy Lamarr is now a lady producer—but just try and get her to talk about producing pictures. When I visited Hedy to talk about her new picture, "Dishonored Lady," she insisted on showing me the latest portraits of her young Denise Loder.

There is a funny story told of Hedy's indignation at the hospital when her doctor told her that he might have to use forceps to deliver her daughter. "Not on my child you don't," she's supposed to have said. But what matters a brief moment of temperament? Hedy is a devoted mother, both to her little girl and to her adopted son, Jamie.

Then there's Maria Montez. Maria has always adored her slender figure. Every time I saw her she would stand sideways, chest out, tummy in, and demand, "It is good, yes?" It was good. And you could have knocked me over with an adjective when I heard that she was expecting a visit from the stork. Maria gave me the news with, "First I had pneumonia, then diphtheria, then bronchitis, then I find I'm having a bebbby. So I go to the hospital and no one knows about the bebbby for three months."

No one knew except every columnist in town and their readers. Those rabbits have a pipeline all their own.

Very young Maria-Christina Montez Aumont will learn to speak three languages instead of the usual one. Says Mama Maria, "I'll speak Spanish to her, Jean Pierre will speak French and I'll make everyone else speak English."

Miss Montez is always different, so it follows that her baby must be different, Maria insisting she was born with gray-blue eyes, instead of the conventional blue. Also, despite the infant's crop of jet black

????????????????

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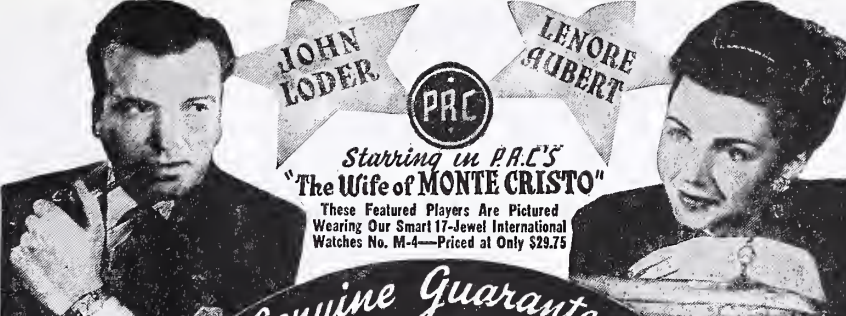
chance to find out. Do

your answers read

like this?

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Joe Cotten | 5. Bette Davis |
| 2. Humphrey Bogart | 6. Lana Turner |
| 3. Judy Garland | 7. Lauren Bacall |
| 4. Van Johnson | 8. Errol Flynn |

????????????????

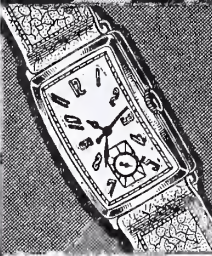


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hair, "My baby," says Maria, "is going to be a blonde."

When Veronica Lake had her first baby she had a hangover from the old days when you kept the news a secret until you went into the hospital for the delivery. And she antagonized everyone in town with her useless denials. When at this time I told Veronica that she looked beautiful, she thought she covered up with her quick explanation, "It's my new hair-do!" But with her recent son by Andre de Toth, Veronica had changed with the times. The boy was born last October, and the once peek-a-boo girl was receiving congratulations as early as March 1945.

Veronica is a strict mother—of the school—"You must sit there until you finish your cereal!" Maureen O'Hara, on the other hand, belongs to the group where you give your child twenty to thirty minutes to finish the meal—anything left is served up cold for the next meal. At least that is what Maureen told me before she had her Bronwyn Bridget. I've always wondered whether her theories were ever put into practice!

Maureen's daughter, by the way, was one of the most expensive in Hollywood history. Maureen was due to start "Till We Meet Again" with Ray Milland. But having lost one baby before through working in a picture, she would take no chances. She was off the screen for a year and a half; her financial loss—one hundred thousand dollars.

MARY MARTIN was in the dumps at Paramount. Her pictures were bad. Her fan mail was worse. Then she discovered she was going to have a baby! As every woman who has ever had a baby knows, the ego spirals downwards in the months preceding the baby's arrival. And even one as happily married as Mary—to Richard Halliday—had fits of depression. To bolster her morale, already at zero because of her slipping movie career, Mary stormed the Anticipation Shop in Beverly Hills and came out with thirty attractive ensembles!

The Anticipation Shop, incidentally, has become one of the more popular rendezvous in Beverly for baby-conscious movie stars. One of the sadder happenings at the Anticipation Shop was the time Gail Patrick, following the loss of her premature twins, brought back a suit she had ordered the day before she went to the hospital. The suit was unworn. "Give it," she told the saleswoman, "to someone who can't afford..." and choking with sobs she rushed out of the shop.

The Patrick lass, however, is not one to whimper when fate deals a hard blow. She has downed her disappointment and found an outlet for her thwarted motherhood. She now operates "The Enchanted Cottage," where you can buy the most attractive toys and baby clothes in town.

Paulette Goddard displayed similar courage when she lost her baby, the one thing she wanted above all else in life. She has everything else. Paulette almost lost her life when she was in the hospital and under an oxygen tent. "It's the only serious illness I've ever had," she told me later. "But I'm going to try again."

That tragic episode changed Paulette. Her personality is softer. She knows now that life can hold much more than just an accumulation of money and jewels.

Ann Sothern, very ill most of the time she awaited her baby, said to a friend one day, "If I'd known I was going to suffer like this I wouldn't have had the courage to have a baby." But now that her pretty blonde Patricia, "Tish" for short, is neck and neck with the Ronald Colmans' Juliet for the title of Prettiest Girl Baby in Hollywood, Annie's forgotten how miserable she was. "I'll have at least one

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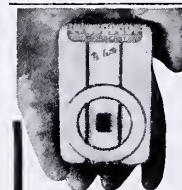
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more child," she told me at lunch the other day, "probably two more. I don't believe in only children."

Lana Turner was in a really bad way before her daughter Cheryl was born. Her marriage to Stephen Crane was on the rocks. Physically she was anemic. Mentally she was bewildered. When, finally, she collapsed, her doctor told her she could not have her baby and live. But he didn't know Lana. "I will have the baby and I'll live and look after it," she told him. And today—despite remaining the glamour gal who never appears in public without looking every inch a star—from her fawn-colored limousine to her furs and frills and immaculate make-up—Lana is probably the most devoted mama in Hollywood.

And, boys, here's a tip: If you want a second look from Lana, make sure that little Cheryl approves of you.

Joan Blondell is one girl of the old school who has never put a career ahead of motherhood. But by the oddest coincidence, Joannie always has announced a baby was on the way when offered a picture she did not like.

To hear Betty Grable talk you'd think that there was no other baby in the world except Victoria Elizabeth James! I defy any small princess to expect better care than is lavished on the little James girl. When her pin-up mama and trumpeteer papa recently bought a ranch in the valley every unusual flower and weed on the place was first tested in case little Vicky should have an allergy for it!

I took bets when Deanna Durbin eloped with Felix Jackson that she would have a baby before the year was out. She just adores 'em. Deanna, by the way, has had the dozens of plants she received during her time in the hospital planted in a special flower bed known as "Jessica's Garden."

I wish you could see the look of real yearning in the eyes of Lauren Bacall when the talk gets around to the subject of babies—which is only all the time. "When it happens to me, you won't have to ask. I'll tell the world!" says (Baby) Bacall . . . The envious whisper from June Allyson, "You must feel so proud!" Merle Oberon's whispered, "I'm hoping to have a baby still," and Joan Fontaine's, "I wish I were as lucky as you are!" Kathryn Grayson's eloquent greeting, "Hello, little mother!" And so on, right down the line.

A change indeed from the old days when the stars, with few exceptions, never, never would say, "Yes, sir, that's my baby!"

THE END



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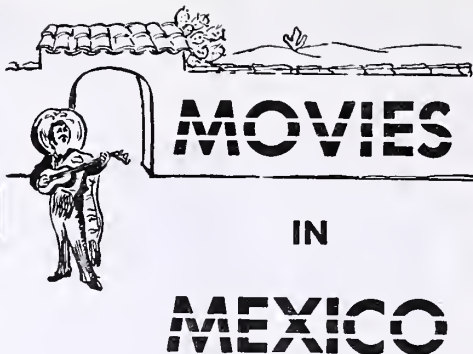
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The south-of-the-border screen has color, contrast and Latin charm

By PEGGY LE BOUTILLIER

LIKE the face of Mexico itself, the Mexican movie industry is color, contrast; and like the Mexican people, it is in growth and ferment. Before the war Latin Americans saw mainly pictures from the United States with Spanish dubbing. Our stars were their stars. But in the last few years pictures made in Mexico have far out-grossed pictures from the States. Within five years the box-office take throughout the Republic has tripled: Eighty pictures are made a year. (This figure will skyrocket as soon as more film is available.)

There are eighty-two cinés in Mexico, D. F., many of them luxurious, seating 5,000 people, and twelve new ones are under construction, one of which will be the largest in Latin America. Throughout the Republic in towns of less than 5,000 people *ambulantes* (moving theaters) pass through regularly and show their films in schoolhouses or in public meeting halls. And many of the Mexican pictures are currently made in two languages: In Spanish for the tremendous Mexican and Latin American public and in English for the United States.

Last year on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the two holiest days of the year, every Mexican *ciné* broke records. This, perhaps more than anything else—in a Catholic country—shows the vivid interest in the *ciné*.

The two biggest totally Mexican studios, Clasa and Azteca, have mushroomed to six times their size and the 17,000,000 dollar Churubusco Studios (partly RKO owned) which lies over a fabulous forty acres under the historic snow mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, rival anything in Hollywood, containing the world's best recording stage and twelve huge sets.

In spite of its activity and vitality the Mexican *ciné* is on the threshold.

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It's Still the Sterlings

(Continued from page 57) pretty blonde hair almost to her shoulders and Bob, still looking like an airman even in civvies.

We talked about "this" and "that" of Hollywood happenings for a little while and then, as though she were brushing aside inconsequential things, Ann said:

"You know, Louella, nothing happened between Bob and me that isn't happening to thousands of young couples all over the country—and in other countries, too. There have been articles written about it—about us. They tell us that every married couple parted by the exigencies of the war needs a certain amount of readjustment. Then, they give a lot of rules.

"If we could all go by those rules—I suppose everything would be all right. 'Patience' is prescribed in sort of a general way. Also 'understanding' and 'not losing one's temper.' That's wonderful advice. The only trouble is that every readjustment is individual and advice, in capsules, doesn't always fit.

"Our problem, of course, is that both Bob and I are of the entertainment world. We both have a certain amount of temperament or we wouldn't be able to portray emotions. But, on many points, we are similar to thousands and maybe millions of other young couples.

"We were married during the war. Bob was already in uniform, but we weren't a war romance because we had been in love for a year before it came along. We had our baby, we had our jobs and everything seemed on the upgrade for both of us. Then came that sudden parting—and almost without our realizing it we were hurtled into completely different worlds."

I THINK I know what Ann meant and perhaps it will be easier for me to put it into words than for her to do it. When the war came along, Bob was on the threshold of stardom almost as bright as her own after he appeared in "Somewhere I'll Find You" with Lana Turner and Clark Gable. He was hailed as a romantic actor, one of the most promising at M-G-M. Of course, he was happy—he was young and life was his oyster cocktail. He had worked hard to get where he was and he was not bitter, as many young men were, when he was called into the service.

Like the rest of them, he thought that the same spot, the exact set of circumstances, would be waiting him when it was "all over." And because he is conscientious and serious he worked as hard to become a good airman as he had to become a good actor.

Bob went to cadet school. He slaved, studied and sweated until he passed the rigid examinations and then he was given the assignment of teaching students to learn to fly B-25s.

He was gone for four years—four years in which the Van Johnsons, the Peter Lawfords and the Tom Drakes rose to fame and movie popularity. Ann, too, had reached the peak of her success in the "Maisies," both as a radio and screen star.

And still there was no bitterness or cynicism in Bob. When he was home on furlough he talked constantly about her new pictures and she couldn't hear enough about his new work and the boys he was teaching. Of course, they talked mostly about when it would all be over, Bob would be home again and they could be completely happy.

Then, just as suddenly as they had been parted—the war was over—Bob was home—but somehow they weren't happy!

As many another boy has discovered, things were not "just the same." Why? No one can answer that. Things have to change. It doesn't make any difference

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whether you've been a peanut vender or a movie star, it takes time to step back into the vacated niche. It wasn't that M-G-M had forgotten Bob. But the mills of the studios, like the mills of God, grind slowly—yet exceeding small.

Bob had been living at a fast pace where events happened in the flash of an eye. He was restless and impatient. He literally was not yet down to earth! And so—during those first few weeks and even months of idleness—he felt he had received a raw deal because his studio had no story ready for him. They gave him a contract—but in his bitterness, he felt they hadn't wanted to. The lot seemed to be crowded with new heroes who were moving from picture to picture with hardly a day off between. Maybe it was supersensitiveness—but it was also very human and understandable that Bob felt the way he did.

AND what had Ann been doing in those four years? Better let her tell you.

"In four years lived alone, a woman learns somehow to get along. It's only part of a life and because the really vital force is gone you learn to lean more and more on your work or on anything that will keep you busy and occupied. I was working very hard making pictures at the studio and rehearsing and appearing on my radio show every week.

"You get into habits that are hard to break. Habits of thinking about your own day, your own appointments and whether there will be enough hours in which to crowd everything. You also develop a set of 'career woman nerves,'" she laughed.

Then, serious again, she went on: "And so the war ends. Your man comes home. He is restless—and you are the busy little beaver. He is used to being just as active and busy every minute in the Army or whatever branch of the service he has been in. You love him perhaps even more, but you have your own work to do and your own busy life. Suddenly, he is without anything to do—and naturally he is unhappy. He wonders what to do with his time if he hasn't yet started on a job.

"Such a situation is a hotbed of quarrels. Bob and I quarreled—and how I wish I could take back every word because you say so many things in the heat of anger which you wish you had never said. I think too many people forget their marriage vows. Bob and I were married in a church and I promised to love, honor and obey. I am ashamed that I forgot my vows when we parted in anger."

"Honey," interrupted Bob who had been very quiet and I think a little uncomfortable, "I was more to blame than you were. I had been so busy in the Air Corps that I couldn't take the long wait getting started again and the days of inactivity. I know I said things I shouldn't have."

It was my turn now, so I said: "Perhaps without realizing it, this flare-up between you was the one thing you needed to clear the air and make you both realize again just how much your marriage meant."

"That is true," agreed Bob. "Along with this other good advice they dish out for 'war nerves' they should tell you to say what you have to say, give off the steam and get it out of your system. Things that smoulder underneath aren't good for any marriage."

"The minute Ann and I quarreled and slammed doors and parted, we both realized what an awful mistake we had made. I really wanted to go home right away. But we had to be stubborn and stick it out for seven days. During that time, I thought out everything that had been bothering me. 'What's the matter?' I asked myself. 'You have everything in the world to make a man happy, a wonderful

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wife and baby, a contract with one of the biggest companies.' I wanted to call Ann up and ask to come home. I did!

"After Ann and I made up and I went back home to live, I had a very interesting talk with a friend of mine who has been married thirty years. He said: 'My wife and I separated and then kissed and made up at least a dozen times in the first years of our marriage. The war hasn't anything particularly to do with it. There are such things as marriage nerves, for instance. It happens to all young people. Now we have worked out our marriage successfully and now we don't have all those hot cruel words—except, maybe, once in a while.'

"I asked him," Bob smiled, "what was the best way of finding happiness. He told me, 'Married people are together too much. Once every now and then the husband should go fishing or hunting or the wife should have a night out with her girl friends to talk over clothes or the children or whatever interests women when they get together and aren't self-conscious that men are sitting around listening and laughing at them.'

I didn't learn whether he and Ann are going to try that recipe or not. Right now they are so completely happy over being together again that I can't imagine their planning separate vacations. They talked about Tish, their charming little baby, at great length.

"Isn't her name Patricia Ann?" I asked, puzzled.

"It is," said her proud ma, "but she doesn't look like a Pat. She has a little turned-up nose and fluffy blonde hair and looks more like—"

"A 'Tish,'" finished Mr. Sterling—and laughed.

And here's some news for you: Ann expects to have another baby when Tish is two years old. "I've always felt it was wrong to bring up a child alone," she said, seriously.

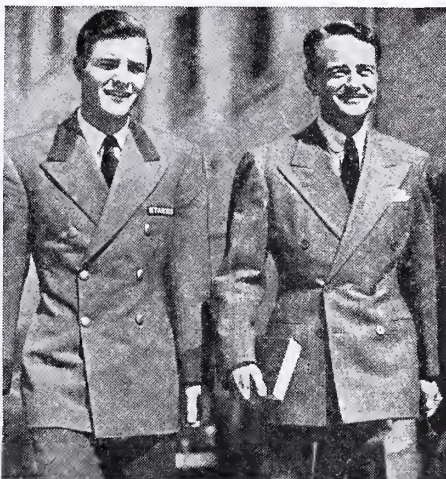
"I'm looking for a cocker spaniel for her," Bob went on. "My Boxer is so rough with the baby. He rolls over her and licks her face and she doesn't like it one bit."

"Has your Boxer and Ann's Siamese cat been the real cause of the trouble?" I couldn't help kidding them.

"No," they laughed, "our animals get along fine. We are the only ones who made a mistake. And it will never happen again."

And cross my heart—I believe them!
THE END

Richard Long, newcomer in "The Stranger," strolls the lot with Lew Ayres, back in Hollywood again, making "The Dark Mirror"



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DARK CORNER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Kathleen, Lucille Ball; Cathcart, Clifton Webb; White Suit, William Bendix; Bradford Galt, Mark Stevens; Tony Jardine, Kurt Kreuger; Mari Cathcart, Cathy Downs; Lt. Frank Reeves, Reed Hadley; Mrs. Kingsley, Constance Collier; Eddie Heywood and His Orchestra, Themselves; Lucy Widding, Molly Lamont; Mr. Bryson, Forbes Murray; Mrs. Bryson, Regina Wallace; Butler, John Goldsworthy; Foss, Charles Wagenheim; Mother, Minerva Urecal; Daughter, Raisa; Milk Man, Matt McHugh; Scrub Woman, Hope Landin; Mrs. Schwartz, Gisela Werbisek; Newsboy, Vincent Graeff; Frau Keller, Frieda Stoll; Major Domo, Thomas Martin; Cashier, Mary Field; Maid, Ellen Corby; Saleswoman, Eloise Hardt; Barker, Steve Olsen.

EASY TO WED—M-G-M: Bill Stevens Chandler, Van Johnson; Connie Allenbury, Esther Williams; Gladys Benton, Lucille Ball; Warren Haggerty, Keenan Wynn; J. B. Allenbury, Cecil Kellaway; Carlos Ramirez, By Himself; Spike Dolan, Ben Blue; Ethel Smith, By Herself; Babs Norvell, June Lockhart; Homer Henshaw, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Burns Norvell, Josephine Whittell; Farwood, Paul Harvey; Hector Boswell, Jonathan Hale; Joe, James Flavin; Farwood's Secretary, Celia Travers; Receptionist, Sybil Merritt; Attendant, Sondra Rodgers.

GREEN YEARS, THE—M-G-M: Alexander Gow, Charles Coburn; Robert Shannon (as a young man), Tom Drake; Alison Keith (as a young woman), Beverly Tyler; Papa Leckie, Hume Cronyn; Grandma Leckie, Gladys Cooper; Robert Shannon (as a child), Dean Stockwell; Mama Leckie, Selena Royle; Kate Leckie, Jessica Tandy; Jason Reid, Richard Haydn; Saddler Boag, Andy Clyde; Adam Leckie, Norman Lloyd; Murdoch Leckie, Robert North; Jamie Nigg, Wallace Ford; Alison Keith (as a child), Eilene Janssen; Gavin Blair (as a young man), Hank Daniels; Gavin Blair (as a child), Richard Lyon; Canon Roche, Henry O'Neill; Henry, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Bosomley, Norma Varden.

HER KIND OF MAN—Warners: Don Corwin, Dane Clark; Georgia King, Janis Paige; Steve Maddux, Zachary Scott; Ruby Marino, Faye Emerson; Joe Marino, George Tobias; Bill Fellows, Howard Smith; Candy, Harry Lewis; Bender, Sheldon Leonard.

OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP—Paramount: Cornelia Otis Skinner, Gail Russell; Emily Kimbrough, Diana Lynn; Tony Minetti, Brian Donlevy; Avery Moore, James Brown; Dr. Tom Newhall, Bill Edwards; Peanuts Schultz, William Demarest; Roland Du Frier, Billy De Wolfe; Suzanne Carter, Sharen Douglas; "Dibs" Downing, Mary Hatcher; Miss Dill, Sara Haden; Bubchenko, Mikhail Rasmun; Mrs. Southworth, Isabel Randolph; 1st Federal Agent, Frank Paylen.

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT—20th Century-Fox: George Taylor, John Hodiak; Christy, Nancy Guild; Lt. Donald Kendall, Lloyd Nolan; Mel Phillips, Richard Conte; Elizabeth Conroy, Josephine Hutchinson; Anselmo, Fritz Kortner; Phyllis, Margo Woodie; Sam, Sheldon Leonard; Hubert, Lou Nova; Marine Captain, John Russell; Conroy, Housley Stevenson; Little Man, Charles Arnt; Cab Driver, Al Sparlis; Technical Sergeant, Richard Benedict; Medical Attendant, John Kellogg; Navy Doctor, Phil Van Zandt; Bartender, Whitner Bissell; Executive, Forbes Murray; Bank Teller, Jeff Corey; Nurse, Paula Reid; Miss Jones, Mary Currier; Bank Guard, Sam Flint; Sweed, Henry Morgan; Hotel Clerk, Charles Marsh; Attendant, Clancy Cooper; Dr. Grant, Jack Davis; Brother Williams, Louis Mason; Headwaiter, Henri de Soto; Baggage room attendant, Harry Tyler.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE—Republic: Lab-lle Sylph, Judith Anderson; Max Polikoff, Michael Chekhov; Andre Sanine, Ivan Kirov; Heidi, Viola Essen; Lionel Gans, Lionel Stander; Specs McFarlan, Charles "Red" Marshall; Kropotkin, George Shoanoff; Jack Jones, Billy Gray; Jibby, Juan Panalle; Mr. Lyons, Lou Hearn; Mamochka, Ferike Boros; Alexis, Constantine; Giovanni, Ferdinand Pollina; Olga, Polly Rose; Jimmy, Jim Moran.

TO EACH HIS OWN—Paramount: Miss Norris, Olivia de Havilland; Capt. Cosgrove, John Lund; Corrine Pierson, Mary Anderson; Lord Desham, Roland Culver; Alex Pierson, Phillip Terry; Mac Tilton, Bill Goodwin; Liz Lovine, Virginia Welles; Daisy Gingras, Victoria Horne; Mr. Norris, Griff Barnett; Belle Ingham, Alma Macrorie; Grigasy, Bill Ward; Babe, Frank Paylen; Dr. Hunt, Willard Robertson; Mr. Clinton, Arthur Loft; Mrs. Clinton, Virginia Farmer; Miss Pringle, Doris Lloyd; Mr. Harkett, Clyde Cook; Miss Clafin, Ida Moore; Mrs. Rix, Mary Young.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS—RKO: Kit, Claudette Colbert; Rusty, John Wayne; Louella Parsons, Herself; Dink, Don DeFore; Connie, Anne Triola; Soldier, Phil Brown; Ortega, Frank Puglia; Baldwin, Thurston Hall; Dolores, Dona Drake; Mexican Boy, Fernando Alvarado; Salesman, Charles Arnt.



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"good" when reviewed

ABILENE TOWN—Levey-UA: A Western to end all Westerns, this one is set in 1860 and has all the fixtures: Ann Dvorak, the barroom queen with heart of gold, Randy Scott tough and noble, thousands of people getting killed, cattle stampedes. (Apr.)

✓**BAD BASCOMB**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien are teamed up in this one, with Beery an outlaw of the old West who, to escape the Federal agents, pretends piety and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. Marjorie Main is Margaret's grandmother and Marshall Thompson and Frances Rafferty the romantic duo. (May)

✓**BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE**—Columbia: Cornel Wilde is an energetic and colorful hero as Robin Hood's son who takes up arms when unscrupulous regent Henry Daniell attempts to dethrone the youthful king of old England. Anita Louise is the court lady in waiting who helps Wilde track down tyranny, Edgar Buchanan is Friar Tuck and Jill Esmond the queen mother. (May)

✓**BECAUSE OF HIM**—Universal: Deanna Durbin again turns to comedy, in a tale reminiscent of many others, about a waitress in search of a stage career, and her efforts to wangle it using New York star Charles Laughton and playwright Franchot Tone. Pleasurable, and Deanna still sings. (Apr.)

BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS—20th Century-Fox: William Gargan as a hardboiled yet honest police officer, Carole Landis as the love interest, Mary Anderson as a gangster's wife. Murders, melodrama, all in one evening's routine in a police station, actually hangs together with a novel viewpoint to make a pretty good little B picture. (Apr.)

✓**BLUE DAHLIA, THE**—Paramount: A tough mystery drama about a veteran Alan Ladd, who finds his wife, Doris Dowling, has been untrue. He fights the other man, Howard da Silva, thus providing someone else with a fine alibi for murdering Miss Dowling. Alan tries to find the murderer since he's under suspicion himself. Veronica Lake has a small but effective part. (Apr.)

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—Golden UA: If you're a woman loyal to Tom Breneman's radio program, you'll probably like this picture, showing a genial master of ceremonies who finds time to patch up romances and be kind to old ladies. You'll also see Hedda Hopper, Spike Jones, Andy Russell, King Cole Trio, Bonita Granville, Eddie Ryan, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts. (Apr.)

✓**BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE**—Paramount: A slapstick comedy that's supposed to be very funny, but unfortunately not even the expert presence of Robert Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Diana Lynn can make sense out of this silly story. Barbara loves horses, husband Cummings doesn't and their quarrels lead to a divorce over Diana Lynn, a Southern siren who tries to get Bob for herself. (June)

✓**DEADLINE AT DAWN**—RKO: Against a background of murder and the necessity of solving it before dawn a charming love story develops between Bill Williams and Susan Hayward. Bill gets drunk with Lola Lane, later finds her dead, and since he is suspected, seeks the murderer. Suspects are Joseph Calleia, Marvin Miller, Jerome Cowan and Paul Lukas, all good portrayals. (Apr.)

DETOUR TO DANGER—Planet: On sixteen millimeter color film, somewhat blurred in spots, Planet productions organized for the use of small groups who want good clean entertainment. John Day and Nancy Brinkman make this a pleasant enough film, blending romance and suspense at a swank summer resort. (Apr.)

✓**DEVOTION**—Warners: This brings to the screen the touching story of the four famous Brontës, Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) who wrote "Jane Eyre," tragic Emily (Ida Lupino) author of "Wuthering Heights," the poetess Ann, played by Nancy Coleman and drunken painter Bramwell, Arthur Kennedy. Paul Henreid is the curate whom both Ida and Olivia love, but his Viennese accent seems a little out of place in a Yorkshire village. (June)

✓**DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID**—Bogaus-UA: A peculiar picture that doesn't hang together very coherently, nonetheless this will undoubtedly be popu-

lar, with Paulette Goddard as the vivacious chambermaid in the home of possessive Judith Anderson and the son who hates her, Hurd Hatfield. Francis Lederer is the valet and Burgess Meredith figures in it as an eccentric old codger. (Apr.)

✓**DRAGONWYCK**—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocratic owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

✓**GILDA**—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

GUY COULD CHANGE, A—Republic: Allan Lane starts chasing women to assuage his sorrows after his wife dies in childbirth, letting his child, Twinkle Watts (who quite daunted us), run wild. Jane Frazee, who loves him, leaves when she sees how far he has fallen, but when he realizes his child needs his care, the way is paved for a reconciliation. (Apr.)

✓**HOODLUM SAINT, THE**—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still the sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

✓**I RING DOORBELLS**—PRC: This newspaper office setting provides some spirited dialogue with Anne Gwynne playing girl friend to Robert Shayne's reporter. We were disappointed in the not too accurate transition from the book, but liked it anyway. Cast includes Roscoe Karns, John Elderedge and Pierre Watkins. (Apr.)

✓**JUNIOR PROM**—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

✓**LITTLE GIANT**—Universal: A really funny Abbott and Costello, with Costello as a vacuum cleaner salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employers who are baffled by the complications Lou's psychic convictions get him into. It'll give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons than the slapstick comedy the two usually give out with. (May)

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Jean Pierre Aumont should have picked a better picture than this weak and unbelievable one to mark his return to the screen. Ginger Rogers is the reform-school graduate who takes up professional thievery, is dressed as a debutante by Adolphe Menjou in order to lure diplomat Aumont, who of course is completely taken in and falls in love with her until he learns her past. (June)

✓**KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO: Danny Kaye will have you rolling in the aisles with mirth in this zany comedy of a shy milkman who by a fluke becomes a prize fighter and almost knocks himself out with his own importance. Walter Abel is hilarious as the conniving fight manager, Virginia Mayo is so beautiful as Danny's girl, Vera Ellen's dance routines are standouts, but it's all Danny's picture. (June)

✓**MADONNA'S SECRET, THE**—Republic: A tense, exciting whodunit with Francis Lederer as the artist whose models have an unfortunate habit of getting themselves murdered. When model Linda Stirling is found dead, her sister, Ann Rutherford, begins posing for Lederer, hoping to find the murderer. Gail Patrick, Edward Ashley, and John Littel help keep up the suspense. (May)

(Continued on page 134)



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to a perfect, soft, natural-looking
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Beauty Spots



Goldwyn girl,
Karen X. Gaylord

By Mary Jane Fulton

The Goldwyn Girls

Will tomorrow's bright stars be Karen X. Gaylord, Shirley Ballard, Martha Montgomery, Virginia Belmont and Betty Cargyle? These 1946 Goldwyn Girls have determined feet on the slippery steppingstone to Hollywood stardom. You will see them in the Samuel Goldwyn Technicolor comedy, "The Kid from Brooklyn."

At "21"

In New York for a short visit, they were busy rushing from one appointment to another. We caught up with them at "21"... All the girls but Martha (who is a blue-eyed blonde) have brown eyes. Karen is a true red-head; Virginia has reddish-brown hair; Shirley and Betty are brunettes... Of course you'd like to know what their special tricks are for applying lipstick to make your lips more glamorous, so we jotted down these notes:

For Picture - pretty Lips

Karen X. Gaylord advises a shade darker lipstick on whichever lip is larger. This minimizes fullness. If one lip is too narrow, build it up so both "balance." Her best lipstick shade is an orange-red... Shirley Ballard first covers her lips with make-up base, so that lipstick goes on smoother and lasts longer. Her most flattering tint is red-red... Martha Montgomery uses a lipstick brush to outline, then fills in with up-and-down strokes. She smooths edges with an orangewood stick to prevent "running." A medium-dark lip rouge gives whiter brilliance to her pretty teeth... Virginia Belmont makes sure one side of mouth is not lipsticked fuller by test-blotting lips on tissue. Then, if necessary, shapes before blotting again. Russet-red shade is especially becoming to her... Betty Cargyle anchors little finger against chin. Then she carefully does a neat, luscious-looking job of lip-painting. She wears a striking true-red shade beautifully... But all agree a happy smile gives the pretty red curves of your lips the most glamorous touch of all!

See next page for Hollywood
beauty news by Betsy Sanford

Cooling System

For the look of a lady whose spirits don't fall as the temperature rises

Tip-off

Look cool from tip to toe. A well-groomed head is the first guard against a hot, disheveled look. Use lacquer to keep the hair in place and shining. Try this home recipe for a lacquer, given to Martha Vickers by Perc Westmore: Cut two lemons into round slices. Put them into a pan with water sufficient to cover. Allow to boil until all juice is removed. Strain and use remaining fluid as a lacquer, applied either with fingers, brush or spray.

Toe-hold

Lay a routine groundwork for "summer" feet. When the feet are tired and overheated, relax them by rolling them over an empty pop bottle, a miracle-working Hollywood trick; follow with a cooling witch hazel foot bath or one of those cologne "cooling lotions."

Finger-tips

As for another extremity—watch your hands. A little talcum, anti-perspirant or skin freshener sprinkled in the palms of the hands will keep them calm, cool and collected.

Frontispiece

Present a perfect face to summer. Keep your skin cool and fresh by changing your make-up often. Take time off every two hours to re-do your face completely.

Use a light foundation cream or a liquid powder base that clings to the skin and prevents perspiration from displacing make-up. Always wake up your skin with an early-morning cold shower.

Fragrant Touch

Be meticulous about perfumes; use light ones and apply them on the skin; never on your dresses. Another feel-cool pointer: Andrea King uses a powder mitt filled with powder to dust her body. Lovely feeling—the powder comes out in little clouds.

Clockwork Coolness

Make a summer round-the-clock plan of action. Drink at least eight glasses of water daily, more as the mercury rises. Try a Hollywood heat-preventive, a new improved type of salt tablet with Vitamin C, dextrose, B-1 and salt. Eat more fresh fruits and green vegetables, less of the starches and carbohydrates. Make sure you get eight hours sleep. Move slowly; a hurried routine gives you a harried look, makes you overheated. Wake up happy, watch your temper and your looks and you'll be all set for a summer of freshness, fascination—and fun.



Andrea King, next to be seen in "Shadow of a Woman," wears her special beauty trick

*Beauty Workshop by
Betsy Sanford*

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
Loveliness"

Laraine Day

Lovely star of

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

Soon to be seen in R.K.O.'s
"What Nancy Wanted"

TRY the Lux Toilet Soap facials screen stars recommend! Just smooth the beautifying lather well into your skin, as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



You will find Active-lather facials give fresh new beauty that wins Romance!



FIGHT WASTE

Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

What's the secret?



Just this, girls! Not one, not two will do it. It takes three oils to give your hair ravishing allure. Laco's three rich oils—olive oil, coconut oil, castor oil—blended together give triple-action results. Your hair is left clean, gleaming, and glorified. It's so soft and manageable you outdo yourself in creating glamorous hair-dos. So get Laco Castile Shampoo—at drug counters everywhere! Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Maryland.

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MWG-7-46



STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Ben N. Bogue, Dept. 1185, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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FOR
SUMMER
TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pangs this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

(Continued from page 130)

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: You've seen this backstage musical before, but it's still pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the big time by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star who gets jealous of his attentions to Jinx Falkenburg so gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. (May)

MY REPUTATION—Warners: By far Barbara Stanwyck's best work since "Double Indemnity," this is an adult and intelligent picture of one woman's fight for her love against a convention-bound town, and even against her own young sons. Her strait-laced mother Lucile Watson, her lover George Brent, her friends Eve Arden and John Ridgely are flawlessly interpreted. (Apr.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Rank-Universal: An intelligent honest British picture, although rather long and involved. Rex Harrison gives a superb performance as the rascally son of an English gentleman who swaggers his way through one trouble after another until he marries Lilli Palmer for her money and then breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. (June)

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—Mundales-M-G-M: A Mexican good-will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who meets a tragic end. Pedro Armendariz tries to defend her from the over-moral and vindictive villagers. English is dubbed in, the dialogue is sometimes pretty silly, but perhaps foreign film fans will enjoy it best. (Apr.)

POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE—M-G-M: Not a pretty tale, but this gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people packs a mean wallop. John Garfield is the hitch hiker who falls for Lana Turner and plots with her the murder of her husband, Cecil Kellaway, owner of a roadside cafe. But the love of John and Lana soon borders on hate and revenge. (June)

REBECCA—Selznick-International: This picture is now being reissued, and if you missed it the first time you'll want to see this fascinating psychological study that made Joan Fontaine a star. Rebecca, Laurence Olivier's dead wife, never appears in the picture, but she dominates the whole story with her threat to Olivier's new marriage to Joan. With Judith Anderson and George Sanders. (May)

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—RKO: Leon Errol's pattern in film making is still the same, and this weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel is not very funny. Walter Catlett, as the Colonel Errol impersonates offers solid support to the star, and others vainly trouncing are Jonathan Hale, Marc Cramer and Joan Newton. (May)

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—20th Century-Fox: A four-handkerchief picture, with Maureen O'Hara as the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope it will give her immature producer husband, John Payne, something to cling to after her death. But the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and John, in the grief of his wife's death, fails to understand her. (May)

SEVENTH VEIL, THE—Sydney Box-Ortus-Universal: An English psychological picture, this tells the story of Ann Todd who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason—Britain's No. One heartbeat. When Mason tries to break up her romances, the girl suffers an accident and then psychiatry enters to solve the riddle of which man she really loves. (May)

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: Kane Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner, assumes the *Shadow* disguise in order to solve a series of murders which are baffling all the city's police force. Barbara Reed is the object of his love, Tom Dugan isn't. (Apr.)

SHOCK—20th Century-Fox: A different whodunit is this story of a girl who sees a doctor kill his wife and then is treated for shock by the killer. Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist who wants to destroy his hysterical patient; Lynn Bari is his nurse and partner in crime; Annabel Shaw the tortured young victim and Frank Latimore her husband. (May)

SMOOTH AS SILK—Universal: Packed with surprises and suspense, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder. When actress Virginia Grey double-crosses criminal lawyer Kent Taylor, who loves her, by becoming engaged to stage producer John Littel, Taylor murders him and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on Virginia. (June)

SO GOES MY LOVE—Universal: Interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of inventor Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, who's frankly looking for a husband, enliven this charming, romantic picture. Richard Gaines is the suitor Myrna becomes engaged to until she proposes to Ameche, marries him and gently prods him on to success. Women especially will love it. (June)

SUSPENSE—Monogram: A lavish ice revue is the setting for murder in this excellent production. The revue is owned by Albert Dekker and stars his wife, Belita; and all goes well until Barry Sullivan becomes manager of the show and makes love to the

star. The suspense mounts when Sullivan's former girl, Bonita Granville, threatens to expose his past, but what happens next won't surprise you. (June)

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—M-G-M: When Kathryn Grayson heads for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, her prim sister, June Allyson, follows her to protect her from worldly wickedness. Jimmy Durante is boss of the burlesque, Peter Lawford the socialite who falls for one of the sisters and Lauritz Melchior plays a grand opera star. It's sprightly and gay and you'll love it. (June)

SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: Gale Storm's the attraction of this opus—she acts, sings and dances most charmingly. Besides that, the picture is full of specialties: Connie Boswell, Louis Jordan's and Will Osborn's music, the Three Stooges, Dance Director Jack Boyle in a number with Gale; and playing opposite her, Phil Regan. (Apr.)

TARS AND SPARS—Columbia: At last the Coast Guard gets a musical for itself too, this one featuring the superb dancing of Marc Platt, pretty Janet Blair singing, and bright people like Jeff Donnell, Alfred Drake and Sid Caesar. (Apr.)

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN—RKO: Tarzan, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquanetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men, and her machinations keep the plot developing. With John Sheffield as Boy and Cheeta the chimpanzee. (May)

THEY MADE ME A KILLER—Paramount: Robert Lowery, innocently implicated in a robbery, attempts to track down the clues that will free him, aided by his loyal girl, Barbara Britton. The plot is neatly developed. Lola Lane, Edmund MacDonald and Frank Albertson round out the cast. (Apr.)

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—International: We recommend this one highly. It is a tragic drama of a young wife, Claudette Colbert, whose officer husband, Orson Welles, never returned from World War I. Betrayed by her employer, George Brent, she eventually marries him, becoming contented. Later Orson returns, unrecognizable at first, and the handling of this problem, we feel, is admirable, the characterization superb. (Apr.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount: A fairly exciting Technicolor Western, Joel McCrea in the title role, plays opposite pretty Barbara Britton, the Easterner who's come west to teach school. Brian Donlevy as the bad rustler, Sonny Tufts, Fay Bainter and Henry O'Neill are all excellent. (Apr.)

WALK IN THE SUN, A—20th Century-Fox: This is a touchingly beautiful "war-incident" story that went right to our heart. The male cast includes fine performances by Dana Andrews, Dick Conte, George Tyne, Sterling Holloway, Huntz Hall and many others. It tells of a lone platoon in a single action, reaching and taking an objective. It's definitely worth seeing. (Apr.)

WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE—Paramount: There are giggle bubbles a-plenty in this gay story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy of errors. (May)

WHISTLE STOP—Nero: For George Raft fans only, this gloomy tale never managed to really arouse our emotions. Raft is a no-good who eventually reforms for the sake of Ava Gardner, gets framed by Tom Conway, is eventually saved through the destruction of his strange friend Vic McLaglen. (Apr.)

WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—PRC: Cops and robbers in satin breeches and flowing capes. When chief of police John Loder sets a trap for the person who's upsetting his racket of selling drugs, the Count of Monte Cristo, Martin Kosleck, is forced to get out of town, so his wife, Lenore Aubert, steps into his shoes and carries on the raids, thereby complicating everything. (June)

WOMAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Republic: Nancy Kelly, surviving a bus wreck, believes she has inherited an ancestor's curse of witchcraft and not until some dire things happen is she freed of her obsession. With John Loder, Ruth Ford and little Jeanne Gail, all good. (Apr.)

YANK IN LONDON, A—Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox: This British picture does a good job in bringing about a better understanding between the English people and the American G.I. Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his furlough with a chip on his shoulder and falls in love with Rex Harrison's girl, Anna Neagle. (May)

YOUNG WIDOW—Stromberg-UA: At last you'll see the much-publicized Jane Russell, and we think you'll like her very much as the young widow grieving for her dead husband and unwilling to accept a new love. Louis Hayward is the Army officer who falls in love with her, Penny Singleton her room mate and Marie Wilson a not-so-bright but very popular blonde. (May)



Martha O'Driscoll
appearing in
"Blonde Alibi" a
Universal Picture

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—it's easy as combing your hair! By tonight, thrill to a New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent. Enjoy soft, flowing waves and *natural-like curls* which sparkle with enticing highlights and "romance-inviting" allure. Your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave will be the envy of your friends,—and will *last months and months*.

The New Charm-Kurl Supreme is heatless, machineless,—yet, "takes" on any type of natural hair. Children's soft, fine hair responds marvelously. The result must compare with any beauty-shop wave costing up to \$15.00 or more, or your money back on request. *No wonder, Charm-Kurl Supreme outsells the combined total of all other brands.*

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years old!"**

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• It's a fact—a warm, wonderful fact—that this five-year-old child, or your own child, has a life expectancy almost a whole decade longer than was her mother's, and a good 18 to 20 years longer than that of her grandmother. Not only

the expectation of a longer life, but of a life by far healthier.

Thank medical science for that. Thank your doctor and thousands like him... toiling ceaselessly... that you and yours may enjoy a longer, better life.



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

NOT ONE but three outstanding independent research organizations conducted this survey. And they asked not just a few thousand, but 113,597, doctors from coast to coast to name the cigarette they themselves preferred to smoke.

Answers came in by the thousands... from general physicians, diagnosticians, surgeons, nose and throat specialists too. The most-named brand was Camel.

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The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... how it affects your throat.

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August

June Allyson
By Paul Hesse

Dark Hour
Opening A Chapter

ON-M 2/47 3Y R
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Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N.

by *Helen Neushaefer*

...miracle ingredient — PLASTEEN* — gives new brilliance,
longer wear to her exciting nail colors

Helen Neushaefer, originator of the Creme nail polishes millions loved, now creates one so shining smooth, so refreshingly colorful your nails seem ovals of rare porcelain! So tightly welded to the nail, so well shockproofed against chipping*—you count all others old-fashioned and prewar. Look for your loveliest color in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle at chain store cosmetic counters.

*Helen Neushaefer's new postwar ingredient — Plasteen — gives extra days of unretouched wear to your nail make-up.

Color
authority...
stylist



Finger Tips
by *Helen Neushaefer*

Too many thousands of lovely women forget how often hand-gestures are near the face. Wise hands wear complexion-mat

Hey, Sugar... don't
make a mis-step now!



Your bath took care of the past—
but for future freshness,
make Mum your next step

OUT OF YOUR TUB and into your clothes—you're off to a fresh new start. But wait! What are you doing to give that bath-freshness a *future*?

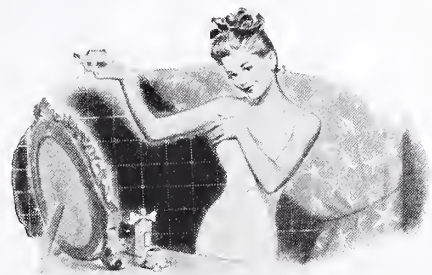
Remember, after your bath washes away *past* perspiration, you still need to guard against risk of underarm odor *to come*. A risk many a smart girl avoids by topping off each bath with Mum.

Half a minute for Mum. A fingertipful

of snowy-white Mum—and you're safe for the day or evening. No chance of underarm odor playing traitor to your charm.

Mum's the word for safe, sure, gentle protection. Won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. And creamy Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get a jar of Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.



Mum —  — takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

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The greatest
star of the
screen!

We can dream, can't we? Our favorite daydream goes something like this...

We sing a beautiful love song and immediately Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and do a terrific rhumba with the lovely star in our arms...

Well, Van Johnson actually does all that and more in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed"!



Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with two of Hollywood's glamour-girls—Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laugh-fest to come rippling your way.

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

"Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

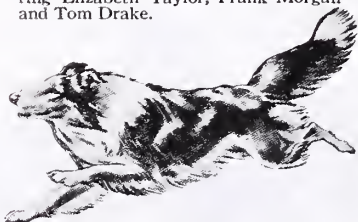
It's not easy to top such musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Harvey Girls."

But "Easy" does it!

—Leo



BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.



There's only a limited supply, but you may have an 8" x 10" reproduction by writing Lassie, Box 1079, Dept. A, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Please send 15c to cover mailing costs.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Cover: June Allyson, appearing in "Two Sisters from Boston"
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

Miss Allyson's costume by Irene, Executive Designer of M-G-M

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AUGUST, 1946

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THROUGHOUT HOLLYWOOD

*the talk today is about an M-G-M picture that will probably win prizes and trophies and acclaim for its very sincere, warm and human story. It's called **THREE WISE FOOLS** and it tells of a little Irish-girl-with-a-brogue (played by Margaret O'Brien) who brings a flood of sunshine into the lives of three hard-bitten bachelors. It is so rich with laughter and tears that for years to come it will be enjoyed again and again by millions of Americans.*

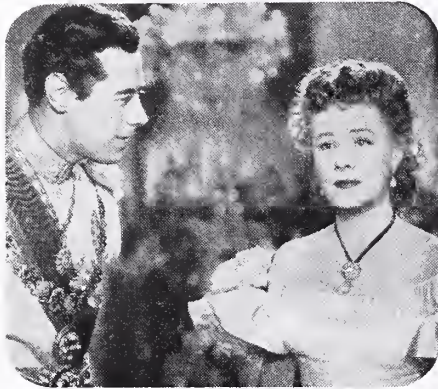


"Three Wise Fools"
IS ONE OF THE GREAT COMING M-G-M PICTURES!

M-G-M presents **"THREE WISE FOOLS"** with Margaret O'BRIEN • Lionel BARRYMORE • Lewis STONE • Edward ARNOLD • Ray Collins
Jane Darwell • Charles Dingle • Cyd Charisse • Harry Davenport and Thomas MITCHELL • Screen Play by John McDERMOTT and James O'HANLON • Story by John McDermott
Based Upon the Play by Austin Strong • Staged by Winchell Smith • Presented by John Golden • Directed by Edward Buzzell • Produced by William H. Wright • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Royal excitement for Rex Harrison and Irene Dunne in this vivid drama

✓✓ Anna and the King of Siam (20th Century-Fox)

AS individual a motion picture as it was a book, this fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century will completely satisfy your desire for a "good movie."

Irene Dunne plays the English schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the world outside. The King, a fabulous personality portrayed by Rex Harrison, aware that progress must come to his backward country, is constantly fighting himself and his background with its barbarian brutalities. It

is the Englishwoman who, by the dedication of her life, helps him in the winning.

After the initial strangeness one feels at the appearance of Rex Harrison as a Siamese king, the picture takes you under its spell to give you a delightful glimpse of an exotic life in the long ago. Harrison turns in an excellent performance in a very exacting role which in other hands might have been a strain on the credulity; Miss Dunne is warm, sympathetic and, as always, finished; Gale Sondergaard plays with a fine restraint.

Your Reviewer Says: An unusual picture.



Romantic antics for Charles Boyer and Jennifer Jones in this fun film

✓✓ Cluny Brown (20th Century-Fox)

WELL, it's just a lamb of a picture with mint-sauce dialogue and spiced-pear action. Charles Boyer steps right out of his heavy-lover role to play a refugee with a love of life, an abhorrence of stuffiness and a humorous disdain for England's caste system. In Jennifer Jones, the housemaid with a flair for plumbing and a spirit of honest impulsiveness, he finds interest, pleasure and even romance.

Jennifer is positively fancy as the maid in the home of Sir Henry Carmel, played by Reginald Owen. She couldn't be cuter. Nor could Richard Haydn be more typical as the small-town English chemist and Jennifer's suitor. He all but killed us.

Him and his organ playing!

Peter Lawford as the son of Reginald Owen and Helen Walker (who sits her horse well) are the romantic pair who quarrel, make up, quarrel and get together again. And Pete, we may add, is appropriately stuffy.

Sara Allgood and Ernest Cossart, housekeeper and butler, Margaret Bannermann as Lady Alice Carmel and Una O'Connor as Haydn's mother are simply delightful. In fact, the whole affair is a satisfying and delicious treat.

Your Reviewer Says: It tickles like champagne bubbles.



Twin trouble for Glenn Ford and Bette Davis in this modern fairy tale

✓✓ A Stolen Life (Warners)

BASED on the simple elemental story of the good and bad sisters that people all good fairy-tale books, "A Stolen Life" provides Bette Davis with opportunity to display her talent to double advantage, for Bette plays both sisters with clever shadings and astute perception. Bette knows, for instance, that Kate the good sister would be shy, slow to action, incapable of caprices. Pat is her antithesis. Even the tone pitch of the voices are marked. Miss Davis is subdued, forceful when necessary, never hysterical but still the craftsman whose every move suggests intelligent foresight.

Glenn Ford is the victim of the good and evil forces who succumbs to the charms of conniving Pat only to discover that Kate, after all, is his real love. One is almost impatient with the character Glenn plays for his shortsightedness. Ford,

incidentally, steps out of the Marines into big-league movie acting and should go right on big league-ing.

Dane Clark as the artist injects a few forceful punchy moments that almost knock the picture off balance—he's that good. But his presence seems almost unaccounted for in the story.

The photography, and especially Warner's process department that conceived the double shots, deserves whoops and hollers for achievement. The script writers, however, might have cut down on some of the everlasting traveling the characters had to do. Made you feel as if you were on a scenic merry-go-round.

Charles Ruggles as the cousin and Walter Brennan as the lighthouse keeper are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A woman's treat.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 126

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 119

Barbara Stanwyck

Van Heflin

Lizabeth

Scott



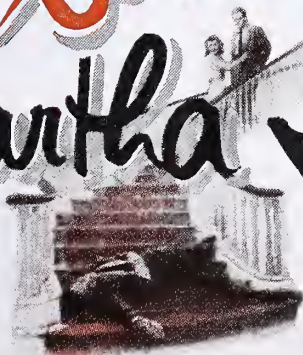
FATE DREW THEM
TOGETHER AND
ONLY MURDER
COULD PART THEM!

Hal Wallis'
Production



There's a tender
side to this drama,
too, and lovely
Lizabeth Scott is it!

"The Strange Love of
Martha Ivers"



(whisper)
HER NAME...

with
Kirk Douglas
A brilliant new find
Judith Anderson

Directed by Lewis Milestone
Screenplay by Robert Rossen
A Paramount Picture

"Lucky me...

different me... thanks to Midol!"



Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, *try Midol!* These effective tablets are offered *especially* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps — Soothe Headache — Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

✓ Till the End of Time (RKO)

THE word "adjustment" had been bandied about in veteran family circles since VJ Day; now RKO provides a candid celluloid picture of what this adjustment can mean to three young men home from the wars. They are Guy Madison, an ex-college freshman who comes back to a loving mother and father; Bob Mitchum, a self-sufficient buddy with a subconscious yearning to find some roots; and Bill Williams, an ex-fighter who, without his legs, thinks he can find no path to walk. This is their story—and it is the story, too, of a woman casualty of the war—Dorothy McGuire, the young widow whose world has been taken from her.

The three male characters are well played—Madison with open-faced candor; Mitchum with true professional ability; Bill Williams with intense sincerity. Dorothy McGuire lends a touch of true art, lifts the woman's role, especially in the love scenes, to the focusing point of the film. One of the strongest episodes is the moral rescue of a veteran with the "shakes"; during this the audience feels a touch of true horror at what war can do to a strong, normal young man.

This story belongs to everyone today; it may well bring the "happy ending" that many spiritually displaced veterans and their disheartened families are seeking.

Your Reviewer Says: "Welcome Home" in an off-key tune.

✓ A Scandal in Paris (Pressburger—UA)

YOU may or may not know that Vidocq was in life the colorful French rogue who decided there was an easier and more profitable living to be made by operating on the side of the law. So he offered his brand of black genius to the French Surete which was the granddaddy of Scotland Yard and our own F.B.I., and materially increased its fame as well as his own. This is history. What happens in "A Scandal in Paris" is something else again, though its central figure is Vidocq, played

with the dash and verve of George Sanders at his best.

The devastating George and his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures that range from stealing the ruby garter of Carole Landis to planning a clean sweep of the Bank of Paris. Love, however, in the form of Signe Hasso, rears her pretty head and the seasoned Sanders abandons his seasoning for gentler paths. Even the bloodless ghost of Vidocq must have blushed at this piece of romantic license. Nevertheless, the film is highly entertaining for those of sufficiently sophisticated taste to relish it. It is richly mounted and the camera work is better than we have seen in black and white for lo these many moons.

Your Reviewer Says: Romantically scandalous.

✓ Make Mine Music (Disney—RKO)

NOT since "Fantasia" has there been such a rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. Divided into separate sequences, the artist elaborately illustrates the songs with cartoon characters or scenic drawings that tend to heighten every emotional value of the melodies without once detracting. From the opening number, "The Martins and the Coys" as sung by the King's Men, through Andy Russell's singing of "Without You," Benny Goodman's playing of "All the Cats Join In" and "After You're Gone," the Andrews Sisters' warbling of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," Jerry Colonna's rendition of "Casey at the Bat," a ballet number performed by Lichine and Riabouchinska and "Blue Bayou" sung by the Ken Darby chorus—the Disney artist displays the perfect blending of technical perfection with artistic imaginings. In "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing" episode and in the "Peter and the Wolf" fantasy Disney reaches new imaginative heights.

There is no story, remember, and no attempts made at a continuity whole. It is simply a ten-part musical offering with music and draw- (Continued on page 126)



Murder in the snowdrifts with Helen Mowery and Bruce Cabot in "Avalanche"

THIS IS
PATRICIA
WHO WAS TROUBLE

FLASH TO ALL FANS!
The world premiere has broken
every record at the Hollywood
Theatre on Broadway!

THIS IS
KATE
WHO WAS TRUE

BETTE DAVIS

TWICE AS
THRILLING
IN HER
DOUBLE ROLE!

Twin Sisters so alike in looks... so different in 'heart'!

WARNERS'
"A
**STOLEN
LIFE**"

WITH **GLENN FORD · DANE CLARK · WALTER BRENNAN · CHARLIE RUGGLES**

DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT



SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY · ADAPTED BY MARGARET BUELL WILDER
FROM A NOVEL BY KAREL J. BENES · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



Ciro's showtime means laughter for Lauren Bacall and her Humphrey Bogart



Sideline smile sequence for Ty Power

INSIDE STUFF

Photographs by



"Cloak and Dagger" stars, Gary Cooper and Lilli Palmer, who's Mrs. Rex Harrison, roll out the barrels for a chat

TOWN JOTTINGS: When the Agars' almost completed home, Shirley Temple's former playhouse, caught fire, the firemen put it out in time to prevent much damage. Incidentally, Shirley and John will soon take a belated honeymoon in Honolulu . . . Since John Dall's return to New York, after his release from Warner Brothers, Jane Withers has been seeing handsome Farley Granger . . . Joan Fontaine had no desire to return to the home she and Brian Aherne shared after her recent marriage to producer Bill Dozier, so she and her bridegroom have taken a new house and Joan will rent the other . . . Louise Allbritton, who left all in a flutter to marry radio commentator Charles Collingwood in New York, took time to write Cal a thank-you note and contribute this piece of information: "I want a family right away." . . . Clark Gable is lending his new neighbor, Mickey Rooney, enough nails to build a chicken coop, and to hear those two discuss ranching is really something . . . Herbert Marshall would like to marry Boots Mallory, ex-wife of Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother),



and Gene Tierney of "Razor's Edge"



Paul Henreid's most loyal fan, his wife, watches this autographic bout

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Fink and Smith

only Lee Marshall, his wife, isn't so sure . . . Tom Brown, former captain in the Army, is out of uniform and dating his former wife, Natalie Draper, who has just divorced Merrill Pye. Could be a reconciliation between Tom and Natalie . . . Josephine Wayne, John's former wife, is one of the prettiest and most popular women in town despite the fact she's the mother of four children. At the opening of the Hollywood race track, Josie shared with Betty Grable most of the male attention.

Round-ups: The town was shocked to hear the Jack Carsons are having marital trouble, as Jack has always been regarded the original "solid citizen" of movieland and very much in love with his wife, pretty Kay St. Germaine, who used to be a singer on his radio show . . . It was the difference in religion that broke up the marriage plans of Bob Hutton and June Haver, who looked so cute together. But isn't it good news that Bob goes into three Warner pictures one right after the other after a year's idleness?



On set of "Where There's Life," there's Hope—teaching Signe Hasso indoor rod-and-reel technique

INSIDE STUFF



Is your shampoo SAFE?

DERMATOLOGISTS say the shampoo a woman uses is vitally important to a healthy scalp and beautiful, luxuriant hair. They warn against harsh, cleansing irritants that may dry the scalp and cause hair to break off, making it look *thin* and shaggy.

A dependable name in shampoo is PACKER'S! Year after year, it stands . . . a symbol of tried-and-true purity, gentle, thorough cleansing that leaves hair soft and fresh, effectively cleansed with safe medicated ingredients.

For PURITY, SAFETY and ECONOMY, use PACKER'S Pine Tar Shampoo and Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. A symbol of *finer* hair care for 75 years. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Get a bottle today!



Topknot topic: Janet Blair and Margaret O'Brien inspect the hair-do on Al Surette, capering clown of the Ice Capades of 1946



Center of attraction is Bobby Specht, star of Ice Capades of 1946, for admiring audience Ann Blyth and Belita, who knows a gay blade when she sees one



Added attraction: Mickey Rooney cuts a caper with the help of lovely Ice Capades star, Donna Atwood, who cuts a figure!

. . . The report that Freddie Bartholomew is to become a father takes Cal's memory back to the time Freddie arrived here from England with his Aunt Cissie to play the lead in "David Copperfield." Seems only yesterday and now Freddie is due to become a father. He and his Aunt Cissie, who together weathered so many legal storms, have quarreled and she is going into movies herself to augment her income.

Neighbors: Calling to Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens as they drove out of their garage a few doors away, reminded us of our many star neighbors. Two doors down lives Bob Walker and his man servant, and well do we know it when Bob goes clipping through our alley in his sleek low roadster sending everyone scurrying for safety.

In the building owned by Lloyd Nolan directly across the alley, lived John Hodiak in his bachelor days. John shared a daily cleaning maid with Cal. "Hmm!" she'd say of a morning, "that nice Mr. Hodiak never leaves his things around. Neatest man I ever worked for."

Edna Skelton, who owns Cal's building, drops in to call every once in a while and Red himself can be seen every so often tearing up and down the stairs that (Continued on page 12)

Deep
their love!

Great
the risk!



CARY GRANT
INGRID BERGMAN
in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
Notorious!
with
CLAUDE RAINS



LOUIS CALHERN
MADAME LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Written by BEN HECHT

World Premiere
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
NEW YORK

"Losing 20 Pounds was so Easy!"

—says Beatrice Molnar of Worcester, Mass.

Schoolgirl makes herself over, is now confident of success

Beatrice Molnar is a talented pianist, ambitious for a concert career. But her wise teacher told her she was too shy and too heavy to be popular. Beatrice knew she was shy because she was self-conscious about her size. In eight weeks, through the DuBarry Success Course, she lost 20 pounds (down from 116 to 96), learned skin care and make-up, turned herself into a poised, slim, petite, attractive girl.



After



Before

"The Success Course is wonderful," says Beatrice. "I shall follow it all my life."

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20 Pounds
HEIGHT
(After)
4' 11"
WAIST
4" Less
ABDOMEN
4" Less
HIPS
4" Less

How about You?

You are neither too young nor too old to enjoy, right in your own home, the benefits of this simple, successful, inexpensive plan. Schoolgirls, business girls, mothers and grandmothers — more than a quarter of a million of them — have found it a practical way to make the most of themselves. The Success Course is individual. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. And it works! You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Avenue, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without obligation, what it can do for you?



DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

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New York 22, N. Y.

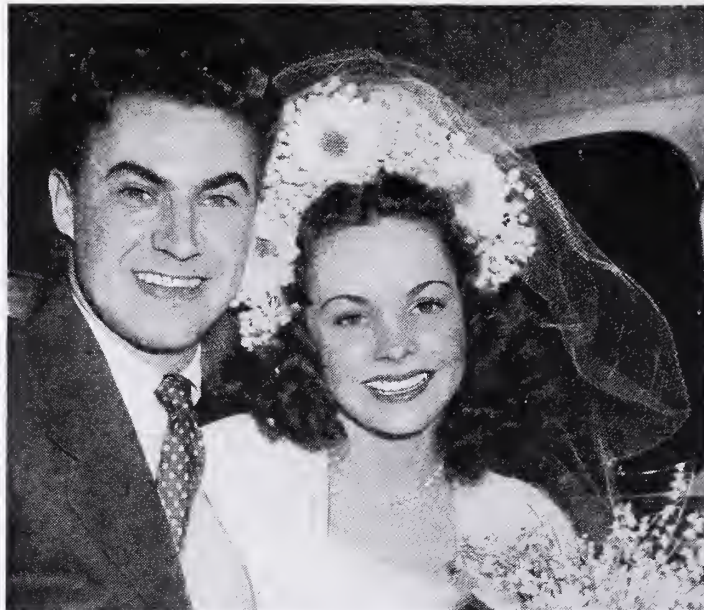
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs.

Street

City Zone State

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



He is her man: It's wedding bells for Johnny Coy and dancing partner, Dorothy Babb, together in Paramount's "Ladies' Man"

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 10) lead to Edna's mother's apartment next to ours.

Directly across the way in the apartment owned by Fred MacMurray live Dorothy McGuire and her husband John Swope. Used to see them out walking around the block occasionally, or sitting on their tiny back porch.

You see, having stars as neighbors is just like having the Joneses and Smiths next door which makes Hollywood the nice little town it really is.

The Coys: Johnny Coy wanted to choose his own dancing partner for "Ladies' Man," so Paramount told him to go right ahead. At the end of a week, after trying out fifteen girls, Johnny selected a cute little five-foot brunette, Dorothy Babb, and not only danced with her in the picture but asked her to marry him.

They planned on going to Las Vegas

but finally decided on "The Little Church Around the Corner" in New York. Bill Eythe as best man and Bud Cobb as maid of honor flew on to New York with them. The only drawback was that Johnny was violently ill on the plane and had to take a four-hour stopover before going on.

After the ceremony Johnny took his bride to meet his family in Montreal.

Fan-minded Van: Hollywood got a wallop out of Van Johnson at "The Spiral Staircase" premiere. Van drove up to the theater, got out of his car, bowed, waved and grinned for several minutes and then got into his car and drove away. The customers looked curiously at each other and shook their heads but Van's bosses shook a scolding finger. It is all right to receive acclaim they suggested, but to go about inviting it is something else again. Several stars who made a trip east with Van were bewildered when he refused to go to bed lest some (Continued on page 14)

Corner on concentration—John and Gloria Payne at Ciro's



He'll steal
anything!

Women lose their heads... their hearts...
their treasures when master-thief, master-
tempter Vidocq comes calling. What a
vandal! What a scandal!

Arnold Pressburger presents

GEORGE SANDERS
SIGNE HASSO
CAROLE LANDIS

in

**"A
Scandal
in Paris"**



Oh, that sensational
Flame Dance! It's torrid!

with
AKIM TAMIROFF
GENE LOCKHART

Alma Kruger · Alan Napier · Jo Ann Marlowe
Vladimir Sokoloff · Directed by **DOUGLAS SIRK**

Screenplay by **ELLIS ST. JOSEPH**

Produced by **ARNOLD PRESSBURGER**

Released thru United Artists



Jennifer Jones, Star
of David O. Selznick's

DUEL in
the **SUN**

IMAGINE!... YOUR OWN HAIR PERSONALLY STYLED

by Gale McGarry

Yours personally!... A hair style created expressly for you by those same clever hands that put glamour into the shining tresses of Hollywood's famous screen stars. Gale McGarry's artful hairstyling ability has made her a favorite with those Hollywood celebrities who demand flattering perfection for their screen work and important public appearances. Now, you too can have Gale McGarry style your hair by simply sending a recent small photo or close-up snapshot. She will create a new flattering, personalized hair-style for you, sending a sketch and full instructions for setting, combing and maintaining! Imagine the thrill and satisfaction of having a glamour-giving new hairstyle actually done by Gale McGarry!

FREE with each new hairstyle... Gale McGarry's own book, "Care of Your Hair," telling all those secrets of the professional stylist for conditioning and maintaining hair beauty and health.

YOU GET:

1. Personalized hair-style sketch.
2. How to shampoo, set, comb.
3. Care of dry hair, oily hair.
4. How to make pin curls.
5. Do's and don'ts for hair beauty.

\$2



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I am enclosing a picture of myself and \$2.00, please style my hair and send me your free book "Care of the Hair."

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Charmful little armful—June Allyson, all set for stormy weather in matching raincoat and umbrella, caught with Ray McDonald on the set of "Till the Clouds Roll By"

(Continued from page 12) fans might be waiting at the stops made during the night. And to their amazement he drove through the city of Washington at night with the lights on *inside* his car. "They want to see me," he explained.

Trailing the Sherrys: The trailer Bette Davis acquired for that trip she and her husband William Sherry will take across country to New Hampshire was hauled onto the set of "Deception" the day Cal went visiting. We were lucky enough to get a grand tour of the three-room beauty-on-wheels and you never saw a more complete and compact house anywhere. There's a complete kitchen with an electric stove, refrigerator, sink, table, cupboards, a neat bath with lavatory, shower and toilet, a clever living room and bedroom combination which Bette is using as a dressing room on the picture. For his birthday Bette gave her husband a complete set of paints, easel and brushes. They will stop en route wherever they choose and Bill will paint to his heart's content. When Bette's birthday rolled around recently, Bill gave her a party with only their Laguna Beach friends present. He is rather adamant on his "no movie colony" ban and Bette, who never was active socially in the Hollywood crowd, doesn't in the least mind. Knowing garnets are her favorite stone, Bill gave Bette a beautiful garnet necklace.

Holiday in Disguise: Ray and Mel Mil-land arrived back from their New York jaunt so weary with crowds, parties and excitement they decided to postpone their South American jaunt until next year. Instead they bought a house in Newport, halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego and are deep in the throes of decorating. Mel and her market basket are a

familiar sight in the village, as the Millands are "housekeeping" themselves with no servants, no anybody to disturb the peace and quiet of Ray's three-months vacation. In the evening they sit out on the sun deck and watch their neighbors, the Bogarts, who live on their boat not far away. Across the cove in private waters, they can glimpse Errol Flynn's yacht with Nora Eddington Flynn and daughter Dierdre entertaining Errol's former wife Lili Damita and the Flynn son, Sean. And that's as near to Hollywood as the exhausted Millands care to come right now. And to make very, very sure it is, Ray has clipped off all his hair and can hardly be recognized with his shorn head and old dungarees.

Solid Comfort: In a small and unpretentious white frame bungalow in an unfashionable section of Hollywood live the Zachary Scotts. Zach in a bright shirt, Elaine, his wife, in trim slacks, meet the guests out on the porch with friendly neighborliness. There is no formality, for the Scotts see to the comfort of the visitor. Elaine spreads the crackers with caviar and chopped onions and Zach hands them around before dinner. The conversation with Waverly their ten-year-old daughter is reminiscent of conversation in thousands of homes everywhere. After dinner Zach proudly shows off the Christmas poster Waverly made for him the time she was ill with measles and after unsuccessfully persuading Jingo, the French poodle, to perform Zach quietly takes him off for a walk. They're a good staunch American family in the midst of glamour and somehow Cal thinks they always will be.

Remembering: The fog had come up suddenly, like an accommodating prop, lending a (Continued on page 16)

ALAN LADD

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romantic best
in the screen's
most dangerous
adventure!

ALAN LADD

and GERALDINE

FITZGERALD

"O.S.S."

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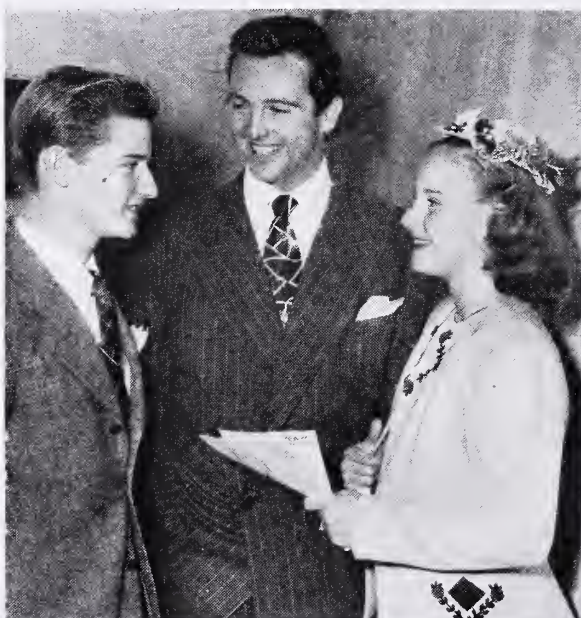
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KAY PREPARATIONS CO., 522 5th Avenue, New York 18

Your time is my time now
... Barbara Stanwyck
shakes a gay finger at
husband Robert Taylor
while dining at Ciro's



Patriots all—Roddy McDowall, David Street and Peggy Ann Garner backstage at Hollywood Bowl for the "I Am an American" Day show

(Continued from page 14) mysterious eeriness, the night we traveled up the twisting, winding roadway that leads to Falcon's Lair, Valentino's home.

It was nearly midnight when our friend, who now lives there quite alone, turned the car through the entrance gate. We paused at the massively carved doors, stepped into the wide foyer and on, into the living room. The heavy black drapes, black velvet carpets, dark beams across the ceiling were gone. The house had been redecorated and the tiny seance room where Valentino and his friends held their mysterious rites was bare and empty.

We remembered his amours, his first heartbreaking efforts to crash movies, his flashing smile as he drove down Sunset Boulevard after "The Sheik," and the headlines when he died suddenly nearly twenty years ago.

From his bedroom downstairs, we stepped out onto the landscaped terrace that leads down to the garden shrine, which was now shrouded in heavy fog, and we shivered. With a sigh of relief we drove back to Beverly Hills, still remembering, still bemoaning an idol that passed too soon.



Claudette Colbert and Natalie Wood air "Tomorrow Is Forever" for Lux Show

**INSIDE
STUFF**

INSIDE STUFF

Stork Dept: Zorina, of the gorgeous torso, and her wealthy bridegroom Goddard Lieberman have a date with the stork this winter . . . And Virginia Gilmore, who deserted movies for stage plays in New York temporarily, will be rocking a cradle soon . . . Trudy Marshall and her husband, Phil Raffin, will be ma and pa by the time this reaches you, as will the Richard Cranes . . . And sympathy goes to little Dorothy McGuire and John Swope whose blessed event turned sad. And they wanted the baby so much . . . The Robert Cummings baby is the "spittin' image" of his pa, as any of their pals will tell you. But when Jack Benny acted as godfather to the child at its christening, he pulled the prize crack on the resemblance. He said, "Looking at that infant is just like looking at Bob through the wrong end of a telescope!"

You Should Know: Don't want to depress you but there's a possibility that you won't be seeing Humphrey Bogart on the screen after the end of this summer—for maybe two years! Reason? That suspension he's been taking at Warners after many arguments there now has him in the mood to sit out the remainder of his contract. He'll accept a loanout to Columbia in the meantime because of a prior understanding—but after that—it's a fifty-fifty bet whether or not he'll do any movies until he's free to pick and choose. After all—he has his "Baby" Bacall—and his boat (to say nothing of that bank account) and those are all he really cares about . . . James Mason is still the "big talk" around Hollywood. Many fan clubs have sprung up for him in this country even though he hasn't set foot on Hollywood soil yet. There's a slight possibility that the new company that Joan Crawford is going to make two pictures for in the fall may snag him for her leading man. What a coup that would be . . . Dave Rose, whether through sentiment or just good business sense, has just bought back the lovely Bel-Air house that he and Judy Garland honeymooned in—and sold at the time of their divorce. And don't be surprised if when he moves in, Jane Nigh, his really best gal, moves in with him as the missus. Think these two are doing a lot of outside dating lately just to throw snoopers off the track.

Ether News: We have a secret about Bing's fall radio plans. He'll switch sponsors—but he's not deserting the ether (we can hear the cheers now!) though just what lucky concern will tie him up is the unknown quantity in our little story. But his "package" show is all set—signed and tied up—between Bing and those who'll be with him. John Scott Trotter and his band; the Charioteers; that wonderful croonstress Peggy Lee (her record-breaking record of "Baby, You Were Sooo Right" slayed you—remember?) and "Skitch" Henderson, who really massages a piano, round out Der Bingle's show.

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INSIDE STUFF

Checkmates—William Eythe ties in with Andrea King's jacket at a recent gay party



profiled at the same party; Helen Walker stresses the point to Lasé Kurt Kreuger

(Continued from page 17)

Tragedy: The tragedy of the month was the sudden death of Mrs. David Niven as a result of an accident at the home of the Tyrone Powers'. Every Sunday the same group of friends, including the ex Harrisons, Richard Greenes, Arthur Little Jr., Cesar Romero, Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini, and the Nivens, gathered at Tyrone's for an afternoon of croquet, tennis or swimming and an evening of parlor games. Time and again someone in the group had reported how glowingly happy the Nivens were and how deeply David loved his wife whom he had met during an trip in England.

When she was due to arrive, David was on hand to meet her. "She's had a wretched time of it during the war without fun or new clothes," David said, "and this eighteen-day crossing with the two babies has been hazardous. Certainly I want to be here to meet her." So David stayed east, flew to Maine to meet the boat from England when it landed there and back to New York arranged with the Raymond Masseys to care for the two small children while he and his "Primmie,"

as he affectionately called her, did the New York shops, the shows and the town.

Hollywood instantly liked the tall, blonde Englishwoman who served as a British WAAF during the war.

At the dinner table at Tyrone's that fatal evening, when they began playing the whispering game, where one tells a tale to his dinner partner who repeats it to his partner and so on until the last person repeats the garbled version, Mrs. Niven called across the table to David, "You're beginning the game counter clockwise, David. That's such bad luck." An hour later while playing "Sardines," a game in which one person secretes himself in a corner and the players attempt to locate him in the dark, Mrs. Niven opened the cellar door by mistake and plunged twenty feet down. At first they all thought it was merely a concussion but as the hours wore on it became apparent her injury was serious.

Never have hearts been so torn with emotion as they have for the popular David. Hollywood knows this will always be a great tragedy in his life and is waiting to help him bear it as best the town can.

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ We don't care what your calendar says—it's June on the cover! And the sunny June Allyson has a lot of the attributes her name implies. She's got sky-blue eyes, hair as blond as a daffodil, and a warmth and brightness that's reminiscent of the loveliest month in the year. For you statistic hounds, we will also state that she's five-feet-one and weighs in at exactly 99. There's no way to measure charm, but she's got oodles.

★ And speaking of charm, M-G-M was looking for exactly that when they needed a star to play the part of Julia Sanderson in "Till The Clouds Roll By". When Miss Sanderson, the famed musical comedy star, was commencing her career, she was small, blue-eyed, blonde, with a sweet voice and a delightful dancing style, so it was as if they'd found her all over again when they cast June Allyson in the role. It's a performance—and a picture—you mustn't miss.

★ June was as delighted as the studio with her role in "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's the life story of Jerome Kern, and to anyone as fond of the theater as June, playing a part in it has strong sentimental inducement. You'll remember June got her start in musicals on Broadway, first as a chorus girl in "Sing Out The News", and then graduating to specialties in other song-and-dance shows. It was in one of those that M-G-M spotted her, and since then she's become as delightful an actress as she is an entertainer.

★ If you saw June in her early pictures, then you realize how ably she fulfilled her promise in "Two Girls And A Sailor", "Music For Millions", "Two Sisters From Boston" and other hits. But the ardent Miss Allyson was never more excited than now. She's like that about her work—and "Till The Clouds Roll By" has her as exuberant as a kid with a sugar-plum.

★ That sparkling enthusiasm is one of June's characteristics. She's that way about everything—her home, her hobbies, her career! June is avid about swimming, sailing, horse-back riding. She collects records and loves planes. But her greatest interest right now is her new home—and her neighbors feel just the way her fans do—she's a lot of fun and their favorite person!

Watch for her next **M-G-M** film hit

★ **TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY** ★



Stronger Grip



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P Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Melody memorandums of the songs you remember from your favorite motion pictures



A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA: Somewhere between all the mad Marx mirthquakes there's a pretty tune called "Who's Sorry Now?" and Bing Crosby (Decca) and Harry James (Columbia) weave it on the waxworks for you.

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS: Again Paramount called upon composer Miklos Rozsa of "The Lost Weekend" and "Spellbound" fame to compose a theme melody for its new dramatic hit. This time it's the haunting "Strange Love." Tex Beneke and the splendid Glenn Miller orchestra give it sympathetic treatment. (Victor)



HOODLUM SAINT: Connie Boswell ably records this film's theme, "Sweetheart," which is a nostalgic favorite of a few years ago. For good measure Miss B. slips in another movie tune, "If I Had a Wishing Ring" from "Breakfast in Hollywood." (Decca)

ONE MORE TOMORROW: Warner Brothers' hopeful drama has a fine title song and the serviceable Glen Gray Casa Loma orchestra platter it for Decca.



NO LEAVE, NO LOVE: M-G-M's forthcoming musical has two potential hits in "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time." The current joy of the jukes, Vaughn Monroe, sings and plays them (Victor) with vocal assists from the Norton Sisters.

JUDY GARLAND: Teaches the newcomers a few vocal tricks with her rendition of the plaintive "Carousel" hymn, "You'll Never Walk Alone." (Decca)



BOB HOPE—SHIRLEY ROSS: A tuneful twosome platter two oldies, "Two Sleepy People" and "When We're Alone" that is great for fireside listening. (Decca)

GILDA: Leo Reisman spins the Rita Hayworth beguine, "Amado Mio," and uses the other side for a dance treatment of the "Spellbound" score. (Decca)



TALK ABOUT A LADY: This Columbia film has a tune dedicated to California's favorite fruit "Avocado" and Decca has the Andrews Sisters singing it affectionately.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Fritz Kreisler records for Victor an album of his own compositions and arrangements of best-loved melodies, including the familiar "Old Refrain" that is tops in violin virtuosity . . . Beethoven's Sonata No. 7 in C Minor for Violin and Piano is a Columbia album classic, played by violinist Isaac Stern and pianist Alexander Kakin . . . Helen Traubel, majestic Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, sings the great Bridal Chamber Scene from "Lohengrin" with fine assistance given by tenor Kurt Baum and Artur Rodzinski's N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia) . . . A perfect combination is found in Andre Kostelanetz conducting a potpourri of Tchaikovsky music, played by the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra. Highlight of this Columbia album is the beautiful "None But the Lonely Heart" . . . For sheer piano magic, don't miss the Franz Liszt Columbia Masterworks album, featuring Gyorgy Sandor, highlighted by a thrilling keyboard rendition of "Hungarian Rhapsody." Columbia has just issued an album of the complete "Showboat" score sung by the original company, including Carol Bruce, Jan Clayton, and Kenneth Spencer. . . . A single twelve-inch record treasure is James Melton's tenoring of "Soliloquy" from "Carousel" recorded on Victor Red Seal.





Boy! Was I glad to get
rid of her!

So I'm looney? So
I'm off my rocker?
But photos do lie, Eddie.
If she is here next week
when you come up you'll
know what I mean.

It's kind of a shame,
too. She's such a swell
gal otherwise, and she
isn't having any fun on
her vacation.

If gals only knew how
guys back away from
halitosis (bad breath)
they wouldn't be without
Listerine Antiseptic ...
not even for a minute.*
See you next week.

Al.

***RIGHT YOU ARE, AL.** It's only good common sense to use Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you want to be at your best. You may not know when you may be troubled this way. And Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful precaution against halitosis of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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SKOAL!

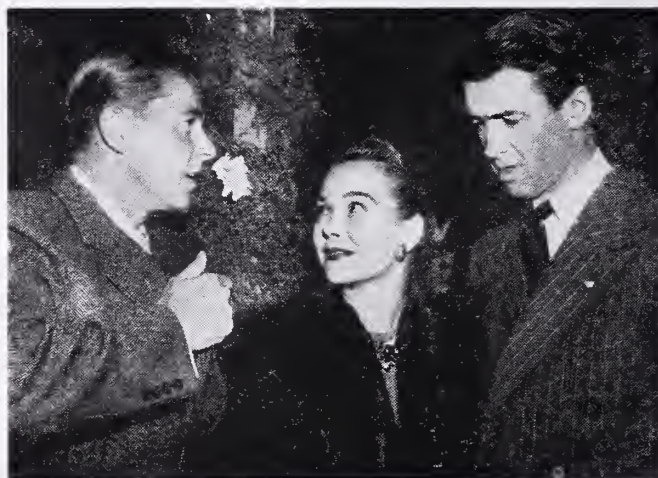
It's "Welcome, friend" in any language as Joan Crawford fetes Swedish actress Viveca Lindfors



A kiss for the doctor—Joan's personal physician, Dr. William Branch, arrives at outdoor party which was given under two tents



The guest of honor Viveca Lindfors, under contract to Warners, gets who's-who tips from hostess Joan Crawford



Glitter guest, Jane Wyman, with Ronald Reagan and Jim Stewart. Party started in smaller tent where there was a bar and tables



Ida Lupino and Billy Daniels find table and time for tidbit exchanging. The party began early and lasted late



Happy hello between Van Johnson and Ann Blyth. A band played in the big tent for the guests in a dancing mood



Lew Ayres, serving Dick Quine, was so food-minded he didn't even notice when Hymie Fink's camera caught up with him



Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert's husband, follows Betty Hutton and her mate Ted Briskin on the buffet round



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Gay Elopement

... to Mexico with
Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier stepping
from the clouds to say "I do!"



Joan, of "From This Day Forward," and groom, Bill Dozier, spent second half of honeymoon in New York

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

IN a graceful old house with a tar roof and grilled gates, Joan Fontaine and William Dozier said "I do" to each other last May second . . . the only English words spoken in a Spanish ceremony. But in any language the marriage ceremony makes the same sweet pledges.

They had eloped in the modern spirit—in a great American World Airways transport plane that left Lockheed Airport late one afternoon and set them down in Mexico City the next day. Once there, they had gone straight to the house of Joan's old friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Conway, and with them had gone Bill Dozier's long-time friend Colonel Max Felix, who was best man. And now, several hours later, they were being married—with Joan looking the way every eloping bride longs to look.

She wore a natural-colored shantung two-piece suit, with a hat of the same shade trimmed in brown and green orchids. On her right arm swung a dark green handbag which she carried open—to show that it was filled with fresh brown and green orchids which she herself had rushed out to buy from a greenhouse only an hour earlier. This was her bridal bouquet, the real orchids in the bag matching exactly the artificial ones on her hat. Beside her stood Bill Dozier, the blue-eyed, brown-haired, thirty-nine-year-old studio executive who was becoming her husband.

There was quiet in the sunlit living room as the flow of Spanish words from the judge came to a stop. Everyone waited, including Joan's attendant, Mrs. Conway; Mr. Conway; and the best man, Colonel Felix. Even the Mexican judge seemed to (Continued on page 26)

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HEDY LAMARR
The seductive and lovely film star, plays the title role in the \$1,000,000.00 motion picture version of the sensational best-seller, *The Strange Woman*, produced by Hunt Stromberg (Photo: United Artists, Inc.)

THE STRANGE WOMAN by Ben Ames Williams

The astounding story of a "Maine Cleopatra" as she was known to her husbands, her sons, her lovers. You will find swift adventure, excitement, terror in the dramatic career of Jenny Hager, soon to be portrayed on the screen by Hedy Lamarr—an amazing woman who turned the face of a saint to the world, but was ruthless to the men who loved her.



THE FOXES OF HARROW by Frank Yerby

From the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city in the world"—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. He loved danger and intrigue, and women loved him. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore him a son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, whose love he threw away—then braved disgrace and ruin to get it back! A gripping 600,000-copy best-seller—soon to be made into a spectacular movie!



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

He knew the whole town's secrets—yet hid a burning secret of his own! Doctor Dan Field knew everything that went on in Willowspring . . . but no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man! This is the prize-winning novel of the year—winner of the publisher's \$20,000 award and the annual \$125,000 prize awarded by M-G-M.



THE RAZOR'S EDGE by W. Somerset Maugham

This was a hunger no earthly love could satisfy—one which tore Larry Darrell from the embraces of lovely Isabel and drove him on a quest around the world! And the story of what he wanted, and in what strange form it came to him, will hold you as though it were your own living experiences. A fascinating novel by "the greatest storyteller of them all."

Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power headline Darryl Zanuck's forthcoming 20th Century-Fox production of *The Razor's Edge*, supported by Herbert Marshall, Clifton Webb and others.

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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called *The Bulletin* telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are sold for \$1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year to fulfill my membership requirements. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus few cents for shipping.

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City. (if any)

State. If under 21, ...

Occupation. Age, please

*Same price in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

(Continued from page 24) be waiting—bewildered.

Finally Joan and Bill spoke simultaneously, laughing and impatient: "What about the ring—and the kiss?" they said.

With that Mrs. Conway and the judge exchanged a few words in Spanish and then Colonel Felix handed Bill the ring and he slipped it on Joan's finger . . . and then they were kissing each other to seal the union. A few minutes later they were leaving for their first night together as man and wife.

Every elopement has a story behind it. Behind Joan's and Bill's are several stories. Bill had just been divorced by his wife of seventeen years' standing, a wife he had married in his boyhood home of Omaha, Nebraska. In the ten years he had lived in Hollywood, he had come a long way—from a business adviser of the Berg-Allenberg Agency to its top story salesman; from that to story head of Paramount; then to assistant to the president of RKO. His forceful personality is known only to the inner circle of Hollywoodia—whereas Joan is famous all over the world. People everywhere know the Fontaine vital statistics: That she was born in Japan; that she was divorced from Brian Aherne two years ago.

But behind this Mexican elopement lay a far different romance to the one Joan had had with Aherne. That first courtship had begun with the time Joan walked out to Brian at a cocktail party and told the amused Englishman: "A fortuneteller told me you and I would be married in a month. I'm Joan Fontaine." There followed a rapid courtship in every night club, at every restaurant—and a month later, marriage.

But this romance had been rooted as deeply in business as the Aherne romance had been rooted in flirtatious fun.

It began one evening last October, when

RKO executive William Dozier asked RKO star Joan Fontaine to have a business dinner with him at Lucey's, directly opposite RKO. This meeting was to discuss "Christabel Cain," in which Joan was to star—a picture that was finally postponed completely.

THAT dinner was the start of many business meetings, most of them at the studio, some of them at the same handy-to-the-studio restaurant. And then one night business went out the window and love came in . . . but still there were overtones of business echoing in their romance—even in Joan's exquisite wedding-ring itself.

It is a beautiful ring—a wide gold band with tiny diamonds forming a barber-pole pattern across it. It was made especially for Joan to wear in "Christabel Cain." When they were discussing a ring before they eloped, Joan told Bill how much she loved that ring.

Bill, without telling her, sent down from his office to the wardrobe department—and bought the ring from the studio! So it was that ring that he slipped on her finger in Mexico City on May second.

Their first two days together were spent in Tasco at the La Borda Hotel, while a typically Mexican wild holiday celebration was going on around them in the town—"some kind of a fourth of July celebration on May 3rd, with firecrackers and everything," the honeymooners explain vaguely . . . vaguely because they were hardly aware of the celebration or of anything else but each other. Then they went to Acapulco for three days, staying at the Los Flamingos Hotel. There Bill took two hours out to go fishing, while Joan stayed ashore and waited for him.

"Since it was his first ocean fishing, I thought he'd come back empty-handed," says she. "But no—he came back with a

150-pound marlin and two large sailfish. After two hours' fishing! That's my Bill!"

Of course honeymooners don't resemble ordinary tourists in any respect, and Joan and Bill hardly saw Mexico City while they were there. They went only once to Ciro's famous night club, and the sole Hollywood acquaintance they looked up was A. C. Blumenthal. Occasionally they visited Joan's Spanish and Mexican friends for cocktails and dinner. But most of the time Joan saw Bill, and Bill saw Joan.

Even the far-famed shopping indulged in by all tourists in Mexico City went by the board. They bought presents only for Joan's cook Augustine, her maid Mona and her new secretary Mary Simpson (who is Bill's former secretary!). Otherwise they came away from Mexico City empty-handed—but full of memories.

They were only in Hollywood two days before leaving for the second half of their honeymoon. They headed for New York. Joan's sister Olivia de Havilland met them at dawn at the airport, and for the next six days they were on a dizzying round of theater-going and partying—with a different cocktail party given in their honor every night of the visit. And Joan made up for the "no shopping" in Mexico City—by buying so many fluffy new hats for herself that now she owns eighty-five! "But I never dare wear one without Bill's okay," she says, laughing.

One night they were rushing out to see the play "State of the Union." In the elevator as they went down to the lobby, Bill suddenly discovered that they had four tickets instead of two. "What'll we do with the extra ones?" Joan asked as they raced through the lobby toward the taxi. She smiled in passing at two of her most faithful fans, a ten-year-old and a twelve-year-old who waited nightly at the hotel door to wave to her.



Together Again

IRRESISTIBLE *P.W. LIPSTICK

and METAL SWIVEL CASE

*Pre-War IRRESISTIBLE is back and lovelier lips can be yours again today! WHIP-TEXT to be creamy soft, yet firm, non-breaking, IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK is smoother, longer lasting, even more wonderful than you remember it—thanks to wartime research. And it comes in a metal swivel case that works!

Irresistible CANDY STRIPE Lipstick
a clear, red red . . . WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . longer lasting!



in handsome metal swivel case

10c & 25c sizes

Bill saw them too, and pulled Joan to a stop just outside the taxi. "Why not take the two kids with us?" he asked, gesturing toward the small fans at the hotel door.

"Why not indeed?" said Joan—and so it was that two startled and utterly delighted kids found themselves swooped into a taxi with Joan and Bill and carried off to an evening in the theater. In the foyer of the theater, Joan telephoned their parents to tell them the children wouldn't be home until eleven. And after the theater, Joan and Bill saw the two dazed youngsters home in a taxi.

They will have the place (if not the time) for all kinds of hospitality in their newly bought honeymoon home in Brentwood. It is a small and charming house made of flagstone and redwood, set in three and a half acres of woods. There's an orchard, too, and beside the house is a pool. In the house will live the newlyweds, plus three other people—Joan's tried-and-true servants Augustine and Mona, and her new secretary Mary Simpson. They expect Bill's sixteen-year-old son by his former marriage to come calling often, and to bring his friends for a swim.

The furnishings of the house are from Joan's recently-sold home, but all of her "formal" things she has put in storage—all her elaborate silver and linens. For Joan, famed in Hollywood as a precisely perfect hostess, now has a completely new concept of happy living.

"We're going to live in a different way, Bill and I," she says now. "We're going to live informally. Our living room will prove it. It's an enormous room, and we're going to try and make it look like the outdoors—with pottery and plants, and great glass windows overlooking the pool. And for carpeting we're going to use a huge artificial grass mat, the kind they use on a movie set for lawns. We'll have card tables scattered around it, and a built-in Capehart, and in it we hope to entertain at casual buffet dinners—and to just enjoy it when we're alone together."

This from the girl who planned the perfect bachelor girl house with no servants and no steady man in her life! But love changed her mind and heart and blueprints for the bachelor-girl house have been carefully tucked away!

THE enjoyment of their new home couldn't start for more than three weeks after their return from New York, though. They reached Hollywood again on a Saturday morning. Saturday noon they moved into their new house... and Saturday night Joan left for location on her new picture, "The Emperor Waltz."

But the location, Jasper National Park in Canada, was beautiful enough to almost make it seem worthwhile. Here Joan (an Academy Award winner for "Suspicion") was acting with Bing Crosby (the Academy Award winner for "Going My Way")—under the producing-directing banners of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder (Academy Award winners for "The Lost Weekend"). And to make things perfect, Bill decided to spend ten days on location with Joan. She could act, he could fish—and their honeymoon could go on.

"But we expect to honeymoon for at least ten more years," he says, looking into her eyes. "After ten years, then maybe we can settle down to being dull married people."

"And meanwhile we'll have three children," Joan says, looking into Bill's eyes. "Yes indeed," says Bill. "One that looks like Joan—and another that looks like Joan—and another that looks like Joan!"

"You're a very lucky guy," grins Joan. "You're a very lucky girl," grins Bill. How can you help wishing a couple like that all the luck in the world? Even if they don't need your wishes?

THE END

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

- ☐ A hot bath
- ☐ A lukewarm bath
- ☐ A cold shower



When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant*? Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

- ☐ Smooth them with an emery board
- ☐ Trim them with your teeth
- ☐ Wear artificial nails

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever*, nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. That means curfew for chafing!



What's new on the beach this year?

- ☐ The Life Guard
- ☐ The Bloomer Girl
- ☐ The hamburgers

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends*: pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost



More women choose KOTEX^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Let's Celebrate!

... a summertime of joyous romance!
... a screen full of stars and spectacle!
... a story full of glorious new Kern songs!

JEANNE
CRAIN

as starry-eyed JULIA!



CORNEL
WILDE

as fascinating PHILIPPE!



LINDA
DARNELL

as sultry EDITH!



WILLIAM
EYTHE

as good old BEN!



JEROME KERN'S

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

IN TECHNICOLOR



WALTER
BRENNAN

as irascible JESSE!



CONSTANCE
BENNETT

as man-grabbing ZENIA!



DOROTHY
GISH

as lovely HARRIET!

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER



Screen Play by Michael Kanin • Based on the Novel by Albert E. Idell • Music by Jerome Kern • Dances Staged by Dorothy Fox

20th
CENTURY-FOX



20 Candles

BY JACK L. WARNER

TWENTY years ago, the Warner brothers stood on the threshold of a vision.

Vitaphone was ready. Sound motion pictures were a reality. Years of planning and research now were rewarded by the assurance of success.

But the extent of that success was beyond the grasp of anyone at the time.

In mid-1926, when Vitaphone was ready for its introduction, we were in the twentieth year of motion-picture business. The beginning had been a tiny theater remodeled from a storeroom in New Castle, Pa. My father had had to pawn his cherished gold watch to raise the money for our start. We had borrowed ninety-six chairs from a nearby undertaker and every time a funeral took place the audience had to stand.

By 1912, when there were five Warner theaters, we decided the only way to insure a supply of acceptable films was to make them ourselves.

From the time of our entrance into production, many factors worked in our favor. But I am sure, now, that the cohesive force in our company's progress was our earnest belief in the importance of motion pictures and the inevitability of their advancement. We attempted many developments and changes of technique, some of which today might appear trivial or obvious. But at that time, they were critical milestones.

The time came when it appeared likely that science could give substance to our dream. To



go ahead would call for the staking of our entire resources.

We went ahead. And we won. It was a hard, exhausting experience. An unforeseen sacrifice was the life of my brother, Sam L. Warner, who unstintingly had given himself to the vision of progress.

Ahead of the company now spread a panorama of triumph. From every quarter came the highest praise—for the technical perfection and the artistic achievement of Vitaphone. What few of us realized then

was the far more important fact that democracy was to be given a new voice. Now all the people of the world—all, at least, who were permitted to patronize the politically untrammelled screen—would be able far better to understand each other's ambitions, problems and ways of life. Unable to help in preventing war, because they were banned from the screens of the aggressor nations, American films did help to awaken democratic countries to the dangers ahead.

In war, motion pictures served spectacularly in conveying government messages to the home front. And in the preparation of troops, they were credited with a reduction in training time of as much as forty per cent.

Our company is proud of having brought into reality its original dream of giving a voice to the screen. But we are prouder still of having met, in full measure, the great responsibilities and opportunities presented by the medium we created.

My Hollywood Friends Give a
Baby Shower



Timothy Richard Quine, Susan's new inspiration, is already "Casey" to dad Dick

I want you to know two people in my life. One is Timothy Quine whom Dick and I have just adopted; the other is Laraine Day who started the whole thing . .

Susan Peters



Susan opens packages, Laraine Day, June Allyson, Ann Rutherford, Donna Reed and many others watch



I'M glad it's Laraine I'm writing about this month. She'll understand if I should digress a bit. You see, I don't become a mother in every issue. I must watch myself in the future, too, or this series will switch from "My Hollywood Friends" to "My Baby's Diary," or "The Life and Loves of Timothy Quine." We adopted Tim, (it was a mutual agreement—he likes us, too!) when he was ten days old. He weighed nine pounds, two ounces at birth and he has the prettiest blue eyes you ever—there, you see!

The reason I'm so sure Daisy (that's Laraine) will understand my motherly one-track is that we are both in the same bassinet, so to speak. She, too, is an adopted mother—but on a mass production basis. What Henry Kaiser was to wartime shipbuilding, Daisy is to post-war baby adopting. The Hendricks family grew larger by three little people within seven months! That's a family, son!

Laraine just naturally does things in a big way. If it's worth doing, it's worth doing—colossally. No matter if it's a job of acting to be done, a home to run, a dress to wear, or a party to give. For instance, the shower she gave for Timothy last Sunday. Tim looked so cute. He was dressed in a blue knitted—well, I'll tell you about that (*Continued on page 103*)



Hostess Laraine Day and Susan inspect shower-ings

Complete in this issue—

condensation of the book

published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.



"We all tried to kill him but
we couldn't corner him."

*Timble &
Nibbles playing
together*

E.T.

Nibbles

A Hollywood princess has written a book
the smiles and tears in the life of a



*He would sit balancing on one daisy while he ate
the others apart*



EVER since I was a little girl I have had all sorts of pets. I remember in England at our house in the country there was a nest under the eaves, just outside my bedroom window, with a darling little family of swallows in it. That was why we named our house Little Swallows.

It was such fun down there. You see we lived in London on Wildwood Road, and we went down to Little Swallows for the summer and weekends. The days were so busy and so exciting with all our pets. My brother Howard (who is two years and eight months older than I am) always had a lot of pets too.

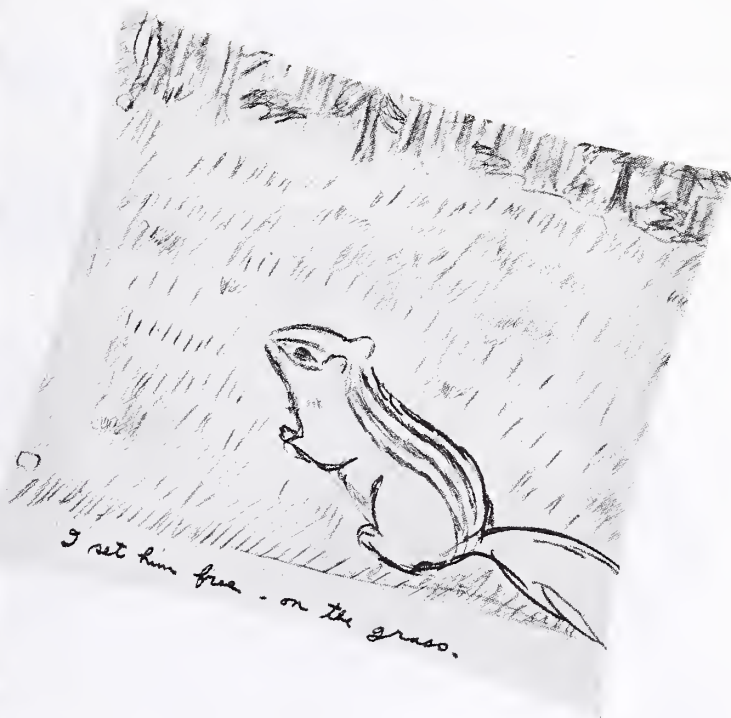
We had rabbits, turtles, snakes, baby lambs, guinea pigs. Then we always had kittens all over the place and dogs of all kinds.

But—we never had a Chipmunk!

Now if you have never had a chipmunk, you won't know what you have missed. I think a chipmunk is the



Young author Elizabeth with her pet Nibbles



and me

BY *Elizabeth Taylor*

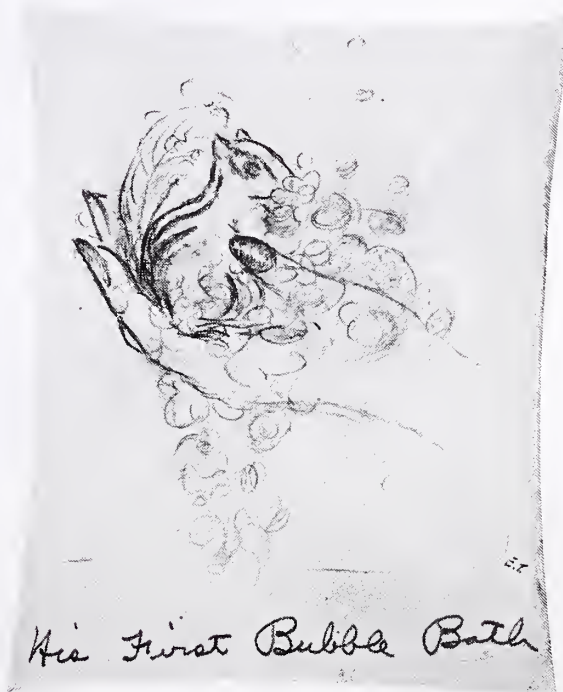
—every word her own. It tells of chipmunk. It tells of Elizabeth, too

nicest *little* pet and companion anyone could possibly have. I caught twenty-five when we were on location and they were all different. Some were shy and timid, some more daring and bold. But the point of it is they were *all little individuals*, and then! there was—

NIBBLES.

TO introduce you properly to Nibbles, I'll have to tell you first of all *how* and where he came into my life. It was a year ago this August when we went to Lake Chelan, Washington, on location for "The Courage of Lassie." When I read the manuscript, I could hardly wait to get started. The first part of the picture is like a wonderful symphony acted out by all sorts of animals. And when I heard we were going to Lake Chelan for three months—three months outdoors—it just seemed too good to be true.

Mummie was afraid I would be lonesome without any other children to play with, but (Continued on page 68)



One Dream For Two



Dream, it says here. But what do you call a dream that comes true?

"Symphony of love," chorus Jeanne and Paul



Climax of three years—a kiss in the kitchen

THIS is to give you the present Crossley on Hollywood's "madcap" marriage. To tell you what manner of girl she is, this very lovely, very young Jeanne Crain who had the courage to take what she wanted in her two slim hands. To get you further acquainted with the man who carried off the sought-after beauty against formidable odds.

Looking at Jeanne Crain you find yourself thinking of New York in May, after a clean spring rain. It seems almost impudent to ask this fresh, dewy-eyed girl how her marriage is working out. When, not fifteen minutes later, her darkly handsome young husband joins her, the answer is all too obvious.

Paul Brinkman arrives early to pick up his wife. You sense immediately that they don't like to be separated for very long. He offers to go away and come back later—but by that time Jeanne has made room for him and is pulling him down beside her.

What do they talk to each other about, this supposedly madcap pair? They talk of floor plans, of blueprints, of the progress of the home they are building. Of plumbing, and gravel, and the cost of trees. Good sound stuff! With an African safari thrown in to help it up a bit.

Looking at Paul Brinkman carefully, curiously, you like what you see. It seems good and right to trust the happiness of the much-loved young star to this particular young man. His manner is impressive. He has a dashing quality in his good looks, his tanned face, his casual clothes, which he wears with the complete assurance attributed to well-dressed Englishmen. With his girl wife he exhibits a deep sweetness.

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS



Love's tender vision—travel, the house they're building

Jeanne Crow



Breakfast at the Brinkmans—who just get used to one kitchen when it's time to move again



In the Brinkman family it's Paul who's the boss



It is hard to look at them now and remember that their wedding on the last day of 1945 unleashed a storm of speculation about their chances for lasting happiness. But the surface facts seemed to indicate that they had several counts against them.

In the first place, Jeanne was very young and of the Catholic faith and personal conviction which meant that her marriage would be "for keeps." Her sophisticated husband was not of the motion-picture world which claimed so much of his bride's love and interest. Most important, Jeanne's mother had not been able, at a given moment on Christmas Eve, to say the words that would encourage this beloved young daughter to take such a final step.

Jeanne Crain left her home that Christmas Eve and remained in seclusion until, by special dispensation from her church, setting aside the publishing of the last two bans, she was able to wed the man of her choice. It all added up, in the dramatic searchlight of publicity, to a "madcap" marriage.

But the true story is something very far removed from the hasty or thoughtless act of two infatuated people. The happiness and success of their union, evidenced by their real serenity and contentment, by their far-reaching plans for a rich full future, is the result of their strict adherence to what they consider the most important thing in (Continued on page 107)

Hazel-eyed heartbeat: Jeanne Crain of "Centennial Summer"

Color portrait by Powolny

Clark Gable



Carpenter

King of his valley: Ranch hand Clark Gable in his happiest role

The Score On *Gable*

He rang the bell in "Adventure"—against his own judgment. He does all right in the romance handicaps, too. But there's another score that Clark Gable has yet to settle

"GABLE'S back and Garson's got him," screamed the nation's billboards this spring. "Adventure greatest smash in years," proclaimed the movie trade papers. "That Gable! What a star!" murmurs Hollywood.

But—

"How bad does a picture have to be to make a fortune?" asks Mr. Gable himself. "Am I as lousy as I appeared to be to be in that one?"

Clark Gable is gratified at the success of "Adventure" and feels a deep sense of satisfaction and humility over the fact that his public did not forget him. But he's not fooled by this hit. He's not fooled by many things. Not that he is a great thinker. But he instinctively arrives at the right answers.

Now that he's back, now that he's returned to civilian life—and now that neither Garson nor any other lovely has got him—he is trying to find a lot of right answers to many things. The most popular man in the world, he's desperately lonely. He dashes around from place to place—in any one of his five high-powered cars, or by plane, or by motorcycle, or on horseback—but he doesn't remain anywhere.

Recently he was at the Arizona Biltmore, that luxury hotel in Phoenix, having a bout of hunting, golfing and riding. There the name in the Gable news was blonde and gracious Mrs. Betty Chisholm, widow of iron magnate Archie Chisholm. She has a home in the Biltmore Estates not far from the hotel and Clark spent a good deal of time with her, for she fits the Gable formula of being a good sport. Also, it is possible they had something in common in the memory of a love taken away by death. (Continued on page 110)

Tee-off: Clark's a persistent and excellent golfer





THE thing I like best about Guy Madison is his frankness.

I let other people swoon over his tall and terrific looks. What I go for is the way Guy gives you a straight answer. He'll level with you even when he knows his answer may hurt.

Take hats, for instance. He hates them. I do too. But sometimes I've got to wear them. I put one on and I ask in what I hope is a very persuasive voice, "How do I look?"

"Gruesome," says Guy.

He's like that about everything. He thinks if people ask his opinion they really want it. So he gives it. That's personal integrity, a wonderful quality anywhere, a practically unique quality in Hollywood. Maybe it's even a stern quality, but I like it because you know where you stand with Guy.

Not, you understand, that it bores me that he's handsome—but I've always sort of disregarded looks in a man—and so does Guy. He's not such a goon that he's unaware of the total effect of his height, his face and his eyes combined, but he has no conceit about it. I suppose one of the things I admire most about him is that he refuses to wear any make-up whatsoever for the camera, and I've never yet caught him in that comb-through-the-wavy-hair routine. He's always sneaking away to comb it because people are forever kidding him about it. He always comes back with it plastered down.

All I've ever required of a man is that he should look rugged.

Another sharp thing about him is his having so many (Continued on page 74)

"Kicks!" That's Guy's word—the one

he and Gail use to describe their friendship

because it sums up all their fun and excitement

BY GAIL RUSSELL



Gail, of "The Angel and the Outlaw," made Guy learn to rumba

my kind of **Guy!**

Days to remember from an ace director about a redhead the marquee calls Rita Hayworth and whom he calls "all emotion"

RITA HAYWORTH has to work with other directors. I have to work with other stars. Therefore it is, I suppose, very indiscreet of me to say that she is my favorite star—and I hope I am her favorite director. But that is what she is and that is what I hope I am.

I regard Rita as one of the most beautiful, one of the most talented, and one of the sweetest of human beings. We have made three pictures together so far—her first essay into real acting, "The Lady in Question" in 1940, and her two top hits, "Cover Girl" and "Gilda." Personally, I wish we were going to make another thirty together.

Do not decide from this that I am a Pollyanna who feels admiringly about all stars. I would undoubtedly be a much nicer person if I did and perhaps a much better director. But since I'm trying to tell the truth about Rita, I might as well go the whole way and tell the truth about me, too.

There are, alas, some stars whom I can't abide—and probably they return the feeling. Once I made a picture with a star to whom I never spoke—off the set. That's how terribly we were on one another's nerves.

A director's job is to get from his players a greater performance than they know they are (Continued on page 86)

Rita Hayworth of "Down to Earth"
Color picture by Coburn



Rita Hayworth

Exciting Woman

BY CHARLES VIDOR

As told to Ruth Waterbury



DARK HOUR

It was the blackest night of his life as he walked alone,
a three-time failure, fighting the will to die

BY DOROTHY DEERE



Greg, at twenty-one, on his first trip east to Ithaca, where he rowed stroke for U. of C. junior varsity crew

IT WAS a black night, but a soft one. Breathing was like a deep drink of mimosa and jasmine syrup with a stir of Pacific salt-breeze for seasoning. All the sharp noises of the day had muffled themselves in dusk. Tires hummed instead of sang on the pavement now and the radios along the California campus row had taken on a wooing tone. Even the trees held their ceaseless conversation down to a gentle whispering. . . .

A soft night for most, but for the tall boy walking alone it was only a black one. Gregory Peck's fists were clenched in his pockets and his face strained upward to the stars. Perhaps no one abroad this night was so acutely conscious of how close those stars seemed, or so agonizingly aware of how unattainable they actually were. His long legs that had no clear idea of where they were going quickened their desperate stride.

Not mimosa, but a stale odor of cookery drifted from a sorority house window as he passed. "Phi Beta Cabbage" house, the fellows called it who "hashed" there for their meals. Under their breaths, they called it that because the girls in the house were pretty and pert, and even running down to breakfast in flannel robes and with their curlers still tied up under scarves, they smelled quite pleasant. There was one girl, with green eyes, who used an especially nice brand of soap or cold cream or something. The trouble was that the green eyes could turn so mocking and the lips under them could take on such a quick, amused curve, if a fellow proved a bit awkward in setting the coffee or scrambled eggs on the table. The mocking green eyes and the amused smile had been there in the student theater workshop tonight—along with all the other mocking eyes and smiles. . . .

Gregory knew, as he (Continued on page 94)

Gregory Peck



Friends in profile: Gregory Peck, of "The Yearling," and his dog Perry

Engstead

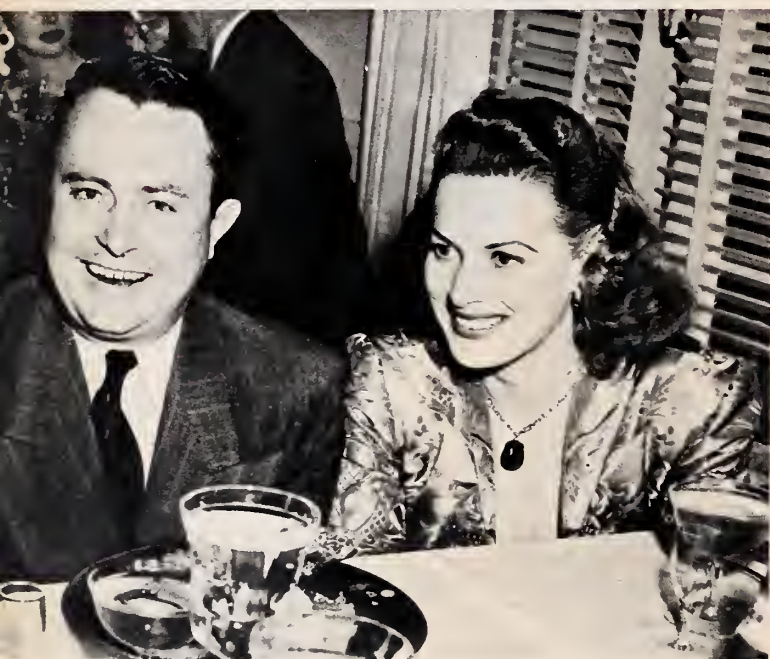
Oh, O'Hara!



Maureen O'Hara's tiny daughter doesn't have a tiny name—she's Bronwyn Bridget FitzSimons Price!

She rates whistles on the street, but feels more like a queen when a man doffs his hat in the elevator

By BEN MADDOX



Maureen of "Do You Love Me?" and Will dine out Mondays, by-passing swank cafes for little restaurants with good food

YOU can't understand Maureen O'Hara unless you meet her. Then it doesn't take long, for she is no poseur, this girl who, after weathering years in Hollywood as a mere beauty, is now coming spectacularly into her own.

You sense instantly she's not cold or haughty, as the scripts of the swashbuckling tales she's decorated have made her. There's a clear, fresh warmth to her smile and the grasp of her hand. As you talk to her you know she would never be attracted by a super-dashing, flamboyantly adventurous hero, for great gestures strike no spark in her.

Almost the only thing she has in common with what you have seen on the screen is her beauty. Yet there is a surprise quality even in this. For she hasn't a vestige of vanity. Good looks run in her Irish family, so she takes them for granted. Her share she regards as nothing but a professional asset, never to be used as a snare for others or as a substitute for qualities that count.

Blithely she violates many a touted Hollywood rule; for instance, the one about being seen with the right people. Maureen herself would be the first to tell you she's not in with the society pace-setters.

"I've rarely been asked to a glittery Hollywood party," she admits frankly. And adds, under her breath, "My life with my husband is simple and complete." Thus she proves you don't have to buzz about with the gay whirlers to be rated as one of the top actresses (Continued on page 71)

Maureen O'Hara



Taking Drake Apart...

... and putting him together again

through a revealing friend's-eye view

BY HOWARD SHARPE



A must-be-alone moment to catch up on books

IF YOU want to know what Tom Drake is doing these days—what he thinks, how he feels about things, what gets his goat, what doesn't, what he does and with what fervor he does it—you would be well advised to go out to M-G-M and look up, first, a writer named Morton Thompson. Thompson has two great enthusiasms, one old, one new. The first: Horses. The second: Tom.

They first met one morning when the young man came hesitantly into Morton's office carrying a book. It was Thompson's "Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player" and would Mr. Thompson mind autographing it? This sort of thing is always a mussy business; you have to be grateful and modest and casual all at once; you have to keep the rest of the paragraph you were writing in mind while you gabble something and the pen always, diabolically, runs out of ink.

Besides, this fellow looked a good seventeen-without-much-sleep-lately, bit his nails and obviously had selected his clothes from the United Nations Relief box up by the front gate. Thompson, who rather likes lemon-colored flannels and twenty-dollar shirts, felt suddenly short of conversational topics. Remembering that, for the movies, the title of his book had been changed to "My Brother



His sister Clare shared oatmeal-eating days with him

Tom Drake



Young man's fancy is flying

Tom Drake starred in "The Crown Jewel"

Fink



The lived-in living room of his house. Tom's a seeker, demanding to know the answers to whatever interests him

They're buddies—Tom, as an Army sergeant, with Lassie during filming of M-G-M's "The Courage of Lassie"



Now he's a bachelor with a domestic touch



Playground playmates—Tom and his three-year-old niece, Casey

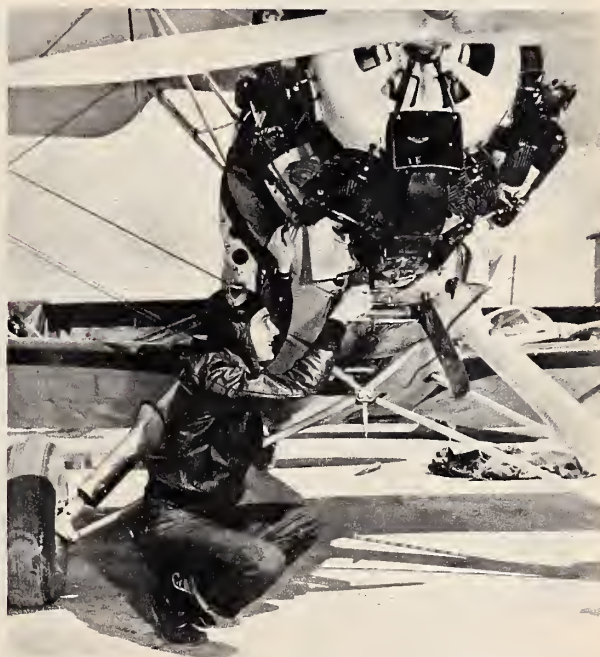
Who Talks to Horses," he made a remark or two about the ponies.

The next thing he knew he found himself tearing down the highway to Tijuana, Mexico, on the way to the races there. They were in Tom's convertible, piloted by Tom himself, who lay flat on his spine behind the wheel and looked anywhere but at the road. Thompson—when he could speak again—said, "Why don't you take up flying and be done with it?"

"Good idea," said Tom. "As soon as I get the racing stable started." He considered for a moment. "What the heck," he said then, "no reason why I can't do both at once. What kind of a plane should I buy first?"

Morton just sat, a delighted, amazed grin spreading over his face. No one like this had happened to him in years and he had just discovered that he could be very fond of this young man, given time.

"Tom," says Thompson, "is the most naive living human, and yet one of the smartest. He can't add two and two, but he can take a Taylor-Craft two-seater upstairs with an instructor for one hour, and then they tell him to go for his physical so he can solo next time. He can't tell a stallion from a mare in the paddock but he can remember off-hand the names of every (Continued on page 91)



The motor check and then the fun of a flying lesson



Richard and Betty
script-scanning, or
is it gag-planning?

IT'S A JOKE, SON

New high in hilarity! Anything can happen—and does—

when Dick Haymes and Betty Grable pair in pranks



Cute trick Betty Grable, in bobby-socks, teams up with Dick Haymes while their voice coach, Charlie Henderson, plays listener

A BETTY GRABLE-Dick Haymes set should have a tent over it; it's a circus. . . .

When the landlord serves eviction papers, or a holiday closes the local bars, or the market drops ten points, those on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot in search of a laugh rush to the set where Betty and Dick are working. For this is the stamping ground of the pixilated zanies.

While Betty and Dick were making "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," Dick was scheduled to give a noon interview. He was chatting with the writer when Bill Burton, eyes a-glitter, dropped into a chair and pulled himself up to the table. "Don't let on," he warned Dick, "but I've just planted a wonderful gag with Betty. I told her—strictly in confidence, see—that today was your birthday. I said you had kept the date dark because you didn't want to take a lot of ribbing. Nor, on the other hand, did you want a



Picketeering pranksters Peggy Ann and Barbara add a new twist to laugh lines



Gay nineties setting for modern jokesters

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

big celebration planned. She was all excited. Said she was going to have a cake with candles sent to the table."

Dick groaned. "You shouldn't have done it," he said. "You know how Betty is. She'll send her secretary out to Beverly Hills and pick up some really nice gift for me. The truth that this isn't my birthday is going to fall pretty flat when I'm handed some white-tissue package."

A few minutes later the waitress arrived at the table bearing a silver tray covered by a glistening white napkin. With a ceremonial flourish, she set it before Dick. "From Miss Grable," she said.

Dick swung around toward the table at which Betty was seated, bowed, grinned rather sheepishly, then turned back to his own table. "You see," he said to Bill Burton. He lifted the napkin . . . and roared. In all its splendor there lay the very (Continued on page 116)

Suffering from gag-shock is Betty, co-star of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrimage"



It's a dog's life. Madame Allyson-Powell thinks Heathcliff should take his fiancée, Heidi, a posy



June Allyson, self-styled hillbilly from Westchester



Junie likes to cook by instinct, but it takes a book to learn to sail

June Days



Cover Girl

She's pert, she's perky, she's Peter

Pan with a yearning for learning—

Junie, the blue-jeaned dynamo

BY HERB HOWE

Heave ho! June, star of "Two Sisters from Boston," proves that she's no landlubber



Wifely touches for Richard of "The Brick Foxhole"

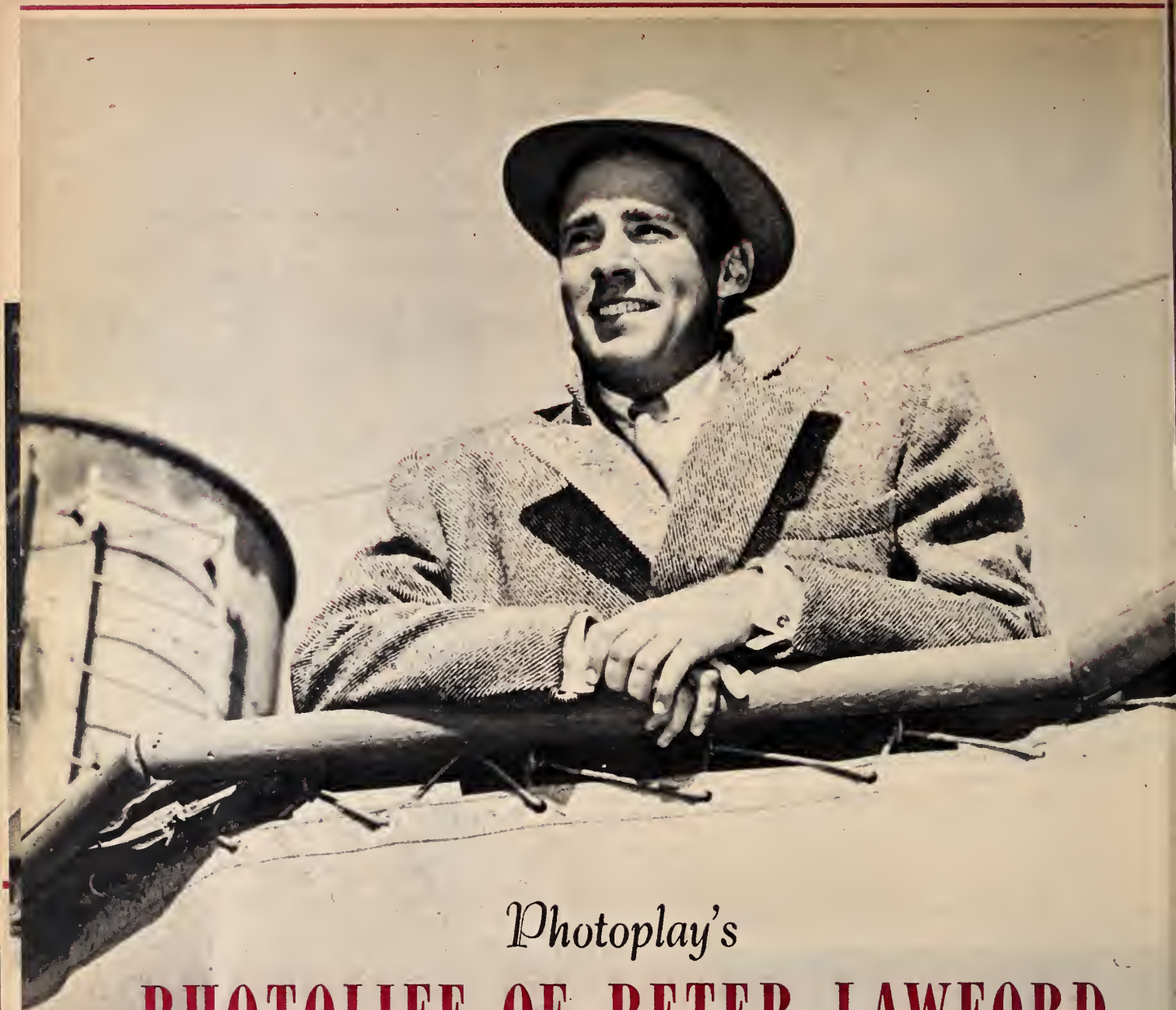


OUR Junie has a brand-new set of encyclopedia and plans to have four brand-new babies, as distinguished from the adopted kind, thereby finding time to read all twenty-four volumes. Only by these Acts of God can a star like Junie get any time to herself. Junie ambitiously figures six volumes to the baby without allowing for the possibility of all four chickadees arriving in a set like encyclopedias or Dionnes (minus one). In that quad-blessed event the studio might allow no more time out than for one six-volume accouchement. Anyhow, here's a hot tip for Louella, our beloved stork-chaser: *Just find out when Junie begins a volume.*

The studio has her working in two pictures simultaneously so they will be ahead, although this really signifies nothing inasmuch as the public is always yelling for more Junie as for sugar.

"Richard says it doesn't hurt to know a little bit about everything," is the way June explains the encyclopedias. Richard is her husband, hitherto known as Dick Powell, reformed crooner turned crook.

Sparked by Richard, Junie is sampling all the sweets of knowledge. She stuck her thumb into the Britannicas and pulled out "science" which she finds so delectable she is crying for a laboratory. Richard says he will build her one (*Continued on page 113*)



Photoplay's **PHOTOLIFE OF PETER LAWFORD**

SOME movie stars have traveled around the world on the screen. Peter Lawford has done his traveling in real life. He was born on September 7, 1923, in London, the only child of Lieutenant General Sir Sydney (retired) and Lady Lawford.

He has probably visited more countries than most travelers see in a lifetime and his wanderings read like Sinbad's diary—Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Deauville, Cannes, Sydney, Melbourne, Colombo, Honolulu, Tahiti, Barcelona, Lisbon, Nassau, Bombay, Panama. . . .

Strangely enough, it was Peter's successful debut in British pictures (in "Old Bill" in 1930) which started him on his travels. Papa Lawford didn't relish the idea of a child prodigy for a son so he kept his boy out of harm's way by making two trips around the world during the next eight years. Their world wanderings wound up in Hollywood where by a strange freak of fate Peter's histrionic talents were to save the day for the Lawford dynasty!

BY LYNN PERKINS



M-G-M executives were searching high and lo!—in walked the very young man they were looking for. Peter Lawford had arrived on a sight-seeing jaunt of the studio. Here eagle-eyed big shots, desperate for a British lad to play in “Lord Jeff,” pounced on him and wouldn’t let him leave the lot before he had signed a contract

There was a Palm Beach vacation at the outbreak of World War II with Peter out of funds, owing to the freezing order on British currency. The versatile lad rode herd on cars in a parking lot to earn the fare back to California



Back in Hollywood, Peter found that, unfortunately, one role doesn’t necessarily mean another. A fanatical movie fan, he satisfied his hobby and solved his financial problems by working as an usher and general handy man at the Westwood Village Theater

He got a part in the Academy Award-winning picture, "Mrs. Miniver." Next, "Eagle Squadron," "Thunderbirds" and, back at M-G-M, "A Yank at Eton." He started studying like mad under Lillian Burns, dramatic coach and noted star groomer

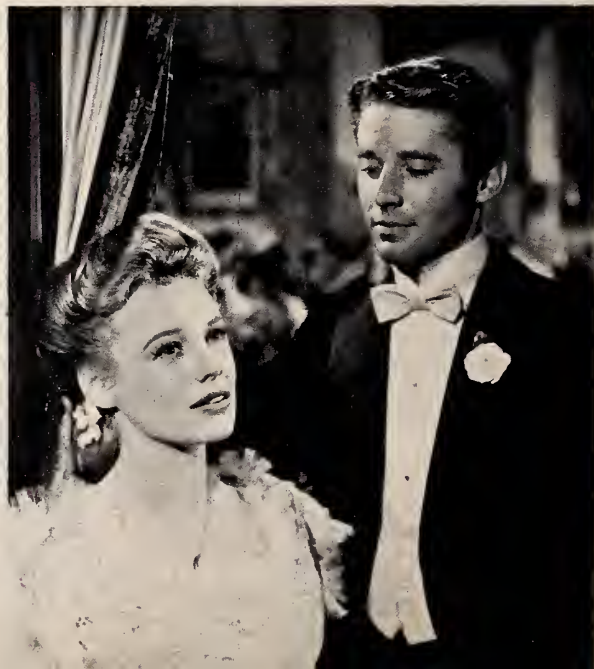


His musical slant on life is towards ukulele and drums. He likes his music hot! In fact, he likes everything American, including hot dogs and drive-ins and he soon hopes to become an honest-to-goodness American—when he gets his citizenship papers

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF PETER LAWFORD



Lawford's aristocratic air fits him perfectly for his role in "Two Sisters from Boston"—a wealthy art patron. Here he's with co-star June Allyson. Pete also stars with Jennifer Jones in "Cluny Brown"



An injury to his right arm which kept Pete out of war didn't keep him off the courts. Resolutely, he built himself into a fine left-handed tennis player, but he doesn't find it relaxing; comments, "I enjoy my work so much that it's a game—and by a strange twist, games are work!"



His tremendous vitality seems to counteract his one meal a day—one continuous one. He is a remorseless eater. Lady Lawford starts her men off with a big breakfast. When he's away from the set, ten to one you'll find him in the commissary downing a hunk of pastry and malted milk



He loves to swim, prefers rough seas—enjoys the thrill of battling big waves. With friends he has explored the Pacific Coast; has discovered many exciting coves and beaches

By the polls, and by the mathematics of the fan-mail figures, Peter Lawford, who is six feet tall and weighs 158 pounds, is coming to be reckoned, by all accounts, as "the hottest young man in Hollywood"!

Peter is not (yet) entirely American in word . . . but he is all-American in *deed*! In the United States five years, he is readying for his citizenship papers by making an extensive study of America.

His parents share in everything he does—and often, when he goes home from work or a date to the modest white stucco cottage in Westwood, he finds admiring fans visiting with his parents while they wait for him.

Eager, intelligent, talented, young Lawford combines the best qualities of the British and American characters. In the near future you will be meeting a new man—

—Peter Lawford, American



His idea for day's-end relaxation—a quiet dinner with girl friend Beverly Tyler at some out-of-the-way, little-known foreign restaurant. The continental influence still occasionally exerts itself on an otherwise thoroughly American young man



No love code. Glenn had a reason and Bette lost a bet

WHO'S *superstitious!*



Bob Hutton—a double-number-one guy since the day he was born

If you break a mirror do you shudder—just a little—at the seven years ahead?

Ever hang a horseshoe over your door?

Some manner of superstition is common to almost all of us. For superstitions are heritages, handed down from our savage ancestors who eons ago roamed a wet green world. The origins of many have been lost with the years. Others, like a broken mirror bringing bad luck or a horseshoe over a doorway bringing good luck, are easily explained.

The savage who watched his reflection in a pool believed part of his spirit was imprisoned there too. If a stone was thrown into the water, perhaps by an enemy, and broke his image, he screamed with agony and writhed on the ground as if mortally wounded. For he believed, you see, that when his image was shattered some of his spirit had flown from him—that he was in danger of dying, that anything could happen for the next seven moons; seven being the mystic number of all time. Thus, breaking a mirror, we fear “seven years of bad luck.”

A horseshoe, like the headdress of Isis the Egyptian goddess of life, is an inverted U. The ancients, terrorized by death, hung a U emblem over their doorways to keep evil spirits away. Even as you and I.

Often enough, of course, still responding to our distant relatives' belief that certain symbols court good fortune or repel ill fortune, we create superstitions of our own based on individual or family experience. . . .

Like Glenn Ford who sees to it that the letters OPC appear in every picture he makes. In “Flight Lieutenant” these letters were worked into the orders on the fliers' call-board. In “Texas” they were written on the back of one of the wagons. In “Gilda” they were the initials of one of the members of the cartel.

But when it came to “A Stolen Life,” the fate of the OPC was hanging in the balance. My good friend Bette Davis reports that



BY ELSA MAXWELL

Drawings by Valenty

Kitty has Joan Bennett spinning—in another direction

Why not? say the stars. For there's magic in Anne's black dress, Zach's gold cuff-links, Glenn's lucky letters "OPC"



Johnny Coy flies through the air with greater ease—in these

she had bet him fifty dollars his lucky letters would not get into her picture. It was the last day of shooting—and the letters had appeared nowhere. Time was short and Bette's eyes were merrily mocking. The scene was a beach sequence in which she had long passages to say and in her preoccupation she failed to note the pattern Glenn was innocently tracing in the sand with a stick. Presto—OPC was in the picture—or rather Glenn was seen writing it.

Glenn explains to no one what OPC means. He says only that for him they stand for something very sentimental and lucky.

Joan Lorrying, on the other hand, cannot pass a hitchhiker and very eloquently tells why. One night, when the hunt was on for a girl to play in "The Corn Is Green," Rhys Williams, noted Welsh actor who helped cast this film, picked up a man thumbing a ride because his car had broken down. Driving along, Rhys spoke of the difficulty they were having in finding the right girl to play *Bessie Watty*. His hitchhiker, a radio actor, immediately launched into praise of Joan with whom he had worked in radio. Interested, Rhys asked for Joan's name and address. The next day he telephoned her and she went to the Warner Studios, took a test—and got the part which launched her upon her screen career.

"I've never passed a hitchhiker since," Joan says, "in spite of all the warnings I've had about its not being safe for a young girl to pick up strange people. I have a feeling that something terrible might happen to me if I don't stop for anyone who is thumbing a ride."



Alan Ladd is the cover-up man when the shooting begins

THEATER people, highly imaginative and subject to frequent and sudden changes in fortune, are especially superstitious. Take Joan Bennett, born and bred in the theatrical tradition.

"I'm not superstitious," Joan says with her quiet smile. "It's just that I don't enjoy lighting three on a match or walking under a ladder or having in my house ivy or love birds or elephant statuettes—unless, of course, their trunks are up. As for throwing salt over your shoulder or knocking on wood—it does (Continued on page 100)



Star—going places



Conversation piece—Ingrid takes time out for chat with gate cop

Among those present—Ingrid Bergman joined the audience of patients at Birmingham Hospital for first look at picture she starred in, "Spellbound"



THE INTIMATE STORY OF *Ingrid*



Movie fan Ingrid sits one out with Joseph Steele

Mother, lover, companion,
the answer to man's searching dream
—this is Bergman

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

IN critical times, man invents the thing he most needs, whether it be an atom bomb or a leader or a symbol.

In the flamboyant decade of the late twenties there came a woman named Garbo who answered a need, a reaching for the unattainable. Quite the reverse was the vogue for Mae West who arrived at the peak of the depression when the world wanted a lusty laugh.

Now, in the pain-ridden years of these forties, has risen another answer—the Bergman dream of a woman, a dream a man wants to keep beside him.

To him she offers the poetry of daytime, of open warmth and liberated laughter, of vitality and gentleness and companionship.

This is mother and lover and companion.

This is *Maria* and *Clio* and *Sister Benedict*.

This is Ingrid Bergman.

On her travels, mothers have brought their daughters and asked if they might meet her. "She wants to be like her," they have said to me, "and I am glad."

Once, when returning to Los Angeles on *The Chief*, a hatchet-faced woman strode up and slapped Bergman on the shoulder. "Hello!" she shouted. "Y'know last night when you walked through the club car, a man next to me said, 'Now, there goes a gorgeous woman!' I told him who you were and y'know what he said? 'Haven't seen a movie in ten years—never heard of Bergman. But that's my idea of a gorgeous woman!'" Whereupon the woman gave Ingrid another re-sounding thwack and disappeared.

During the filming of "Notorious," one of Hollywood's irresponsible columnists intimated that Cary Grant couldn't see straight because he was so "madly in love" with Bergman. Cary, who adores her (as who doesn't?) and who is the soul of decorum, raged at the implications underlying the statement. I saw the castigating note he sent by messenger to the misguided columnist.

Off-set interlude —
Cary (Ingrid admirer)
Grant shares joke with
co-star of "Notorious"



On the receiving end—as "hello" girl



THE INTIMATE STORY OF *Ingrid*

The indignation sizzled and spread throughout the whole company.

In her dressing room Ingrid found a note from the make-up man: Never mind those leading men. Who ain't in love with you? Include me in! (signed) Lane Britton.

Then a petition was drawn up by the sound recorder, addressed to the hapless culprit, declaring that "we, the undersigned, are all in love with Miss Bergman," followed by the signatures of every technician and mechanic on the set.

Here, indeed, was the symbol born of the need.

SPEAKING of Greta Garbo, it is of more than passing interest that the two have never met, although four years ago they both worked on the same lot at the same time. Garbo, eternally "unattainable," never took time out to make a gracious gesture towards her countrywoman. They even passed each other on the studio street without Garbo so much as glancing in Bergman's direction. Despite this, however, Ingrid has never ventured one word of criticism and never has ceased to speak of Garbo as one of the great actresses of all time.

In all her acts and attitudes Ingrid manages with an unpretentiousness and warmth characteristic of one to whom fame has been but an adjunct of a profession.

While on her camp tour of Europe she casually wandered one day into the Red Cross in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. With-



Jack Benny giving an imitation of Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca" during a camp tour of Europe in the summer of 1945, with Ingrid playing in a "supporting" role

out ado she got a doughnut and a cup of coffee. At first no one noticed her; then slowly GIs, who never dreamed that she was in the vicinity, stared at her incredulously. She finished her coffee and just as casually departed.

At an American Youth For Democracy dinner, at which she was a guest for the purpose of presenting an award to an heroic Army nurse, she singled out of the 600 guests a soldier whom she had met two years before in Alaska. She remembered the soldier who had accompanied her to the PX and helped her buy cleansing tissue and chewing gum. The reunion was spirited.

To the horror of milliners, Ingrid Bergman never wears a hat, and when traveling carries with her only a wide-brimmed, plain black felt, which she puts on only in case of inclement weather. When she was in Ottawa she was invited to a reception at Rideau Hall, the Governor-General's palace, to be received by the Earl of Athlone and his wife, the Princess Alice.

When the royal emissaries arrived to escort us they were aghast that Miss Bergman was not wearing a hat. It seemed that women could not appear hatless before royalty. It simply was not done.

The black felt—designed strictly for travel and street wear—was the only headgear she had. "Very well," she said and, shrugging her shoulders, donned the hat, gave it a tilt, and together with her semi-formal black dress, made her appearance. The ensemble could hardly be termed vogueish, but the lady carried it with grace and dignity.

On several occasions she breakfasted alone at New York's Schrafft's. Once, lingering over a morning (*Continued on page 88*)

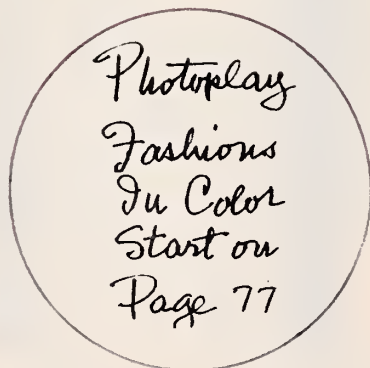


Out of a dream. This sequence of Ingrid as a Greek goddess was cut out of "Spellbound"



Claudette Colbert, starred
in "Without Reservations"

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



What should I do?

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

After a brief and unfortunate marriage to a man I discovered was a heavy drinker, I got a divorce, put our infant daughter in a boarding nursery home and went back to my old job.

For six or seven months I was able to visit Noreen every weekend. Then I took sick, lost a month's work and when I went back to work I was so broke that I didn't have car fare to go to see the baby. When I finally did get out there, I found that she had forgotten me completely. It became clear in the months that followed that I was a stranger whose presence was resented. The baby's foster mother told me that the baby would toss and turn and cry out all night after I had spent the day with her. I know that it's a strange thing to say, but my own daughter doesn't like me. She is now a little over two years, with definite personality and positive tastes, and I'm more than half afraid of her.

I am now preparing to marry a fine man whom I have known for eighteen months. We're in love and we mean to build a good life together. When I talked this over with the baby's foster mother, I thought she would lose her mind. She says that I will make the baby sick and she has implored me to let her adopt Noreen.

This woman is a fine person and loves the baby; so does her husband. As for me, I could start another family. What should I do?

Mrs. Barbara T.

Since you already feel alienated from the child and since Noreen's foster mother is so devoted to her, perhaps the best possible thing for the child—considering the possibility of an emotional upset if she were taken away—would be to leave her with the woman who has reared her thus far.

However, she is—and I say this without meaning to be mawkishly sentimental—blood of your blood and bone of your bone. There may come a time in her life when she will turn to you, having come to need the positive assurance that she belongs inalienably to someone.

For that reason, I think you should continue to pay for her care with her foster mother and that you should not give her up for adoption. If the foster mother really loves the child, and your letter would lead me to believe that she does, she will agree to these terms simply for the happiness of keeping Noreen as, apparently, her own.

In closing, may I wish you the greatest possible joy in your new marriage.

Claudette Colbert

● Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I met my girl and we fell in love. We were planning our future together when I came into the Navy. At that time a lot of girls from my home town wrote mushy letters and for fun I wrote them the same kind. My girl friend found this out and wrote me a hot letter.

After I went overseas I didn't hear from her for four months. I wrote to her, calling her down plenty. She wrote and said she was sorry and she still loved me. A week or two later I received a letter saying that her conscience was bothering her and she wanted to tell me the whole story. She had been going with another guy ever since I wrote those mushy letters.

I then wrote her an awful letter for sending me that "Dear John." I also had my buddies write what they thought of a girl who did that.

Afterwards I was sorry and apologized, but she didn't answer my letter. When I was at home last August, I knew from the way she acted when I met her accidentally that she still liked me a little—maybe more. But I had hurt her, she said. Well, she has never been hurt like she hurt me.

I'm getting my discharge in seven weeks. When I go home I'd like to see this girl and get started over again with her. Can you tell me how to do it?

Alfred M.

(Continued on page 96)

SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES Pond's!



Soldier Shows are a specialty with Patricia. "The boys get a big kick out of costume plays," she says, "and they certainly appreciate my Pond's Cold Cream for taking off their make-up!" Her fiancé is in the Army Medical Department—program manager for the Hospital Broadcasting System.



"The nicest beauty care a girl can ask for" is what Patricia calls her jar of fragrant, snow-white Pond's Cold Cream.



Dark hair in a tiara braid . . . eyes of mermaid green . . . skin as smooth as fine porcelain

Patricia Sanford—charming young New Yorker, engaged to Sergeant Andrew Donnelly, Jr., also of New York. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Sanford, Jr.



Her ring—an emerald-cut diamond flanked by four baguettes, set in platinum.

PATRICIA SANFORD was sixteen when she first knew Andy Donnelly, and he was nineteen. "He was as unromantic as a big brother to me *then*," she says with a cute twinkle in her eyes.

Things are different now. Patricia and Andy are engaged!

She's *another* Pond's bride-to-be. *Another* girl with a soft-smooth Pond's complexion! "I adore Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia says. "It has the *nicest* feeling on my face—and leaves my

skin looking so clean and smoothed." Here is her favorite Pond's creaming:

She smooths soft, snowy Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly over face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues it all away.

She rinses with another cream-over, swirling her fingers around in little circles. Tissues off. She thinks this extra Pond's rinse "just fine" to get her face extra clean, *extra* soft.

Give your complexion a double Pond's creaming every morning, every night—

and for daytime freshen-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask today for a *big* jar of Pond's.

**A few of the many
Pond's Society Beauties**

*Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney
Lady Doverdale
Mrs. Victor L. Drexel
The Countess of Carnarvon*

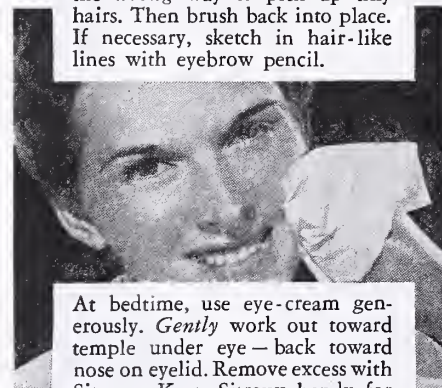
BRIGHT EYE-DEAS!



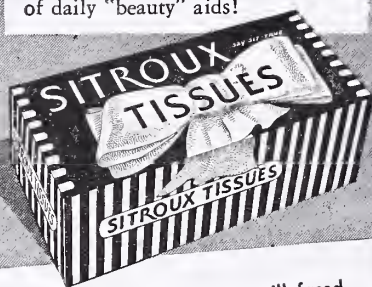
Looking down into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set". (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.



To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the *wrong* way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.



At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. *Gently* work out toward temple under eye — back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

(Continued from page 33) I just could hardly wait.

I was supposed to be a girl living in the apple country on Lake Chelan, who finds a little collie pup that grows up in the end to be *Lassie*—only this time he is called *Bill*. The first thing I did when we arrived at the lake was to find the animal man, Curley Twyford, who had gone up ahead of us with all the animals, and I guess from then on I was his shadow. He has a way with him that makes you want to learn all that he knows. He can take a wild bird and in a few hours have it eating out of his mouth and doing tricks. I think the nicest compliment I ever had was when he said to Mummie, "That Elizabeth's a great girl. She's got the Twyford touch."

He is the one who gave me my first chipmunk. I'll never forget how thrilled I was when he put that soft furry little thing in my hand. He told me it might bite, but not to worry—it would quit biting if I didn't let it worry or frighten me. I had a string around its neck and I carried it around in my pocket all day. It seemed very shy at first. Then it suddenly ran out of my pocket onto my shoulder and sat there looking straight into my eyes and chirped and ran around the back of my neck under my hair to the other shoulder and inspected me from that angle. Then it ran up and down all over me and finally came back to nestle under my hair on the back of my neck.

One of the boys of the crew had made a wonderful big cage and my chipmunk loved it. It had a log in it and turf on the bottom and branches to jump around on.

NIBBLES came from the far end of Lake Chelan, up past Stehegan, where we took some of the scenes with the sheep, and where Frank Morgan, who played *Old Harry*, was supposed to live. When Mr. Morgan and the sheep were acting, I was out catching chipmunks.

When I trapped them in my box and they seemed frightened or unhappy I let them go. I let several of them out because other chipmunks came up and talked to them and seemed so worried and upset that I was afraid they might be the mother or the father of a family.

When I first caught Nibbles I already had seven others. But I knew he was the one. He knew it, too. He would look me straight in the eye and chirp away. He seemed a little disappointed that I didn't chirp back. I tried to but it wasn't quite chipmunk. But he knows what I say to him. Every few minutes he runs back to kiss me and when he eventually gets tired he'll come back to rest in my pocket or up my sleeve. He is happy with me. I know he is.

One day Mummie had a very bad cold and the company doctor wouldn't let her go on location with me. I was afraid she might be lonesome, so I left Nibbles with her. There were seven other chipmunks in their big cage and I thought they would be good company for her. But after I was gone they got to fighting, so when the doctor came to see Mummie he had the cage moved out into the hall.

Well, somehow, the trap door came ajar, and out of a sound sleep Mummie was awakened by the wildest chirping and scampering. She opened the door into the hall and there they were, leaping and jumping about on a pile of bedsprings stacked at the end of the hall. Mummie knew Nibbles was among them but they were all moving so fast that she couldn't tell him from the others, so she decided to catch them all. So she made a trail of seeds and nuts leading from the springs to inside our room.

Finally she got them all into our room. Leaving the cage door open, Mummie went into the bathroom and peeked around the corner to see what they would do. They climbed the curtains. They jumped from one curtain rod to another.

Nibbles, the adventurous one, decided to explore the bathroom. He ran across her toes, up her dressing gown. Then he was off in a flash . . . and with a loud splash he landed plunk in the middle of the toilet bowl.

Poor Nibbles—there was only one thing to do—give him a bath. Mummie held him in one hand and soaped him with the other. Then, to sweeten him up, she gave him some of my pine-oil bubble suds.

So that was how Nibbles came to have his first bubble bath.

Mummie dried him and put him in his pocket to keep him warm until he fully regained his composure. Then he was quite content to go into his traveling dressing room. Mummie put him in there all by himself until his sweet smell wore off, as she was afraid the other chipmunk might turn up their noses at him and think he'd gone Hollywood.

ONE day Eleanor, the hairdresser (Eleanor and Tommie, the wardrobe girls were with us all through "National Velvet," and we just love them both), was setting my hair. I was playing with Nibbles when someone called me and, with Nibbles on the back of my hand, I went to the window and opened the screen.

There was a vine with little red berries all over the building and Nibbles scampered off to feast on the berries. I was panicky and started out the window head first. Fortunately, Eleanor grabbed one foot and Tommie the other and they held onto me while I dangled head down. Then I saw Nibbles. He was sitting on the vine looking up at me. I could hardly reach him but he hopped toward me, onto my arm and into my hand.

Mummie rounded the corner of the building just as Tommie and Eleanor were hauling me in. They were worn out! I guess I am more or less like a young horse at least I'm no featherweight to go dangling out windows, but aside from it being a little rough on certain developing places, I was no worse for wear.

As soon as I knew when we were leaving location I had a lot to do getting my family organized for the journey. One of the crew made a darling little traveling box for Nibbles. The others were to come on the animal boat, with all the other animals we had used in the picture.

When we got home to Beverly Hills and saw all the dogs and cats, it was wonderful.

They were all very curious about this new addition. If sniffing says anything in dog and cat language, there certainly was a lot of conversation about Nibbles.

The next day I could hardly wait to go to the studio to show all my friends Nibbles. I put a string around his neck and put him in my pocket. Can you imagine how surprised everyone was. Some of the stars (ladies) screamed and thought he was a mouse . . . but when he fluffed up his tail they thought he was a darling.

The first day I took him to lunch with me in the commissary, he caused quite a furore. When Howard Strickling, the head of the publicity department, telephoned the commissary for me to come to his office, I thought we were in for it. Mr. Strickling said, "Well, Elizabeth, we've had a discussion about your chipmunk. As you know, animals are not allowed in the commissary—but—in this particular case, want you to know that we have decided

o make an exception. We are *delighted* with the behavior of Nibbles."

Aren't people wonderful?

After that Nibbles went with me everywhere.

He even had interviews. The nicest ones were with Maxine Arnold of Photoplay and Sara Salzer of Screen Guide. And now he loves having his picture taken!

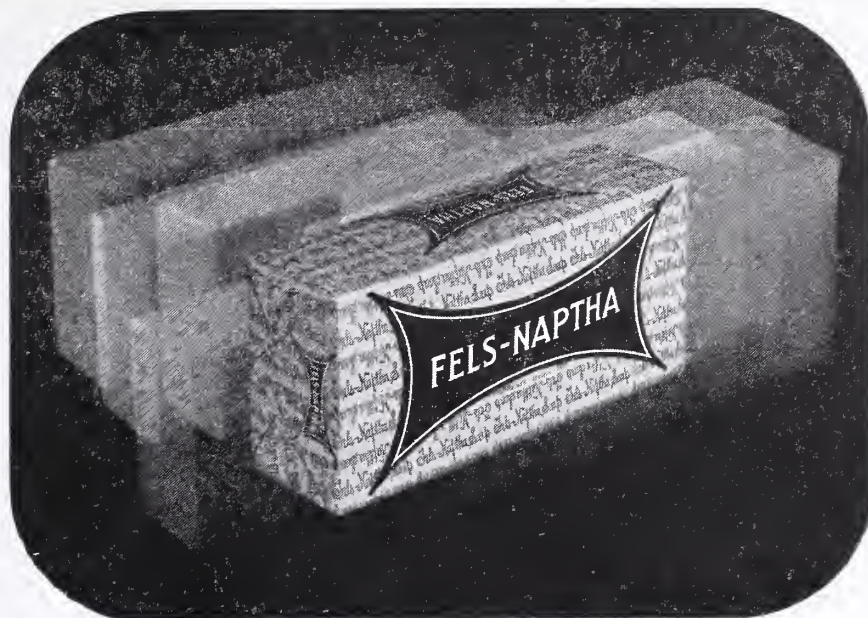
One day when we were going to an interview we ran into Hedda Hopper. She was all dressed up and looking very lovely, and I introduced her to Nibbles. She thought he was darling and put out her hand to him whereupon he, with one grand swish of his beautiful tail, leaped lightly onto her hand. He ran straight up her arm, under her coat sleeve! Now you've never had a chipmunk run around under your arm, you just can't imagine how it feels. It's the most terrific tickle in the world. I'm used to it, but poor Hedda wasn't. She screamed and laughed a wonderful laugh that made everyone run out just in time to see her skinning out of her coat like a streak of lightning. Everyone was roaring—everyone but Nibbles. He meets everybody. He even knows Mr. Louis B. Mayer.

NIBBLES loves cake and ice cream with hot chocolate sauce. Our mutual fondness for ice cream was partly the reason for my breaking my foot. We had lingered over our dessert a bit too long when we suddenly realized it was almost time for my singing lesson. I was learning "Summer-me," one of my favorite songs, and I didn't want to be a minute late so I handed Nibbles to Mummie and said, "Take Nibs and I'll run on ahead."

I had hardly said it before I lunged forward, but my right foot stayed on the floor (my heel caught on a seam of the soleum) and my body with all the horsepower of my forward lunge came down on my foot. I heard the bone break. I screamed it hurt so and I couldn't move. Mummie and a policeman lifted me up and the chief of police called the ambulance. It's awful on the lot when you hear the ambulance coming—everyone is so worried. So when they took me in the ambulance and I saw everyone looking so sad, I sat up and laughed very loud and waved to them so they wouldn't feel unhappy but would just think I was having a joy ride. And they did. They thought that Nibs and I were up to some mischief. When the doctor set my foot and put it in a cast I held on tight to Nibbles' traveling case and the first thing I knew the cast was on—and we had weathered that storm.

The next big event in our lives was my birthday, February twenty-seventh. The one thing in the world I wanted was King Charles (or *The Pi*, as he was called in *National Velvet*). I had finally talked Mummie and Daddy into letting me buy him, and every day for a week I had been going up to Mr. Thau's office, but he was off the lot and didn't come in. So the day before my birthday I was feeling so low because I didn't even know whether they would sell him to me or not now that he was a big star, getting fan mail and all, and him costing such a lot of money. My heart was very heavy and I told Marjory Reeves, Mr. Thau's secretary, all about it. He said, "Don't worry, Elizabeth, you go home and I'll talk to Mr. Thau about it." The next day—the most wonderful birthday in all my life—Marjory called up and said, "Happy Birthday, Elizabeth, and Mr. Thau wants to speak to you."

My heart stood still, and then as I heard that he had to say I screamed, "Jeepers." Mummie said I screamed "Jeepers" three times and jumped straight up in the air each time, Nibbles on my shoulder jumping with me, and the tears rolling down

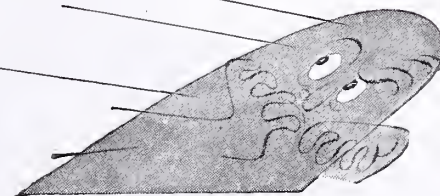


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my face. I can still hear Mr. Thau saying, "Elizabeth, we're giving you King Charles for your birthday!" If you've ever loved a horse as I love that horse, you'll understand.

It all started on the third of July. Daddy and Mummie had arranged with the studio that I was to have a month's holiday. We were going fishing with Uncle Howard in northern Wisconsin.

UNCLE Howard's house was on Lake Kiwangesagee (or Lake Minocqua, as it is sometimes called). Uncle Howard loves Nibbles and he thought it was wonderful for me to have such a wonderful little pet and companion. He said as long as I loved chipmunks and horses, I was safe. Nibbles was quite content to sit and smell the flowers. Only he wouldn't smell them, he would tear them apart. He loved to sit on the back of a chair looking out the window.

One day he sat there so long and so still, looking out of the window, my heart began aching for him . . . wondering whether he would like to be out in the woods where he really belonged. I felt my heart would break if he went off and I never saw him again. And yet I felt if he wanted to go, it was wrong to keep him.

I talked it over with Mummie. She said, "It's up to you, darling, to make your own decision."

I couldn't decide! So I went for a walk in the woods. My heart was crying out for the answer. Then it came.

Howard called to me to come and see a chipmunk he had caught. I went over to him and there was such a poor, frightened, frantic little animal—

I said, "Oh, please, Howard, let him go—"

And he said, "Why don't you let Nibbles go if you feel so sorry?"

Then I told Howard that I was trying to let Nibbles go and I asked him to help me be strong. He said I should let him go and that we could turn them both loose together.

I held Nibbles to my face and kissed and kissed him. I leaned down and set him free on the grass—then Howard opened the trap and let his chipmunk out. Like a streak, he was off into the woods. Nibbles fluffed out his tail and chirped and started off. I thought that was the end of everything—but he did look happy—that was something. He ran to the edge of the wood . . . then he stopped to eat an acorn he found. My heart cried out to him, "Goodbye, Nibbles!"—and then—the next thing I knew—he ran to me and jumped up on my skirt and into my hand.

Oh, I can't describe what I felt! Then there was no more doubt. He was mine—by his own choice!

After that it was such a happy holiday. We fished and had wonderful picnics.

All too soon came the time to go home. We left Wisconsin in the morning, and the news of V-J day came just as we were pulling out of Milwaukee.

When we arrived in Chicago the town was wild. As we walked down Michigan Boulevard, we were so surprised to find in all the excitement that crowds of people recognized me as "Velvet" and wanted my autograph. It made me feel very happy.

We went into a beautiful church and sat there almost alone and prayed. Why didn't more people come in to pray and thank God? There were only a dozen or so when we were there. . . . But I'm sure they were praying in their own way wherever they were.

The next morning I shall never forget as long as I live. It involved Nibbles' most hair-raising and, I hope, the last adventure I am to record in this book.

It happened like this.

We were all exhausted next morning from getting to bed so late.

Nibbles was furious with me and scolded me like anything for sleeping so late. I just let him scold away until Mummie got me up. Then we closed the windows and turned him loose for his morning playtime.

NIBBLES was having a lovely time running all around.

Then, all of a sudden, we all became conscious of a dreadful silence. I rushed to the windows. There was no way he could get out, but I knew something had happened to him. I was frantic.

I tried to relax, but I couldn't. Something told me he was in trouble. Mummie knew it, too. We began looking everywhere for him. Daddy took the beds apart to see if there was a hole in the box springs or mattress he could have crawled into.

By this time even Daddy was convinced that something had happened to him. But what? We were helpless, absolutely helpless—and we knew it. After a moment's silence, Mummie said, "Let's ask God for guidance."

And with all our hearts we did. I was still talking to God when I heard Mummie open the door into the hall. I followed her. There was a door open and a maid was running a carpet-sweeper. Mummie told her we had lost our pet chipmunk and she said, "Oh, that thing—he was in here and we all tried to kill him, but we couldn't corner him, so we took the door off the fire escape and chased him out there."

Mummie looked up and down the fire escape, but not a sign of him. We were both praying with all our hearts. Then Mummie came in—and the next instant—right in the place where Mummie had been standing—there suddenly appeared Nibbles! He must have been clinging to the side of the stone building and from there jumped to the fire escape and landed squarely on two of the iron railings. He is so little he could have fallen in between them, but there he was balancing on that slippery iron railing. Eight flights up.

He was shaking all over. I crept to the door, talking to him all the time, and lay down flat on my stomach on the fire escape and reached out to where he was. He could hardly wait to creep into my hand. As I closed my hand gently around him, I could feel his tiny body trembling. . . . We were speechless. We just sat there on the floor with our hearts brimming over with thankfulness.

We left Chicago that night. I didn't let Nibbles out of my sight. When the porter made up our room, when we went into the diner, Nibbles was right there. People were so amazed. They had never seen a chipmunk traveling by train before. I expect he really is the world's most traveled chipmunk.

When we finally got home, Twinkle, my cocker spaniel, was off her head with joy. She adores Nibbles.

I made some drawings of them. Twinkle posed quite nicely, but Nibbles, as usual, was all over the place. He loves to have his picture taken—but only if I am there. I have to be in all his photographs.

Howard says that's because when he sees me he still thinks he's running wild. That is not meant to be a compliment—but somehow I think it is.

Perhaps someone will write a moving picture for Nibbles. Then you could see him in action—and see through your own eyes, instead of mine, that he is the cutest, sweetest, most adorable, and adored chipmunk in

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Oh, O'Hara!

(Continued from page 47) at the box office.

Then there's the dictum about the advisability of having sophistication. Maureen has none and makes no bones about it. She's almost Victorian in her propriety. Good manners to her are a must. "If a man takes off his hat when I'm in an elevator I feel—like a queen!" she says. She believes rushing around should be cut down by more forethought, so that the outward courtesies can speak of the inner heart.

Moreover, if a bold leading man should wink at her or attempt to be personal, she is honestly shocked. In her code married women don't flirt.

This has proved no mean bulwark in her marriage to Will Price, RKO's talented young writer-director who has just returned from overseas service with the Marines. It was on her third day in Hollywood, when she was testing for her first lead, that she met the friendly looking, helpful dialogue director. True to form, Maureen was impressed because he flung no line, because he was a gentleman with a nice sense of humor.

Two weeks later he was her first Hollywood date. They went together then for two and a half years. Securing her parents' consent, even though they were in Dublin, she formally announced her engagement. She had a real church wedding in his home state, Mississippi.

WHEN war came, Will, to Maureen's intense pride, chose to do it the hard way, ignoring Hollywood pull and registering as Will Price from Mississippi. He took his Marine boot training at San Diego and every weekend Maureen maneuvered onto the jammed day coach down and back. Her desire to be with him had no competition from Hollywood invitations.

This was a time when she utilized to full advantage the fact that dressed inconspicuously she can go almost anywhere without being gaped at. With a bandana tied around her head and no spectacular make-up to betray her, no one ever guessed she was famous as she sat on chair arms or stood in vestibules on her weekend trips to see Will. She stood in line with all the other wives seeking permission for their husbands to come out and talk.

Maureen has plenty of ingenuity, however. She was tipped off by a fellow wife that only so many husbands were allowed to visit, and women from near-by homes were often told to come back in another week or so. From then on she was always Mrs. Price from clear up San Francisco-way.

When Will was sent to Quantico for his officer training, Maureen, with no trumpeting to the columnists, went east to be with him. She lived there for five months, although she could see him only on Sundays. "At least I was in the same area. Sue Daly, my stand-in, was married to a sergeant in the Marines who had been sent there, so she and her little girl went ahead and got an apartment. It was on the top floor and in our five months together I fought cockroaches and lice with her from morning till night." Ironically enough, Sue's husband was sent back to California on temporary duty which lasted all the time they were East!

Meanwhile, Will got his commission at Quantico and thereupon made seventy-nine training films for the Marine Corps. One was so outstanding on the treatment of enemy prisoners that it was taken into Japan for use as a Marine manual. When he went overseas he was in the Iwo Jima invasion, a tense, stark time for Maureen.

It was while he was in the South Pacific that she negotiated her present wonderful contract with Twentieth Century-Fox,

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by Marge



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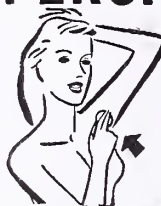
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whereby she is paid a handsome stipend fifty-two weeks a year for seven years, no ifs or buts or options. She didn't do it alone; as always on far-reaching matters, she outlined everything to Will—this time by mail.

She will retire upon completion of her present contract and she will be thirty years old then. Before that time it is her hope that she will have won an Academy Award. She knows that so far she's been chiefly decorative. This knowledge was part of the specific plan which accounts for her current vogue. Early in her Hollywood days she was advised to get box-office strength first before angling for fine acting roles. Color films, she decided were the answer.

Yet sensational as she is in Technicolor, as you know if you have seen "The Spanish Main," she had to fight for her initial break. Now it can be told—how she smuggled her first color test out so it would do her some good. She was ideal in it, was promised an outstanding starring role by a studio which was arranging to borrow her. Then a girl under contract finagled the part and the loan was off. The studio wanted to keep its O'Hara Technicolor test in its files, just on general principles. She wanted it so her agent could show it elsewhere as a sample of how she photographed out of black and white. A few kind friends managed to slip it out where it could be seen as a selling point. That was how she was "discovered" for Technicolor. But even in black and white as she appears in "Sentimental Journey" Maureen is sensational.

She doesn't let her wardrobe gum up her life. She's had to learn style, for her mother was with her at first and selected her clothes. Maureen began by buying the prettiest things she could see, in average hit-or-miss manner, when she assumed this responsibility. It was through wanting to please Will that she acquired true fashion sense. She doesn't squander a cent. Her one big luxury to date is a splendid mink coat. It has great shoulders, full sleeves, and she adores opening it to show you how the skins are superbly fitted. As a top star, she owns just two evening gowns, both strapless—one a blue brocade lined with magenta taffeta in a ballerina style, and the other a shell pink, silhouetted lame—three dinner dresses; eight tailored suits; four daytime dresses and lots of shoes, gloves, bags and belts. She goes to custom designers and also to the best Los Angeles shops where she's made friends with the head salesgirls.

Beauty parlors never see her. Aside from creaming her face at night, she uses only soap and water on her fair skin and lipstick is her only off-screen make-up. She avoids suntan because she freckles. Her lovely titian hair is no problem. She brushes it

and sets it herself. Her perfect figure she maintains by a doctor-prescribed diet, which she follows carefully. Sometimes this is an effort, for she frankly loves to eat.

Probably her closest companion is Nancy Gates, a sweet girl from Texas. They met when Nancy won a supporting role in one of Maureen's films a few years ago. Nancy's mother had to return home during the shooting of the picture and asked Maureen to look out for Nancy. Maureen did, found her such a genuinely nice girl that she asked her to stay at the O'Hara home when Will first went overseas.

There's no stauncher booster for family life than O'Hara, so when Will's younger brother, a captain in the Navy, visited them it was Maureen who played Cupid. She introduced him to Nancy. Now she expects to be matron of honor at their wedding in Texas this summer. Meantime, Bronwyn, Maureen's two-year-old daughter, screams with joy wherever she sights "Nanchy," who frequently helps take care of her.

CHILDREN (note the plural) are slated for a prominent part in Maureen's life. She asserts there is no substitute. Her Bronwyn gets the most devoted care, the movie working schedule being adjusted accordingly. A camera addict, with albums sentimentally filled, Maureen takes snapshots of the first Price child at every spare moment. Thus Will was able to see Bronwyn grow up even though he was overseas.

While her Marine was away she consulted him by mail on every detail of their mutual interests, thus utilizing wisely their enforced wartime separation. Until then she'd not had to cope with decisions. Now Will's back she's once more made him the positive head of their household. And he's grinning at her new maturity.

Maureen's emphasis on home life is absolutely sincere. She had looked forward

to attending the Academy Awards this last winter when Will was home again, had her pink evening gown duly pressed. But Will was tired that evening, had a big day coming up. So they didn't step out, and, furthermore, she didn't complain. She wants, most of all, what he wants.

They budget carefully. One night a week her part-time secretary comes up to the house and they go over bills (she pays her bills with unerring promptness) and urgent fan letters. Her most devoted fan sent her an ever-expanding bracelet; each time she makes a new film along comes a link with the picture's name on one side, and her character's name engraved on the other.

She's one actress who invariably takes all her screen make-up off and bathes in her dressing room before leaving the studio. So at home she always looks, to quote Maureen, "clean and like a



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woman." They eat what Will wants to eat, go to bed early when he wants to. They share a passion for good music, so it's prominent in their life. They went to a concert at the Hollywood Bowl on their first date, and always take a box there for the musical season. Maureen prefers operatic melodies, then symphonic arrangements, in records. For instrumental, she picks the piano for its strength. She can't play anything herself, but is now attempting to master the guitar. Only she calls it a "monkey-pod," the GI term.

Will's pet name for her is Snooks, and when she's most affectionate towards him she exclaims, "Why, Will Price!"

Every Monday night the Prices dine out with regularity. They never go to a swanky cafe, but are always searching for some new little restaurant with good food. No one's ever asked along then. If they're not working the next day, they stop in at a neighborhood movie. Work days see them arising at 6 A.M.

THE Bob Crosbys are their best friends. The Crosbys have four children, and there is a continual exchange between the two homes, in baby clothes and baby mind-ing. Maureen habitually takes the Crosby children to Sunday School, as it fits in with her church-going time.

She's self-conscious about her tardiness, a trait yet to be rectified. Her chief fault is procrastination. After outlining her plans, she's apt to do all but the one thing she dislikes most, and then beamingly alibis, "But look at all I've accomplished!"

It's in the furnishing of their new residence that Maureen's her truest self. Since she's kept in such close touch with her own big family, and adores Will's (she and Will flew to Mississippi for two months of visiting there last Christmas) the new Price home reflects in size and permanency this love of large families. The rambling Monterey stucco with its tile roofs and many rooms is being furnished slower than they thought. They had to move the day before she started "Sinbad the Sailor," but at least some of the carpeting was down. Maureen, with her bandana around her head, had scoured the town for weeks. "We have to have carpet on the stairways so if Bronwyn should fall, she'll bounce! I can't go home if I don't find some. They all want about forty dollars a square foot!"

Bronwyn, as her contribution to the decor, applied Mom's lipstick to the green carpet in the dining room. Will's chair almost covers that!

On his own first day off Will toured the town, found some red, green and white plaid wool at Sears for den draperies, and hurried home lugging twenty-five yards of it.

"Some of that would make a nice dress!" hummed Maureen. "You can't have furniture made, you can't get fabrics, everything costs five times as much as before, and some of our windows will go without drapes for a year!"

Will's mother has the second-best camellia garden in the world, and he has fortunately inherited her green thumb. So their new garden will truly bloom.

Maureen's only big unsatisfied want is her delayed trip back to Ireland. She can hardly wait for time enough off to get Will and Bronwyn on an Atlantic Clipper. Almost seven years have passed since she has seen her father. Her older sister is a nun, and her two younger sisters have become actresses in her footsteps there. Both are married. Her incredibly handsome brother Charlie is a twenty-one-year-old lawyer, and James, the baby, is now seventeen. She wants to present the first grandchild there, as she already has to the Prices in Mississippi. Shure, and it'll be a great day for the Irish!

THE END

Tending the baby made mom rush like mad



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My Kind of Guy!

(Continued from page 41) interests. Until we began going around together, I had my dates all classified. When I wanted to ride horseback, I went with some member of the "horsey" set. When I felt like night-clubbing, I answered the telephone calls from someone of that crowd. I didn't dream until I met Guy that there could be a boy who liked to do all these things—who'd like weinie roasts on the beach and dogging up in white tie and tails to dance at Mocambo or to sit around listening to records and going out bow and arrow hunting. Every girl knows how it is—we're forever reading about the necessity of our being full of diversity, of being nine personalities in one in order to hold male attention. Let me report, therefore, that it is keen when a girl encounters the reverse—a chap who has a lot of sides to his character.

Guy has. He's sincere and yet he's light hearted. He's ambitious and intelligent but at the same time he has no intention of working so hard that he'll be the richest man in the graveyard. He knows swing and he enjoys symphonies; doesn't know one from the other but he likes the favorites, such as "Claire de Lune." He can't ride at all but he swims like a tuna. I can only dog-paddle in the water but I can ride. So he's teaching me to swim and I'm teaching him to ride. Kicks!

Kicks! That's Guy's word. Everything is kicks to him—a pleasure, an excitement. Not that everything has to be all red, red roses to him or mad, mad wine. He'll say "kicks" just because it's a clear, blue day with a fine, fresh breeze blowing in from the Pacific. He'll say "kicks" because we're out with Diana and Henry and he has, at very long last, mastered the box step of the rumba.

It was through Diana Lynn and Henry Willson that we met. Di is my best friend. Henry is his. We two met during the war when Di was running around with a local swain who had a friend who was shipping out overseas. We made a

foursome—Di and her date, me and the friend—and danced until it was time for the fellow to shove off. He slipped out alone. That was the way he wanted his farewell, but just as he left, we looked up and saw Henry Willson entering with a positively sensational sailor.

Henry is one of the nicest people on earth and his companion was Mr. M., of course, wearing those bell-bottomed trousers. Di, her date and I joined them. It was all right. Guy and I didn't make a date that night. We couldn't have, even if we had wanted to. Guy was only up on a weekend pass from North Island, down near San Diego, where he was stationed. But I did learn that he was headed for Hollywood when he was discharged, and that news didn't annoy me one bit.

WHEN they turned Guy back into being a civilian last summer, he started to work at RKO, which is right at the end of the same short street where Paramount, my studio, is. What's more, Selznick sent him over to the diction coach on my lot. It meant we two kept bumping into one another every night as we were heading for home. When Guy discovered that I still lived with my parents down in Westwood, at a place where we can practically stretch our arms from the Russell living room and be in the Pacific, that was for him. He murmured something about liking beaches. I murmured something about what did he do Sundays and that was that.

I must tell you that the way my folks, particularly my dad, went for Guy at their first meeting was nothing short of atomic. Now both Mother and Dad move about in a daze over him. He is but their dream-boat. They definitely like him better than any date I've ever had. But that's okay. I do, too.

Having been brought up near the water, I can take beaches or let them alone. That lying out in the sun, turning over every hour on the hour for the bene-

fit of your tan, does not add up to the summit of life's ambitions to me. After all, how brown can you get? Until I knew Guy, all I asked of my own swimming ability was that I could keep afloat. But such a lazy attitude was not enough for the Madison. He's expert and he wanted me to be, too. As he said he'd teach me, without any struggle at all I agreed to learn. But I got even with him for being so slick at his sport when I led him out to a corral. He barely knew which end of a horse faces. And as for his dancing—brother!

Diana and Henry, Guy and I became so thick we called ourselves the Gold Dust Foursome. We are always going on double dates somewhere, though they are much more city slickers than we are—more given to exclusively dressed-up clambakes. Guy and I also have wonderful times on beach parties, mostly sun-tanning and drinking milk.

Here I must interrupt this history to report Madison's greatest weakness. Milk to him is what whiskey was to Ray Milland in "The Lost Weekend." Milk he must have, at all hours of the day and night. He stows milk away in the back of his car when we start out for a drive, for all the world the way other people stow away gin. I've seen him toss off a quart of moo-juice at a sitting and never blink one of his sun-burned eyelashes. When RKO cast him for his first big role in "Till the End of Time," we used to go driving in his car and rehearse his scenes, me playing the Dorothy McGuire part (and don't I wish I really had!) and Guy playing his own. And what did we have with us? That's right—milk. Milk and hamburgers.

That's practically all Guy eats—hamburgers or steak, milk and salads. He really goes for salads with big blobs of mayonnaise. For dinner he always wants steak and salad—and his favorite place to dine is one where the lights and the music are low, but if you give him that combination he'd just as soon have it be some quiet little place with two tables and a juke box as Romanoff's or Chasen's—in fact, he prefers the former.

I must tell you, while I'm still on this milk route, about the time he was driving me home at two o'clock in the morning. We'd been dancing with Di and Henry—and on the way to the Russell locale, Guy got milk-hungry. There wasn't a place open between Hollywood and the beach. I suddenly recalled we'd used every drop of milk in our house earlier that morning. "But I want a glass of milk," said Guy, as though that were enough to cause cows to pop up in Wilshire Boulevard right in front of us.

Just then we passed the house of a girl friend of mine. Her lights were on. Guy had never met her. "Want to go in here and see if we can raise a glass of milk?" I asked. "Sure," said Guy. We went in, raided the icebox and he killed a pint. He wasn't the least bit abashed. That's the way he is, simple and direct.

Except, as I started to say, about dancing. On the dance floor the shortest distance between two points for Guy was on your toes. We used to sit and watch Henry and Di tear into a mean samba. Finally I said, "If you don't learn to rumba and samba, I'll kill you!"

"Dancing means that much to you?" asked Madison.

"It does," said I.

No more was said. He began taking lessons secretly.

But then he paid me off on that score, too, by insisting that I learn bow-and-arrow hunting (Continued on page 76)

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For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 82.

(Continued from page 74) Now I've admitted I like men rugged. I'll add that I also like life rugged. Why, I don't know. Maybe it's because I spent my littlest girlhood on a Michigan farm. Lately Paramount loaned me to Republic for "The Angel and the Outlaw" opposite John Wayne. (Guess which one I play!) We went on location to a dot in the Arizona desert called Sedona, lived in tents, ate mostly off paper plates—and I loved every minute of it. But there again, comes in the diversity of Madison. He loves it rough, too, and he is positively fantastic when it comes to that bow-and-arrow work. When he shoots an arrow into the air, it doesn't come to earth but sticks straight through whatever was his target. So to keep up with this Robin Hood in him, I'm having to learn to do likewise.

Every twice in a while, somebody moseys up to me and asks, "What are you thinking about the future?" I reply I never think about the future—because the future has never failed to happen yet—and Guy and I are still young enough to have a lot of it before us—and the present is practically perfect.

Kicks! That's Guy's word meaning everything is pretty elegant. It's my word, meaning the same, particularly when it comes to a character whose initials are G. M.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions



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Summer holidays are an invitation

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For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 82.





A Midsummer Day Dream . . . in which you also will be dreamy at night

BONITA GRANVILLE, now twenty-three, made her first movie when she was a little girl of seven. She's 5'2", weighs 103 pounds and is fondly known as "Bun." See her in United Artists' 80 "Breakfast in Hollywood," and Monogram's "Suspense"

A softly draped attached cape—so right this summer—enhances this exciting Onondaga print by Junior League. Sizes 7-15. About \$25.00. At Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.



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The new loose short jackets are wonderful. Make a couple of them from gingham, pique or any other cool fabric. With such a free-swinging jacket and a skirt you'll be set for coolness and chic.

Tie your hair up loosely in pale tinted tulle and anchor it with your favorite flower (real, please). This is strictly for evening and looks dreamy with light or dark clothes. It's also practical for "let's drive with the top down."

Jumpers are cool and you will be too in one made of a sheer fabric. Wear it with a low-necked short-sleeved blouse.

Make a Juliet cap of daisies to compliment a dark dress. And tie a band of daisies on each wrist.

Those new oh-so-open sandals look wonderful laced up with colored ribbon. Try red on one side and white on the other for a gay effect.

Put an under-the-chin black velvet ribbon on your big straw hat. Not only will this keep your bonnet on when the wind blows but when it hangs down your back, swinging on its ribbons, you'll look like Nell Gwynn.

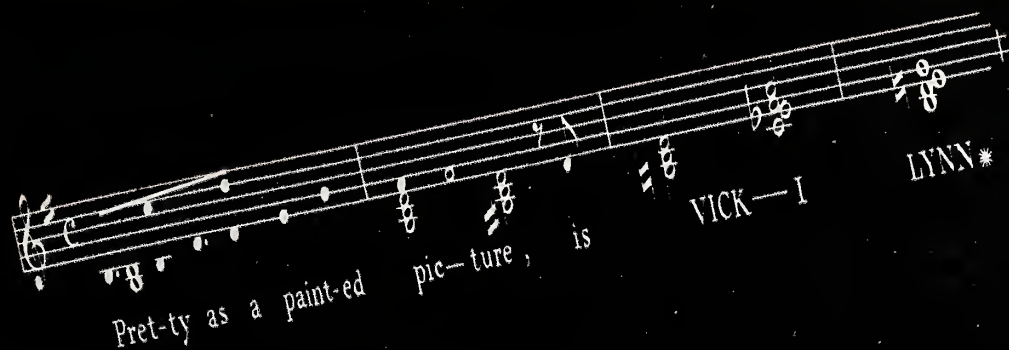
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Vicki Lynn

\$3 at leading department stores.

*From the song, Pretty Vicki Lynn, by Charlie Tobias

A woman with blonde hair styled in waves and a flower in her hair is smiling and looking upwards. She is wearing a two-piece houndstooth suit with a black belt and black gloves. She is standing on a city street next to a large, fluted classical column. In the background, a man in a dark suit is walking away, and a dog is visible. The overall tone is vintage and elegant.

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CHECK IN FOR FALL in this debonair ALLURA Suit. The checks are pert and racy ...the styling is soft and sweetly feminine ...shirtwaist sleeves...that pretty belted waistline and the yoke with it's intriguing Harlequin effect. Worth a check? You'll say so! 100% Wool fabric loomed for us by STEVENS. Sizes 9-15. Around \$35.

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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Yellow—in every shade—is a favorite with the beautiful Hollywood gals at the moment. And very flattering it is to most of them. Combined with gray it's divine, of course.

Which reminds us of Irene Dunne's favorite dinner gown . . . When she wore it to the Beverly Hills Club men turned admiring eyes upon her—women too! The bodice was mimosa yellow crepe. The two-tiered skirt was yellow chiffon, polka-dotted with tiny gray velvet bows. Irene wore pale gray elbow-length gloves, two diamond snowflake pins clipped to the bodice and matching yellow sandals. A gray fox stole kept the cool evening breezes off her shoulders.



At the opening of the new cherry lining room at the Aquacade, Marsha Hunt on the terrace beside the Beverly Wilshire pool was a symphony in chartreuse and yellow. Her slightly draped print dress had everything from tiny pale yellow blossoms to large orange flowers on its vivid chartreuse background. Over her shoulders was a loose three-quarter coat of chartreuse gabardine. Her hat was a small-brimmed sailor, the brim loaded with spring flowers duplicating the colors in the dress. Her accessories, bag, gloves and shoes were a soft warm brown. With her reddish brown hair and pale clear skin she was something to write home about.



Everybody is mad on the subject of carves—for street, cocktail or evening clothes. The movie belles wear them in every possible way—around bare shoulders (strapless formal gowns are still the favorites), tied to the belts of sportswear and, in the old-fashioned way, around the neck too.



Ann Blyth, lunching at the Farmers' Market in a slim and sleek pale gray semi-sports dress, wore two scarves tied together for a waist-bugging belt. One was bright red and the other bright yellow. The end of one, hem length, looked soft and floaty when she walked around saying hello to friends. Gray

shortie gloves and a gray draped turban completed the picture.



Stoles are seen everywhere and are made from every possible fabric—in brocades for evening, cotton for daytime and fur for all occasions.



Olivia de Havilland, lunching at La Rae, wore a stunning yellow silk suit . . . with almost invisible black and gray stripes. Her coat was collarless and boxy with large flat pockets. Her skirt was slim and straight. A high-necked pale yellow tailored blouse, black patent leather pumps and bag and black gloves completed the costume. No hat, but then with her wonderfully casual hair she doesn't need one.



Caught Sylvia Sidney shopping in a knockout print crepe suit. Without the coat this suit is a simple cocktail dress. With the coat, it's perfect for lunching or shopping. The black background is covered with a hundred shocking pink French poodles. The neckline is high and slightly draped to give a cowl effect. The sleeves are almost not there. The skirt is quite full below a tiny waistline. And the jacket has the new drop shoulder and long full sleeves. Sylvia wore madly pink snede gloves, a huge pouch bag of black and black kid sandals. A twisted roll of black and pink fabric crowned her head.



Marie McDonald (and who could wear it better?) has a divine summer evening gown of cotton that was dreamed up by Howard Greer. It's navy blue with a pink scroll appliqued on the dark background. Of course, it is an off-the-shoulder model. The dramatic note of this dress is the long, cuffed gloves of the same material that give the effect of long sleeves. The long, enormously full skirt is lifted slightly at the front hemline but really sweeps the floor in back. A tight-fitted basque bodice and a pink sequin evening bag complete this glorious evening costume.



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Exciting Woman

(Continued from page 42) capable of giving. Rita is like a trusting child—the most beautiful and obedient child in the world. She is never late on the set. She always knows her lines. She does not beg you to break for lunch at eleven or to quit for the day at four. You are the boss. She is there to comply.

Not that she isn't conscious that she is a star and has, as a result, certain prerogatives. She is very conscious of it. Not but that she knows the effect of her beauty upon every one who surrounds her. I remember the day on "Gilda" when she first walked on the set wearing that "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys" costume, that half-naked black satin number, and dragging an ermine cape on the floor behind her, just as the script ordered.

WE were working under tough conditions on "Gilda." We didn't have a finished script, we never knew what was coming next and we even started the picture without a leading man. Every night, as we quit, we got next day's scenes. Rita had to study at night. So did I. So did Jean Louis, the dress designer—but somehow he kept one leap ahead of us all. So that particular "Mame" morning none of us knew how Rita was going to look. She sauntered on the stage holding her head high, in that magnificent way she does, stepping along like a sleek young tiger cub, and electricians began dropping light bulbs, carpenters began dropping hammers and the whistles that sounded would have shamed a canary's convention. It was a good ten minutes before I could restore anything like calm. Rita smiled in her sweet and secret way. She enjoyed every second of it. Then she did that elaborate, difficult "Mame" number in two takes. The whole set broke with spontaneous cheers. Rita loved that, too. But she didn't take advantage of it.

She never does. Not that she's without temperament. She has temperament—but it is wonderfully under control. Once in a long while, if she gets very angry she will stamp her foot—which, again, is what a little child does and if she gets very angry she will say, "Darn, oh, darn"—and "darn" is what I do mean.

I doubt that she, herself, knows that she is more apt to stamp her foot and say "darn" after four in the afternoon than at any other time. I'm positive she doesn't know I am aware of it and I am absolutely confident that the front office at Columbia Pictures hasn't noticed how many times I finish up Rita's scenes for the day before that hour—but it is all true. The reason behind it is this: Movies are infinitely harder on actresses than on actors. In order to be ready for the first scene at nine, a girl must usually be up at six and in make-up by seven. By four, she's worn out. I always try to give Rita her big dramatic scenes in the morning and shoot around her in the afternoon.

Her best "take" is usually the second, sometimes the third. After that, if you don't get it, you are in trouble. For she is all emotion and arrives at everything emotionally. After the third take, she is emotionally exhausted.

I had a real problem when Glenn Ford was cast opposite Rita in "Gilda," for Glenn is the type of actor who improves as he goes along. Trying to get a balance between their performances took a lot of management. I felt the situation was hardest on Glenn, for he was playing an essential heavy—and he isn't at all that in person. His real personality is an honest, direct, warm quality. He is a fine performer—but in "Gilda" I think it is enormously to his credit that he played a

role that was so counter to his own type—and did it so excellently.

Not but that Rita was going counter to her own impulses in that scene where she struck Glenn in the face. She would no more do that in real life than she would commit murder. She is much too gentle, much too feminine. Besides, that is not the way she gets her objectives. In that particular, she reminds me of Gandhi. She knows exactly what she wants. She will stick indefinitely to an ideal or an ambition—but she doesn't fight for it. She waits—quietly, passively, and sometimes—like the Mahatma—is a perfect example of composed non-cooperation. By her very stillness she gets what she wants.

I have a theory that no one is naturally kind. That is, I believe kindness is an acquired quality. We have to learn to be considerate of other people's feelings. Certainly no child is a natural gentleman. You have to teach children not to be little barbarians, intent upon having everything to suit their own pleasure.

SOMEWHERE along the line of her childhood, Rita was, I fancy, very hurt. As a reaction to it, she is today considerate and thoughtful with everyone. It has been my peculiar fortune to make my pictures with Rita always at the time of some crisis in her personal life. When we began "The Lady in Question" she was getting her divorce from Ed Judson. When we started "Cover Girl" she was just about to marry Orson Welles. During the shooting of "Gilda" she separated from him.

She is no talker at any time. I presume she was in love with Judson though I don't know that from her. But I needed only the evidence of my own eyes to tell me that she adored Welles as if he were a god. During his courtship of her, she was positively illuminated. When she was expecting her baby, she was like a goddess, walking far off the earth, touched with glory. One morning on "Gilda" she did not report for work. We were briefly told it was impossible for her to get to the studio. That night hers and Orson's parting was announced. The next morning she was present, her face without color, her eyes without tears, her voice as emptied out as a clean plate. But she kept her mind on her scenes, nevertheless, and did them perfectly.

People ask me, "What happened?" I very honestly answer I do not know. I have been told that Orson says he will do anything on earth to win her back.

I know none of this from Rita. She has never talked to me about it. I doubt that she has talked to anyone. She keeps her own counsel. As far as I can tell, she has no "chum," no "best friend." Most stars do have, particularly the women stars, and while working, they will usually have their dearest friends with them on the set or sharing luncheon. But Rita has never had anyone around.

She is, however, a wildly devoted mother—and I know that she was an intensely devoted daughter to her own mother. In fact, I have never seen her be as outwardly devastated as she was when her mother died, not very long ago. One night recently we were guests at a Jack Benny party. Somehow the subject got around to mothers. Rita's eyes filled up. She couldn't talk at all until the subject got quickly changed. It was all she could do to retain any social composure.

And that, I repeat, is amazing for her. I realize from her acting power that she feels everything deeply—but to the world, she very seldom shows it. For example, my wife and I recently asked her to dinner and asked if she would like us to provide

an escort for her. "No, I'll bring my own," Rita said.

Half an hour before dinner, Rita telephoned us. "Is it all right if I come alone?" she asked. Naturally we assured her that she was always welcome—alone or in a mob. So all by herself she came—the reigning glamour girl of the season, whose telephone rings constantly with men asking to take her out. Obviously we did not question her concerning her lack of an escort—but, characteristically—Rita herself offered no explanation.

As supreme at the box office as Rita is today, I nevertheless believe she is only on the threshold of her powers. Just as her beauty has steadily increased so I am convinced that her emotional range is developing. I told you earlier that the "Gilda" slapping scene was difficult for her to do—it went so against her natural impulses. In a sense I tricked Rita into it. I mean I talked to her about the scene for six weeks before we shot it. That is the way I always work with her. Other performers may study scenes, brood over them, then be ready for the camera. That is not the Hayworth approach. With Rita, it is better to talk her into the mood of a given situation. Often we talk as long as an hour before one take—but it is a saving of time when she flashes into it and does it flawlessly. But the slapping scene I kept for the last shot of the picture and I warned Glenn Ford about it. "You mustn't move," I cautioned, "and we can shoot it only once. For if Rita wakes from the spell of it, she will be so revolted by it she won't be able to repeat it."

So Rita gave it all she had. She did, in fact, give it so much that her blow practically knocked Glenn down.

"Quick," I said. "Do it again."

She was so in the fury of the scene that she did it again, without knowing it, but this time Glenn was prepared and he took it without flinching. I saw Rita's eyes widen as she saw that scarlet bruise coming up on Glenn's face. "Cut," I cried, just as she began to cry.

Do I think that Rita will marry again? She says she won't but I think she will, for within her half-afraid, half-repressed, little-girl soul, she is lonely and insecure. Will she find the right man? Of that I'm not so sure—but with my whole heart I hope she does. Rita is a lovely creature who could make a perfect wife, a very great mother. She looks sophisticated—but she isn't at all. She is tender, simple, sweet. She loves clothes and her career for identical reasons—they both give her assurance. Nevertheless, I believe if the man wise enough to understand her and great enough to be worthy of her came along, she would give up her career without so much as a backward glance and with the greatest happiness bring up a very large family—every child of which, I am sure, would certainly be most extraordinary and very possibly be a genius.

THE END

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The Intimate Story of Ingrid

(Continued from page 65) paper after a meal, the waitress came up and asked her to surrender the table to someone who was waiting. Good naturedly, unrecognized, she apologized and left.

It never occurs to her that the disclosure of her identity would work wonders.

Before going on a bond tour she would always ask her husband how many bonds they had bought lately. "I haven't the stomach to ask people to buy bonds if we haven't bought all we can." (She even nurtured a guilty feeling about buying the house in Beverly Hills—their first home.)

The Bergman is still bewildered by the fantastic salaries of Hollywood and by the opulence of its movies. She it was who, when filling out a customs form at Port Huron, Michigan, wrote after the question: How much money do you have on your person?—"One dollar, fifteen cents."

SHE resents being exploited and hates the exploitation of others. She shies from special privileges and abhors patronage in any form. A Hollywood columnist—the same one—itemed that Ingrid's gown for the 1944 Academy Awards dinner was being designed specially for her by Travis Banton and being paid for by David O. Selznick, to whom she was under contract at the time.

Irked at the obvious fact that this information came from the Selznick publicity office, she forthwith telephoned Banton, cancelled the gown and declared that she would wear the oldest dress she had—the same one she wore at the previous year's function.

And she did.

The "hottest" star on the screen today is as rabid a movie fan as any bobby-soxer you choose.

One day, in the midst of shooting a picture, she was dismissed early in the afternoon and given an eleven o'clock call for the next day. She perceived in this windfall of leisure an opportunity to catch up on her pictures.

Enlisting the company of Miss Ruth Roberts, her English coach and valued friend, they set upon an astounding and unparalleled movie-drunk.

Starting out at six o'clock they went to see "Marie-Louise." After the show they paused for coffee, then attended a double-bill including "Blithe Spirit." When the two indefatigables emerged it was only 11:15 P.M.—still time enough, they calculated, to see one of those "owl shows." So they hopped in the car and Ingrid drove ten miles to downtown Los Angeles to see another double bill with "Leave Her to Heaven."

Five features—not to mention newsreels and short subjects—within nine hours. She got home at three A.M.

The Lindstrom home is an oversized mountain lodge, built of stone and timber, situated in the foothills a mile from the shopping center of Beverly Hills, looking as though it had been there for a hundred years. It is designed for simple unostentatious living and looks precisely like the kind of a home Ingrid Bergman should and would live in.

Her reference to it as "the Barn" best describes the huge vaulted room which combines within its undivided space a den and living, breakfast and dining rooms; an arrangement admirably suited to the informal tastes of its occupants.

It is probable that Ingrid Bergman will never get accustomed to the formality of dining with servants in attendance. The coming and going of plates and courses irritates her no end and she is happiest when she herself performs the serving

informally from a buffet. The dining table is used only under duress when the large coffee table, facing the great stone fireplace, is unable to accommodate the number of guests.

As for eating, Ingrid seldom indulges in a several-course dinner, preferring to nibble on snacks, mostly cheeses, that are always on hand. Her taste in foods is catholic and she is ever ready to try a new or strange dish. She has an admitted weakness, however, for the special type of Chinese concoctions to be had at Hollywood's famous Beachcomber's.

More than any other star of comparable rank she is apt to be seen shopping for groceries in Beverly Hills or the picturesque Farmer's Market in Los Angeles.

Around the house she is quite systematic and knows where everything is. She is orderly in her habits and in her mind. It is virtually impossible for her to loaf or to occupy herself in meaningless pursuits. When not engaged in exhaustive and meticulous studies of her scripts and production problems, she is catching up on the latest books or studying music.

Nothing bothers her so much as the prospect of a prolonged period of idleness between pictures. During the war years she employed these periods in war work—bond tours, camp tours, radio and personal appearances for the government. Bergman's day must be a day well spent. A restive appetite for experience and accomplishment is the dominant force in her life.

The Lindstrom home rarely hears the native Swedish tongue. Indeed, the language is brought into use only on two occasions—in an excited discussion, when they suddenly and unconsciously revert to it, and on non-private telephones when it comes in mighty handy as a befuddler of would-be eavesdroppers.

As for pensive little Pia, she does not understand her parent's native tongue since only English is spoken to her.

Pia, by the way, never saw her famous mother on the screen until recently when she was permitted to see "The Bells of St. Mary's." Ingrid previously felt very frankly that none of her pictures were quite proper for a little girl of five, six or seven.

Pia sat next to her mother at the showing of "The Bells" and watched the picture with such hypnotic fascination that on two occasions when Ingrid asked her how she liked a certain scene, Pia turned on her with an impatient "Sh-sh!"

AFTER her European camp tour a colonel and a GI, unknown to each other, said to me that she was "the greatest ambassador Hollywood ever had."

"Blood and Fire," the official GI paper at Bad Mergentheim, Germany, published the following: "... Bergman, who was pressing a skirt she was to wear at the evening performance, said that while she found the average German fraulein quaint and attractive in her peasant dress, she did not think that the American girl should lose any sleep worrying about being wooed and pursued by the GI when he hits the United States. They may make 'em more glamorous than Ingrid ('Iggy' we called her for short), but they don't make 'em more genuine."

She once did a broadcast of Paul Gallico's exquisite "Snow Goose." Milton Berle, who was to follow her, stood in the wings entranced, like everyone else, by her tender, sensitive interpretation. When she finished he soberly remarked: "Now I'm supposed to go out there and try to be funny."

Hollywood is indeed proud of Ingrid

Bergman. And The Bergman wears this lustrous diadem of affection with unchanging grace and humbleness.

Much of this is due to Ingrid's love of her work, a work which to her is an end in itself—not a means to an end.

Asked if she ever planned to retire, she responded: "Retire? My goodness, what for? Think of the wonderful parts I'll be able to play when I'm seventy!"

Shortly Bergman will be appearing on a New York stage as Joan of Arc in Maxwell Anderson's "The Girl from Lorraine." It is eminently fitting that this product of honesty in a brutally realistic era should essay the peasant girl of France whose own simplicity and honesty created a world.

For here is a woman keenly aware of a changing world and keenly aware of the need for that change. Deep in the well-springs of her character is a strong and intelligent social consciousness.

Money, per se, has no meaning for her. The only meanings which motivate her are those concerned with quality and philosophy and growth.

Bergman saw "Spellbound"—with Gregory Peck—for the first time at a special showing for the patients at Birmingham Army Hospital, near Los Angeles. She sat with the GIs, saw the picture and afterward appeared on the stage. Following brief talks by Ingrid and Gregory, the wounded hobbled around for autographs.

Standing next to a boyish veteran supported on crutches, I asked him if he enjoyed the picture. Angels hovered in his shining brown eyes. "Oh, yes," he said, never taking his eyes off Ingrid. "She's awfully good. She's going places."

Puzzled by this remark I asked him if he had never seen her before. "I've been in a Jap prison camp for four years," he replied.

This young man, whom Ingrid Bergman's fame had by-passed, had appraised her with an objectivity only possible in his unique case. But the judgment he made is a universal one:

"She's going places."

THE END

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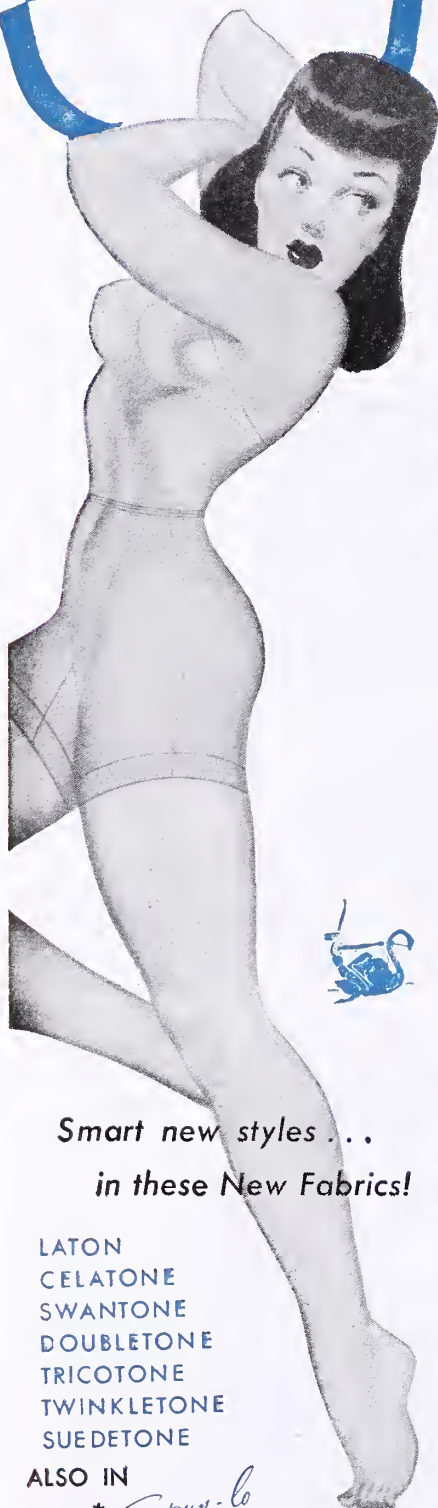
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A big-time winner returns to his alma mater to make the award to high school drama award winner, Audrey Smith



A graduate of Santa Monica High, Glenn was awarded membership to their Hall of Fame. Dramatic class listens to expert pointers



With pleasure—Glenn signs plaster cast for student Leona Nicassio. The high school's nickname is SAMOHI

He's surrounded by auto-graph kids, but he doesn't mind. Glenn is only man to belong to Hall of Fame. Joan Blondell, also an alumnus, holds same honor



Taking Drake Apart

(Continued from page 51) Kentucky Derby Winner in racing history. He has a mind like a piece of blotting paper, and absolutely no shame in his curiosity. Everything is brand new to him. Like the bull fights. . . .

They went one time to Tijuana to watch the deliberate, artful contest between man and beast. "If I'd had an eight-year-old kid with me I couldn't have been busier answering questions," Morton remembers. "He had to know the origin of the little hat the matador wears and the names of the colored barbs that are planted behind the bull's shoulder—and after it was all over he wanted to know what happened to the carcass."

Morton explained patiently that they cut it up and distributed it to the poor. "Well, what are we waiting for?" Tom said. "Let's go watch."

So for two hours they stood in a dank apartment far beneath the stadium watching the butchers work.

It is with the same childlike detachment, Morton remarks, that Tom watches the workouts at the famous Northridge breeding farm, on fine mornings just after dawn when such superb animals as Brevity and Roman stretch their legs in the sharp California air. Usually Morton comes along on these excursions, at the risk of his life because they always use Tom's car and he persists in driving himself. Once he couldn't get the thing started; they pushed it for a mile and a half along a bumpy dirt road before someone came along in a station wagon. Even then the motor refused to flutter into life. "Have you tried everything?" Morton asked, wiping his drenched forehead.

"Everything," Tom answered.

Then Morton caught a glimpse of the ignition switch. . . .

"I don't have the kind of mind that bothers with details," Tom said grandly, when they were once again soaring along. "At least I remember to keep plenty of gas in the tank."

The motor sputtered irresolutely. "Do you?" said Thompson, with some bitterness.

"Almost always."

The station wagon took them home.

FROM Morton Thompson's office you go across the Metro lot to the little bungalow where Harriet Lee, a handsome blonde woman with enormous vitality and a deep voice, teaches studio aspirants how to sing popular songs. She puts a platter, partly cut, on a playback and after a moment against a simple piano background you hear a pleasant young male voice singing a chorus of a nostalgic song beginning, "I don't know why I love you like I do." The lyrics are read with perfect timing but the voice follows the tune with an occasional slur, like someone crooning into a girl's ear while dancing. This, it turns out, is precisely what will be happening in the picture, "Faithful in My Fashion." The guy is no Sinatra, but he has appeal and he is not bad. The voice might someday be very good indeed. Tom hopes it will. "He has a burning passion to sing," Miss Lee explains. (Everything he wants to do is a burning passion.) "I love him, but he drives me crazy. I can't get him out of here. Sometimes he even asks if he can come home with me and keep on practicing while I have dinner."

The first time he came to her he said, "Someday I'm going to be in the biggest musical Metro ever turned out and I'm going to be the only one singing." In his first audition he stood with his hands over his face, his knees shaking; got out of breath; sounded like a schoolboy re-

"I like being a bachelor girl"



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citing his piece. It is different now, although when he made his first test records he was as nervous as a bride. Miss Lee brought him a coke with two aspirins in it and he revived until he heard what he had done. Then he held out what remained of the coke. "Put in another aspirin," he said.

"But I didn't consider the record a bad advertisement for me," Miss Lee will be quick to tell you. This from her is high praise indeed.

You want to know, of course, what it must be like to work with him, particularly if you are young and pretty and your first big part opposite Tom could mean everything to your career. So you catch little Beverly Tyler as she emerges from a costume test and take her for a soda at the commissary counter and find out.

It is pretty hard for Beverly to be anything but wide eyed, even somewhat breathless, about Tom. She is still too close to the recent afternoon when that problem of the camera angle came up on "The Green Years" set. Tom was supposed to be studying at a table; Beverly comes to take him to a picnic; and she has a speech to make. There just wasn't any way it would work, with the furniture placed the way it was, so that you could see both faces and get the speech too. Tom solved it nicely.

"Simple," he said. "It's one of Beverly's best lines. Take it with my back to the camera."

THERE may be times on the stage when to turn your back on the audience is an effective trick. On a movie set it is the equivalent of quitting the scene entirely. "You can't mean that!" the cameraman gasped, while everyone stared at Tom incredulously.

He shrugged. "I've got plenty of footage." The remark is a rarity in Hollywood history. Lest it give you the impression that Tom is not very shrewd about his career, observe the way he managed to wangle the lead for himself in "The Green Years."

He had read the script, and that was enough. He came into a friend's office waving the book of mimeographed sides, his hair rumpled, his eyes wild and determined. "I've got to have this picture," he announced firmly and tore out again. A second later his head reappeared at the door.

"I'll get it, too." He winked and was gone.

A week later he'd got it. He had not used direct methods, because front offices hate pests and because that approach would not have been in character with the role he wanted. He had turned himself into a shy, hopeful, slow-spoken, gentle boy who just happened to be around when persons of influence were discussing casting for "The Green Years," who just happened to ingratiate himself with those persons at that particular time, who just happened to be just right, just what they wanted for the role, just when they wanted him.

"It was a wonderful act," Beverly will tell you, while the tone of her voice and her eyes really say, "Tom Drake is wonderful. Period."

You have to leave Metro and drive over to Beverly Hills—to the Lyons and Lyons agency just around the corner from the Brown Derby—to see Bob Kennedy, but it's worth it. Bob is Tom's brother-in-law, got the lad his first stage job (in "June Night"), as a matter of fact, and Tom retaliated by introducing him to his sister, Clare.

It is from Kennedy that you learn other facets of the young man's nature. Char-

acter, rather. Because it took character, that day when his mother—with whom he had always shared an extremely close relationship—died suddenly. Tom and his sister were working in stock at Poughkeepsie when the news came, and they were pretty broke. The executors refused to produce any money for the kids' immediate expenses, but it had been Tom's mother who had supplied him with funds and taught him how to play the stock market with them when he was only ten years old and who generally encouraged him to be clever about money.

He knew what she would want him to do now. He went to the public library in New York and read law books until he found what he wanted. Then, armed with precise information, he proceeded to his mother's bank and forced them to come across.

Bob Kennedy remembers that and he remembers too the time Tom came to Ohio to be around when Clare had her baby. He was there for two weeks, most of which he spent absorbed in a book. Finally, out of curiosity, Bob peered over his shoulder at the title. It was the Bible.

When the baby finally came Tom went in to see her, looked long at the very red, very angry infant, and murmured in awe, "Christopher Columbus!"

"Why not?" asked Bob.

Clare said, "I think it's a swell idea."

So they named their daughter Chris.

Later, the girl who was Tom's and Clare's close friend and was to become Tom's wife, liked the name so well she took it, too. Tom was getting confused among Chrises. Now, though they are divorced, Tom and big Chris are still good friends.

It is really something to see Tom watching starry eyed as a beautiful bay gelding tosses his mane in the early morning at Northridge or Tom being tagged after by a clump of dirty, silent Mexican children in Tijuana (like a 1946 Pied Piper in a motley collection of mismatched tweeds and town shoes). Because, like a photographic overlay, you are still seeing Tom

Drake absorbed in the dismemberment of a magnificent bull which he had just watched being killed; Tom Drake shrewdly haggling with New York bankers over a point of law; Tom Drake skilfully and with premeditation putting on a colossal act in order to snag a particular role he wants; Tom Drake moodily shutting himself in his dressing room because a scene has gone wrong. . . .

Well, there is still a director to see, for his point of view. You catch Victor Saville on the run and he has time to remember that during one picture he laid bets on Tom's ability not to blow his lines and won more money than he did at gin rummy.

You find Herbert Wilcox in his office, and Mr. Wilcox makes it plain, in succinct sentences, that he considers Tom a sure-fire star, who will last because he is a serious student and has a "character" face. To illustrate that Tom never has a big head and almost never loses his temper, he regales you with the story of the "Courage of Lassie" location, in an isolated state of Washington camp, where for days Tom was kept coated in mud, his ears ringing with noise of every description, without once blowing his cork.

YOU bump into Selena Royle, a character actress who has played Tom's mother in a number of pictures. She is a fervent Drake fan and wants to talk about him, so you learn that he is always late to everything and that for some reason no one ever minds. You are told that he buys everything he sees, whether or not he can afford it on the allowance his business manager gives him, and that although his taste in men's clothes is of the groping-in-the-dark variety, the selection of lingerie he sends to female relatives is strictly on the dream side. Miss Royle says that she collects his doodles, sketches of Garbo mostly, because they are really very good and adores his imitation of Lionel Barrymore because he once tried to get a job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the strength of it and was told, "What the dickens? We've got the original."

With all these brush strokes neatly applied to the canvas, there is one last subtle touch of color needed in the middle distance—and it is supplied by Morton Thompson, most articulate of all the people you have met. On the desk in Morton's office at the studio there is a photograph of a boy in uniform who, at first glance, you would swear was Tom. It is not. It is a picture of Thompson's brother, killed in action in this last war.

And one afternoon Morton decided that he would like to take Tom home to meet his mother. Tom had been making a test in a GI uniform and had had no time to take it off before leaving the studio. At the Thompson home, Morton caught the phone which was ringing in the hall and Tom wandered handily into the living room. Mrs. Thompson, seated before the fire, turned and looked at him—

The shock of the resemblance would have been too much for the strongest woman. She collapsed completely. And in the ensuing moments it was Tom who kept his head, who quietly and efficiently brought her down from hysteria to stormy weeping to quiet, and who with sure resource and a finely drawn balance of reserve and good humor even had her laughing a little before he left.

There is here a degree of coolness and strength which is, perhaps, his most notable quality and if he is like the E and G strings from a fine fiddle twisted into one and stretched to the humming point, it is this temper, this validity that will keep it from snapping.

THE END

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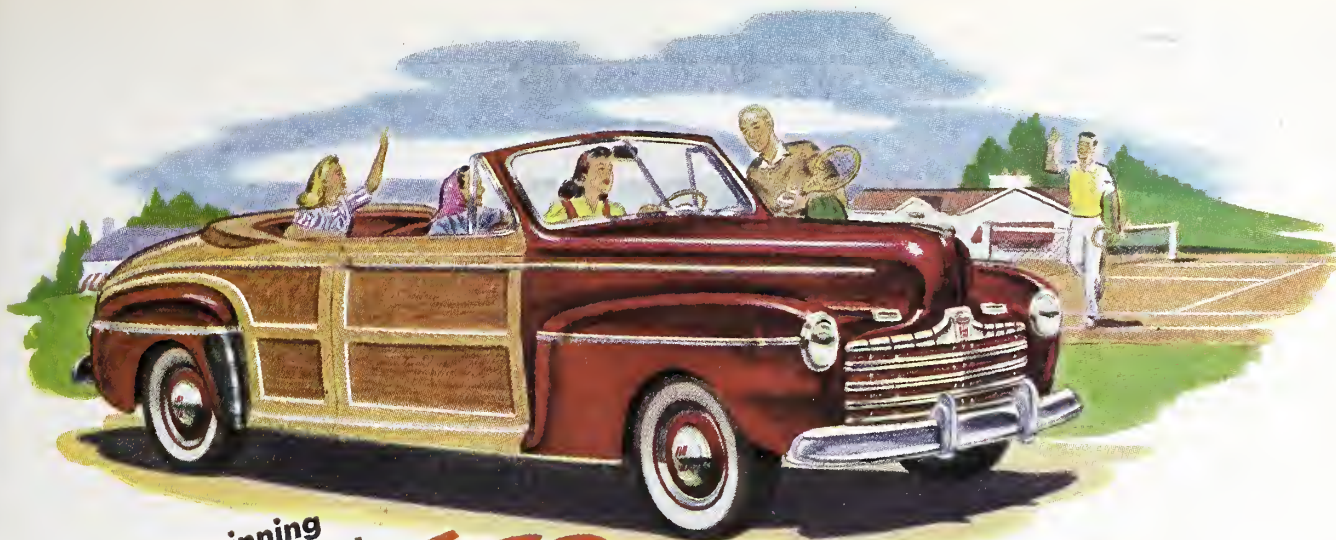
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- ☐ Tropic (med. dk.)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

Dark Hour

(Continued from page 44) turned off the Berkeley campus and headed up a lonely street, that he hadn't the courage ever to face any of them again. Somehow or other he had propelled himself through that nightmare in which he, a kind of disembodied spirit with dry lips and thumping heart, had moved across the stage. And somehow or other he had lived through that agonizing period later when his fellow actors had exercised their privilege as critics and slowly torn him apart, limb, head and heart. . . .

"The most embarrassing actor I ever saw—it embarrasses the audience to have to watch him . . ." said one. "Walks like a stick and talks with a mouth full of oatmeal . . ." That one had brought a burst of laughter from the open forum—and from tonight on he would know that nothing is ever quite so cruel as the laughter of youth. "A skinny goon—the kind that ought to be kept out of the profession—" As long as he lived, he'd see the bright red hair, the bulky shoulders and hear the contemptuous assurance of the fellow who'd said that.

As long as he lived . . . To be an actor, a good one, had been his last chance to still the restless urging within him telling him that he, Gregory Peck, must live fully and triumphantly, or he didn't want to live at all. . . .

At twenty, the tall boy had tasted failure three times and the bite of it was bitter on his tongue. Once he had thought that to be a doctor was the best way for any human to put himself to the greatest possible use. The ambition to study medicine had come upon him when, as a small boy building a boat, he had learned the importance of a doctor to a person with torn and blistered hands. . . .

Test tubes—cadavers—case-histories—all those months of driving himself through medical, fighting a deepening sense of futility. And then one day, the professor had looked into his eyes and straight through to his mind: "Peck, you have everything necessary to make good in medicine except an eagerness for medicine . . ." On the University of California reports, he was just another student flunk-

ing his course. Inwardly he was a fellow beaten by the knowledge that a poor doctor would be of no use to the world, nor to himself.

To be a great athlete, then; that was another way of being on his own. A way to give his sweat and wind and stamina, to prove he was good enough, to win something no one could take away from him. "Never sluff. Always do a little better, a little bit more . . ." Dad's words, echoing in his mind—he'd stroked his oar to them, bending his lean and sweating back with the U. of C. crew. It was a good back—until the Poughkeepsie regatta and the fall on the slippery-wet pier. "Not a serious spinal injury—but I'm afraid you'll have to give up the idea of any strenuous activity," the medico had said. Give up, too, that pride and certainty that his could have been as good a name on water as Dad's had been on the basketball floor and gridiron. . . .

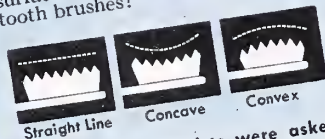
And now, tonight, the tall boy walked once more in that black and lonely world he'd been so sure he could find his way out of. The shy, sensitive world-of-his-own filled with such painfully moving

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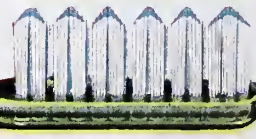


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(Continued from page 94) things . . . with train-smoke that trailed backward from a racing locomotive, beckoning him to all the places he'd never been . . . with ocean surf that pounded a reminder of the power and pattern he'd never achieved . . . with music that pulsed and ached with the beauty he'd never created. . . .

"Skinny goon—mouth full of oatmeal—embarrassing to have to watch him—never be an actor . . ." His heels were clicking the ugly words out on the sidewalk, as he headed with a sort of blind instinct for the railroad. The freight trains could take him away—away from Berkeley—away from failure—out of this world. For the wheels of the train were sharp—and grinding—and permanent. . . .

The rails gave back a gleam of cold steel in the moonlight as he followed them to the switchman's hut. Maybe there would be a schedule posted outside, saying at what time a fast freight would be through. He wasn't afraid—already he had died partly this night. To die fully wouldn't be so hard. He was young and strong; he had courage.

"Courage—you have courage?" his heels were scoffing at him now from the gravel alongside the track. Of course he had! But with courage, real courage, was there a need to die? The penetrating whistle of a freight train stabbed the night. Presently the thin shaft of the headlight swung around the bend growing brighter, ever brighter on its journey southward. Now was the moment of decision. . . .

Southward . . . Across his mind flashed the picture of his dad. Against that vision was the cold actuality of the gleaming tracks.

Another full-throated warning from the train—and the engine lumbered toward the tall youth still frozen with irresolution.

The hot breath of the engine was now upon his face. In a numbing roar the locomotive steamed by, then the coal car, more coal cars, refrigerator cars, farm machinery cars, empty cars. Was his to be an empty vigil too?

The lantern of the caboose was now looming up in the night. That meant the end! Suddenly his muscles tensed, then released in pure reflex action . . . And Gregory Peck had leaped onto the step of the caboose. He was headed for La Jolla! Headed for home!

Hours later—he didn't know how many, maybe a day—he reached the sleepy little Southern California town by the sea. There was Dad with his deep, calm eyes and welcoming smile. "You look a little tired, son. Better get yourself some rest . . ." Not an order, just advice—the way it always came from Dad. Gregory went up the stairs, taking with him what he had learned tonight: Courage was its own kind of greatness and beauty.

The rest of it he would learn some years later when he would once again walk with blackness and fear. . . .

IT was early morning in New York, the kind of morning when the world seems to wake up all tired out from sleeping. The sun was venting its anger at being called out of bed by casting a scorch on everything in sight. The city growled back with a low, unmelodious grumble of wheels and horns and voices. Here in the Fulton Street fish market the peddlers pushed their carts listlessly with one hand, dragging red bandannas over their dripping foreheads with the other.

The tall man with fists clenched in pockets, face lowered into collar, strode, unconscious of the smells, the litter or the heat. Gregory Peck had lengthened and fattened and progressed, but his dark hair was still a restless shock, his cheekbones still hungry.

Somewhere between times, he had

"grown up." On the stage he was no longer the shy boy with hundreds of strange eyes staring at him, but a man with a creative urge. He was the guy seeking to make the other fellow come alive for the people out there. No longer was Gregory Peck afraid of people; now it was the fear of failure that made his mouth dry and his palms wet.

Tonight, he would open in "The Morning Star." A lead role, not in summer stock or on the road, as the others had been, but on Broadway—the Broadway of life or death to an actor. The play had been a great hit in London; its author, Emlyn Williams, was also its star. Guthrie McClintic, who was producing the play in America, had considered long before sending for Peck to offer him the part. Gregory could still see McClintic's gaze measuring him. Adding him up—subtracting—with the sum of his talent and possibilities still unsolved in the producer's eyes. . . .

Once, on the "straw hat" circuit, he had played opposite Ruth Chatterton in "Rebound." A second lead, the hypotenuse in the triangle between its two stars, Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. It was a good part, except for one sloppy-drunk scene in which he was called upon to break down and weep copiously into his highball. Rehearsals to him were just one big build-up for that crying scene. Finally, Chatterton had stopped the rehearsal short and issued a challenge: "Come on, boy—let's see you do it. No real actor would refuse!"

"No real actor . . ." Chatterton's challenge—and now the question in the eyes of McClintic. Again the words pounded back from long ago: "Goon—oatmeal—no actor . . ." His New York critics would be professionals, experts at rending human hope and pride. He couldn't, wouldn't, face them. Abruptly he turned, almost upsetting a crayfish stand and leaving the air behind him filled with large, sincere Italian curses. He was leaving New York—heading for nowhere special, except into oblivion. . . .

At the end of that day, the tall man was still in New York, still walking—but toward the theater. Tired, but triumphant in a way that didn't depend on that evening's opening of "The Morning Star," the audience or the critics. In those hours between morning and dusk he had stumbled on the final truth about the courage he had been not losing, but finding. He had gained the thing no one could win for him, nor take away, but himself. . . .

Backstage tension ran high as the curtain rose on "The Morning Star." But the tall man waiting for his first entrance cue was at peace with himself. The control it bred transmitted itself to the audience when he stepped out on the stage. Command—that was what they felt to a man.

"The Morning Star" was unsuccessful, but its leading man was accredited by the critics with the most sensational performance any newcomer had ever given. In due course Hollywood was to beckon and bestow upon the man who had won two fights with himself an unchallenged record for the greatest number of starring roles in the shortest time ever known in picture history, the latest and one of the best being the lead in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

One more item writes a final and happy ending to that hidden chapter in which the world almost missed knowing Gregory Peck, actor: He never has forgotten the red-headed guy who issued that contemptuous "skinny goon" critique back in their college days. Kenneth Toby, who went on to become a New York actor, is one of his closest friends. In fact, as of now, Toby is lodged in the apartment over the Peck garage while Gregory helps him hunt a Hollywood contract.

Thus did Gregory Peck resolve his bitterness.

THE END



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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66)

I don't think any great damage has been done to your romance. If you can make a girl angry, at least you have awakened some emotion, which is infinitely better than complete indifference. Both of you were under a strain, and misunderstandings are easily increased by mail. Words spoken with a gesture and a twinkle get by in personal conversation as jest; those same words, committed to a cold, white page, are likely to be insulting. I've had a little experience along those lines when writing this column—I'm sorry to say. Sometimes things I have intended humorously have been taken with deadly seriousness!

The thing for you to do, as soon as you go home, is to send your girl friend flowers with a card saying something light and gay like, "Look who's back, thinking—as always—that you're wonderful." You might follow them with another bouquet in two days, then a third offering.

When you telephone her, she will be interested, I'm sure. I think she'll give you a date at which time the campaign is all yours. If you can't think of a dozen ways of following up that advantage, well you just haven't benefitted by your Navy training, sir.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Dell and I had been in love ever since high-school days and had always planned to be married someday, when the war came along. He was eventually shipped to England, but during his service in this country he wrote regularly.

Finally I received a short note from him saying that he had married an Irish girl. You can imagine how I felt about it. I tried to forget him, but that had been such a strange letter that it haunted me.

Last month, he returned and immediately came to see me. He said he wanted me to know the full story. It seems that this girl became pregnant because of him, so Dell married her. Now she is perfectly willing to give Dell a divorce, provided, that he will take his daughter and rear her.

Dell says that he loves me now and never stopped loving me. As for myself, the instant I saw him I knew that I would probably love him all my life. But I'm not sure I want to get mixed up with his child by a previous marriage. Perhaps I would be better off to look around for some nice boy without a blot on his past, and rear my own family.

I need advice—you can see that.

Elma de J.

If you really love Dell, as you say you do, you should marry him. And if you are at all the woman you should be, you will take that baby and give the poor little thing the love and tenderness to which it is entitled.

Each one of us, if he is at all a thoughtful human being, tries to become more understanding, more constructive and more useful to the world as he gets older. Here is a ready-made opportunity for you to prove your worth by being a devoted mother to Dell's daughter. She needs you.

Dell made a mistake; I think that much should be admitted between you, and then it should be forgotten. It should never be mentioned again. He has probably paid for it many times over.

Furthermore, if you are wise, you won't discuss the baby's origin with your friends. Remember that anything you say may eventually come back to hurt the child.

Claudette Colbert

(From Beirut, Lebanon—a city halfway around the world from Hollywood—comes this interesting letter.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a nineteen-year-old fellow who is deeply in love with a married girl, aged twenty. I do not know this girl except by vision, which is how she knows me. We have not spoken—except with the eyes.

The fact that makes me sure of her sympathy to me is that she passes, each day, before my shop where I am standing in the door. Every morning at the same hour she comes to take the tram; all the more am I convinced, because she could get the tram earlier and easier if she were to go the other way. At the beginning I thought she came my way to do some shopping; but no shopping is done, not the first day nor any day. That made me think she came my way to see me, especially with her eyes quick seeing, looking away.

Because of questions asked from those who know her, I have learned that she does not love her husband. She married him when she was in a "money trouble" condition and not for love.

How to proceed, Miss Colbert? What shall a fellow, in the United States manner, do to learn if this is a true sympathy? Abdullah B.

Your letter fascinated me because it reads, to an American, like a bit of prose Omar Khayyam.

Discretion would advise that you do absolutely nothing, since the object of your admiration is married. Refraining from trying to speak to the lady or getting to know her better would not be the part of a weakling, but of a philosopher.

If you will read Dante's "Inferno" you will learn that all his life was made lovely by recollection of Beatrice, whom he saw only once. C. B. Shaw never met Ellen Terry, yet their exchanged letters were a delight to both. Perhaps you have a dream that you may keep unspoiled forever.

So why not be happy in your fragile romance and not seek to further it.

Since the epigram has distance lending enchantment, why don't you make the loan permanent?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Before my husband was discharged from the Army, I lived with my parents and my fourteen-months-old baby daughter. As soon as Tom came home, we moved south to live with his people until Tom could get settled. And there our trouble began.

Doris is an active youngster, bright and happy. She is too young to be spanked, but my husband and his family say that she should be whipped for the slightest thing. She can't talk yet and can't understand why she mustn't play with anything she can reach. I run after her constantly, trying to explain that she mustn't touch things that don't belong to her.

I have studied child psychology and believe that if a child is given a substitute toy, her attention will be distracted. This takes more time and effort, of course, but I believe that it will develop a nice child. My husband disagrees. He says physical punishment accomplishes more than talk and psychology is a bunch of silly theories.

Much that is written about motion-picture children indicates that they get the best of care and are charming youngsters. Will you please tell me how the children of your friends are disciplined?

Mrs. Serena L.

Most of my friends, I'm sure, would agree with you that a young child must be taught by the substitution method, must be given the advantage of enormous patience and loving forbearance. However, most of them will also agree that there are times when a child will seem to be possessed of some evil spirit, and the only answer is a bit of paddling in the soft spots that can't be damaged.

You are in a particularly difficult situation, since you are living with your husband's people. Older people are shorter tempered and less inclined to take the hard road of psychological wisdom in dealing with a youngster.

I think you should try to keep the little girl outdoors as much as possible—away from the temptation of the gadgets in the house. So far as your husband's viewpoint is concerned, he would seem to be old fashioned. Nothing can be gained by arguing the point of child-rearing, however. You will simply have to be calm, silent and resourceful about your methods.

I feel that you should stick to your beliefs, train your daughter and conduct yourself so as to avoid argument. And you might pray that the housing shortage will soon be alleviated, so that you three can live alone.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am deeply in love with a Marine who is now overseas and expects to be home this fall. We have planned to be married as soon as possible after his return.

Six months ago I met a very wonderful fellow and have been going out with him ever since. I have only a sisterly affection for him but he has fallen deeply in love with me. I have told him repeatedly that I admire and respect him, but that my interest is purely platonic. A month ago I learned that he has an incurable heart condition and has less than a year to live.

This boy wants me to marry him. He says that he isn't being selfish because I will be able to marry the man I love eventually; he only wants these last few months with me.

I haven't written the Marine about this situation, as I think it is something I must settle for myself. However, I've wracked my brain and can't reach a decision.

Dema C.

I know a man who was told twenty years ago that he had three months to live. He has already outlived the doctor who predicted his death.



Three's a crowd, decides the puppy, and gets smiling approval from Col. John Coulter, Connie Bennett's fiancé

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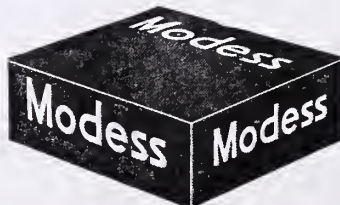
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I don't mean to indicate any distrust of the medical profession; far from it. Frequently a doctor can predict almost to the hour the length of time left to a human being; but mistakes do occur.

My first feeling is, then, that this boy may live to a fine, ripe old age.

Aside from that hope, however, I still adhere to this belief: No girl should marry a man with whom she is not overwhelmingly in love.

Some well-meaning friends will probably assure you that pity is akin to love, but pity is to love only as your shadow is to yourself. No man in his right mind would want to marry a shadow—yet that would be all he had acquired if he insisted that he be married out of pity.

Nor do I advise your seeing him so much. I'm afraid you wanted, without quite realizing it, to have the companionship while your Marine was away without realizing the probable consequences.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Will you excuse me, please, if I really do not write very well the English?

I am nineteen years old and live in France. I knew an American sergeant who was in the Army. Four months ago he is gone home. I love him more than all in the world.

Before George left for The States, sometimes he takes me to dance and brings me back home. Once, because I told him all soldiers want take only good times with the girls he answered me, "Liberia, you cannot judge everybody in the same way. Remember that. I love you and I write you as soon as I get home. I'll try to find a job in France so I'll be back here. Be happy."

I know he is sincere and keeps the word that he promises, but I have never received a letter from him. I can affirm you, Miss Colbert, George is not married nor fiancé.

I should be glad that you answer my problem why I receive no letters.

Mademoiselle Romanelli L.

With all my heart I wish I could tell you that I think you will receive a letter from George soon, but if I said that I would be doing it only to comfort you and not because I truly believed it.

Men in the service often lived from day to day. Home was far away, they were homesick, lonely and scared. So when George told you he loved you, he probably meant it. It was the authentic emotion of the moment. But since then he has returned to the place and people familiar to him—and though he probably hasn't forgotten you, he may have forgotten his ardent promises.

However, I can say this: If you and George were really meant for one another by a force we like to call "Fate," you will hear from him and you will see him again. If you two weren't meant for each other, isn't it lucky that it ended this way, instead of in heartbreak and lifelong unhappiness for both?

Claudette Colbert

(A great deal of unhappiness is contained in the normal amount of mail received by this department. For that reason, the receipt of a letter as happy and constructive as that published below, is a real treat and we wanted to share it with readers.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was interested in the remark made in one of your March answers in Photoplay to the effect that eighteen-year-old girls were too young to marry.

I married a year ago when I was eighteen and I couldn't be happier.

My husband is twenty-one and is still

in service. We are living in a government project where he is stationed. Although we could get along on what he makes, I work to make it possible for us to save.

What I am getting at is this: My husband and I are working toward the same end. We are seeking to better ourselves and establish security for our future. We work together, in housework and other things. He is always thinking of my comfort and I, of his. I believe these two things: Working together and considering the marriage partner make a successful match. Certainly they are proved by the glow I always feel when I am going home to him. The answering smile he gives tells me that he feels as I do.

Rita Gibson

A general letter to hundreds of girls throughout the United States:

Dear Girls:

During the last six months I have received literally thousands of letters containing the identical problem: A girl and a boy met during the war. Usually the girl was living in her own home town, and the boy was stationed at a camp nearby. They became very friendly, and each told the other that This Was Love.

When the boy was transferred to another camp or sent overseas, those two corresponded regularly. The letters ranged in caloric value from tepid to volcanic.

Then came the day when the boy wrote: "I'm being returned to The States, darling. I can scarcely wait to see you. I'll wire or telephone the instant I reach home, and I'll be seeing you soon."

Unfortunately, that is the final word from the boy.

Whereupon the girl writes to me, asking how to secure the boy's address. If she has his home address, she asks whether it would be proper to write to him.

The problem is, then: Since he has not written to me, should I write to him?

I'm going to disappoint many of you girls, but my conviction is: Don't write. When a girl is really important to a man, he writes. A man worth having is capable of carrying on his own courtship. If he doesn't bother to let you know that he has returned safely and that he is still thinking of you, it means simply that you have engaged in a wartime romance and the instant peace was declared the romance was over. You might as well accept the fact, forget the man and turn your attention to new experiences.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

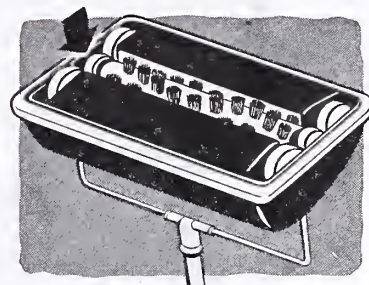
Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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ROYCEMORE TOILETRIES, INC., 180 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6

Who's Superstitious!

(Continued from page 61) no harm!"

Joan also would walk a mile to keep a black cat from crossing her path.

So would that delightful young Englishman Peter Lawford. And with good reason! Pete was rushing to the studio one day to test for an important role when a very large, very black cat dashed across the road in front of his car. Almost immediately he had two flat tires.

"Also," Peter says, a little grimly, "I came within an ace of losing my chance to test for that role—I was so late reaching the studios."

Theater people generally do not forgive you for whistling in a dressing room. Plays have been known to close and movie productions have been known to turn into hopeless flops, according to the best people in show business, because someone whistled in a dressing room. "There may not be anything to it," Lee Bowman says, "but I, for one, don't intend to take a chance—and find out."

Bill Williams agrees.

Marguerite Chapman won't even whistle on a studio stage when a scene requires it. She just forms her lips as if she were whistling while the sound-track plays a whistling sound made by someone else.

Little June Haver, one of the sweetest girls I've ever known, is another who refuses, point-blank, to whistle in a dressing room, not so much because she is jittery on this score herself—rather out of respect for Ted Fiorito, who is. Ted, who gave June one of her first breaks, overheard her whistling in her dressing room one day when she was touring with his band. "Promise me never to do that again," he said. She never has!

PERHAPS you are one of the exceptions who do not hold with superstitions. Or you may be one who adores charming old customs and traditions; who would reach eagerly to catch a bride's bouquet and later, surely having caught a husband, would respond to his sentiment when, on your wedding day, he carried you across the threshold of your new home.

These traditions too are born of old superstitions. It's the hangover of the savage, for instance, that finds in the flowers of the bride's bouquet the ancient symbol of life and rebirth. So a bride carries a bouquet as a sign of her conquest and, tossing it away after winning her mate, presumably tosses some of her power with it. Thus, whoever catches the flowers snares that magic.

The wedding veil itself is a disguise against any demons who might happen along, see the bride and desire her for their own.

And if you think that when a bridegroom carries his bride over the threshold of their new home he is being true to a beautiful tradition and no nonsensical superstition is involved, pause long enough for the savage under your skin to remind you that a doorway is one of the pagan symbols of life. Therefore, to walk through this great mystery strong and surely is good medicine. But misfortune will dog the footsteps of those who stumble. To prevent such a mishap, the groom carries his mate across his doorstep.

A superstition by any name is still a superstition.

There's always been magic in numbers; black magic sometimes when a bank account won't balance. And don't forget the incantation to luck we chant over dice—"Come seven, come eleven."

Bill Eythe says seven definitely is his number. He was born on April 7. He got his first summer stock job on the seventh

of another month. It also was on the seventh of various months that he opened in "The Eve of St. Mark," signed his contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and began work on "The Song of Bernadette."

"Come seven . . ." says Bill, with the banshees themselves lurking in his Irish grin.

Bob Hutton says eleven is his number. He was born on June 11. He was eleven years old when he made his first trip to Hollywood, saw the studios and determined when he grew up to become a movie star. Eleven years later he arrived in Hollywood to fulfill this dream. On the eleventh of December a talent scout, seeing him at a neighborhood playhouse, arranged for his screen test. Eleven days later he signed his Warner contract. But alas, he was assigned dressing room No. 13. Richard Waring had dressing room No. 11. Bob cast longing eyes upon it, too, during all the discouraging months when Warners gave him no work and Uncle Sam wouldn't have him because of his weak eyes. Then Richard Waring was drafted. Bob moved into dressing room No. 11 and next day was given the juvenile lead in "Destination Tokyo." No wonder he keeps eleven in many conspicuous spots. He lives in a No. 11 apartment. There are two ones in his automobile license. And whenever he has a serious business deal he waits until the eleventh day of the month or sets the appointment at eleven o'clock in the morning.

WE'RE so amused always when we read of the amulets people used to wear to protect them from witchcraft, accident and other ill luck. But show me the girl who doesn't have a dress she considers especially lucky. And I know any number of Hollywood stars who hold certain objects as talismans. . . .

Johnny Coy wears a pair of old black beaten-up dancing oxfords in every picture he makes. He wore these shoes first in "Dancing in the Street," the Broadway show in which he appeared with Mary Martin. It was Mary, you know, who introduced him to Buddy de Sylva through whom he got his Paramount contract.

"They've been soled and re-soled more times than I can count, those oxfords," Johnny says, "and they'll be at the cobblers plenty more times too—because I'll wear them in every picture, once anyway. For me they're lucky!"

Both Alan Ladd, who has found so much happiness in his marriage to Sue Carol, and Veronica Lake, devotedly mar-

See

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NEWSREEL**

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NEW COMFORT!**

*New ease-of-use in
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You who know the glorious freedom of modern internal sanitary protection, will welcome the new comfort and even greater ease-of-use of Meds-Slender. You who long to try new-fashioned monthly protection will find the new, slimmer Meds-Slender the perfect way to begin!

But—whether you choose the new Meds-Slender with regular absorbency, or the well-known Meds-De Luxe with super absorbency, you'll enjoy internal sanitary protection at its best! "Next time"—try Meds!

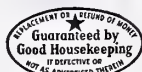
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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

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with super absorbency

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ried to Andre De Toth, refuse to take off their wedding rings. Even for their art! When they go before the cameras they conceal their rings under flesh-colored tape.

Ann Sheridan sets great store by a black velvet dress. It was part of the meager wardrobe she brought to Hollywood when she won Paramount's "Search for Beauty" contest. A dozen alterations, during which gold braid, Irish lace, a black net yoke and finally removing of the sleeves to make it a "formal," saw this dress do good and crucial service.

"I love the old thing," Ann says. "It outlived its usefulness long ago—but I keep it hanging in my dressing-room closet. Always will. It's my good luck charm!"

ANGELA LANSBURY believes in the blue chiffon bits and pieces snipped from the dress her mother, Moyna Magill, wore in her first successful play in London. Everyone was so overjoyed at the success of this play that Angela's mother cut up the dress and distributed pieces of it to her friends. One bit, treasured as a family lucky piece because it has brought success to many members of the family who wore it upon special occasions, is Angela's talisman. She pins it somewhere under her gown whenever she embarks upon a new picture or a new venture. Another bit she long ago gave to a friend who wooed good fortune with it. And two or three additional blue chiffon wisps which Angela still has will go to those she meets along the way who need luck badly.

The very handsome Zachary Scott's lucky piece is plural—cuff links made from old gold dollars, the first money paid to his grandfather, who rose from the humble ownership of one steer to become one of the wealthiest cattle barons in the land. Zachary used to play with these links as a little boy. As a young man, he wore them in his shirts when he could coax his grandfather to lend them to him. Then his grandfather's will gave them to him for keeps.

Since these cuff links, which Zachary says make him believe in his luck (and that's half the battle), came into his possession, there has been only one important occasion upon which he neglected to wear them. The play, alas, opened and closed the same evening.

You can imagine Zachary's concern, therefore, when, walking on the set for the first day's shooting of "Mildred Pierce," he realized he had left those links on his bureau at home.

"How long before I'll be needed?" he asked the assistant director while he computed the least possible time he would need to dash home and back again.

"Sorry, Mr. Scott," the assistant director said, "but we needn't have called you so early. The way we're set up now you won't work until this afternoon."

That afternoon when Zachary walked on the set for the first time the cuff links were in place—so was his belief in the ultimate success of "Mildred Pierce" and his performance in it.

So it goes. Wherever we turn we find superstitions at work. And always they have a lineage as old as time. And they're fun, too, if we don't take them too seriously. Incidentally, don't let the man in your life be too superior about any little superstition, tradition or custom to which you cling. He clings to such too. Just ask him why on this warm July day he wears that uncomfortable collar about his neck. If he doesn't know the answer, tell him. The reason men wear collars is for the sole purpose of protecting their throats from a dagger thrust!

THE END

Baby Shower

(Continued from page 31) later.

As I was saying, Daisy does things right. No halfway measures. Because of her thoroughness she has attained a quality that few women possess. She has the bearing, charm and grace of a fine lady. She is not stuffy or snooty—not at all the duchess type but there is a regal air about her.

She can be, and often is, misunderstood. When her mind is occupied with a purpose, nothing can block her concentration until that purpose has been secured. I've seen her walk into a room and to all appearances ignore an acquaintance when actually she was so intent on doing some specific thing that distraction could not break through her shell. Those who know her, understand. Those who don't, feel slighted. They are so wrong.

My last picture, "Keep Your Powder Dry," was with Laraine. It was during its making that we became friendly. It was no immediate meeting of the minds but a gradual development. All Daisy's friendships bloom that way and all are perennial.

Her really close friends are anything but a "glamour" crowd. If you were invited to her house and arrived expecting to see a bevy of stars, producers and potentates, you would be sadly mistaken. Most famous people seem drawn to other famous people but Laraine's friends are her friends because they are what, not *who*, they are. Thus it gives one a feeling of satisfaction and comfort to be one of them.

HER home is my very favorite of all houses. It lies nestled in a private corner of the world sheltered by sycamores and ivy. A stream babbles through the grounds, pauses only long enough to form a pool to swim in, then on its goes, under a bridge and away. The house itself grows out of the greenery and disappears back into it. Inside is comfort and serenity with gay trimmings. Laraine's house is a home to live in.

Ray Hendricks is a wonderful guy and he's in love with Laraine. Being her husband makes it very convenient. Ray is a happy Irishman with a big heart and a big smile who likes laughs, children, grown-ups and airplanes. He was a singer and has a beautiful voice but the blue sky yonder lured him away and now he sings in the air instead of on it. He and Daisy make a better team than Pidgeon and Garson even!

An evening at the Hendricks haven is always a happy one. The food is always



Baby talk for four at Susan Peters's baby shower—Eleanor Powell, June Allyson, Laraine Day and Norma Shearer

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Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.*

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

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Lovely
HAIR FREE *legs*



Keep your legs feminine! Ease away unsightly masculine hair without dangerous razor or smelly chemicals. *E-Z does it!* It's a dainty glove that gently erases hair—and leaves your legs lovely! At all chain store and cosmetic counters.

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For under-arms, face, and back of neck use E-Z Finger-Tip Glove.

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A HELEN NEUSHAEFER PRODUCT

good and the price is right. Every party Daisy throws has a cute touch. For example, at one soiree she spent days writing poems on place cards about each guest . . . hysterically funny poems. She holds a monthly barn dance which gives all her friends a chance to de-corn themselves on square dances and reels. She holds card sessions, game nights, bull sessions, runs movies—and the result is her reputation as a charming hostess who never has fostered a dull evening.

Laraine's sense of humor is her trump card. Somehow it always catches me un-awares. She's nearly always gay but somehow you don't expect a superwit. It's the subtle kind that uncoils like Joe Louis's left jab and tops all comers. Her humor is a full page ad for her all-around intelligence.

I've never known a person yet with a particularly sharp sense of humor that wasn't highly intelligent. Laraine is exceptionally no exception. Because of her purposeful outlook on any subject worthy of attention, her intelligence is thorough and obvious. All this seems to prove that one virtue breeds another, one accomplishment leads the way to another, making the person who is interested in achievement grow in stature like a rolling snowball.

Laraine is also a perpetrator of schemes. If a novel idea strikes her fancy, whether it be a party, a game, a charity or a new kind of sandwich, she'll give it, play it, found it or make it.

Her clothes show her character quite plainly. They are meticulously chosen with intelligent taste and a touch of daring. She is, quite naturally, one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood.

Her front door is always open and droves of people use it. There's never a question of finding a fourth for bridge—or an eighteenth for a baseball game, for that matter.

ABOUT a year ago, Laraine and Ray decided to adopt a baby. Eight months ago they got Christopher, a tow-headed little pixie.

Six months after Chris joined the club, Daisy received a call from a home at which she had previously applied telling her of a three-year-old moppet. Ray climbed into an airplane and flew to get Michele.

A week later Laraine heard that Michele had a five-year-old sister so, not wanting to split a family, she made Angela a Hendricks.

Now, being a Mother three times in seven months requires some readjustment, to put it mildly, but Laraine is capable as always and a more doting parent you have never seen. Ray is a daddy to behold—what you can see of him under three gamins. So what seven months ago was Ray and Laraine is now Ray, Laraine, Chris, Michele and Angela. Two happy people plus three li'l kids makes five happy people, teacher.

Beauties

with

Bachelor Appeal

Florence Pritchett

(who has it too)

will tell you about
the Hollywood girls
who get their men

in September Photoplay

The shower for my Tim, which Laraine gave, was a lulu. Laraine invited all my friends on the distaff side and their daughters—a hen party with chicks. Ray, Dick and Timothy were the only men invited; Tim to admire his gifts (and to be admired, of course!) and Ray and Dick to ride herd on the toddlers playing in the back yard.

As usual, Daisy arranged everything beautifully and the shower was a thundering success; particularly for Tim who is now the best-dressed fella in town.

I did think he was a trifle blasé about all his lovely presents but then I suppose you can't expect too much enthusiasm from a guy who measures his age in weeks. But what a wardrobe my young man acquired!

My first thought was to adopt three more boys quick in order to use all the natty suits before they were outgrown. Then I remembered that babies change their clothes quite often! Besides, our next recruit will be a girl. Seeing Laraine's two glamour girls made me yearn for variety in the family. She dresses them as little girls were meant to be dressed and they just ooze femininity. What a model their mother is to follow while they are busy growing up. And Chris can't miss being a man's man like his pa.

Adopting a child is a wonderful privilege. Dick and I have always wanted a big family. Like any young couple we planned our family in our mind's eye. When I was injured our pretty picture faded for a moment or two. The possibility that we may never have children of our own was a bitter pill but before we swallowed it the dawn broke through. We could adopt our family!

God always leaves a loop hole to crawl through when trouble strikes. Then, after you crawl through and stand up straight you discover that the alternate is just as great a fulfillment as the wish that was broken.

The more Dick and I thought about adopting a child the clearer it became that the child we received would be meant for us alone. Now that Tim is here, we're so very sure. He's our son—not borne by me but for us.

As I write this, Dick is out flying with Ray. Some day maybe Tim will be out flying with Christopher. Michele will have a shower for Angela's baby and Laraine and I will sit on the sidelines pondering over this younger generation. Well, the younger the generation the better we like it, eh Daisy?

Now if you'll excuse me, I must warm the bottle.

THE END



Laraine Day, Julie Payne and her mother Anne Shirley bring fun and presents to Laraine's shower for Susan's new son



"STOP, LOOK and make your baby's skin GLISTEN"

"Here's your orders: Sprinkle mild, soothin' Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder on your baby's skin every day, for lovelier skin, 'glowin' with health! Mennen is *smoothest*—that means extra comfort. Bein' *antiseptic*, it protects better against diaper rash, prickly heat, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles. No wonder *more doctors prefer Mennen* than any other baby powder. And its wonnerful new scent makes us babies *smell so sweet!*"

*Twin Blessings
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TAN MORE BEAUTIFULLY, SAFELY, COMFORTABLY . . . new beauty secret—mothers rave about their beautiful suntans (and baby's, too) with soothing, protective Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil. *Try it yourself now*—best for baby, best for you!

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Hair that goes straight to his heart . . . and a Du Pont Comb goes straight to your heart. Rounded teeth, so kind to your scalp . . . smooth, easy-to-wash plastic. Carnival colors . . . exclusive designs. 10 to 50 cents—Du Pont quality.

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ARE YOU JUST A *Plaything of Nature?*



Nature may endow you with breathtaking beauty, a lovely curvaceous figure. She may bestow gifts on you that make you a brilliant actress, a leader in your class at college, sought after at dances, or a charming wife and mother.

Yes, Nature may do all this. But even so—you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

So if female functional monthly disturbances are causing *you* to suffer pain, nervous distress and feel weak, restless, so cranky and irritable that you almost turn into a 'she-devil'—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about. Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's *famous* for this purpose. And don't forget—

Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying nervous tension, irritability, those tired-out, mean 'pick-on-everyone' feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—a thing any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands



of women in this way. Don't you think this proof enough of its GREAT MERIT and CONTINUING SUCCESS! Pinkham's Compound is certainly *worth trying!*



What Of Their *Tomorrows?*

A ragged little figure stands at the edge of a pile of rubble. He breaks off a piece of the crust of bread he holds in his hand, stuffs the piece inside his shirt. He has learned through tragic experience that it is better to have less of a morsel of food today so that he may be sure of even a crumb tomorrow.

Thousands of children are doing this today throughout war-broken countries; children without homes, without parents, without hope!

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

Just this . . .

Become a Foster Parent under the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children. The children are cared for in colonies abroad and as Foster Parents you will be kept informed of their progress, exchange letters with them, help them feel loved and wanted,

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Write today and learn more about this satisfying solution to the "what-to-do" problem:

THE FOSTER PARENTS'
PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN

55 West 42nd Street
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One Dream for Two

(Continued from page 37) life. The need for laying a firm foundation.

That is why Jeanne says now, "It seems almost funny to have our marriage referred to as 'wild'—why, the thing we always had to fight was being too sensible. We planned and thought so much!" She smiles a little wistfully at her husband. She means the "almost"—for she still can't quite laugh, can't quite get over the hurt of having it misunderstood even for a little while.

HER husband looks down at her a minute in pure enjoyment and then catches up the train of her thought.

"We've known each other for three years, you know. It isn't a lifetime, but when you put your mind to it and dissect as many things as we did—budgets and books, homes, hobbies, everything under the sun—you get to know a lot about each other. And we were very modern before our marriage—" he laughed and tousled her hair, "so we could be sure enough to be old fashioned afterward. No 'going steady' for us! Oh, no! Go out with other people—go out with 'the boys'—"

Jeanne breaks in, "When it just made us miserable, we were sure—so we gave it up."

You see, they believe that if the foundation is sound, if you know for sure what you want, you must step out and take it, when the time comes, with complete faith that everything else will fall into place. That basic soundness permitted them to take their happiness in the only way open to them, with quiet confidence that everything would be all right. And is it?

"Yes. Oh, yes!" Jeanne says radiantly. "Everything is too wonderful. It's hard for me to talk objectively about it—I'm so in it. But when it comes to true love and there's that solid foundation, everything comes right. It can't help it."

She tells about little things—a man they met offering them some bricks for their house—another man who is building a store is going to save them some plumbing fixtures.

"They all seem so happy that we are happy. Like my mother. She's delighted. Now she just says, 'Well, dear, wait till it's your turn—your daughter—and you'll understand how hard it was.' You see she couldn't be sure what was really inside us. But there aren't any complications any more." Here she is emphatic. "There aren't any complications of any kind. How could there be? Real love does triumph—everything else does fall into place."

You must know what you want, Jeanne says. She knows! And beneath her sweetness is a strength of purpose, a faith in the worthiness of her aims that spells success and realization for anything she sets her heart upon.

She is enthusiastic and definite about their plans for the future. They seem so close and real to her that even the trying process of playing hide and seek with their belongings as they move from one apartment hotel to another doesn't seem to upset her. It's just a marking-time period while they are busily engaged in their first great adventure as man and wife—building that home of their own.

After weeks spent getting the floor plan right, that solid foundation down, they are ready for the more exciting part. They have designed a wood box for their fireplace which will be fed from the outside. They go together to their beautiful two and a half acres and watch the bulldozer filling in gravel and sand for their driveway. Jeanne talks of the trees that will line the drive. Of the informal fruit orchard she wants to start.



"Quick, Mommy!"

Us new housekeepers oughtta follow this hot tip!"

Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I know about housekeeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to kill germs . . . like "old hands" at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using "Lysol" customary in cleaning?

Baby: Sure! Almost two-thirds of all housekeepers use this real germ-killer . . . to help guard family health.

Mother: Then no more chances on germs, Toots. I'll keep our house "Lysol"-clean—all the time!

Every single time you clean

. . . disinfect with

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"Lysol" the floors: Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm floor finish.



"Lysol" tub, basin, toilet. Kills germs, helps remove stubborn stains. Disinfects. Leaves a nice clean odor.



More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

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NO BELTS
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This may be news to you—but thanks to Tampax more women every summer go right into the water any day they want to, including the sanitary-protection days.... The Tampax method is ideal for bathing because there is no external pad. With Tampax you can wear a snug swim suit and (wet or dry) nobody is the wiser. So why *should* you stay on the sidelines, lonely and conspicuous?

Applying the principle of internal absorption to this special monthly use by women, a doctor designed Tampax without belts, pins or external pads. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators, Tampax is efficient and dainty. As it is worn internally, no odor forms and there is no chafing. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

Just consider the advantages of this unbulky Tampax under summer shorts, slacks and sheer dresses—then get a supply at drug store or notion counter. Enough for a month will go into your purse. *Three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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"I'll just love having my picture taken picking my own peaches for a change," she says.

The furniture will be simple—and not too much of it. For Jeanne hates anything that looks cluttered. "And of course it won't be really furnished for a long time."

For Jeanne and Paul plan to travel, really travel, to far-away, little-known places. Jeanne will bring home the things that catch her fancy, things of great beauty, or with a story behind them, or that bring back a memory. That way they will cease to be "things" and become something to love and treasure and enjoy.

Their greatest plan is a safari through Africa. With most young people you would call it a dream. But the Brinkmans have that amazing degree of confidence and faith that make you sure their dreams will come true.

When they speak of this trip—this "someday" adventure—Jeanne cries in dismay, "I forgot to tell you, darling," and breathlessly informs her husband that Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, the wife of the head of Jeanne's studio, had made such a safari with her husband. Then Jeanne and Paul momentarily leave you far behind and dash off into the wilds of Africa—with Paul carrying the guns, but with Jeanne doing her part—she loves to shoot, but not at anything alive.

WHEN they go off like that you get a brief intimate glimpse of what their life alone must be. They don't seem to mind your coming along—they're just not aware of you for the moment. They are two people very much in love and very much alike who have escaped for a few seconds into a world entirely their own.

They admit this similarity—of mind, of interest, of sympathies, and they think it's the best basis for a lasting attraction. They share opinions on everything.

Jeanne says, "There isn't ever anything for us to fight about. We instinctively like and admire the same things. Even where I have a real passion, as I have for drawing, Paul draws a little and understands a lot. And Paul loves tennis and plays extremely well and I, well, I love it anyway."

They even share a secret longing. They both always wanted an older brother. Jeanne plans to have everything right in her household by having four sons—and then one younger sister for them. "So they can really spoil her."

Paul agrees that it's a fine idea but takes a more practical view, saying they'll take what they get. He hastens to douse the curious gleam, "But, of course, that's in the future, anyway."

Jeanne continues to look dreamy. "You see that's why I understand what my mother said—about when it's my turn. I've thought a lot about the responsibility—raising them well, trying to help them make the right decisions. I wonder how I'll be—" she stops and looks at Paul. "Anyway, I won't have to do it alone. It'll be something else we can share."

That is the way of it. They share! Their interest in each other's careers, for Paul is rapidly carving out a name for himself in the manufacturing end of radio, their art, their sports, their mutual love of books and of friends. Their views on financial matters coincide.

Trying to achieve real financial security is a part of their basic plan. For security is the springboard to freedom to do all the things they want to do. Yet they hope they'll never have everything they want. And they don't ever want to get things too easily. They recognize each step, the anticipation, the joy of working for and the final achievement of the thing they want. And they feel that to miss a step is to be cheated.

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THREE SHORT BIER

By Jimmy Starr

A strangled angel swings grotesquely high above the movie set and the cry "MURDER" is raised in the studio. Joe Medford, fast talking reporter, is on the job at once. Here is a fast-stepping case—long on laughs and plenty of hair-raising horror.

THE WHEELCHAIR CORPSE

By Will Levinrew

A sudden impulse made him pause. The note says simply "Conrad Manx, Jr. will die—of— He will be number 1." City editor Hite, deciding to play his hunch... but we won't spoil this grand story. You'll never put it down once you start.

MURDER MEETS MEPHISTO

By Queena Mario

Mephisto is ingeniously murdered in the middle of the historic "Faust"—Here are enough thrills and chills to give opera lovers and mystery fans a fascinating evening packed with suspense. This is tops.

THE DUNWICH HORROR

By H. P. Lovecraft

Nameless, lurking fear—earth rumblings—colossal footprints—a shattering, invisible force striking only with the signal of the whippoorwill's nocturnal call. This is one of those "out of this world" stories that hold you spellbound.

4 FEET IN THE GRAVE

By Amelia Reynolds Long

The tempo of a hallowe'en party at "Ghosts Walk" suddenly changes when a few corpses are discovered. Then "Peter" Piper, lady dick, arrives and stumbles on a new corpse. We'll give you no clues... You'll have to "enjoy" this one alone!

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Jeanne became twenty-one in May and gained control of the trust fund that had been set aside for her under the California law until she became of age.

"But it hasn't made much difference. I'm really awfully saving, aren't I?" she appeals to her husband.

"Jeanne," he says solemnly, but with laughter in his eyes, "has never been known to cash a check for more than five dollars in her life."

"But if I did, I'd just spend it," she protests.

"That's right," and now he laughs. "She only has the five if you meet her coming out of the bank."

Next to her marriage, her career is the most important thing in the world to Jeanne. Her latest picture, "Margie," is the first in which the entire burden of stardom rests solely on her slim young shoulders. Her role in "Margie" delights her. In the prologue and epilogue she plays a mother of thirty-four talking to her very young daughter, but in the main portion of the picture she's a young flapper of the nostalgic gay late twenties. Yes, she is deeply interested in her work. But if it came to a choice?

"There wouldn't be any question," she says slowly. Then adds "But thank goodness, it won't ever come up. You see, I love my work. So I'm lucky that the need to sacrifice personal happiness to a career is a thing of the past."

Right here she gives a vote of confidence and thanks to the youth of our nation. "You know they are the ones, call them bobby-soxers or whatever you like, that made it possible for us to live our normal lives. They liked to find 'the girl next door' and 'the boy who came from my home town' in Hollywood. And they were willing to dispense with the old glamour-draped picture star. They demanded sincerity, simplicity and ability. They made their demands felt. They made it possible for an actress to throw everything she has into her work, to give her very best on the screen and then to go home and be herself in private life."

We will join in that vote of thanks. To the youth of the nation, to everyone who helps to keep Jeanne Crain, lovely, talented and happy on the screen and equally lovely, talented and happy as Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

THE END

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The Score on Gable

(Continued from page 39) At any rate, those who saw them together at the romantic El Chorro Lodge of a desert evening would assure you they were having a wonderful time.

But—Clark had a wonderful time with Dolly O'Brien, who was in much the same category. Widow of sportsman Jay O'Brien, she is very chic, gay, clever, New Yorkish and a shade older than Gable. "They should marry," said Clark's friends, "they have such a good time together." Well—Dolly has married, but not Clark.

Then there's Virginia Gray. Virginia is slim, beautiful, young and golden tressed. An actress, she understands all about studio demands. She lives near the Gable ranch and likes to do the "Valley" things—riding and working in gardens and such. "Clark and Virginia ought to marry," say their Valley friends. "They have such fun together."

They plainly do, and yet Clark seldom takes Virginia to the big movie-colony parties. He is, of course, asked to every party given, for hostesses cry for him, but he takes Anita Colby to those events.

Why is Colby his favorite party date? She's a perfect party girl. She's gorgeous to look at. She's full of wisecracks and dances like a dream. But her big party appeal for Clark is more than that. It's that she doesn't get in his hair at such times.

Scores of women around Clark Gable act with frantic foolishness, but Colby, "The Face," has always insisted that she and Clark were simply friends. The hostesses wanting Mr. Gable with an intensity lavished on no other "extra" man, don't sigh for Clark and Anita to wed. They are too scared even to think that it might happen—and ruin all their dinner parties.

STILL, they are even more frightened when they contemplate those ultra quiet dates that Clark has been having recently with Joan Crawford. For every important Hollywood resident can remember back ten years to when a bright flame burned between Joan and Clark.

That flame never really burned into a conflagration. There were too many factors throwing cold water on it—but it never quite died, either. Just after this past New Year's, after Joan's parting from Phil Terry, Clark began seeing her again.

Mostly Clark has gone to Joan's house, though a few times Joan has gone to his—but the real Gable pals are not too startled at learning what they talk about at their dinners for two. It is not romance.

What Joan and Clark talk about is Carole Lombard. His friends know that when he talks anything beyond the standard social patter, Clark talks only two subjects, either Carole or his stretch in the Army.

He talks very briefly about the latter. His gripe with the Army is very simple. He wanted to do a job, a real and sincere job. That's why he enlisted as a simple GI, even though he was over age and could have pulled any amount of wires to stay out of uniform or, in going in, to have gone in among the top brass. But he just wanted to fight.

His fame, however, made him an Army problem. The simplest way of turning him into merely a figurehead was to push him through OCS and promote him. Clark couldn't blame the Army. He knew it wasn't its fault that it objected to women by the thousands hanging on the fences that surrounded any camp in which he was stationed. But that wasn't his fault either. He did nothing to encourage such feminine hysteria. He was a man, like a million others, inspired by his love of his country. He was willing to give his life for it.

When he was sent to England, Clark



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hoped he would be in the real fighting. The last thing he wanted was an oak leaf on his shoulders and orders to fly over the battlefields, camera in hand. But that's what he did—until the Army dismissed him.

Those months in uniform destroyed a dream of his. Clark, who honestly is unaware of how different he is from the average soul, has always dreamed of "simple" people. He always felt before he went into uniform that such people were to be discovered somewhere outside of Hollywood. That Army hitch proved to him that people are just as complex in Lum's Corners as in Hollywood. Being a romanticist, Mr. Gable didn't like learning that there is no Utopia in which everyone leads a calm, utterly happy life.

The loss of that dream made him more nostalgic than ever about his life with Carole Lombard, which life, he now realizes, was calm, simple, utterly happy and also complex, exciting, worldly and witty.

Carole was killed in an airplane accident on January 16, 1942, as she flew back from a bond drive. Every January 16 since then, Clark has gone away alone somewhere. While he was in uniform, he could only escape for a couple of hours, but this past January, being a free man, he hid out for weeks. On his return, it was visible that he had grieved deeply.

And that he finds some facet of his dead wife's personality in the personalities of his present leading ladies is just as visible. Anita reflects Carole's flair for clothes, Virginia has her same type of slim, golden beauty; Joan has her intensity; Betty has her sense of sportsmanship.

BUT there were other things Carole had. She could hunt and ride as well as Clark. Carole was a star who almost equalled his magnitude. Carole loved the ranch as Clark did, but when he was in a big-city mood, she loved that too. She was a glamour girl who was a perfect housewife, a wife who was a siren, a rich woman who got a kick out of drive-ins.

In reality, Carole was a healthy, vivid human being. As such, every once in a while, she quarrelled with her wonder man and he quarrelled back. But, as an exquisite ghost, she does not quarrel with him, nor he with her. She is a dream, climbing and climbing in his mind to a height which no living woman can touch.

It's good to know that any man can be this loyal to memory—yet it is the cause of Clark Gable's restlessness, his loneliness, his insecurity. He says, "I'm not sure I want to go on in pictures. I think maybe I want to retire. I don't know where I'd retire to, though. Maybe Phoenix, maybe New York, maybe Hollywood."

No, he doesn't know—for where can he go with her ghost? When he travels, he takes her photograph and last letters with him. After the first two cocktails, when he dines—with Betty or Joan or Anita or Virginia—it is Carole he discusses.

Maybe there exists somewhere a goddess who will be great enough to replace Carole's image in his mind. But until she appears, the chances are that Clark will go on making movies, for he loves his work more than he knows. Certainly he'll go on dating—for he's a woman's man almost as much as he's a man's man. And people will go on saying, "He ought to marry So-and-So. They have such good times."

Because that is the way he will look. He's an actor and knows how to mask his feelings. Also kind, he lets every woman feel she has charmed him.

But until that goddess girl does come along, his heart will go on seeking and his loneliness will deepen.

So, Fate, let her come along soon. Men like Clark Gable are too rare to be allowed to remain so unhappy.

THE END

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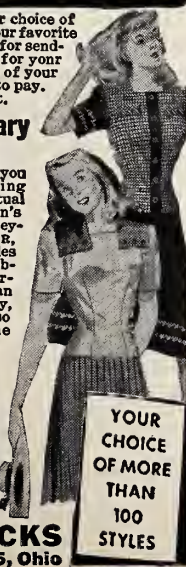
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June Days

(Continued from page 55) but it must be at the end of the lot, as far from the house as possible, because our Junie thinks she has guessed the secret of smashing the atom.

Her interest in science coincided with a strange affliction which had her missing doors and walking into walls. "Water on the ear," our grandmas called it. Barbara Stanwyck, similarly deranged, recommended a doctor who cured her. But before the demons were cast out of Junie she had visited four different physicians who could think of nothing but to take X-ray pictures and prescribe pills.

In mass demonstration of their devotion to Junie all friends, accomplices and Richard took her pills with her. The pills were on her, of course, and two large bottles still stand on the dining table. Please do help yourself—take two. After you have swallowed two, becoming a club member, she lugs out an armful of Heritage Club books, dumps them on the floor and squats cross-legged amid them: Beautiful volumes of "Les Miserables," "Poe's Tales," "De Coverly Papers," "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

If you should be a cynic of such low criminal mentality as to suspect our Junie of a literary "act" you will be shattered when her cocker spaniel waddles into the room dragging his ears beside him, responding intellectually to the name Heathcliff. Before you can cry "Wuthering Heights!" Heathcliff's fiancée comes flouncing in—a literary poodle by name Heidi. As the atmosphere thickens with classic references you recall that Junie graduated from Westchester High four years ago with certificate of merit and highest average—an awesome ninety-seven.

"I had to," says the little highbrow. "We were poor."

THE way she says "poor" her lips bug out as for "kiss" and what with that yearning little voice and being littler and cuter than on screen it is practically impossible to keep your hands off her no matter how hard you try or how hard her husband looks at you. Good old Dick Powell always was the least Hollywood of stars and you couldn't blame him now if he got a bit heady with June pouring "Richard" like a libation to a deity. It is good to report our Richard is the same sweet Dickie he has been since the day his colored mammy dropped him on his head so it could never swell.

"He's a hillbilly," says June with mountain pride, "from Arkansas."

"And you're a Westchester hillbilly—those rich bridal path hillbillies."

"Not rich," she corrected, "just hillbillies."

Now she's a Brentwood hillbilly—not poor—in sky-blue jeans rolled up to her knees, yellow sweater and cheeks of tan and that's not all.

That wicked dressmaker who said Junie does not know how to dress should be made to wear his own creations; they probably would suit him better than they would Junie because Junie is the Peter Pan type, with better sweater development naturally and the femme allure that once came wrapped in slinky satcheted satin.

Of all absurdities our screen has perpetrated, the most monstrous was the moment in "The Sailor Takes a Wife" when Bob Walker laughs derisively at Junie attired in what she called her "pyjamas." Every man in the audience not a dressmaker wanted to bash Bob and reach for Junie. They knew the jeering laughter was not good old Bob's idea; it was just a scene sweated up by a hard-pressed scenarist who could not know that Junie in fluted pyjamas and Sis Hopkins braids would

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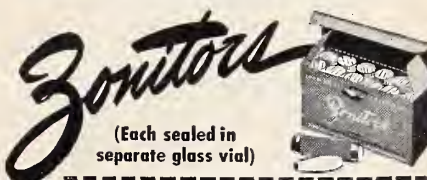
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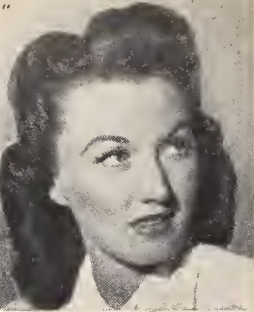
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You come upon the hideout of the Brentwood hillbillies by curving country roads which have not the formality of the star-glazed drives in Beverly. Eucalyptus trees gather in sociable groups of their own choosing, acacias hang hands over neighborly fences and geraniums scramble riotously to the road to meet you. On this cool morning there is, over all, a pungent haze from burning eucalypti logs out of cheerful chimneys.

The cottage of June and Richard looks at you through arches of olive trees. It is American of English ancestry like its owners. Low, with straight honest lines, it sits atop its own little hill as perky as Miss Muffett on her tuffett. Young avacadoes and lemon trees, twirling their branches as in a ballet, romp friskily up the slope to hand their fruit through the living-room windows. They are stopped by a footlight row of purple iris neath a lemon-colored fence. This fence, old farm rail out of an Abercrombie and Fitch ad, was painted by that internationally famous artist Mme. June Allyson-Powell in person. She also helped with building it until she hammered in one of her own nails and Richard put her off the job.

This summer morning Richard was sailing off into the blue sky yonder to get his pilot's license. He kissed his admiring wife who can handle the controls too and promised to buzz over the house.

"Richard has flown only a month. He is a wizard with machines," Mme. Powell proudly informed her guests who were standing around being impressed when a howl for help came from the driveway.

The wizard couldn't start his car. Mme. Powell scampered out, hurled her 106 pounds at the bumper and arched her five-feet-three-quarters-inch in a mighty heave-ho. As the car rolled reluctantly out of sight around a clump of acacias Junie's little blue bumper was twinkling higher than the car's.

Junie's proud of her own new Chrysler sedan, but of her driving Richard is not. "Who's going to drive it?" demanded the wizard, trying in vain to slide behind the wheel adjusted to Junie's little X-rayed anatomy—"You are!"

Richard has stern moments, June says. He was even a mite sarcastic after the first meal she cooked, a repast not unlike the disaster in "The Sailor Takes a Wife."

"One who loves books so much," said Richard with mirthless smile, "might take



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a peek at the cook book, you know." "I like to cook by instinct," chirped Junie.

Van Johnson approves her method she avers.

"Ask me over to dinner," Van said. "I give girls presents."

(That's Van's method.)

"What do you like?" Junie asked.

"Chicken," said Van, "What do you?"

"Roses," said June. Van got chicken, June got roses.

His happy gang of red roses, open faced and smiling as Van, stood in the living room. Suddenly June was reminded of her own rose garden over which she was worrying. Junie is a worrier, she avows, and if she cannot find trouble in the house she goes looking in the garden. The foliage of her rose bushes had been turning red. She phoned nurserymen and pumped spray guns—only to learn from a friend that what she took to be an attack of scarlet fever was new healthy growth.

June's worries are healthily balanced by enthusiasms. "Twenty-minute enthusiasms," she calls them. First came sketching; she's practically professional with charcoal. Last winter it was skiing. Now, for twenty minutes, it's piano. On an old borrowed upright in her living room she practices on Debussy and Rachmaninoff, asking you to guess which and showing no ill feeling when you guess wrong.

Her latest enthusiasm? "Richard," she says giving the word all that warm yearning voice has to give which certainly is all the big paragon deserves.

"Twenty-minute enthusiasm?"

"Oh no. Forever."

She never had another beau really, she declares. Of course she went dancing with boys because boys are what you have to have to dance with. But there's never been anyone but Richard. They share everything, even a bedroom. They do have separate dressing rooms which are papered alike except for the stripes. June's are pink, green and white; Richard's green, yellow and brown. June hasn't worried about that little difference.

June's six-room cottage is such a garden bower as Marie Antoinette thought up for playing farmer at Versailles. There is only one other bedroom. No dining room, because June dislikes them—too formal. Big front windows of the living room invite in the lemon and avocado orchard, big rear windows look upon the lawn which stretches to a white lattice garden house against a glossy hedge. It's out there that Junie is to have her laboratory and little cyclotron. That's what worries us. We wish she would leave her atom-smashing to the screen.

She's devastating enough there, and in person—she with her encyclopedias and pills.

THE END

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It's a Joke, Son

(Continued from page 53) dead, very severed head of a turkey gobbler.

Called Betty, "That birthday gag was a turkey on you," to the uproarious laughter of all who heard.

In addition to Betty and Dick, the mad gang consists of Producer Bill Perlberg, Director George Seaton, Dick's agent Bill Burton, Betty's dancing stand-in Angie Blue, assistant director Artie Jacobson, dance director Hermes Pan, plus Harry James, when he's around.

No one is quite certain when the non-sense started; everyone is sure that a new high in prankishness had been reached by the time Betty and Dick were finishing "Diamond Horseshoe." Perhaps this was one of the opening incidents: One day in the commissary a waitress said to Dick, "What would you like for dessert, Mr. Haymes? We have some delicious cream pies today." She wheeled the pastry cart over for Dick's scrutiny. Looking from a three-inch chocolate cream pie to an equally luscious lemon chiffon item, Dick said to Bill Burton, "My, my. What a fine array of throwing-pies."

It gave Bill Burton a beautiful idea. After luncheon he borrowed a paper pie plate from the commissary, filled it with whipped-up shaving lather and repaired blissfully to the sound stage. The next scene required Dick to burst through a door in a towering rage. Bill conferred with George Seaton, then turned the foaming pie over to Artie Jacobson. All of which will explain why the camera really wasn't turning when Mr. Seaton yelled, "Roll 'em," and why Dick—charging through the door—did an ad lib performance as Santa Claus—at least he donned beard and white wig rather abruptly.

THIS bit of japery gave Hermes Pan an idea. From time to time he and Angie Blue, who both work out Betty's dance routines, had kidded one another about production numbers, so Mr. Pan decided to have some fun. He organized a firing squad consisting of Betty, Dick, George Seaton, Artie Jacobson and two others. From the prop department he secured tricornered hats for his squad to wear, plus Sam Browne belts. For himself he secured scabbard and sword. He made arrangements for the prop department to prepare six very gooey (non-edible) pies.

On the last day of the picture, two reliable electricians caught Angie and tied her to a post in firing squad manner. Mr. Pan lined up his squad and made a little speech. He said that inasmuch as Angie had given him considerable trouble from time to time, had been late for rehearsal, had been unavailable when light changes were made, etc., etc., etc., the entire company was set to discipline her.

Angie, yelling like mad, was blindfolded. "This has gone far enough," she shrieked. "Fun's fun, but who wants to laugh all the time . . . let me out of here. Come on, kids. . . ."

Called Mr. Pan, lifting his sword in regal gesture: "Ready . . . Aim . . . Fire!"

The firing squad were expert marksmen. Not a pie missed its mark—not one. All six smote with deadly accuracy . . . the astounded face of Mr. Hermes Pan.

Interested observers, not only of the hijinks but of the serious production plan for the picture, were Peggy Ann Garner and Barbara Whiting. Both girls were set for "Junior Miss," another Perlberg-Seaton production. Both had noted the loveliness of the gowns worn by Betty. Both had come to the conclusion that, if they were ever to be taken seriously as adult actresses entitled to the full glamour

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treatment, they must act and act with decision.

So they had signs made, reading, "George Seaton and Bill Perlberg Unfair—Why Betty Grable *Instead of Us*" and they picketed the commissary. So far as material results were concerned, it got them nothing but laughs.

On the last day of retakes for "Diamond Horseshoe," Dick—for Auld Lang Syne—had a final whipped shaving-cream pie manufactured. Patiently he waited outside Betty's dressing room until she emerged. "It's been swell—working with you," acknowledged Dick, allowing a sentimental softness to permeate his tone. "I just want you to know..." and having cajoled Betty into an unguarded pose, he pushed the pie in her face.

She made no sound. Clearing her eyes, she swung around and scorched to Dick's dressing room. Having taken the precaution to lock the door once she was inside, Betty was undisturbed by Dick's hammering. With beautiful leisure, she selected his only pair of clean white shirts and removed the lather from her face. If make-up and lipstick also left their marks on the shirts—ah, how too, too bad!

When director George Seaton's son was born in November, a fresh series of antics was inspired. Betty sent the eight-pound lad a complete adult-sized football outfit, starting with cleats, including wool socks, kidney pads, pants, shoulder pads, jersey and helmet.

Dick, latching onto the gag, joined forces with Bill Burton to send Mrs. Seaton a daily bouquet of flowers. The cards read, "Hi, Mom. Sure glad I was allocated to you, but, gosh, couldn't you have done better by me in the matter of my old man? Your loving son." And, "Where was Pop last night? He didn't show up at the hospital. Suspicious. Mighty suspicious. But you can count on me—I'll stick with you. Your admiring son."

When St. Mary's was scheduled to play U.S.C. the boys sent Mrs. Seaton a huge bouquet of golden 'mums with a card: "Look, Mom, ditch the old man and let me take you to that game. I'm picking St. Mary's by a nice margin. Your athletic son."

The following morning, Bill Burton telephoned George (whose agent Bill is) for a brief business chat. "How did the game come out?" George asked.

"St. Mary's blitzed 'em," said Bill.

George chuckled. "My boy picked it that way," said the father of an obviously

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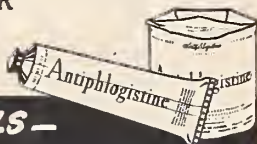


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precocious month-old boy.

To enjoy the next gag fully, an outsider must be equipped with three facts, well known in Hollywood: (a) Dick Haymes and Bill Burton are not only agent and client, but extremely close personal friends; (b) Dick's agency fee has always been paid about ten seconds after Dick had received his check, and the size of his check is partly attributable to Bill's work in Dick's behalf; (c) Dick is one of the most enthusiastic horsemen in the film colony. His love for Pappy, his Palomino, is intense.

Just before Christmas, Dick telephoned Bill one day to ask, "What do you want for Christmas?"

Said Bill with simulated reluctance, "Well, kid, you *might* pay me my earned fees. A man can't exist on nothing, you know."

Dick's answer is censored on the ground that good friends may exchange comment that the Post Office Department might not pass.

"Oh well," sighed Bill, "if you're going to be mean about it, I'll think up some nice gift for you to give me."

"How about meeting me this morning so we can talk it over. Then we'll have luncheon. I want to finish my shopping this week," suggested Dick.

Bill agreed. When he arrived at the address specified, he discovered that it was a saddlery, leather goods and equestrian shop—one of the best and most expensive in town! Dick was inside, looking innocent.

"It's no use," stormed Bill. "If you think I'm going to buy anything for that horse of yours for Christmas, you're just out of your mind. I'm not even going to buy you anything you can use around a stable. Not me. It's too expensive a hobby."

"It was just a suggestion," grinned Dick. What Bill actually gave Dick was a Palomino colt.

What Dick gave Bill was a heavy gold ring set with a sumptuous pigeon's blood cabachon ruby.

EARLY IN January, Bill Burton found it necessary to make a trip out of town. When he returned, he found the set for "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"—a picture again teaming Betty and Dick—plastered with signs. Over Betty's dressing room there was a placard reading, "Quiet, Please. Gin Rummy Being Played Inside." Over Dick's dressing room was the legend, "A Bill Burton Client." But pasted diagonally over that statement was another, "Under New Management."

Bill knocked at Dick's dressing-room door and assumed a solemn, almost dismal, expression. "I feel bad about this, Dick," he said without preface of greeting, "but it's getting serious. This matter of owning horses is a very expensive business. There are forever accessories to buy... the cost mounts out of all sense. I want you to think very carefully about disposing..."

He was interrupted by Dick's yelp of pain.

"Sorry," said Bill adamantly, "but the cost is terrific. I can't—as your financial adviser—condone much more of this sort of thing." Tossing a statement of account on Dick's desk, Bill went out and closed the door, leaving Dick dismayed and angry.

Dick snatched up the bill. It covered a purchase of saddle soap and represented an expenditure of seventy-seven cents. Yelling, Dick emerged on the set, but Bill had prudently gone to the studio commissary.

The Betty Grable-Dick Haymes set should have padded walls. It's a madhouse, And that's not a joke, son!

THE END

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓**BAD BASCOMB**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien are teamed up in this one, with Beery an outlaw of the old West who, to escape the Federal agents, pretends piety and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. Marjorie Main is Margaret's grandmother and Marshall Thompson and Frances Rafferty the romantic duo. (May)

✓**BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE**—Columbia: Cornel Wilde is an energetic and colorful hero as Robin Hood's son who takes up arms when unscrupulous regent Henry Daniell attempts to dethrone the youthful king of old England. Anita Louise is the court lady in waiting who helps Wilde track down tyranny. Edgar Buchanan is Friar Tuck and Jill Esmond the queen mother. (May)

BEHIND THE MASK—Monogram: Another of the Shadow series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who, with his fiancée Barbara Reed, are out to find the killer of a blackmailing columnist. Why the ubiquitous Shadow succeeds in baffling police and criminals alike is beyond us. George Chandler and Dorothea Kent serve to confuse the issue with their shenanigans. (July)

✓**BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE**—Paramount: A slapstick comedy that's supposed to be very funny, but unfortunately not even the expert presence of Robert Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Diana Lynn can make sense out of this silly story. Barbara loves horses, husband Cummings doesn't and their quarrels lead to a divorce over Diana Lynn, a Southern siren who tries to get Bob for herself. (June)

✓**DARK CORNER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This doesn't make a lot of sense, but it's so filled with suspense and good acting that you really won't care much who kills whom or why. Mark Stevens as the private eye makes a sure bid for stardom. Lucille Ball is so right as his secretary, Clifton Webb is sophisticated as the art dealer jealous of Kurt Kreuger and William Bendix is excellent as Weh's dumb gungsel. (July)

✓**DEVOTION**—Warners: This brings to the screen the touching story of the four famous Brontës, Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) who wrote "Jane Eyre," tragic Emily (Ida Lupino) author of "Wuthering Heights," the poetess Ann, played by Nancy Coleman and drunken painter Bramwell, Arthur Kennedy. Paul Henreid is the curate whom both Ida and Olivia love, but his Viennese accent seems a little out of place in a Yorkshire village. (June)

✓**DRAGONWYCK**—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocratic owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

✓**EASY TO WED**—M-G-M: Van Johnson sings, dances, makes love and even shoots ducks in this delightful comedy that begins when Van agrees to help Keenan Wynn out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who's suing. Lucille Ball is Keenan's girl friend and Cecil Kellaway is Esther's father whom Van tries to impress by his shooting. (July)

✓**GILDA**—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

✓**GREEN YEARS, THE**—M-G-M: A long and lavish dramatization of the A. J. Cronin novel about a middle-class Scotch family that is forced to raise a young Irish grandson. Charles Coburn, as the great grandfather, has the role of the year; Tom Drake is the Irish lad, and Dean Stockwell, Hume Cronyn and Beverly Tyler all contribute some fine acting. (July)

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Jean Pierre Aumont should have picked a better picture than this weak and un-

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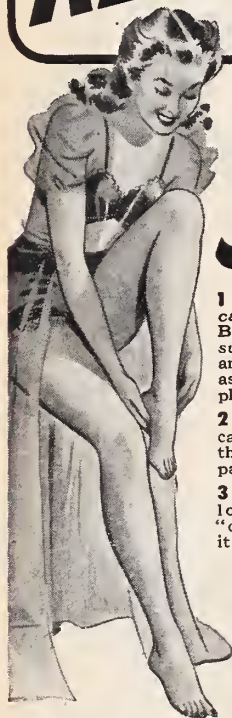
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believable one to mark his return to the screen. Ginger Rogers is the reform-school graduate who takes up professional thievery, is dressed as a debutante by Adolphe Menjou in order to lure diplomat Aumont, who of course is completely taken in and falls in love with her until he learns her past. (June)

✓**HER KIND OF MAN**—Warners: The possibilities for A-1 entertainment are here, but somehow it doesn't completely come off. Zachary Scott, for no good reason that we could see, inspires a terrific love in Janis Paige who is led by it into all sorts of turmoil, Lane Clark is the Broadway columnist who loves her despite everything, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson don't seem to know exactly why they're in the picture. (July)

✓**HOODLUM SAINT, THE**—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

✓**JUNIOR PROM**—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

✓✓**KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO: Danny Kaye will have you rolling in the aisles with mirth in this zany comedy of a shy milkman who by a fluke becomes a prize fighter and almost knocks himself out with his own importance. Walter Abel is hilarious as the conniving fight manager, Virginia Mayo is so beautiful as Danny's girl, Vera Ellen's dance routines are standouts, but it's all Danny's picture. (June)

✓**LITTLE GIANT**—Universal: A really funny Abbott and Costello, with Costello as a vacuum cleaner salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employers who are baffled by the complications Lou's psychic convictions get him into. It'll give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons than the slapstick comedy the two usually give out with. (May)

✓**MADONNA'S SECRET, THE**—Republic: A tense, exciting whodunit with Francis Lederer as the artist whose models have an unfortunate habit of getting themselves murdered. When model Linda Stirling is found dead, her sister, Ann Rutherford, begins posing for Lederer, hoping to find the murderer. Gail Patrick, Edward Ashley, and John Litel help keep up the suspense. (May)

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: You've seen this backstage musical before, but it's still pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the big time by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star who gets jealous of his attentions to Jinx Falkenburg, so gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. (May)

✓✓**NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN**—Rank-Universal: An intelligent honest British picture, although rather long and involved. Rex Harrison gives a superb performance as the rascally son of an English gentleman who swaggers his way through one trouble after another until he marries Lilli Palmer for her money and then breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. (June)

✓**OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP**—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are at it again as charming finishing-school winsomes of the early twenties. In order to further their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls induce hootlegger Brian Donlevy to pretend he's their chaperone uncle, and a series of hilarious trials and errors result. (July)

✓✓**POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE**—M-G-M: Not a pretty tale, but this gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people packs a mean wallop. John Garfield is the hitch-hiker who falls for Lana Turner and plots with her the murder of her husband, Cecil Kellaway, owner of a roadside cafe. But the love of John and Lana soon borders on hate and revenge. (June)

REBECCA—Selznick-International: This picture is now being reissued, and if you missed it the first time you'll want to see this fascinating psychological study that made Joan Fontaine a star. Rebecca, Laurence Olivier's dead wife, never appears in the picture, but she dominates the whole story with her threat of Olivier's new marriage to Joan. (May)

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—RKO: Leon Errol's pattern in film making is still the same, and this weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel is not very funny. Walter Catlett offers solid support to the star, and others vainly trouping are Jonathan Hale, Marc Cramer and Joan Newton. (May)

✓✓**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY**—20th Century-Fox: A four-handkerchief picture, with Maureen O'Hara as the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope it will give her immature producer husband, John Payne, something to cling to after her death. But the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and John, in his grief, fails to understand her. (May)

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- ✓ **SEVENTH VEIL, THE**—Sydney Box-Ortus-Universal: An English psychological picture, this tells the story of Ann Todd who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason—Britain's No. One heartbeat. When Mason tries to break up her romances, the girl suffers an accident and then psychiatry enters to solve the riddle of which man she really loves. (May)
- ✓ **SHOCK**—20th Century-Fox: A different whodunit is this story of a girl who sees a doctor kill his wife and then is treated for shock by the killer. Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist who wants to destroy his patient; Lynn Bari is his nurse and partner in crime; Annabel Shaw the young victim and Frank Latimore her husband. (May)
- ✓ **SMOOTH AS SILK**—Universal: Packed with surprises and suspense, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder. When actress Virginia Grey double-crosses criminal lawyer Kent Taylor, who loves her, by becoming engaged to stage producer John Littel, Taylor murders him and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on Virginia. (June)
- ✓ **SO GOES MY LOVE**—Universal: Interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of inventor Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, who's frankly looking for a husband, enliven this charming, romantic picture. Richard Gaines is the suitor Myrna becomes engaged to until she proposes to Ameche, marries him and prods him on to success. Women will love it. (June)
- ✓ **SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox: Another mystery thriller with John Hodiak as the amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seems to be a criminal. Newcomer Nancy Guild, as the girl who aids John, is arresting to look at but still needs a lot more lessons in acting. Josephine Hutchinson, Fritz Kortner and Richard Conte are all so good, and so is Lloyd Nolan who's wasted as a detective. (July)
- ✓ **SPECTER OF THE ROSE**—Republic: An original, strange love story of the ballet, which will either move you deeply or leave you completely untouched. Despite the fact that Ivan Kirov is suspected of murdering his first wife, ballerina Viola Essen marries him, and they dance to triumph in a new ballet. Both players are vivid new personalities, and you'll also see Judith Anderson and Michael Chekhov. (July)
- ✓ **SUSPENSE**—Monogram: A lavish ice revue is the setting for murder in this excellent production. The revue is owned by Albert Dekker and stars his wife, Belita; and all goes well until Barry Sullivan becomes manager of the show and makes love to the star. Suspense mounts when Sullivan's former girl, Bonita Granville, threatens to expose his past. (June)
- ✓ **TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN**—RKO: Tarzan, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquannetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men and her machinations keep the plot developing. (May)
- ✓ **TO EACH HIS OWN**—Paramount: A tear jerker all about frustrated motherhood, but women will love it. During World War I, Olivia de Havilland falls in love with doomed flier John Lund, bears him an illegitimate child and faces the tragic necessity for the baby to be reared by her friend, Mary Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Phillip Terry. (July)
- ✓ **TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON**—M-G-M: When Kathryn Grayson heads for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, her prim sister, June Allyson, follows her to protect her from worldly wickedness. Jimmy Durante is boss of the burlesque, Peter Lawford the socialite who falls for one of the sisters and Lauritz Melchior plays a grand opera star. It's sprightly and gay and you'll love it. (June)
- ✓ **WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE**—Paramount: There are giggles a-plenty in this story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy. (May)
- ✓ **WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—PRC: Cops and robbers in satin breeches and flowing capes. When chief of police John Loder sets a trap for the person who's upsetting his racket of selling drugs, the Count of Monte Cristo, Martin Kosleck, is forced to get out of town, so his wife, Lenore Aubert, steps into his shoes and carries on the raids. (June)
- ✓ **WITHOUT RESERVATIONS**—RKO: Claudette Colbert is the stuffy author who experiences all sorts of emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood, John Wayne is the Marine captain whom she decides to cast in the screen version of her book, and you'll be mad for both of them. You'll also love Don DeFore, who plays Cupid to the principals in this light, gay, frothy comedy of romance. (July)
- ✓ **YANK IN LONDON, A**—Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox: This British picture does a good job in bringing about a better understanding between the English people and the American GI. Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his furlough with a chip on his shoulder and falls in love with Rex Harrison's girl, Anna Neagle. (May)

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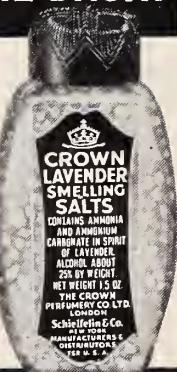
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Cast of Current Pictures

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM—20th Century-Fox: Anna, Irene Dunne; *The King*, Rex Harrison; *Tupim*, Linda Darnell; *Kralahome*, Lee J. Cobb; *Lady Thiang*, Gale Sondergaard; *Alak*, Mikhail Rasumny; *Sir Edward*, Dennis Hoey; *Prince (as a man)*, Tito Renaldo; *Louis Owens*, Richard Lyon; *Moon-shee*, William Edmunds; *Phya Phrom*, John Abbott; *Interpreter*, Leonard Strong; *Prince (as a boy)*, Mickey Roth; *Beebe*, Connie Leeg; *Princess Fa-Ying*, Diana Van Den Ecker; *Dance Director*, Si-Lan Chen; *Miss MacFarlane*, Marjorie Eaton; *Mrs. Cartwright*, Helena Grant; *Mr. Cartwright*, Stanley Mann; *Captain Orton*, Addison Richards; *Phra Palat*, Neyle Morrow; *Government Clerk*, Julian Rivero; *Siamese Guard*, Chet Voravan; *Amazon Guards*, Dorothy Chung, Jean Wong.

AVALANCHE—PRC: *Steve Batchellor*, Bruce Cabot; *Red Kelly*, Roscoe Karns; *Ann Watson*, Helen Mowery; *Claire Jeremy*, Yeda Ann Borg; *Mrs. Carlton Morris*, Regina Wallace; *Sven Worden*, John Good; *Malone*, Philip Van Zandt; *Mr. Carlton Morris*, Eddie Parks; *Austin Jeremy*, Wilton Graff; *Duncan*, Harry Hays Morgan; *Jean*, Eddie Hyans; *Sam*, Eddy Waller; *Bartender*, Syd Saylor; *Joe*, the Raven, himself.

CLUNY BROWN—20th Century-Fox: *Adam Belinski*, Charles Boyer; *Cluny Brown*, Jennifer Jones; *Andrew Carmel*, Peter Lawford; *Betty Cream*, Helen Walker; *Hilary Ames*, Reginald Gardiner; *Sir Henry Carmel*, Reginald Owen; *Col. Duff Graham*, Sir C. Aubrey Smith; *Wilson*, Richard Haydn; *Lady Alice Carmel*, Margaret Bannerman; *Mrs. Maile*, Sara Allgood; *Syvette*, Ernest Cossart; *Dowager*, Florence Bates; *Mrs. Wilson*, Una O'Connor; *Weller*, Quennie Leonard; *Uncle Arn*, Billy Bevan; *John Freuen*, Michael Dyne; *Master Snaffle*, Christopher Severn; *Guest Piano Player*, Rex Evans; *Mrs. Tupham*, Ottola Nesmith; *Mr. Snaffle*, Harold De Becker; *Mrs. Snaffle*, Jean Prescott; *Waiter*, Clive Morgan; *Constable Birkins*, Charles Coleman; *Latham*, George Kirby; *Dowager's Son*, Whitner Bissell; *Policeman*, Philip Morris; *Woman In Chemist's Shop*, Betty Fairfax; *Mr. Tupham*, Norman Ainsley.

DO YOU LOVE ME—20th Century Fox: *Katherine Hilliard*, Maureen O'Hara; *Jimmy Hale*, Dick Haymes; *Barry Clayton*, Harry James; *Herbert Benham*, Reginald Gardiner; *Ralph Wainwright*, Richard Gaines; *Dilly*, Stanley Prager; *Harry James Music Makers*, Themselves; *Taxi Driver*, B. S. Pulley; *Earl Williams*, Chick Chandler; *Mrs. Crackleton*, Alma Kruger; *Miss Wayburn*, Almira Sessions; *Mr. Dunfee*, Douglas Wood; *Mr. Higbee*, Harlan Briggs; *Mrs. Allen*, Julia Dean; *Professor Allen*, Harry Hays Morgan; *Head Waiter*, Eugene Borden; *Desk Clerk*, Frank Melton; *Painter*, Eric Freeman; *Newsboy*, Dale Barringer; *Dance Team*, Jack Scordi and Diane Ascher; *Sailor*, Charles Aaron; *Sailor Girls*, Ruth and Dorothy Costello; *French Waiters*, Albert Morin, George Sorel; *Bellhops*, Charles Williams, Ashley Adams; *Western Union Boys*, Harry Depp, Ernie Adams, William Benedict, Walter "Spec" O'Donnell.

MAKE MINE MUSIC—Disney-RKO: *Nelson Eddy*, Dinah Shore, Benny Goodman, Andrews Sisters,

Jerry Colonna, Andy Russell, Sterling Holloway, Riabouchinska and Lichine, Pied Pipers, King's Men, Ken Darby Chorus.

O. S. S.—Paramount: *John Martin*, Alan Ladd; *Ellen Rogers*, Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Commander Brady*, Patric Knowles; *Colonel Meister*, John Hoyt; *Mary Kenny*, Gloria Saunders; *Parker*, Richard Webb; *Bernay*, Richard Benedict; *Amadeus Braun*, Harold Vermilyea; *Gates*, Don Beddoe; *Field*, Onslow Stevens; *Colonel Cravason*, Gavin Muir; *Marcel Aubert*, Egon Brecher; *General Donovan*, Joseph Crehan; *Gerard*, Bobby Driscoll; *Madame Prideaux*, Julia Dean; *Arnheim*, Crane Whitley.

SCANDAL IN PARIS, A—Pressburger: *Vidocq*, George Sanders; *Therese*, Signe Hasso; *Loretta*, Carole Landis; *Emile*, Akim Tamiroff; *Richert*, Gene Lockhart; *Mimi*, Jo Ann Marlowe; *Marquise*, Alma Kruger; *Houdon*, Alan Napier; *Uncle Hugo*, Vladimir Sokoloff; *Priest*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Modiste*, Leona Maricle; *Painter*, Fritz Leiber; *Cousin Pierre*, Skelton Knaggs; *Cousin Gabriel*, Fred Nurney; *Aunt Ernestine*, Gisella Werbiseck; *Little Louis*, Marvin Davis.

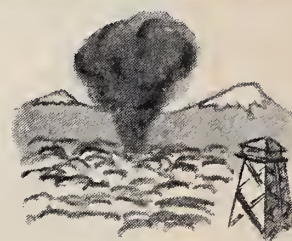
SEARCHING WIND, THE—Paramount: *Alexander Hazen*, Robert Young; *Cassie Bowman*, Sylvia Sydney; *Emily Hazen*, Ann Richards; *Moses Taney*, Dudley Digges; *Sam Hazen*, Douglas Dick; *Count Von Stammer*, Albert Basserman; *Perrone*, Dan Seymour; *James Sears*, Ian Wolfe; *Sophonra*, Marietta Canty.

STOLEN LIFE, A—Warners: *Kate Bosworth*, Patricia Bosworth, Bette Davis; *Bill Emerson*, Glenn Ford; *Karnok*, Dane Clark; *Eben Folger*, Walter Brennan; *Freddie Linley*, Charlie Ruggles; *Jack Talbot*, Bruce Bennett; *Deidre*, Peggy Knudsen; *Mrs. Johnson*, Esther Dale; *Lucy*, Joan Winfield; *Martha*, Clara Blandick.

STRANGER, THE—International: *Wilson*, Edward G. Robinson; *Mary Longstreet*, Loretta Young; *Charles Rankin*, Orson Welles; *Judge Longstreet*, Philip Merivale; *Noah Longstreet*, Richard Long; *Dr. Lawrence*, Byron Keith; *Mennike*, Konstantin Shayne; *Potter*, Billy House; *Sara*, Martha Wentworth; *Student*, Robert Raison; *Immigration Official*, Jerry De Castro; *Marvales*, Alfred Allcaro; *Senora Marvales*, Lillian Molieri; *Mrs. Lawrence*, Isabel O'Madigan; *Photographer*, John H. Brown; *Peabody*, Pietro Sessa; *Furman*, Johnny Sands; *Hollister*, Charles Wright; *Dr. Hibbard*, Victor Rodman; *Reactor*, Rev. Neal Dodd; *French Diplomat*, Roland Varno; *English Diplomat*, Alexander Pollard.

TILL THE END OF TIME—RKO: *Pat Ruscomb*, Dorothy McGuire; *Cliff Harper*, Guy Madison; *William Tabeshaw*, Robert Mitchum; *Perry Kincheloe*, Bill Williams; *C. W. Harper*, Tom Tully; *Sgt. Gunny Watrons*, William Gargan; *Helen Ingersoll*, Jean Porter; *Tommy*, Johnny Sands; *Pinky*, Loren Tindall; *Amy Harper*, Ruth Nelson; *Scuffy*, Harry Vom Zell.

Where There's SMOKE There's FIRE!



Going on a picnic in the woods or planning a trip to the mountains? Then don't forget this...

Every year, over 200,000 fires burn and sear the forests of the United States. They leave desolation, ruin and death in their wake.

NINE out of every ten forest fires are man-caused. And most of these are due to plain everyday carelessness. So before you go on that picnic or hike in the woods

Remember These Rules:

1. HOLD your match till it's cold—then pinch it to make sure
2. CRUSH out your cigarette, your cigar, your pipe ashes
3. DROWN your campfire, then stir and drown again. If no water is available, cover with clean earth
4. IF YOU MUST USE FIRE: Ask if the law requires a permit; burn only on still evenings, have help handy; kill every spark

"Easy does it!"

...WHEN YOU GIVE YOURSELF A

Crowning Glory

COLD WAVE PERMANENT..at home



It's as simple
as this!

* You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions . . . Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style . . . And all you need is—CROWNING GLORY!



Ideal FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR, TOO

The dainty softness of your little girl's hair will be accented by a Crowning Glory Permanent given at home. The crystal-clear solutions are as effective and easily used on her hair as on yours.

\$2.00
plus tax

Crowning Glory

... complete with
curlers

ASK FOR CROWNING GLORY AT ALL DRUG STORES AND AT
COSMETIC AND NOTIONS COUNTERS IN DEPARTMENT STORES

Beauty Spots



Beauty-planner, Virginia Field, of "The Perfect Marriage"

By Mary Jane Fulton

A sunny beauty

Virginia Field, gray-eyed, golden-haired Paramount stunner, has a couple of tiny freckles on the end of her nose . . . "My husband says he loves them, because they make him smile," laughs Virginia, whose enthusiasm for life, love and the pursuit of happiness is infectious . . . As the sun is drying to her fair skin, she protects it with a creamy foundation. Other times she uses a thin foundation and a little cream rouge to avoid the "made up" look. She powders the studio way—rolling a powder-filled puff in a kneading motion, then brushing most of the powder off for a smooth, mat finish . . . "The studios scream if we let our hair become sun streaked, dry and coarse looking. I protect mine with a head covering and keep the ends lubricated with brilliantine or a hair pomade. I brush it lots, too," she adds . . . Because her fair hair has a natural wave tendency, Virginia often moistens the ends with cologne or toilet water when in a hurry, then pin curls them. For the initial set after a shampoo, however, a wave set lotion is best . . . She advises little make-up and powder in bright sunlight, when perspiration is likely to cake it.

He loves her

Virginia was as thrilled as you would have been, when Sherman Billingsley, of the Stork Club, presented perfume to her and her friends! She could hardly wait to tell her husband, Paul Douglas . . . After finishing "The Perfect Marriage," Virginia came to New York from Hollywood. Paul's lead in a hit play was separating them too long.

Something to cherish

Virginia aims to please Paul, who dislikes chipped nail polish. When hers starts to chip, off it comes, and on goes a fresh coat . . . Her Paul, she fondly believes, is like most "aware" men. If he disapproves of her appearance, he'll quickly say so. When he says, "Honey, you look nice," it's a compliment she cherishes.

See next page for Hollywood

beauty news by Betsy Sanford

Call to Colors

Colors make heads turn, but sometimes away! Find your code color in the chart below, then check the cues that follow for harmony in hue

If you have: *Your Code Color is:* *Your Star Prototype:*

Blonde hair, fair skin	BB (Bright Blonde)	Betty Hutton
Off-blonde hair, fair to medium skin	MB (Midway Blonde)	Lizabeth Scott
Dark hair, dark skin	VB (Vivid Brunette)	Dorothy Lamour
Brown or black hair, light skin	FB (Fair Brunette)	Paulette Goddard
Red hair with light medium or ruddy skin	RR (Radiant Redhead)	Arleen Whelan

Now, having found your color code, check off and put into practice these cues:

Your Clothes Color:

- B B** Black, eggshell, warm gray, beige, warm brown, dark green, honey and navy.
- M B** Medium to dark green, medium blue to navy, black, light to medium gray, white, eggshell, warm brown and beige, gold.
- V B** White, yellow, gold, true red, green and true blue and all vivid shades. Light gray, London tan, navy.
- F B** White or gold, black, electric blue, cyclamen, warm gray, warm tans and browns, true blue and navy.
- R R** White, all greens and blues, light gray, true oxford gray, beige or black. Depending on hair and skin tones, you can wear light and medium shades of red. If the hair is reddish gold with a fair skin, violet or purple are effective.

Your Bugaboos:

- B B** Pure white—makes you look anemic.
Gold and yellow—detract from the beauty of hair and skin.
True red and vivid off red—make you look hard.
Pastels—make you look sickly.
- M B** Yellow—does not give enough contrast.
True red and vivid off-red shades—make you look like a lady who's been staying up too late nights.
Cyclamen and fuchsia—too bright for you.
Shades with too much orange—orange is a component of yellow and deals your beauty a death blow.
- V B** Black—unless your skin is very fair.
Browns and rusts—deadens your coloring.
Purples and maroons—give you a funereal air.
- F B** Yellow—unless your skin is a true olive.
Light gray—it gives you that mousey look.
Dark tans and browns—give you an "I don't matter" air.
- R R** Orange—the effect is disastrous.
Gold and yellow—very bad, unless your skin has not one whit of yellow in it.
Dark red—a stop signal to others—i.e., stop looking!

Your Make-Up:

- B B** Match skin with a light natural foundation; if you go but one shade darker than the skin the contrast is too obvious. Lipstick and rouge should be light red with underlying shade of orange.
- M B** Wear one shade darker than natural in the foundation. Strawberry lipstick and cheek rouge are effective—that is, a light true red with a slight blue tint.
- V B** If the skin is true olive, wear a copper-tone foundation. With a light olive skin, wear peach buff foundation. Lipstick and rouge should be a garnet shade.
- F B** Wear peach buff foundation. In lipstick and rouge, wear one shade deeper than medium with a slight blue cast.
- R R** With a light skin, wear foundation one shade darker than natural with a slight rose tint; lipsticks and cheek rouge should be light true red. With a medium skin, wear peach buff foundation and a bright pepper-red lipstick and rouge. With a ruddy skin, use peach buff foundation and true red lipsticks and rouge with a slight blue tone.

Beauty Workshop by

Betty Sanford

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

You who value your precious clothes, will adore the wonderful new, improved Postwar Arrid! It gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety for your skin and clothes. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! Saves your clothes . . . guards you against offending.



SUIT OF DARK GREEN LINEN, set off by gay calico headband and tied-on mitts! Note the new, round sleeve, the fitted midriff, the full dirndl skirt. Wonderful outfit for summer travelling! To protect it against perspiration stains, rely on Arrid, which stops perspiration more effectively than any other leading deodorant cream!

Midsummer Style Notes

Nothing so smart, for town wear, as a dark crepe dress or linen suit . . . with sharp accents of white or gay, contrasting color! But do be careful to guard against underarm perspiration stains. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is safe for skin, safe for clothes.



LITTLE DIRNDL DRESS of Navy Crepe, with big stitched cuffs and turtle neck collar of white pique. Don't risk spoiling the crisp, cool look with underarm perspiration stains! Smart women use Arrid daily. Arrid stops perspiration better than any other leading deodorant cream!

New Improved Postwar **ARRID**

Some of the many stars who use Arrid:

Ilka Chase • Martha Raye • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen
Carol Bruce • Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Diana Barrymore

Only safe, gentle Arrid

gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. Does not rot clothes. Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

★ All postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

BLONDES!



—Be Lovelier Than Ever Under the Summer Sun

• Insure your glamour this summer—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash! Let the sun shine on your smooth, shimmering cap of gold...and command admiration wherever you go.

Yes, this is the season to be extra particular about straw-like streaks or tell-tale darkness at the part...so be sure to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash regularly. Lighten arm and leg hair with Marchand's, too.

Whether you're a blonde, brunette or red-head, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is the modern way to lighten and brighten your hair. For the new Marchand's lets you achieve the exact degree of lightness desired...from a hint of gold to a definitely light blonde shade. Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment"—the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is complete in one package, now easier than ever to use at home. Try it today.



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Smartly styled. Super Values. Everybody buys. Others to \$2.50. 56 designs. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas folders \$1. Costs 50c. Currier & Ives, Grandma Moses, Giltter, Oilette Boxes, Gift Wraps, Everyday's, Personal Line, 21 Ass't and Sunshine Notes on approval. FREE SAMPLES of Imprint Lines. No investment. Start today. SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 115 Fulton St., Dept. MA, New York City



Anne Baxter

starring in "SMOKY," a 20th Century-Fox Production, says: "YOU'LL LOVE YOUR CANARY AS I DO MINE... HE'S SO PERKY AND FULL OF FUN!"

Own a canary... the only pet that sings! So easy to care for... so cheerful... a perfect pet! Feed your canary the finest — FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit.



LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6) ing, combined to make the best screen vaudeville show in town.

Your Reviewer Says: A rarity' long needed.

✓✓ The Stranger (International)

NOT for the kids who would find this psychological mystery film a bit too heavy for their tastes. It's adult stuff and good, with Orson Welles doing a convincing job as an escaped Nazi biggie who, in the disguise of Professor Charles Rankin, is living in the little town of Harper, Connecticut, with the evident intention of starting another master race. Loretta Young is believable as the American girl who, as his bride, is slowly forced to realize that the man she loves is one of the breed that nurtured concentration camps. He is, in fact, a murderer who, on his wedding day, kills the Nazi who has been allowed to escape from prison so that the authorities can trace him to Rankin. Edward G. Robinson handles his role of Allied War Commissions investigator expertly and the supporting cast is good—especially Billy House, Martha Wentworth and newcomer Richard Long. This boy, as Loretta Young's brother, has tremendous appeal.

All in all, a tense, dramatic picture, with Billy House supplying the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Good mellow-drama.

✓ Do You Love Me (20th Century-Fox)

THE answer to "Do You Love Me" may be yes if you belong to the swooner sect. Against a background of a hot trumpet played by Harry James, the picture wends its way innocuously from a dignified little school of classical music to the Big City. Along with it goes Maureen O'Hara, dean of the school, who starts out in horn-rimmed glasses and ends up in some Technicolor outfits that would make Schiaparelli swoon.

The point on which the plot pivots—and a very fragile point it is—is the overnight metamorphosis of Miss O'Hara from a schoolmarm to a "tittivator." The credit for this must be charged up both to Harry James and Dick Haymes who, as a "groaner," gives the lady someone to listen to besides her bespectacled fiancé.

Both Miss O'Hara and Dick Haymes do their best with what they have in hand; Harry James, as always, does the best with this type music; Reginald Gardiner gives a touch of finesse to lines that are the best in the picture.

The high-point—watch for Betty Grable in a surprise scene that is a "tittivator."

Your Reviewer Says: If you talk jitterbug, you'll like it.

✓ O.S.S. (Paramount)

ALAN Ladd's legion of fans will love him in this heroic role of a civilian hero in the war; a member of the Office Of Strategic Service who does much to prepare the way for ultimate victory in Europe. Ladd and Geraldine Fitzgerald are part of a team, highly trained in America, sent to assist in the sabotage procedures before the Normandy Invasion.

There is excitement a-plenty in their missions and tragedy and disappointments in their path.

At best, the picture is only an average

spy story but it gives Ladd a wide berth for the virile heroics for which he is famous. Miss Fitzgerald does her usual accomplished job, and the cast is immensely enhanced with straightforward performances by Patric Knowles, John Hoyt, Harold Vermilyea and Gloria Saunders.

Your Reviewer Says: Excitement on the half shell.

✓ Avalanche (PRC)

IT'S murder in the snow drifts, this one with something new in mystery climaxes. Bruce Cabot, a personable sleuth from the Treasury Department, arrives at ski lodge to discover the gaps in the income tax of a gambler. With him is Roscoe Karns (and here the formula has no varied). No sooner do they arrive than snow slides lock in the paying guests of the lodge. Then the murder begins.

Somehow the procedures should have been more exciting but even as it is they add up to good entertainment, thanks to mother nature in white velvet and creditable cast. Cabot, despite some added poundage after his good war record in Italy, looks fine. Helen Mowery, Veda Ann Borg and Regina Wallace show to advantage. And you'll love Joe the Raven.

Your Reviewer Says: Ski scare.

✓ The Searching Wind (Paramount)

THIS "Searching Wind" blows a minor gale down the corridors of prewar years rustling the history-book pages of event in Europe that led to World War II and comes up with one fact we all knew anyway—that those in power compromised to no avail. Ponderously, it explains how Robert Young as an American diplomat shilly-shallied between diplomacy and truth, lost his love, Sylvia Sydney, because of it. The only lively moments are provided by Dudley Digges as the grand father. Douglas Dick plays the son with great sincerity but Ann Richards seems miscast as Young's frivolous wife. The mounting is good, the direction commendable and Young's performance excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: There ought to be more here to cheer.

Best Pictures of the Month

Anna and the King of Siam
Cluny Brown
A Stolen Life
Till the End of Time

Best Performances

Rex Harrison and
Irene Dunne in
"Anna and the King of Siam"

Jennifer Jones and
Charles Boyer in
"Cluny Brown"

Bette Davis and
Glenn Ford in
"A Stolen Life"

Dorothy McGuire, Robert Mitchum
and Guy Madison in
"Till the End of Time"

Low your natural style sense can earn money for you

You admire clothes—good clothes. You have flair for style—attractive dresses and suits. But have you ever seriously thought of using your natural style sense to make money for you? That opportunity is now offered to you. You are invited to become a well-paid Sales representative for FASHION FROCKS, Inc.

YOUR EARNING POWER DEPENDS ON YOU!

If you're looking for a "get-rich-quick" scheme, this message is *not* intended for you! We do *not* promise to make you a millionaire overnight. No sound business venture will do that. What we *do* promise is an opportunity for intelligent, ambitious women to build up a steady income through the *sale* of smart, originally-designed clothes. Your work will consist of taking orders for Fashion Frocks and collecting cash commissions for doing so.

The money you earn will be in direct proportion to the regularity with which you work. You need not work *full* time, but you could work *regularly* if you want to make good money. But can you think of any pleaster way to earn money than showing and handling lovely styles, with working hours to fit your personal schedule . . . and with your own stunning Fashion Frocks clothes as an extra bonus!

WHY YOU RECEIVE LOVELY DRESSES TO WEAR

Wait till you *see* yourself in these exciting Fashion Frocks styles! Then you'll know why it's good business for us to offer you a personal wardrobe as a bonus. It's simple logic.



The dresses illustrated are typical Fashion Frocks, designed by leading New York authorities, and made by skilled Cincinnati craftsmen. Prices range from \$4.98 to \$14.98.



Other women can't resist asking a smartly dressed woman about her clothes. And you *can* be smartly dressed all year round—without cost to you—if you become a Fashion Frocks producer. Your friends and relatives will want to order Fashion Frocks *through you*, when they see your own handsome wardrobe.

Naturally, you will not want to limit your sales just to a close circle of friends—for that means limiting your earnings, too. So, every season, as new Fashion Frocks designs are released, you can take your style cards and rich-looking cloth samples to visit other prospective customers. Thus you will build a group of loyal buyers who will look to you to keep them informed on style news . . . and to keep them supplied with distinctive Fashion Frocks designs!

WHY WOMEN WILL WANT TO BUY THROUGH YOU

ANOTHER GREAT ADVANTAGE you have is in being able to offer your customers plenty of *time* in which to make their selections! You know how *you* hate to be "rushed" by an impatient sales person in the average crowded store! *Your* customers will make their choice in the comfort of their own homes, away from bustling crowds. (We do all delivering and collecting, so you need not waste time on irksome detail.) And you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you're giving your clients *good quality* at reasonable prices!

It won't take long, either, for your customers to realize that through you they can be

smartly dressed — and *still* stay within their budgets! Fashion Frocks cover a wide range of fabrics, including beautiful rayon crepes, sleek spun rayons, soft woolens, color-fast cottons. Also, a wide choice of shades from luscious pastels and smart dark colors, to gay prints, polka dots and stripes. You will offer magnificent styles to every woman—from a teen-age girl to a size 50 woman.

YOU CAN QUALIFY IF . . .

1. You are an ambitious woman — married or single — with or without experience. . . .
2. You are willing to work *regularly*—either part time or full time. . . .
3. You want to put your own "flair for style" on a *paying* basis. . . .
4. You would like the chance to earn a steady profitable income. . . .
5. You would like your own handsome wardrobe supplied **FREE!**

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., MAKES YOU AN OFFER!

If you can truthfully answer "Yes" to all five of the above qualifications . . . *you are invited to act as sales Representative in your community!* Your working schedule can fit your own convenience, with the chance to earn up to \$25.00 per week, like many other successful representatives.

If you accept this offer to become a Fashion Frocks representative, it will be almost like setting yourself up in a dress business of your own—*without* the headaches of carrying stock or "owning your own business"—and *with* an excellent chance of earning a steady income.

SUPERVISORY JOBS OPEN

We have future need for several County Supervisors and Branch Managers. Naturally, these positions pay even greater earnings. Please state your qualifications, if you are interested in this important work.

WE INVITE YOU TO SEND THE COUPON, but only if you're sincerely interested. If possible, attach a letter telling about yourself. You will then receive a Style Brochure, giving all necessary details, without any obligation on your part. After careful consideration, *you* can decide whether or not to fill out your final application. If you so decide, you'll be well on the road to *personal financial independence*.

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DESK 32039

CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

Our 38th Year in Business

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I want more information about your offer. Please send details by mail. This does not obligate me in any way.

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AGE _____

DRESS SIZE _____

☐ Check here if interested in full-time job as County Supervisor or Branch Manager. Letter attached gives details about myself.

Fashion Frocks

No harsh bitterness

...Just the Kiss of the Hops



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*America's Most
Distinguished
Beer*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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September

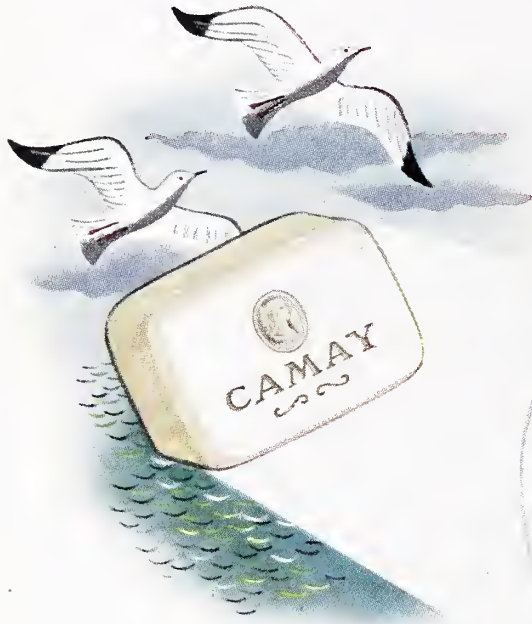
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nel Wilde
Paul Hesse

It's Like This To Be
MRS. CORNEL WILDE

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BROOKLINE MASS
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MRS C GLOSBERG
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Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!

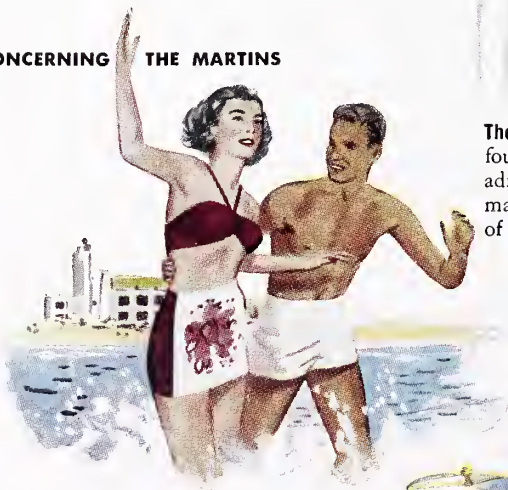


Win hearts and hold romance—with a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first cake* of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a fresher, lovelier, actually younger-looking skin!

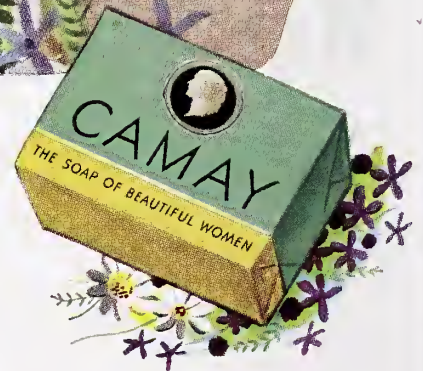


MRS. JOHN DAVID MARTIN
the former Sally B. Bliss of Baldwin, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by *W. L. Martin*

CONCERNING THE MARTINS



The sea-swept sands of Long Island often found Johnny and Sally together, and his admiration grew as he gazed at the smooth magic of her skin. She says: "The *first cake* of Camay left it softer, lovelier!"



Please—conserve your Camay. Precious materials still go into making soap!



The Martins love to parody their favorite songs. Johnny puts his heart in his songs as he looks at Sally's soft, smooth skin! Sally vows: "To keep him singing the praises of my complexion—I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you try mild Camay care, too? Full directions on wrapper.

"Hold Everything, Honey!"



GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it!* And *this!* And *this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.

CUPID: *Help* you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam . . . even after I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah . . . and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

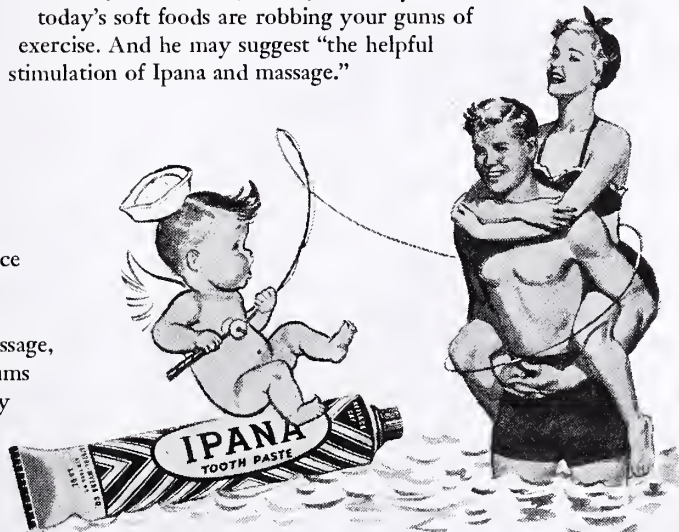
GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to see your dentist *right away!* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance—smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth . . . and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers



We're in a definite holiday mood today—a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rumba beat.



That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

★ ★ ★ ★

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico". After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★ ★

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.



Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear. (On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.)

★ ★ ★ ★

The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

PRESENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

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Cover: Cornel Wilde, appearing in "Centennial Summer"
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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SEPTEMBER, 1946

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Holiday in Mexico

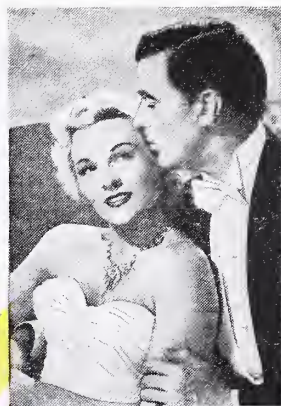
it's gay! let's go!

M-G-M PRESENTS HOLIDAY IN MEXICO in Technicolor

starring WALTER PIDGEON with JOSE ITURBI • RODDY McDOWALL

JANE POWELL • ILONA MASSEY • XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART
Original Story by WILLIAM KOZLENKO
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



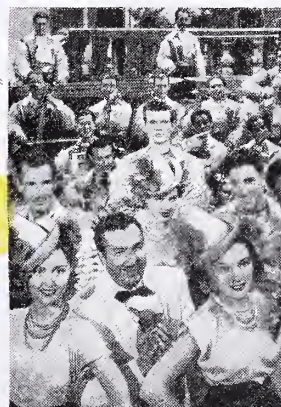
Dashing diplomat Walter Pidgeon makes love to sultry Ilona Massey...



Jane Powell (overnight star sensation) charms Roddy McDowall...



To keyboard magic from Jose Iturbi and rhythmic rumbas by Xavier Cugat...



Amid Technicolor spectacle, with all the excitement of a Mexican fiesta!

INSIDE STUFF



Candidly the co-ed caught up with Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond and Clark Gable at Los Angeles City College at a meeting of American Vets of Aerial Combat

Photographs by



Dancing with a dream girl—Tony Martin grins approval as he rhythm steps with Rita Hayworth at Mocambo

Heart Beats: Let no one be fooled about the torch Clark Gable toted for the merry Mrs. Dolly O'Brien who preferred another man. "Clark's life in Hollywood is one I just couldn't lead," the fair Dolly told friends in Palm Beach and after her marriage Clark went into one of the bluest funks the town has ever seen . . . Bob Hutton strolled into the Mocambo one evening to glimpse four former sweethearts with other men. Cleatus Caldwell, looking more and more beautiful, was beamed by Jim Davis of M-G-M, June Haver by Bob Stack, Lana Turner by Howard Hughes and Bob's ex-wife Natalie Hutton by Bruce Cabot. Bob took one look around and made straight for Cleatus, the girl he jilted for Lana—and don't be surprised if the romance between Cleatus and Bob is resumed. At least he'd like it that way . . . The betting is ten to one that Diana Lynn will not marry Henry Willson because her heart, say those who know, belongs to Loren Tindall. But Henry is a mighty persistent man, let us tell you, so be surprised at nothing . . . Rita Hayworth looks dreamier and dreamier when dancing with Tony Martin these nights and Rory Calhoun is without question the local bobby-sox rave, but Rory seems to be concentrating on Beverly Tyler while a former M-G-M-er, Jimmy Stewart, continues to go alone while local belles look longingly in his direction.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



Dress-up dinner date in the fun fashion for Judy Garland and husband Vincente Minnelli—at the Cinematographers' party at the Cocoanut Grove

Fink and Smith

Tid Bits: Jane Wyman, who has labored for eight months in "The Yearling" in the best role she's had in movies, has a big load on her heart. She's afraid the children who see the picture and her own five-year-old daughter will feel far from kindly toward her for shooting the young deer. Even at parties and gatherings Jane goes about asking people what children may think of her.

On the "Gallant Journey" set, Cal went searching out his friend Glenn Ford to compliment him on the strongest comeback of any returned veteran. "You'll find him over there," the assistant director pointed and sure enough there was the actor on a cot under four blankets with a high fever. With only a week to go, Glenn refused to delay the picture which will give you an idea of the kid's fortitude.

Betty Grable and Harry James wear plaid shirts exactly alike to the studio. And eat lunch together every day they're working. Betty tells Cal she and the baby will make all those one-night stands with Harry when his band goes on tour. It must be love, Cal says, it certainly must be.

Delivery Boy: A young man was hurrying down the walk of the Bel-Air Hotel with an arm load of clothing on the way to the cleaners when Egypt's newest importation, beautiful Tahia



Number please for tired pair—Harry James and Betty Grable, up at dawn to meet train their horse came in on

TIPS ON LIPS



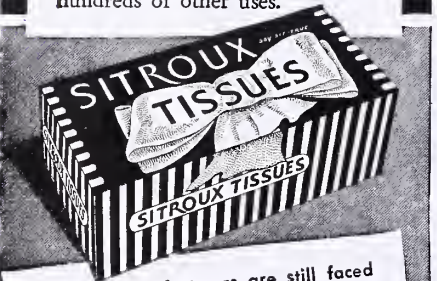
Use lipstick brush for neater, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "x" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.



Fill in upper lip. Press lips together; fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blots away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)



Powder lips lightly. Moisten and apply second coat of lipstick. Blot with other side of tissue. (SAVE Sitroux*) Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures and hundreds of other uses.



*Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

INSIDE STUFF

Mocambo-ing: Maria Montez catches the melody with her Jean Pierre Aumont



Troc-ing at the Trocadero: Bette Davis and her husband William Sherry

Korem, called from her doorway.

"Oh, please, will you take my things, Mr. Cleaner?" she said.

"But—I—er—sure," the young man smiled. "Pile them on."

"Oh thank you," she said, "and may I ask your name?"

"It's Martin. Tony Martin," he grinned.

"And you know what?" Tony said. "She didn't know me from Adam even when I returned her clothing."

The Great Dane: Dane Clark and his cute red-headed wife, Margo, came by Cal's house en route to a dinner date at Sydney Greenstreet's. The two actors had just completed their latest film, "A Very Rich Man," and were kind of celebrating.

"Now don't tell Sydney you had a late lunch," Cal cautioned Dane. "You just eat regardless and enjoy it, for Sydney likes his guests to have second and even third helpings."

Dane's latest picture, "Her Kind of Man," was being previewed that night so after coffee the four of us crowded into Dane's little car (and, with Sydney, we do mean crowded) and took off for the preview with Dane groaning and moaning at some of his bad moments in the picture, as he called them. Actors are quick to notice their own errors.

At Romanoff's afterwards Dane and Margo told how they had set out to remodel the small cottage on their property for temporary use and ended up by using all the money they'd intended to put into their new house.

"So here we were," Dane said, "with a swell three-room cottage with no kitchen and no dough left to start the new home."

But happy? Well, you never saw a couple as happy together as Margo (or "Red," as everyone calls her) and Dane.

(Continued on page 8)



THE
LAST WORD
IN PICTURES
SINCE
PICTURES
SPOKE
THEIR
FIRST
WORD!!

CARY
GRANT

AS COLE PORTER

ALEXIS
SMITH

AS HIS "GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" GIRL

WARNERS'

Night and Day

IN TECHNICOLOR



NIGHT AND DAY
YOU'RE THE TOP
IN THE STILL OF
THE NIGHT
BEGIN THE BEGUINE
DON'T FENCE ME IN
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME
DO I LOVE YOU?
LET'S DO IT

... THE STORY OF COLE PORTER,
WITH THOSE COLE PORTER SONG SENSATIONS!!

WITH MONTY WOOLLEY

GINNY SIMMS ★ JANE WYMAN

EVE ARDEN
CARLOS RAMIREZ
DONALD WOODS and

MARY MARTIN

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend, William Bowers • Adaptation by Jack Moffitt • Based on the Career of Cole Porter • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf





Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

INSIDE STUFF

Photographically speaking: Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan share the fun of the Cinematographers' party at the Grove



On their toes conversationally: Gene and Betsy Kelly, guests at the same party



Fun-ful mood for Greta and Gregory Peck, at the Cinematographers' Ball



In step: Ronald Reagan hums as he dances with his pretty wife, Jane Wyman

(Continued on page 10)

RKO
PRESENTS

Till the End of Time

starring

Dorothy McGuire and Guy Madison

Robert Mitchum • Bill Williams

with Tom Tully • William Gargan • Jean Porter

Johnny Sands • Loren Tindall

A Dore Scharf Production • Directed by Edward Dmytryk

Screen Play by Allen Rivkin

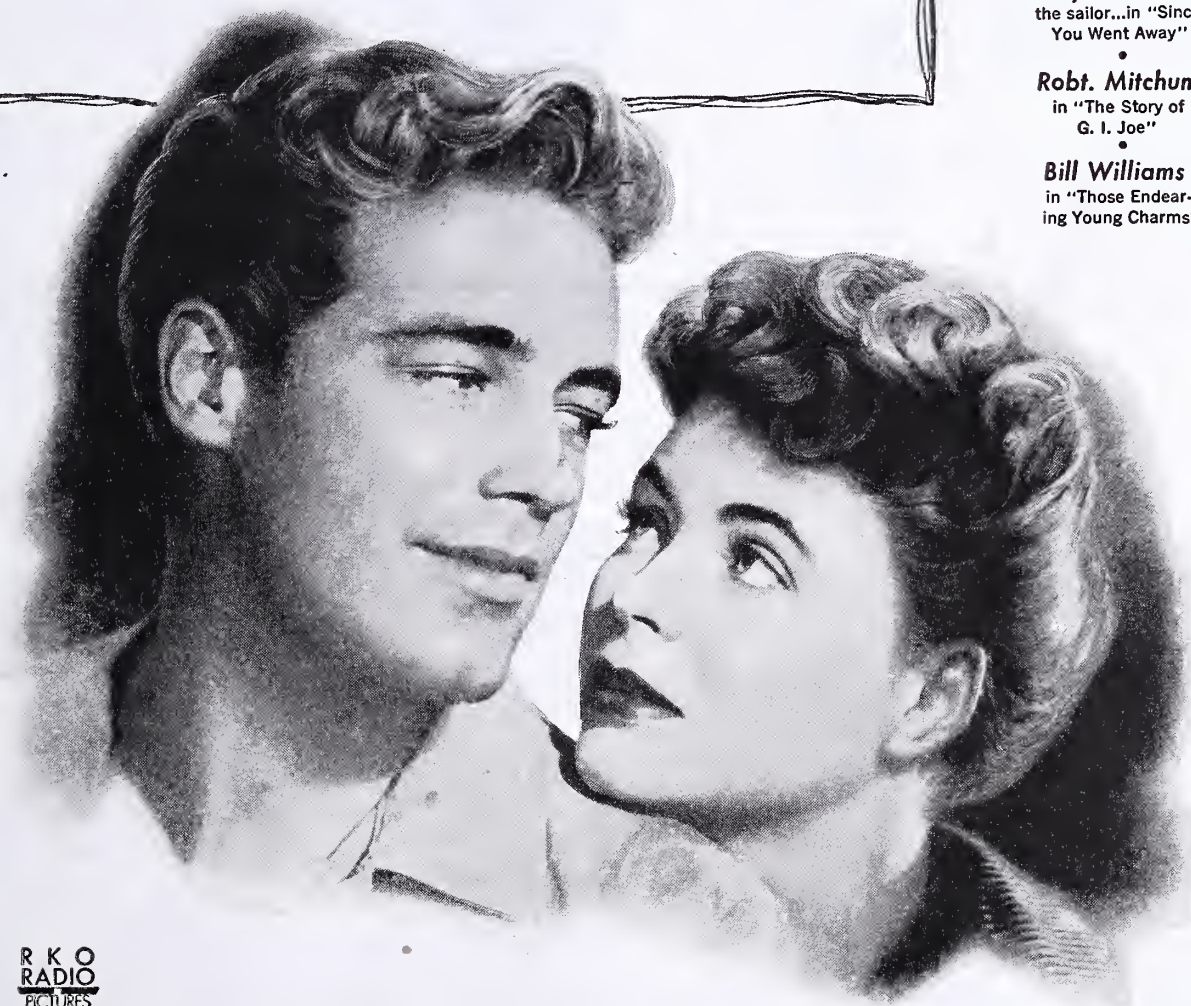


**YOU "discovered"
these 3 new stars:**

Guy Madison
the sailor...in "Since
You Went Away"

Robt. Mitchum
in "The Story of
G. I. Joe"

Bill Williams
in "Those Endear-
ing Young Charms"



A girl who thought no man could make
her forget . . . an ex-marine who loved her desperately
enough to try. This is their story . . .
vivid . . . human . . . the story that might be yours.



—with “Make-up” for Your hair!

For after-shampoo lustre . . . trust Marchand's *Make-Up Hair Rinse*. Swiftly, effectively, this modern hair cosmetic rinses off dulling soap film and rinses on a lovely silken sheen, plus gleaming new color!

With its 12 shades . . . Marchand's Rinse gives you your choice of a variety of color effects! No matter what color your hair may be, you can highlight and flatter its natural tone . . . or, with a different Rinse shade, give it a coppery glow. Certain Marchand Rinse shades even blend little gray streaks in with the original hair color!

So easy to use . . . after every shampoo. Simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, your hair glistens with new color! And it's easier to manage, too.

Absolutely harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair! Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this “make-up” hair rinse is made with Government-approved colors.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



Honeymoon ahead: Louis Hayward and bride Peggy Field pause to hold hands before cutting their cake—at his home

(Continued from page 8)

Lord Cornel: The closing of “Forever Amber” proved a boon to Cornel Wilde. Cornel has spent the free time on his Lord Byron story. With Robert Turney, who lives in the Wilde bath house, Cornel has already achieved 230 pages of script which is five pages longer than “The Robe” script. When the story is finished, Cornel will ask his studio to let him play the lead. Incidentally, when Turney moved in he brought along his two Siamese cats which, added to the Wilde pets, now makes seven Siamese cats roaming the estate.

Paragraphs: A chat with Turhan Bey's mother reveals the actor is not married to Susanna Foster as rumored. “They are very good friends,” she says, which could mean anything. Turhan, stationed in Guam, is now a corporal.

June Allyson, who is so proud of gaining ten pounds, is now soloing in the air which makes husband Dick Powell proud of his mite of a wife.

Since Bob Walker has taken a beach

house for the summer, his two boys have come to live with him. It's wonderful to see Bob and his lads out swimming in the mornings.

Mrs. Gary Cooper is the ideal after whom many of the younger set pattern their behavior, so much so several of them are copycat barometers of Mrs. Cooper's moods, clothes and conversation. And a day with Gary and his wife, is, to the younger set, the tops.

The Amber Price: Another actor left with time on his hands because of the closing of “Amber” is Vincent Price. When he gets bored he goes out and buys another load of fertilizer for the garden of his Benedict Canyon home. Mrs. Price complains the place is now a jungle of flowers and shrubs and if Vincent doesn't stop soon they'll have to chop their way out.

Mrs. Price (Elizabeth Barrett on the screen) has recently taken up painting. A connoisseur of art visiting their home admired a still life painting of Mrs. Price's from (Continued on page 12)

NEVER BEFORE SUCH SEDUCTIVE BEAUTY
SUCH RIOTOUS....LUXURIOUS....

LOVING AND LIVING!

Two worlds of magnificent pageantry and spectacular revelry meet... in the mightiest picture ever filmed... a wonderful... glorious... spectacle of the lashing legions of Rome and Egypt... and the clashing wills of their rulers!

G. C. F. PRESENTS

VIVIEN LEIGH*
CLAUDE RAINS

in

Bernard Shaw's
Caesar and Cleopatra

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Gabriel Pascal

VIVIEN LEIGH

as Cleopatra... her
greatest role since
'Scarlett' in "Gone
With The Wind"

with
Stewart Granger
and
Flora Robson
Francis L. Sullivan

A Temptation in
TECHNICOLOR

Released thru United Artists

*By Arrangement with DAVID O. SELZNICK

**Protects
2 ways!**



**Checks Perspiration
Prevents Odor!**

Nonspi is more effective,
longer lasting. Its dependable
double action keeps underarms
dry AND odorless two
days and longer. Start
your Nonspi habit today!

NONSPI
THE COMPLETE DEODORANT

35c and 60c—Plus Tax



Farewell fun: Red Skelton, who threw a party at California Club for cast of his radio show, between singer Anita Ellis and his pretty wife

(Continued from page 10) across the room. "Why that's one of the French moderns," he exclaimed and only the Barrett signature would convince him otherwise. Vince says there's just no living with Elizabeth now.

Incidentally, there's a gadget in the Price bathroom that intrigues visitors—a complete shaving outfit fitted onto a sliding tray across the bathtub. It took Vincent so long each morning to decide whether to shave first or bathe first, his wife had the shaving tray attached to the tub. Now he does both at the same time. Not a bad idea, eh?

Forward March: It took Bing Crosby's pull to get Perry Como's six-year-old son Ronnie into St. John's Military Academy, what with schools out here overflowing. All the Crosby boys are enrolled there.

Ronnie came home after his first week, resplendent in his new uniform, to relay to Perry his experiences.

"Know what, Dad?" he said, his little chest expanding with pride. "Phillip Crosby is our platoon leader and gee, is he tough!"

Sights of the Month: Academy Award Winner Ann Revere bouncing to work in her newly purchased jeep.

Gary Cooper in morning coat and striped trousers trying to keep a monocle in his eye and look dignified at the same time on the "Cloak and Dagger" set.

Gregory Peck trying to lug home two shopping bags full of groceries and attempting to sign autograph books.

The confused look of the diners at The Club when Betty Furness walked in with her husband Bud Ernst (whom

she had just remarried after a Reno divorce) and Bob Walker who had courted her during the Reno episode.

Pete Lawford trying to return Gary Cooper's serve at tennis with one hand, while munching jelly beans held in the other. And the bewildered look on Gary's face at Pete's nonchalance.

The Taylor Lad: It strikes Cal that in all Hollywood the actor who has changed the least and remained the same approachable co-operative fellow is Bob Taylor—formerly Navy Lieut. Bob Taylor. A casual friend, a member of the press, or a studio publicist receives the same friendly and sincere greeting the moment he walks onto his set. "You want me for something?" he'll call to the publicist while rehearsing before a scene. "I'll be right there." "I'll wait until the scene is over," the publicist will answer. "And why should you wait?" Bob will ask. "We're both paid by the same company to work here." And that's a one-in-a-thousand attitude in Hollywood.

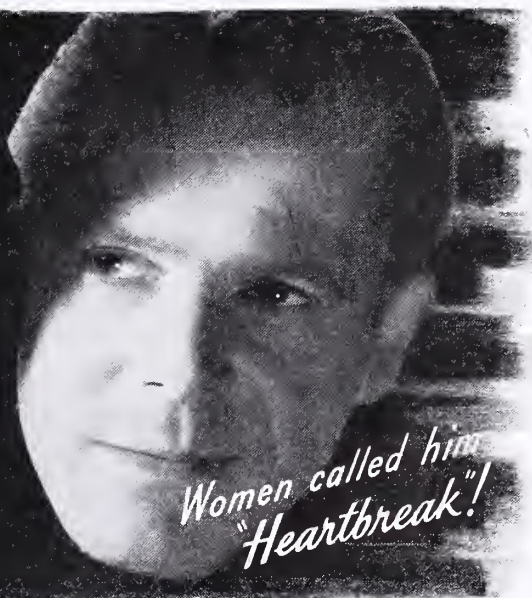
The Havers: June Haver's mother has turned agent and is determined to help other youngsters get into pictures. Mrs. Haver, whose home is her office, expects to specialize in undiscovered talent and so far has placed a boy she found waiting for a bus with Republic Studios and a pretty girl she saw behind a store counter with Paramount. With June's sister Evelyn singing with a band, the family is doing all right.

Round-up: Roz Russell and Cary Grant glimpsed one another at Romanoff's recently and both (Continued on page 16)



Duryea! that fascinating
tough-guy of "Scarlet Street"
... in his first starring role!

One dame on his
mind...another on
his conscience...
irresistible danger
for both!

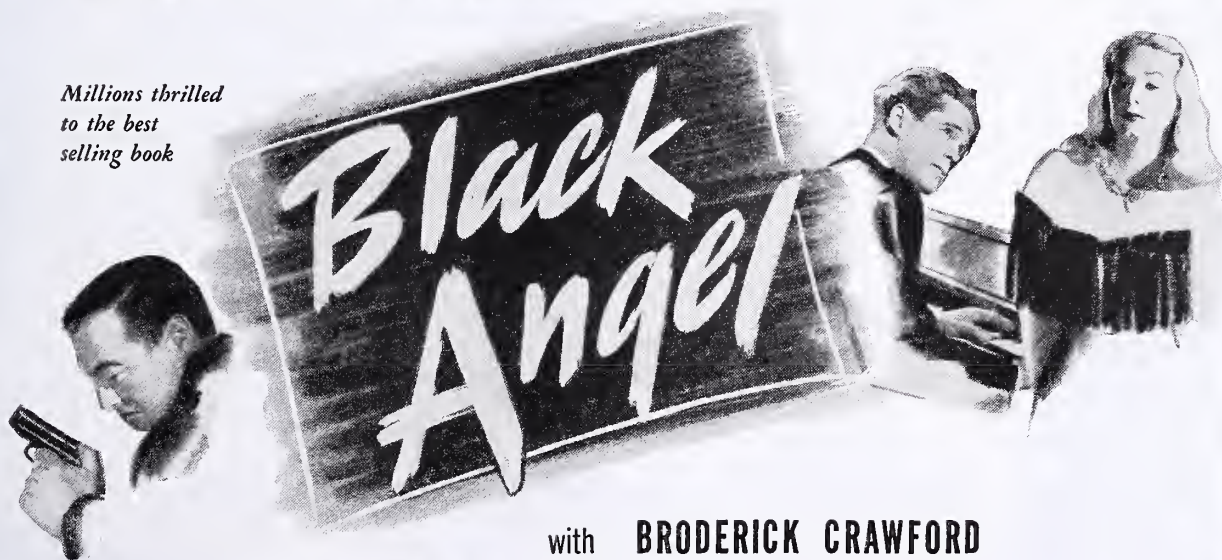


*Women called him
"Heartbreak"!*

UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

DAN DURYEA JUNE VINCENT PETER LORRE

*Millions thrilled
to the best
selling book*



with **BRODERICK CRAWFORD**
CONSTANCE DOWLING WALLACE FORD FREDDIE STEEL

Screenplay by Roy Chanslor Based on the Novel by Cornell Woolrich
Directed by ROY WILLIAM NEILL Produced by TOM MCKNIGHT and ROY WILLIAM NEILL



The Censors may not

Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18 — (Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out. Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

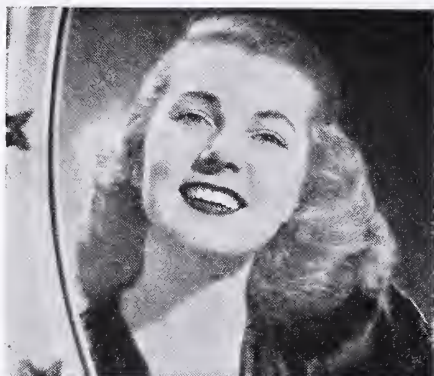
like it...

but the Public does!

In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

"The Outlaw" has exceeded all previous records by the astounding margin of 51,193 persons!

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

TURN SPARE TIME INTO

CASH! Take easy orders in spare time—full time. Friends, others buy. Show 50 cards for \$1 imprinted with sender's name. You make big profit on each sale. **FREE SAMPLES.** Also sell Christmas card, Religious & Everyday card assortments. New money-making plan for clubs, lodges and church groups. **WRITE TODAY.** Wetmore & Sugden, Inc., Dept. 5-T 749 Monroe Ave., Rochester 2, N.Y.

50 for \$1
Sell Personal
CHRISTMAS
CARDS WITH
NAME

Quick COME BACK!

All in from lack of sleep, worry or nervous strain? A whiff of invigorating CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS will help revive you. Convenient purse-size bottle.



CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At your druggist, OR SEND 25¢ (coin or stamps) to Dept. J-32, Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1794.



INSIDE STUFF

Joan Wells passes the popcorn to Bob Walker and Van Heflin on set of M-G-M's "Till the Clouds Roll By"

(Continued from page 12) rose from their seats at the same time. Tourists gaped while these two old friends met with a fond kiss and embrace. It was the first time Cary had seen Roz since her nervous breakdown. And incidentally, Roz looks wonderful again . . . Judy Garland has told her studio she's well enough to begin work again. Her next will be "The Pirate." . . . Those Jeffrey Lynn fans who have been anxiously awaiting news of the actor will be glad to know Captain Lynn is out of the Army and all set to return to Warners for more pictures . . . Five minutes after Bing Crosby landed in Canada on "The Emperor Waltz" location he was playing golf. And what's more, played thirty-six holes. Bing is happier up there than he's been in a long time because it's daylight until ten o'clock which means more time for golf. And to cheer him even more, he won the gold medal (not Photoplay's this time) for catching the biggest trout of the season up there . . . Olivia de Havilland—the latest star to go in for politics—has just returned from lecturing in Seattle . . . Betty Hutton has become an aunt again. Sister Marion Hutton Philbin (also a singer) had her second boy this week. "Just what I want," Betty says, "a really big bouncing boy." . . . Dorothy Lamour looking lovely with her dark hair dressed low on her neck lunching with her agent Wyn Rocamora at Romanoff's and bemoaning the fact her favorite pieces of jewelry, stolen several months ago, have never been found . . . Gloria De Haven, so lovely with her long dark hair, lunching with Red Skelton in the M-G-M commissary. Gloria is making her first picture, "Summer Holiday," since the birth of her baby. Red is a new man since his Army experiences, quiet, subdued and serious. Gone are the days when Red clowning all over the lot. The comic devotes three nights a week now to attending television school

and is said to know more about television than any actor in the business. Nothing like getting ready for the future . . . Peter Lawford dropped in for a drink of ginger ale—he being on the wagon at the moment—and to chat over his newest picture, "It Happened in Brooklyn." He couldn't be more pleased at the idea of working with Sinatra. Part of the picture was shot in New York. Peter was quite excited too because "Frank and I both had tickets for the Louis-Conn fight and my agent lined me up enough radio spots to pay my expenses, so we went back together." . . . Nora Flynn is studying voice and dramatics preparatory to going into movies in a big way.

A Prediction: It's our job not only to report the current news but to look ahead a bit and prepare you for what's coming. Frenchman Louis Jourdan, brought to this country by David O. Selznick for a role in "The Paradine Case," is by far the most exciting personality to hit the screen since Tyrone Power. And what's more, the handsome Louis looks not unlike Ty. His features are more regular, however and his profile something out of this world.

We learned a lot about Louis the day a friend brought him to Cal's house. He's twenty-five and during the occupation hid from the Germans in various small towns of France carrying on dangerous secret work for the underground. He's quiet in manner and so anxious to pronounce every English word correctly he takes his language coach everywhere. A Selznick scout saw Louis in a French film in England and excitedly wired Selznick who had the lad brought over immediately.

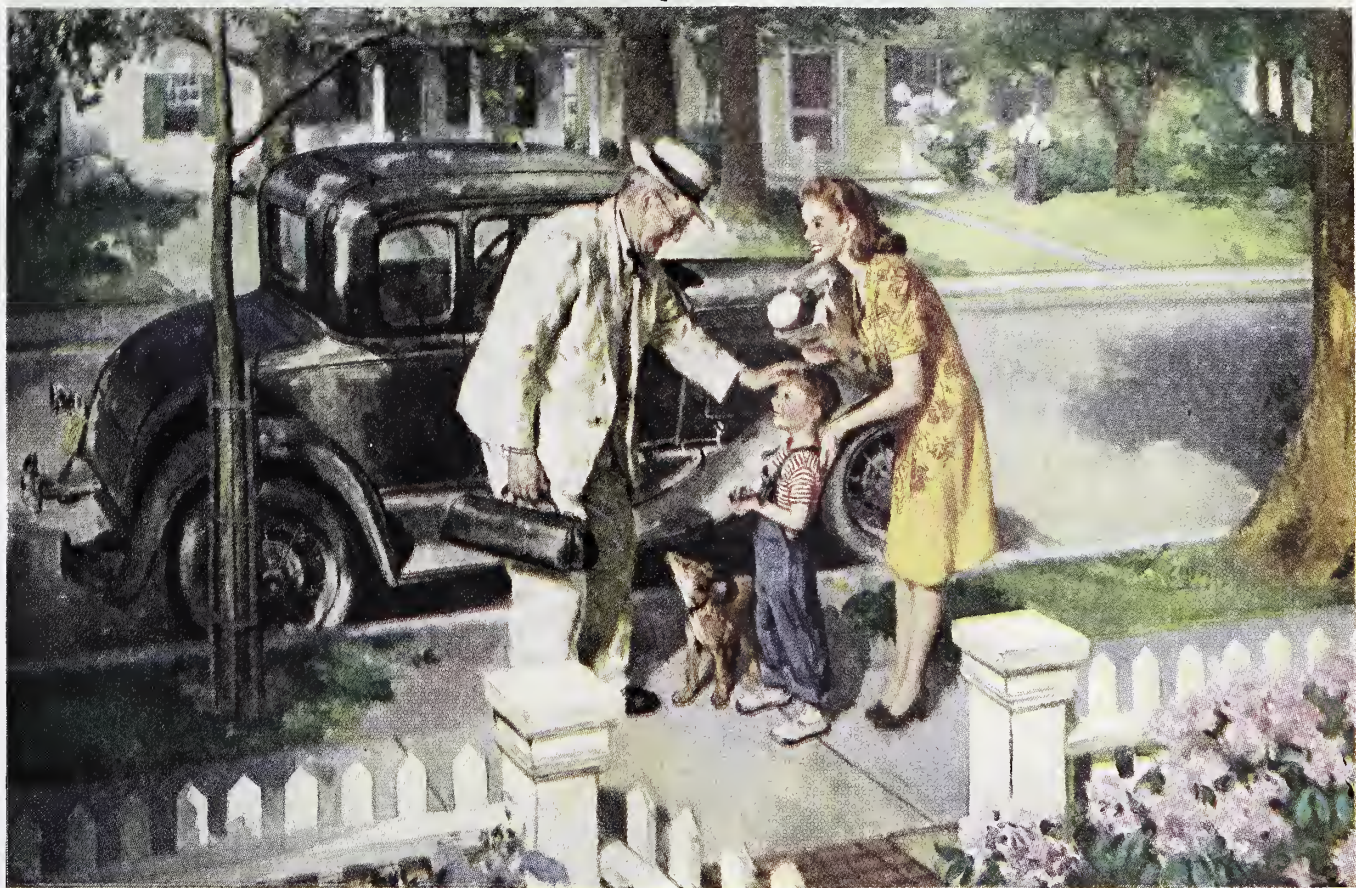
Take our tip, fans, he'll be your favorite rave a few months from now and then you can say—Cal told us so.

(Continued on page 20)

The doctor makes his rounds

● Wherever he goes, he is welcome... his life is dedicated to serving others. Not all his calls are associated with illness. He is often friend and counselor. His satisfactions in life are reflected in the smiling faces of youngsters like this one below, and of countless others whom he has long attended.

Yes, the doctor represents an honored profession... his professional reputation and his record of service are his most cherished possessions.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

*According
to a recent
Nationwide
survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat (see right).

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects *your* throat.



Headed for Romance?

**No other shampoo
leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so
easy to manage!**

Shining hair jeweled with myriad highlight
Gleaming hair smooth as satin and
beautifully behaved! That's Drene-lovely
hair. Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all
the natural beauty of your hair, all
its dazzling sheen... when you use
Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"Your hair is truly your crowning glory,"
says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Dren
Girl Carole Crowther, "if you keep it
lustrous-smooth... and wear it becomingly.

Here, Carole shows you these glamorous
hair-dos you can try at home
or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and
easier to manage when you use today's
improved Drene with Hair Conditioning
action. And the very first time you Drene your
hair, you completely remove unsightly
dandruff. No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ **SWEETEST MUSIC EVER** when he tells
you how lovely you look with this shining
cap coiffure. "Like to try a short hair-do,"
asks Carole, "without snipping a single hair?"
First Drene your hair to bring out all its natu-
ral gleam... as much as 33 percent more

lustre than with any soap or soap shampoo. Since
Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any
dulling film as all soaps do. Now center-part
hair to nape of neck. Comb long ends on
each side into a single curl and pin under bot-
tom wave. Presto! A make-believe short-cut!

Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action



▲ **HER DOG A CHAMPION**, Carole beams
happily and looks ever so beautiful with this
stunning upsweep! "It's a joy to fix your hair,"
she says, "when you use Drene with Hair Con-
ditioning action." Easy to comb into smooth,
shining neatness. Gather all hair to crown and
tie securely. Comb back hair into a circular
roll and front hair into half a dozen small curls.

Silver Celebration

Marking twenty-five years of happy wedlock for Fay Bainter and Reginald Venable

Here comes the bride! Fay, of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," and Reginald were married in New York. The dress she's wearing is in the wedding-gown motif



Neighbors Norma Shearer and husband Marty Arrouge stayed to chat with Joan Crawford, their first meeting in years



The handsome pair—Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott. It was a drop-in-and-out cocktail party at Fay's beautiful Ocean Park home



Romantically speaking—Bonita Granville and Jack Wrather toast each other. Decorations, even the table cloth, were in silver



A wonderful silverplate that stays lovelier longer, because the most used spoons and forks are inlaid with two blocks of sterling at backs of bowls and handles. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 including chest.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID*
SILVERPLATE



Copyright 1946, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

FOR THOSE HIGH HOPES
within your heart

The distinctive beauty and fine craftsmanship of a West Branch make it the ideal cedar hope chest for protecting your fondest possessions. A West Branch adds grace to your home. WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

West Branch
CEDAR HOPE CHEST
The Present with a Future



Time marking with trimmings: Bill (*Hopalong Cassidy*) Boyd and his wife celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary by dining out at Mocambo

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

The Borrower: Helmut is back in Hollywood—after an exciting trip to Vienna—and no longer under contract to Warners. But the effort he made to get to Vienna is the funniest thing Cal's heard in many a day. First there were trips to Washington, people to contact. Just about the time he was ready to give up hope, he had a brilliant idea. Why not go as a foreign correspondent?

Without difficulty he got a magazine assignment. Then came the problem of a uniform. He had exactly two hours to get one or the trip was off. It would have been dangerous, with snipers and the like still about, for Helmut to go as a civilian. He solved the problem by nonchalantly walking into Warners wardrobe department and "borrowing" a tie and shirt Errol Flynn had worn in "Objective Burma," Raymond Massey's pants and George Brent's jacket. His belt was his own. When the studio realized what had happened they were none too pleased.

But the trip was worth any amount of borrowing, for he saw his family and now plans to have his younger brother, who's an engineer, join him here soon. Back in New York Helmut, still running around in the collected uniform, bought four white shirts, commenting, "Well, for a change I have something of my own!"

"Can you answer me these?"

asks **KAY KYSER**

The Ol' Professor of
the "College of Musical Knowledge"



"Are you a better American because your forebears came here sooner than somebody else? Does 'God Bless America' refer just to your neighborhood, race and religion? Do you think 'freedom' means you do as you like, and others do as you like, too?"

"You don't need the Ol' Professor to tell you the answer to all these questions is a great big NO! A good American respects the rights of other Americans . . . and of other nations, too!"



There's a trend to candy-coated gum these days, and Fleer's is top o' the trend. It's so fresh and attractive *looking*, so refreshing and delicious *tasting*. Twelve right-bite-size fleerlets in the handy one-at-a-time package, just 5¢. You'll like Fleer's . . . try it today!



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form !

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

Are you in the know?



Which make good scents for summer?

- ☐ Atomic aramas
- ☐ Fragile fragrances
- ☐ Swoon-perfumes

Bewitched by nose-bait? Inxay on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find yummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain" days, above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, *this* deodorant can't shake out! See how sweet it can keep you.

How to rate on a first date?

- ☐ Sling o sharp line
- ☐ Be a listening-past
- ☐ Learn his interests

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in *you*. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself: an art you can master on "problem days," as well. Just count on Kotex and the extra protection you get from that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you poise . . . protection *plus*. There's no fear of accidents to heckle you!

This fetching neckline's for you, if—

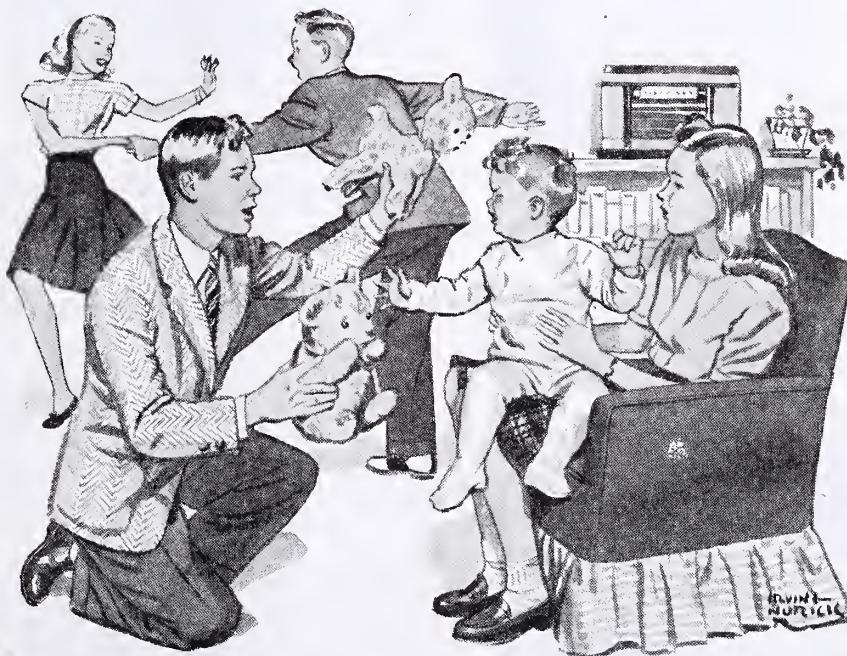
- ☐ You're the tombay type
- ☐ You shun a suntan
- ☐ You watch your pasture

Your shoulders are showing! Or will be, when you see the swoonsation this new neckline creates! It's for you, if you watch your posture. So bone up on workouts that square droopy shoulders, correct "hat-rack" shoulder blades. And you needn't let down on "those" days; for exercise—and Kotex—help you keep comfortable. You get lasting softness with Kotex, the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*—put chafing trouble on the double!

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

- ☐ Pock junior off to bed
- ☐ Be a stand-in far his Mom
- ☐ Ask your gang over

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real interest in junior: be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time . . . and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears . . . choose Kotex!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every
Kotex napkin at no extra cost

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good, three checks, outstanding

✓ Of Human Bondage (Warners)



Eleanor Parker and Paul Henreid share tense drama in this literary legend

YOU may have seen it before, you may be seeing it for the first time, but Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film. Done this time with Paul Henreid in Leslie Howard's role of the sensitive would-be artist with the club foot and the inferiority complex and Eleanor Parker in Bette Davis's famous star-making part of *Mildred*, the cockney vixen, it gets its accustomed audience reaction. The men will call Henreid a "jerk"; the women will pity him from the bottom of their susceptible hearts, while blushing for the fact that their sex can encompass such a sinning Eve as *Mildred*.

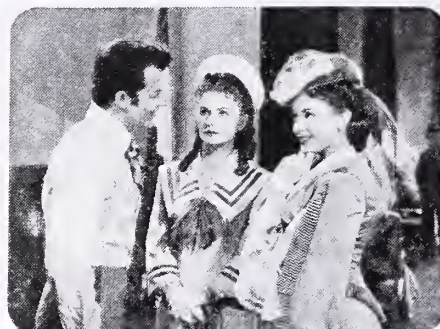
The story is now almost a literary legend: A young medical student who seeks after art unsuccessfully resigns himself to a realistic life, meets a head-tossing waitress, finds himself in inexplicable bondage to her and her ruthless exploitation. He

realizes that what he feels for her can bring him only deterioration; yet he is ever ready at one calculating glance from his Circe to spring his own trap. His eventual freedom is doled out by a relenting fate.

Henreid gives a feeling portrayal, despite the distortion his Austrian accent imposes on the original plot. Eleanor Parker as the cockney sways her hips and smashes furniture with an ability that is noteworthy but yet cannot compare with Davis's former great portrayal of a woman's smallness of soul. Alexis Smith is sincere and dignified in the thankless role of the good woman, Janis Paige gives *Sally* a sensitive touch; Edmund Gwenn does a fine piece of acting as the philosopher-friend, *Athelny*.

Your Reviewer Says: A perennial pays off.

✓✓ Centennial Summer (20th Century-Fox)



Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell in gay old days romancing

SET in Philadelphia in that progressive summer of 1876 when women were branching right out of their leg o'mutton sleeves and young doctors were daring to specialize in obstetrics, this music-filled Technicolor film will amuse you, delight you and surely make you forget that a strike is anything but a baseball term.

Walter Brennan and Lillian Gish are a conservative middle-class Philadelphia family intent on Papa's railroad business and keeping tabs on their two daughters—Linda Darnell, the doer, and Jeanne Crain, the dreamer. Into their Brussels-carpet household two bombshells are thrown. One arrives in the luscious form of Constance Bennett, Mama's sister straight from Paris who brings along her advanced ideas—and a gallant young Frenchman, Cornel

Wilde. The second is the Centennial Exposition and the combination of the two puts the family right on a dashing merry-go-round. After lots of gay confusion set to the tune of Jerome Kern's music and Oscar Hammerstein's lyrics, everyone gets the gold ring, including the appreciative audience.

Cornel Wilde is completely at home in the role of the Frenchman, right down to accent and gestures; he is a Celt to the tricolor born. The rest of the cast is admirable. The music works in rather more easily than in most films of this sort; the costumes are sugar-plum visions; the finished whole is a round of lighthearted fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, for the gay old days!

✓✓ Courage of Lassie (M-G-M)



Tom Drake, Lassie and Elizabeth Taylor in touching saga of canine heroism

A FILM that takes its place among the blue-ribbon winners in Hollywood's dog stories is this Technicolor account of *Bill*, a golden collie, played by Lassie, who starts his life in the wilderness and grows up to find his god in a little girl.

The plot has all the pathos that usually marks Hollywood animal sagas, but in addition it presents two new angles. The first is the introduction—a series of wild-life shots that are so incredibly natural the animals seem like Disney characters. The second is a too-brief description of the training and handling of dogs for war, a fascinating bit of film intelligence that puts the picture in an unusual class.

Bill's adventures are many and hectic; the audience is tense with his mistress Elizabeth Taylor when he disappears; apprehensive with his handler when he sees combat in the Aleutians; relieved with his good friend, Frank Morgan, when he finally comes into his own as a first-class war hero.

Elizabeth Taylor performs with a natural versatility; Morgan with artful casualness. Fans of Tom Drake will wish that he had more to do but what he does do is most acceptable. It is a picture childrer will love, dog-lovers will applaud.

Your Reviewer Says: A best-of-breed.

(Continued on page 24)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 24

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 144

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 138

Don't Ignore These Symptoms!



HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

How to help safeguard the beauty of

Your Lovely Hair!

IT'S the simplest little precaution imaginable—yet so effective! Every time you wash your hair, just use Listerine Antiseptic. Massage it well in, on hair and scalp. That's all!

Thousands of fastidious women use this pleasant little treatment as a precaution against infectious dandruff, which bothers so many people. Women know that flakes and scales can ruin the smartest hair-do... utterly destroy the charm of beautiful hair.

A causative agent of infectious dandruff, according to many noted dermatologists, is a stubborn germ called the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). Listerine Antiseptic kills this germ by the million! And

does it in such a cool, refreshing way! You'll find the treatment easy, quick and wonderfully *clean-feeling*.

If Infectious Dandruff Starts

If those telltale flakes and scales persist . . . if you're pestered by intolerable itching—it's no time to delay. These things may be *symptoms* of infectious dandruff—a warning that the infection is already at work. Don't experiment with so-called "overnight" cures or greasy lotions. Don't wait till shampoo-time. Get going—*at once*—with Listerine Antiseptic—two treatments a day and keep it up. How wonderful to see flakes and scales start to disappear! What a com-

fort to alleviate that *itching*.

This twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment for hair and scalp has been *tested* clinically. Tested for a full month, it actually removed, or markedly improved dandruff symptoms for 76% of the sufferers from this embarrassing disease.

So help guard *your* lovely hair with Listerine Antiseptic treatments with every shampoo. Or, if infectious dandruff has gotten a start, give two treatments a day for quick, comforting aid. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Infectious Dandruff

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE



BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON

by the beautiful sea

... be a twentieth-century Circe in the enticing, spray-cool aura of Yardley English Lavender! From storied blossom-beds to lend your summer-time the ever-fresh appeal of a scent that suggests fragrant breeze and vaulting sky and all things gay and lovely.

Yardley English Lavender, the gay-hearted fragrance, \$4.75, \$2.50, \$1.50, plus tax.

Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets \$1



YARDLEY

ENGLISH

LAVENDER

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.



(Continued from page 22)

✓✓ Three Wise Fools (M-G-M)

YOU already know what Margaret O'Brien can do to the American public; you are also aware of the deft touches of Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Edward Arnold and Thomas Mitchell in any film they grace. Put these elements together, add a touch of an Irish brogue, some leprechauns and fairies and you have "Three Wise Fools."

Playing the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Stone, Barrymore and Arnold, Margaret comes from Ireland with her faithful servitor, Mitchell, to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men. She prattles touchingly about the "little people" who live in a tree on her grandmother's American estate; the three venerables prattle foolishly about a deed they would like to have her hand over to the local university. Since to do this, Margaret would have to evict her fairies, she takes a firm stand as a landlord.

Brush up on your Irish brogue, get on speaking terms with your own private leprechauns and go and enjoy an enchanting bit of movie-making.

Your Reviewer Says: The "little people" take you over.

✓ My Pal Trigger (Republic)

LIKE all the films of this series, this is a very good Roy Rogers and a very excellent Trigger up to all sorts of tricks to insure you a fine western. The picture is tight-knit, has a genuine sincerity, is filled with well-worked suspense.

Rogers is accused of killing the great *Golden Sovereign*; after being bailed out of jail, he clears town in a hurry. In the midst of his wanderings his mare *Lady* presents him with a foal, Trigger, the image of the *Golden Sovereign*. From there on in Roy and Trigger fight their way back over a rough western road to handshakes for Roy from his old enemy and laurel wreaths for Trigger.

Familiar faces grace the struggle—George "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers. If you're in the mind to go west for a

Best Pictures of the Month

Centennial Summer
From This Day Forward
Three Wise Fools
Courage of Lassie

Best Performances

Edmund Gwenn in
"Of Human Bondage"
Cornel Wilde in
"Centennial Summer"
Joan Fontaine in
"From This Day Forward"
Jackie Jenkins in
"Little Mr. Jim"

Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley,
Edward Arnold and Donald Meek in
"Janie Gets Married"

Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Morgan
in "Courage of Lassie"

couple of hours, buy your ticket. The trip will turn out fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Roy and Trigger know their monkey business.

✓ **Lover Come Back (Universal)**

THIS is a nice little piece of summer dessert on the film menu, a bit of romantic fluff that will lighten the heart of long-suffering females—and males. It takes the double standard, ties it up in a roguish bowknot and then untwists it to leave the wife-husband situation at status quo—i.e., love and kisses spiced up by the promise of a few inevitable quarrels.

Lucille Ball is the wife who dreams about her soldier husband for two long years, meanwhile tending strictly to her stylist business. George Brent is the spouse who also dreams of his wife but does some “not a thing to it” work on the side in his date book. Their reunion is punctuated by a meeting of George and some of his overseas blonde friends; complicated by Lucille’s conniving to make her red-faced husband jealous; climaxed by a trip to Nevada for the well-worn reason.

The cast is just what it should be—Miss Ball and Mr. Brent carry things off pleasantly; Vera Zorina gives just the right touch as the “other woman”—innocent, of course; and Charles Winninger and Elisabeth Risdon make a Pa-Ma team that greatly increases the amusement value of the film.

Your Reviewer Says: Breezy business for a summer night.

✓ **Smoky (20th Century-Fox)**

WHETHER or not you’ll like “Smoky” is an “if” proposition. You’ll rub appreciative hands at this film—magnificent so far as Technicolor goes—if you’re a fireside cowboy who dreams of the wide open spaces; or if you’re a horse lover who can think of no better treat than watching herds of splendid horses running wild over the glorious mesas of Utah. For this is primarily a horse-cowboy saga, the life story of *Smoky*, a wild horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and his adventures among an odd assortment of the so-called human race.

Slow-moving at first, it picks up pace toward the middle with the entrance of Bruce Cabot as the renegade who does no one any good, least of all *Smoky*. MacMurray rides his outdoor role most comfortably, can be just his deadpan, tight-lipped self. Anne Baxter plays “The Girl,” does as much with her scenes as a cowboy female lead permits. Burl Ives makes a hefty bow to films cowboy ballads and does such a good job he is sure to be humming his way through a lot of Fox westerns.

The scenery looks like a painted backdrop, but isn’t; you’ll look and like the fact that this is America.

Your Reviewer Says: “Aye” for cowboy fanciers.

Colorado Serenade (PRC)

THIS Western, all wrapped up in Technicolor, has a gun at the hip ready to go off at any minute. Although it fails to knock the adult customers dead, “Colorado Serenade” will undoubtedly shoot to kill so far as its cowboy-rooster audience is concerned. About twenty minutes too long, it offers all the essentials of a Western—the stagecoach holdup, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest “Jedge” who, with his help of a couple of handsome heroes,



That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

Rita Daigle -

WALTER THORNTON

Pin-Up GIRL

uses Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT
for Beautiful Hair



Overnight

Lovelier Hair for You, too!

YOU don't have to wait week after week—try just one application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment tonight—and tomorrow you'll see the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance—the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get all three today—Glover's Original Mange Medicine—GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

Free Trial Size



SEND COUPON for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



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Dept. 559, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLOVER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

is to bring law and order to the wide-open frontier town. The shootin' matches are interspersed with cowboy songs.

Law and Order put up a good fight and emerge victorious over the bad men and Eddie Dean as the hero does his share to keep the action moving. It's a good try that comes out just a bit overdone.

Your Reviewer Says: Not-so-good, not-so-bad Western.

Boys Ranch (M-G-M)

THIS picture, concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents, had an odd effect on the members of the preview audience who came in such well-behaved people and went out swearing to commit mayhem on the perpetrators of this movie. Take little Skippy Homeier, for instance, who scored so notably in "Tomorrow the World." Skippy is permitted to go about behaving like the village idiot on the ranch provided for boy delinquents by James Craig—an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug. Skippy simply makes no sense. Darryl Hickman is the eager beaver of the outfit and Butch Jenkins the lad who talks like Farmer Brown at a Grange meeting. Dorothy Patrick plays Craig's wife and little Sharon McManus, who danced so beautifully with Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh," plays his daughter.

Your Reviewer Says: See this and you'll feel like a bad boy.

Doll Face (20th Century-Fox)

STRICTLY from the wrong side of the tracks is *Doll Face*, the burlesque queen played by Vivian Blaine. Strictly from the wrong side of the production tracks, too, is this little film that has Dennis O'Keefe as her publicity manager. To remedy the former situation, he has a book written about her life, a la Gypsy Rose Lee. The ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance, Carmen Miranda makes some voluble comments about the business and in the end everyone gets bored with the whole mix-up, including *Doll Face* who, of course, discovers that true love always makes a plot come out right in the end.

There are lots of shots of chorus girls in tights, lots of songs by Perry Como, lots of meaningless meanderings on the part of the whole cast. One has the feeling that if Carmen Miranda had been given a little more to do there might have been a lot more laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing much doing.

Badman's Territory (RKO)

HERE comes Randy Scott again, totin' his gun in the lawless West. This time he's way out in Badman's Territory, in the town of Quinto which is a law unto itself. A law unto herself, too, is Ann Richards as *Henriette*, the pioneer newspaper woman who is trying to get Quinto brought under Federal control as part of the projected territory of Oklahoma.

The James boys, the Daltons and Belle Starr are present, mighty suspicious of Randy and his lawful motives and making up to his brother who unfortunately finally succumbs to the lure of the bad men and joins the gang in their famous Coffeyville raid. There is enough shooting to satisfy a hearty male audience, enough romance between Randy and *Henriette* to please any Western-minded ladies.

A crooked U. S. Marshal and George "Gabby" Hayes as Coyote have itchy trigger fingers, too.

Your Reviewer Says: They aim to please.

✓ Janie Gets Married (Warners)

JANIE puts on a wedding ring and an apron and is her bustling delightful self in this genial family comedy. Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton turn into grown-up married people, set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of Papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage.

The fact that this "buddy" turns out to be a very satisfactory WAC gives some troublesome angles to the marital picture, leaving *Janie* trying to square things up in her own rare fashion. With a list of capable actors to help her, including Donald Meek, a pint-sized tycoon with a Napoleonic complex, she overcomes her trials and tribulations, among which may be counted sister Elsbeth, she of the "periscope ears." The picture is filled with diverting bits of family life.

Your Reviewer Says: Janie gets the gold ring.

✓ One More Tomorrow (Warners)

THIS is the old triangle, presenting a not-so-pleasant picture of marriage with Dennis Morgan, Alexis Smith and Ann Sheridan rounding out the angles in a fashion that is finished enough to provide a fair amount of entertainment.

Millionaire Morgan is a crusader, aided and abetted by Miss Sheridan, who knows her own mind about business but is not so certain about love. Consequence: she loses Morgan to Alexis Smith whose idea of making her marriage successful is to wear some breath-taking outfits and take part in some questionable schemes to get husband Dennis back on the plutocratic track where his mind will be strictly on her and not on his magazine. Jack Carson ambles his way around the picture as Morgan's alter ego who's rooting for Ann as against Alexis. He and Reno win in the end.

You won't find this the best film you've seen, but you won't be bored either.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middlin'.

(Continued on page 137)

SCARLETT'S BACK!

and so is her handsome husband.

VIVIEN LEIGH

and

LAURENCE OLIVIER,

who've been gone for the war years, will delight you in an intimate story of their return

in October PHOTOPLAY

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THE STRANGE WOMAN

By Ben Ames Williams

ANGEL OR DEVIL—WHICH WAS SHE? To her New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil! You'll gasp at this unforgettable character—soon to be portrayed by HEDY LAMARR, star of United Artists production!



HEDY LAMARR,
star of United Artists
movie.

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Rachel—who avenged France because of one German kiss too many.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

By Victor Hugo

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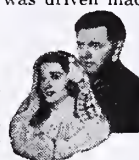


He saved her from death— but how could she return his love?

JANE EYRE

By Charlotte Bronte

WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED HIS LOVE? His wife was driven mad by her own excesses. Then—a French dancing girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and at last he forsook them all for the one woman he adored—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret tore them apart?



Orron Welles and Joan Fontaine in the 20th Century—Fox Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."

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**DOROTHY MCGUIRE
ROBERT YOUNG**

in

*Claudia
and David*



Directed by

WALTER LANG

Produced by

WILLIAM PERLBERG

**20th
CENTURY-FOX**

with

MARY ASTOR

JOHN SUTTON

GAIL PATRICK

ROSE HOBART

HARRY DAVENPORT

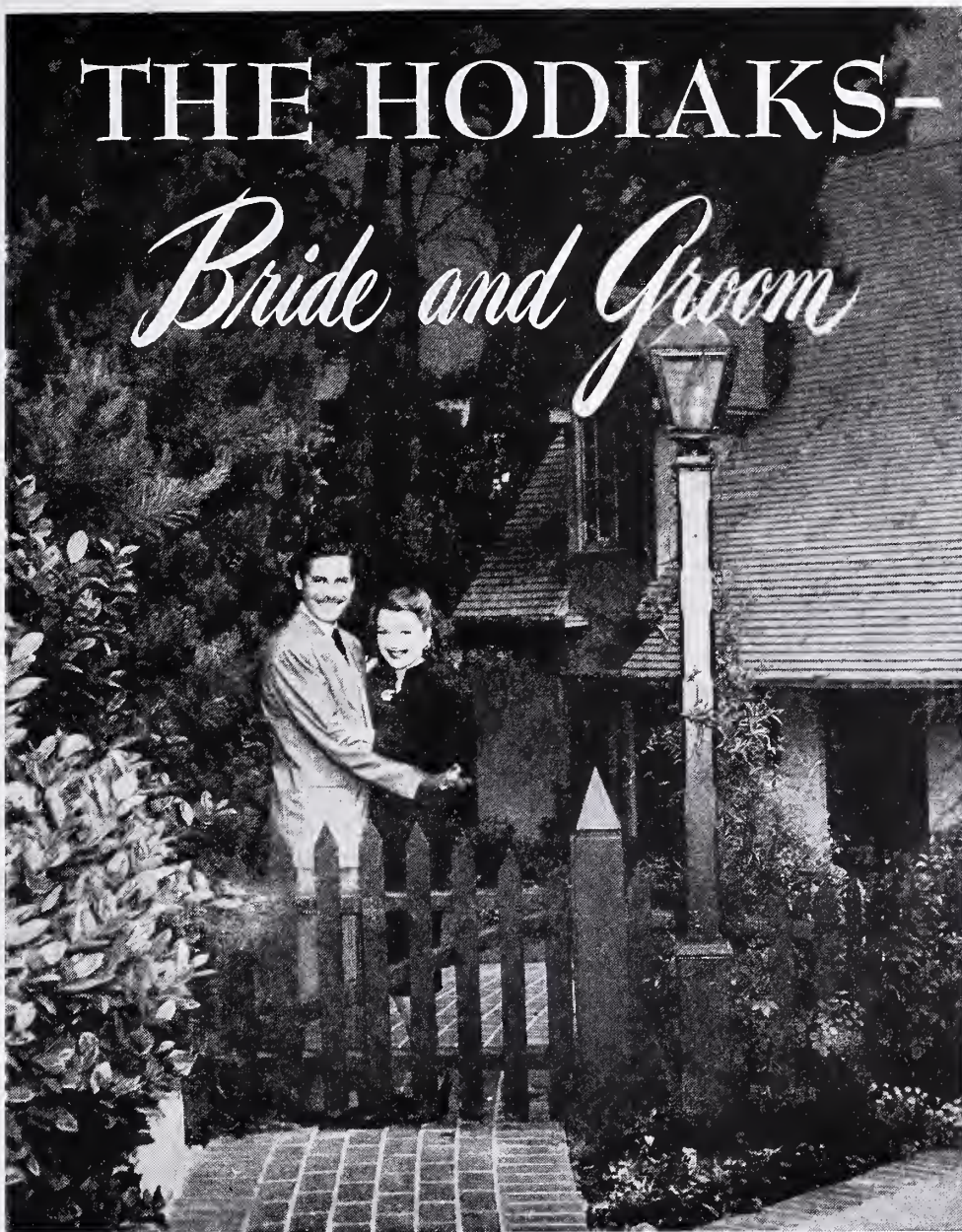
FLORENCE BATES

JEROME COWAN

Adaptation by Vera Caspary · From the Redbook Magazine Stories by Rose Franken

Screen Play by Rose Franken
and William Brown Meloney

THE HODIAKS— *Bride and Groom*



John beat her at cards. Anne got angry—and the courtship was on!

BY KENNETH RHODES

FOR anyone interested in how marriages are made in Hollywood, for the records of the Institute of Family Relations, for a honeymoon scrapbook or any similar sentimental purposes, here are some direct quotes:

John: "Anne, will you marry me?"

Anne: "Yes, John, I will."

It's an odd thing that so few persons seem to recall how they happened to get engaged, let alone the exact words of a proposal. The modern legend is that proposals are old fashioned, that understandings are reached without words, and all that. Not so Anne Baxter and John Hodiak.

They were sitting on the couch in Anne's comfortable

living room, with the smart French water colors on the wall, and they had been silent for a long time. John took Anne's hand and he asked the question and she answered it. It was a scene that wouldn't play well on the screen, audiences being used to what they're used to, but that's how it was.

John's a truthful man. "I didn't know what to expect," he confesses. "I was a little surprised when she said 'Yes.'"

Anne is honest, too. She knew exactly what to expect, and had an answer all ready.

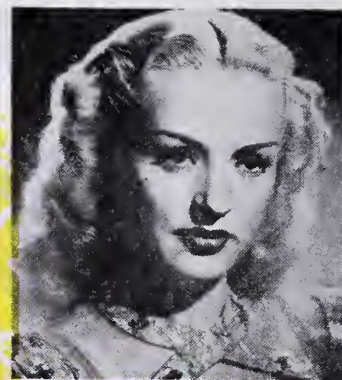
Here are a pair of young moderns, just married, ardently in love, of course, (*Continued on page 115*)



Judy Garland



Greer Garson



Betty Grable



Bette Davis



Ingrid Bergman

A late summer sum-up
of the stars and pictures out in
front in the race for
Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards

WHO WILL BE YOUR

THE other night when you were coming out of the movies you said: "That picture should win a prize as the best of the year!" And all around in the lobby you heard others saying the same thing. Perhaps it was "The Bells of St. Mary's."

That same night, in the next town, many in the audience were responding to "The Spiral Staircase" with equal enthusiasm. While in still another town, "The Lost Weekend" was convincing movie-goers that it and no other should be adjudged the best picture of the year.

With 1946 yet to run its full course no one of us can tell which picture will prove most popular with American movie-goers. However, a nation-wide poll, representing a true cross-section of the country is, for the third consecutive year, in the process of being taken. All over

the land, in rural areas, suburbs and cities, Audience Research, Inc. has skilled interviewers in the field consulting men and women, young and old, rich and poor, frequent and infrequent movie-goers, about the films and the stars they have enjoyed most.

It may be that one of these interviewers has talked to you. It may be that he stopped you on the street or at the market or introduced himself when you were sitting on your front porch or when you went to the door in answer to his ring by saying: "We're taking a poll to determine the most popular movie and the most popular stars for Photoplay's 1946 Gold Medal Awards. Would you please answer a few questions?"

One place you have not been stopped by an ARI interviewer is outside of your motion-picture theater.



Spencer Tracy



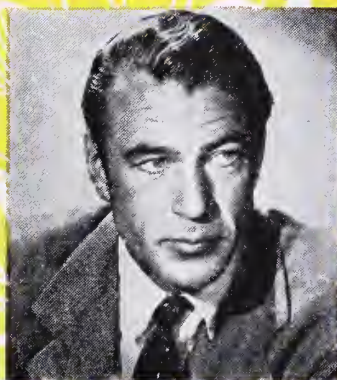
Van Johnson



Clark Gable



Bing Crosby



Gary Cooper

By
DR. GEORGE GALLUP

*Director of
Audience Research, Inc.*

FAVORITES FOR 1946?

For we have discovered respondents, still under the spell of a movie they have just seen, sometimes are unable properly to evaluate the enjoyment other pictures offered. And it is essential that every vote cast in an ARI poll be completely unbiased. In fact, every ARI interviewer carries a list of the pictures released during the year so you cannot forget any picture that you have seen.

At our research offices the thousands of votes you, the movie-goers of America, cast are turned over to our tabulating room where special machines, performing the complicated job of assorting cards and recording four hundred votes a minute, go into action. After which our statisticians, supplied with the multiple machine counts, undertake the final calculations.

The Photoplay Gold Medals, as you know, are the one award in the land based upon Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public's choice both of the best-liked picture and the best-liked stars. And what could be more fitting than that Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public act as the final judge of movies and stars, since it is for the public that stars act and that movies are made. There are other yearly motion-picture awards, of course, but they are decided by the vote of critics, editors, exhibitors or, as in the case of the Oscars of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, by the motion-picture industry itself.

As we go to press, little more than halfway through this year, the eight most popular pictures so far in general release in 1946, arranged alphabetically, are:

Making the greatest stride in popularity, Cornel Wilde . . .



. . . also Gregory Peck, who was in last year's winning picture

WHO WILL BE YOUR

"Leave Her to Heaven," "Love Letters," "Mildred Pierce," "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," "Rhapsody in Blue," "Spellbound," "State Fair," "The Bells of St. Mary's."

And vying for top place are: "Kiss and Tell," "The Lost Weekend," "The Spiral Staircase," "The Story of G. I. Joe," "Wonder Man."

If your favorite picture is not listed here it probably is because it has not yet been seen by one-third of those interviewed, a criterion for the eligibility of any picture. "Saratoga Trunk," for instance, had not been seen by enough people to be eligible at this time. However, the enthusiasm recorded by those who have seen this picture indicates it may very well be a top contender in the final polling. Last year, "The Valley of Decision," not listed at this halfway mark, won Photoplay's Gold Medal as the best-liked film of all.

"The Bells of St. Mary's" with Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, in leading ten pictures



FAVORITES FOR 1946?

Now for the stars chosen as favorites thus far. Listed alphabetically, the five most popular women are: Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Betty Grable.

While not far behind are: Claudette Colbert, Betty Hutton, Margaret O'Brien, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner.

Interestingly enough, the same five women were first in the hearts of American movie-goers not only at this point in last year's race but also at the end of the year when the race was completely run. And at the great Photoplay dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel, at which three hundred and sixty-eight top flight Hollywood stars, producers, directors, writers and executives gathered to hear the final announcements, it was Greer Garson to whom the Gold Medal was awarded as the most popular woman star for the second year in succession.

Claudette (Continued on page 73)



June Allyson made greatest progress in popularity . . .



. . . along with Jennifer Jones, among girl stars, for 1946

"Saratoga Trunk," starring Ingrid and Gary Cooper, in spite of late release, is also among the high ten



THE CASE *Against* THE OUTLAW

Stricter censorship will mean less entertaining motion pictures for you. At this moment a nationwide fight is being waged involving that vital issue. We feel it is important for you to know about it

BY FRED R. SAMMIS

F

OR five years a motion picture has been the spinning storm center of a bitter controversy involving in its cast of characters all the major movie studios in Hollywood, hundreds of censors, attorneys, theater owners and a confused public.

Finished in 1941, it is only now being shown in scattered sections of the country to movie-goers. Though few have yet seen this film, it has been so widely publicized that almost everyone believes it to be some extraordinary motion picture spiced with daring scenes.

The truth is, "The Outlaw" is a heavily budgeted Western, somewhat amateurishly acted by its young leads, with the usual quota of gun fights, Indian chases and romance. As it is being shown in theaters it is not a film deserving of its notoriety nor worthy of the acute attention of the public.

Had this picture been released in the usual manner, it would have run its course long before this and been quietly forgotten by those who saw it. That it is today the most widely discussed film of the year is the result of ballyhoo and exploitation. It is the manner in which

"The Outlaw" has been sold to movie-goers that has created the storm and the unhappy results of the storm.

The pivotal character in this drama has been the picture's producer, Howard Hughes, a lean, towering forty-four-year-old Texan. As owner of the Hughes Tool Company, whose plants boomed with war contracts, and director of an international airline, his personal fortune is reported to be between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000. He has broken world records in aviation and designed the now-famed Constellation. Recently while testing his latest fast experimental plane for the Army he suffered a tragic crack-up, the full results of which are not yet known as we go to press.

Hughes was no stranger to Hollywood and its rules. He made six pictures before he was thirty, the best known of which are "Hell's Angels," "The Front Page" and "Scarface." After the release of "Scarface" in 1932, he was inactive as a film producer until 1940 when he began his film based on the life of Billy the Kid, a baby-faced killer who flourished briefly in the early history of the Southwest.

Late in 1940 Hughes submitted (*Continued on page 109*)



"Outlaw" scene:
 Jack Buetel as
 Billy and Jane
 Russell as *Rio*

Censorship trouble
 makes Jane Russell
 the most-discussed
 woman of the year





Engstead

A famous woman talks to the storm-center star of a sensational picture—and discovers young and direct Jane Russell



Jane displays dolls to husband Bob, wizard football star with Cleveland Rams

The Girl in "THE OUTLAW"

BY ELSA MAXWELL

A workout for Waterfield, athlete, with wifely comment



BEHIND Hollywood the hills seem to be flung against the sky. More and more, as Hollywood becomes home to me, I love those hills—so green after the rains, turning brown with summer. Beyond those hills you come to little ranches and farms and orchards and good simple people who know about Hollywood only because they read about it.

On one of these ranches Jane Russell, center of the storm about "The Outlaw," lives. With her live her husband, Bob Waterfield, star player with the Cleveland Rams, and his mother, Frances. Hollywood to Jane is simply a place where she works; no more important in her life than an office would be to a secretary or a shop to a salesgirl.

"I don't see," she says in her young direct way, with little trace of the professional in her diction, "why people go off their stick because they're in movies. So they're in movies! Other people have other jobs. . . ."

"I admit if I like a story I think about it day and night. Interviews aren't bad, really. You don't mind talking about yourself. I don't care who you are. But fittings and that junk—oh-h-h . . . And when I have to get out and have pictures taken—well, I want to blow my brains out."

She threw her extraordinarily long legs over the arms of the wing chair in which she sat, tucking in the skirt of her black suit with casual circumspection. She ran long fingers, (Continued on page 130)



Engstead

It's like this to be *Mrs. Cornel Wilde*

It's memories shared and dream-building. It's looking ahead
to screen-teaming, to the day that Photoplay predicts the
marquees will read, "Starring Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight"

BY PATRICIA KNIGHT

I SUPPOSE every wife has her own album of mental snapshots of her husband—little intimate, funny or tender glimpses that, through the years, make up her private knowledge of the man she knows better than anyone else in the world. Yet, strangely enough, the pictures that flash through my mind when someone asks me what Cornel Wilde is like are of moments that weren't strictly mine, at all. I just happened to be there at the time. . . .

I remember, for instance, standing on a city sidewalk soon after I met him, and watching Cornel come up the street. It was one of those undecided winter days when the snow came down beautifully white, changed its mind, and filled the gutters with slush and water. A half-block away a drab little woman was standing on the curb holding a small girl by the hand, afraid to step into the muddy river which must have been a good six inches deep. I saw Cornel stop, pick the child up in his arms, take the woman by the elbow and half lift her over the swirling water and across to the other sidewalk.

A little bit boy scout, when you set it down on paper, but it was the unself-conscious way he did it that kept the scene in my mind. He didn't even know I was anywhere in sight. I stood there thinking of how the boys I'd known at school—or I, myself, with the thoughtlessness of youth—would have gone right past the woman without noticing her. To Cornel, it was something done as a matter of course.

For variety, I remember a scene—and I do mean scene—we once shared with a taxi driver. It was back in that early era when our temperaments were like the woodman's twigs—rub them against each other and presto, a blazing quarrel. The cab picked us up in heavy traffic—I hopped hurriedly in and landed on the seat with my dress slightly above my knees. "Pull your skirt down!" commanded Cornel—and my hand stopped half-way to the hem. "I don't think I will, I think I'll keep it this short—" I said snippily. "Not with me, you won't—" he said, so mad he was white. "I won't"—"You will"—between us, we ripped the hem entirely out of the skirt. . . .

A half hour later we were howling at remembrance of the cab driver's scared face—poor fellow didn't know whether the young man was going to toss the young lady into the street, or vice versa. A small incident, but as much a part of the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Wilde as any other. In the *(Continued on page 112)*

He'll dash off on a trip—here
to Palm Springs and a pool dip



Color pictures by Fink

Sue will tell you of his water prowess.
He's an expert swimmer and diver





For leisure, star-checking—Alan, star of "Two Years Before the Mast"

LADD ADDS UP

Probing the people who know Alan to get this super sum

KAY KYSER'S not only Alan Ladd's best friend, he manages generally to get the last laugh.

He's still laughing over Alan and the hen. He had gone with Alan to the new Valley ranch, which is Alan's current obsession, just after Laddie had bought it. Rancher Ladd showed Kay around proudly, taking on all the airs of an experienced hand. Out by the hen-yard Alan insisted that Kay must have one of the bantam hen's crop of miniature eggs. The hen was sitting belligerently on her nest, eyeing them with the glittering, cold eye of hate. Alan hesitated.

"Make her get off," Kay said.

Alan made motions with his hands. "Shoo," he told the hen.

She put up the feathers on her neck, sat tight.

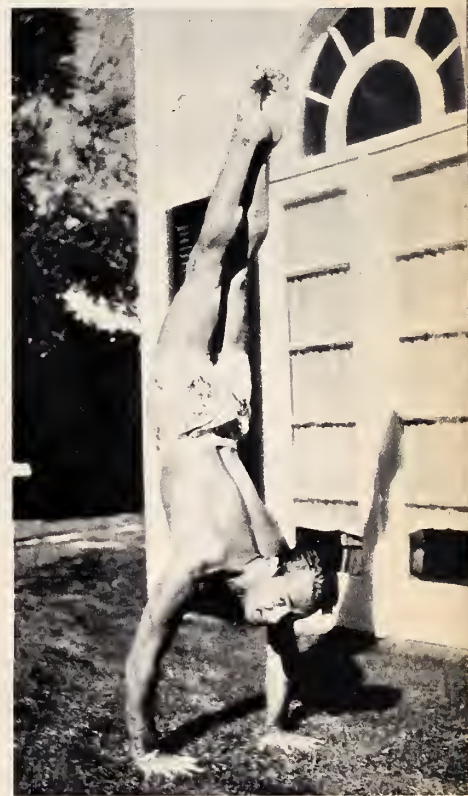
"Go on, scram," Alan said, circling the nest unhappily.

Very gently, Kay stepped up and, slipping a practiced hand under the hen's posterior, lifted her an inch or two. She took off, squawking balefully. "That's how much Alan knew about ranches then," Kay tells you. "That was then—you should see him now. The boy learns fast."

What Alan hasn't learned is some magic formula for beating Kay at gin rummy. But he's still trying—and Kay is still winning.

As a matter of fact, their friendship started with gin rummy when they played a few games at the Racquet Club in Palm (Continued on page 134)

Keeping fit—exercise is a daily ritual



BY HOWARD SHARPE



Esther Williams—they go for
her as she goes for water

Man-

Here's who and why and how
they have it—this elusive,
exciting, male magic

BY FLORENCE PRITCHETT

Color pictures by Fink



Lana Turner—she's the reason
for whistles and the follow up

Appeal

LIKE the atom bomb, practically nobody's got the formula for it, but everybody knows when a girl's got it. And, whether she's Hollywood or Kansas, star or stenographer, every girl yearns for it.

In movieland, like everywhere else, there are certain women who've cornered the market on man appeal. While some glitter stars sit home with their Oscars—the gold kind in statuette form—for a few chosen belles the line of masculine admirers once more forms on the right.

Who are these leading ladies in the social sweepstakes and how do they get that way? Draw up a datebook and listen:

Lana Turner: There isn't a man in the world who won't go after the girl he whistles at . . . even though he may whistle under his breath! When the luscious Lana enters a room you can almost feel it start to vibrate.

I'll never forget Lana at Vladimir Roshefsky's New Year's Eve party in Beverly Hills last year. When she made her entrance escorted by Greg Bautzer you would (Continued on page 102)



Lucille Ball—the “ball of fire” is always surrounded by hopefuls



Diana Lynn—it's natural the lads like this natural young lass

Madame Mamlok, great chirol-
gist, who has read the hands of
such notables as Albert Einstein,
Elsa Maxwell, Raymond Massey



VAN = Hands down

*A world-famous reader of hands
writes her own story of what she sees in
Van Johnson's palms — and makes
a startling prediction for his future*

BY MME. MARGARET MAMLOK

VAN JOHNSON extended his broad, strong hands to me over my desk.

"Do you mean," he asked, flashing his quick, honest, boyish smile, "that you can see my life in my hands?"

For a moment I studied the hands of my young visitor—hands that were warm to the touch, fine textured, modeled generously, but well shaped.

What would I find in these famous hands? What insight would they give me into his childhood and into the forces which had molded him?

Smiling at his wonderment, I explained the science of chirolgy or, as it is more popularly known, hand analysis. Chirolgy, I told him, is based on definite laws, strict observations and logical conclusions. From the study of the hand one may acquire a fundamental knowledge of human instincts and motivations.

Van's intense, brown eyes watched my pencil move exploringly over his palm.

"No single feature of the hand gives a complete picture," I said. "The hand must be considered as a whole. The length and shape of your fingers, your nails, the color of your hands and your skin texture, the various protuberances called mounts, and the network of lines in your palms—all these will tell me things about you which even you may not know."

As I took the imprints of (Continued on page 105)

Van Johnson



Bull

"Amazing will and energy . . . deep-rooted honesty" . . . Van, next to be seen in "Easy to Wed"

That Dream Girl Jones



Beautiful duet, Anita Colby and Jennifer, starred in Selznick's "Duel in the Sun"

A best-friend insight, as rare and zestful as Jennifer—who inspired it

BY ANITA COLBY

TALKING about Jennifer Jones is, for me, like talking about one's own family. You know that you're prejudiced and therefore you dare not enthuse too much. Yet to understate would not be fair, either. So I shall try to tell you about Jennifer as I see her—from the outside looking in.

You are all familiar with her ability. You know that she won the Academy Award for "The Song of Bernadette" and has had the remarkable distinction of being nominated for an "Oscar" for every performance she's given since. Her fiery interpretation of the little half-breed, *Pearl Chavez*, in David O. Selznick's forthcoming "Duel in the Sun" will speak for itself.

So I'll confine myself to the Jennifer Jones behind the scenes.

She's really a dream girl, that Jones.

Her zest is so refreshing that just being with her is like taking a cold shower in the summertime. The little things in life never escape Jennifer. They're most important to her and through her own enthusiastic eyes they become important to you, too.

Friendship is a sacred trust with Jennifer. She's one of the most loyal and devoted friends I've ever had. One (Continued on page 74)

Jennifer Jones



Cluny Brown comes to town: Jennifer Jones, star of "Cluny Brown"

Engstead

MARK AGAINST

He's Mark Stevens, hailed the
discovery of the year. How he beat the rap is

Hollywood's most dramatic story

BY JERRY ASHER



Wifely kibitzing: Annelle asks Mark if he's going to leave numbers upside down

THERE'S a reason why I must make good in Hollywood," Mark Stevens said grimly. "I've got to become a star. I know people are going to misunderstand me. I'll probably make a lot of enemies along the way. But I don't care. I've got to become a star!"

Nearly four years ago he sat there talking—disillusioned—embittered—jaw set like steel. Occasionally his voice broke. Quickly he'd cup a shaking hand to his eyes, pretending the light was too bright.

Today, after two terrific performances, Mark Stevens is a star. As the sensitive, romantic soldier in "From This Day Forward," he's reminiscent of the early-day Lew Ayres. In compelling contrast, as the bitter detective in "The Dark Corner," he's vitally remindful of Alan Ladd. As Mark Stevens, individualist and realist, he's hailed by fans and critics as the most definite discovery of the year.

I don't think Mark actually planned on telling his story. Looking back on that memorable night, I do think he always hoped to unburden himself to someone—someone who would understand, or at least respect his confidence. Not even his own



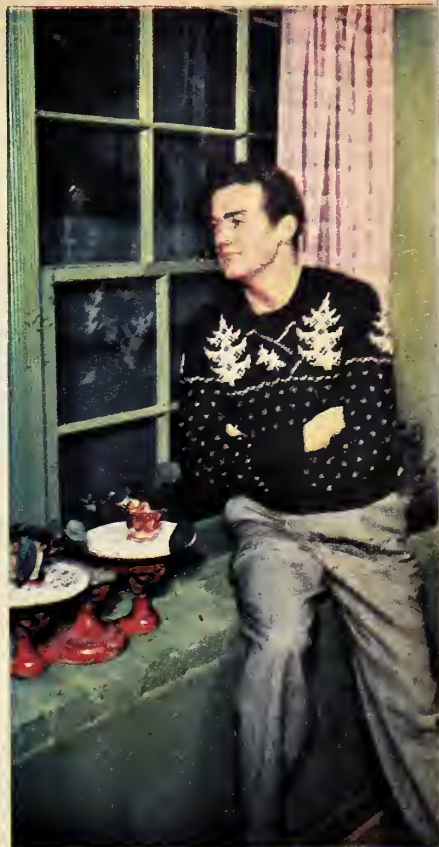
New drapes to hang. Mark likes expensive things—buys them

TIME

Color pictures by Smith



Mark, of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," and Annelle, who knows



Expectant father—he's gambling with the stork for Friday, the 13th

MARK AGAINST TIME



Bright vision: their marriage was brightest spot in his life

family knew this incredible story. And now, with Mark's permission, the story can be told. To tell it, we must go back to the beginning and—Errol Flynn!

On the Warners lot a new boy (who was destined to become Mark Stevens) was being cussed and discussed. His name was Steve Richards (legally, it's Richard William Stevens). He wasn't very happy with his lot in life. He didn't try to fake his feelings. When he was cast as a "voice" in "Between Two Worlds," he had plenty to say long after the scene was finished. In "Doughgirls" he had nothing to say. He said plenty. Six lines cut down to four pacified him momentarily in "Pride of the Marines." In "Objective Burma" he fared a bit better.

For the balance of the eighteen months before they released him, Steve (to his close friends) was generally unpopular. He beefed too much. He was rebellious, indignant, sarcastic.

"Relax, kid," Dane Clark tried to tell him. "It took me three years to meet the boss." Dennis Morgan, others, tried to encourage him too. Steve was adamant.

In a few sentences after he walked into my office, Steve revealed himself as a young man who had been hurt. His eyes were friendly, though sad. He spoke like a gentleman. He behaved like a gentleman. He was eager, ambitious, full of defenses, for example, behaving like a dead-end kid to attract attention. On this particular day, he was concerned about Errol Flynn.

"Errol is giving a party," Steve said. "Nora just called. They want the men to wear dinner jackets. Mine's too small for me. It's the first big Hollywood party I've ever been invited to. I can't go."

He looked wistful as he said it, then quickly he changed his attitude. The corners of his mouth tightened. His chin shot out.

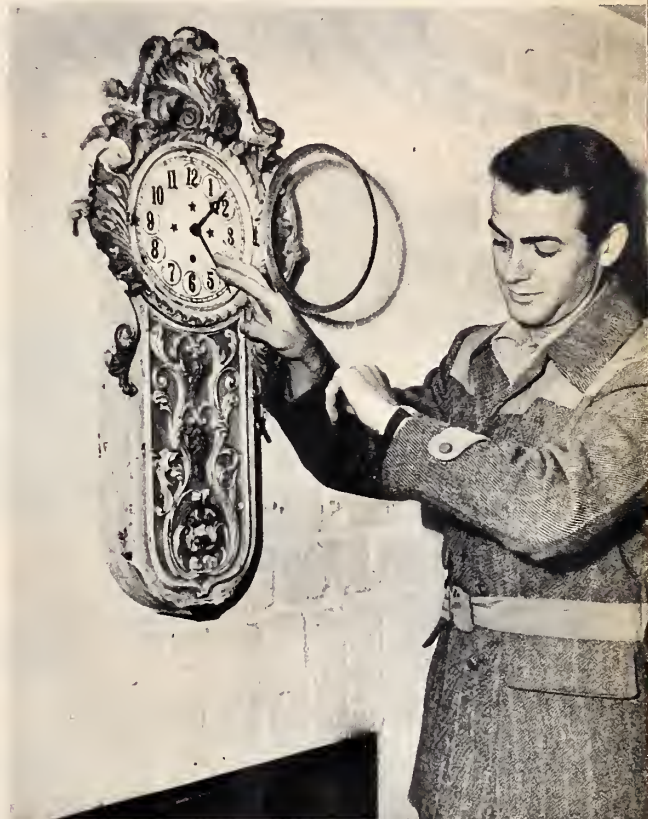
"Oh well," he shrugged indifferently. "They probably didn't want me anyway. Just needed a few extra men."

Without too much persuasion I talked Steve into wearing (*Continued on page 124*)



Mark and author Asher—friendship began with a dinner jacket

Now Mark's time is spent in good living, future planning



Windup in the kitchen: It all began when Mark proposed to his Annelle on a flying roller coaster

Olivia *HITS HER STRIDE*



The Major and his miss—Joe McKeon, in captain days, explains the controls to Olivia, of "To Each His Own"

A blissful de Havilland who

searched through unrest to find

her new self—and romance

BY RUTH WATERBURY

YOU'D never know Olivia de Havilland these days. She's so relaxed and happy.

Olivia used to be the most restless girl in town. You couldn't tell what mood you'd find her in. She'd either be way up in the rosiest clouds, or she'd be sunk to the depths. She was forever going somewhere—New York or San Francisco or merely down to Palm Springs.

But not now. Now she glows. She's put on a shade more weight—just enough. Her enormous, beautiful eyes are very bright, her lovely skin has a wonderful color. She does all but sing aloud. Her contract fight with Warner Brothers which kept her off screen for eighteen months is behind her. The deal she's got with Paramount both in terms of money and opportunities makes her blissful and she's definitely got her finest job of acting recorded for Paramount in "To Each His Own."

What's more, she's given up the house she owned in the Los Feliz Hills section of Hollywood, and after a dozen moves—to a small but very swank house in Bel-Air, then to smaller but equally swank rooms in every hotel in town—she is settled down in the dwelling which Mitchell Leisen, the director, owns. Mitch was a refuge from a house. He sold his home, found a barn of a place, just off the Sunset Strip, bought it, named it the Shoreham Apartments, did the decor inside and out, took his own, very precious furniture and fixed up eight apartments and a dream-like garden. He moved into one apartment, allowed seven close friends to lease the others. Only two of these friends were actresses, Olivia and Paulette Goddard. For sheer elegance, combined with complete comfort and exclusiveness, you've never seen anything to surpass the Shoreham.

Not that Olivia goes about the Shoreham always clad in velvets and satins to match its luxury. Sometimes she does. Other times she bats around in old slacks and a faded sweater. Sometimes she has her make-up on and looks ravishing. Other times she has her hair braided on top of her head, has forgotten her lipstick and looks about ten years old.

In other words, she's become a girl who's found herself.

Which means there's a man mixed up in it. There is always a man mixed up in it when a woman is contentedly and unaffectedly happy.

Olivia's young man is the very nicest kind. He's sincere, he's thoughtful, he's full of integrity. His name is Major Joseph McKeon and he's in the U. S. Army Air Corps and likely to stay there. (Continued on page 118)

Olivia in reflective mood for "The Dark Mirror"





He's married to small and beautiful Pamela. They admit they're stay-at-homers—with their four cats



By
ROLAND



Ann Todd, victim of Mason "brutality" in "The Seventh Veil"

ONE-MAN

Briton who browbeats beauties . . .

IF you want to raise his British ire, just call him "Bogart with an Oxford accent." In the first place, he's strictly a Cambridge man and in the second—well, obviously he isn't Mr. Bogart.

Yet James Mason, the Briton who currently rules the raves, and Humphrey Bogart have one undeniable point in common: The fame of neither has been impaired by their slugging of the ladies.

Be it said in all fairness, Mason





Art's a hobby with him and the line drawings in Pamela's latest book are his. He's now graduated to pastels

WILD

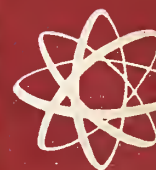
INVASION

sadistic sensation, James Mason

was a nice young man, unaddicted to assault and battery on females until "The Man in Grey." Then his hand tightened on the hunting crop and he joined the rest of the world in experimenting on the best methods of wholesale injury. The first battle-school tactics were employed on Margaret Lockwood and Phyllis Calvert, and after that he pasted a man in "Candlelight in Algeria," broke the arm of a flunky in "Fanny by Gaslight," (Continued on page 100)



Pamela, looking over his latest sketches, looks after him





**Not Shirley's, but Henry Willson's idea that
Guy Madison and now John Agar sign screen contracts**



**Full-fledged wife—Shirley Temple, of “Honey-
moon” has one maid to help care for the house**

Her home is her playhouse redone just as they want it



TAKE 1: In the chill Hollywood night, a burglar pried open a door to an RKO sound stage. As stealthily as a villain in a silent movie, he approached Franchot Tone's dressing room, opened it up quickly, ransacked it, stuffing his pockets with cufflinks, a cigarette lighter, a fine watch and a billfold.

In Lena Romy's dressing room, next door, he found a good haul of trinkets, jewelry and bills.

His flashlight pencilled toward the door of the next dressing room. It was ajar. On a small placard was the name of the owner: *Shirley Temple*.

He grinned, shrugged, closed the door carefully and went away.

TAKE 2: "We have orange juice, cornflakes, toast and coffee," said Mrs. Agar.

"How about eggs?" said Mr. Agar. "And bacon?"

"Eggs? You mean, eggs?" said Mrs. Agar.

"Sure, four eggs," said Mr. Agar firmly.

"Men certainly are amazing," said Mrs. Agar as she burned her fingers. "Especially husbands."

TAKE 3: "Sixteen dollars and exactly thirty-seven cents," said Shirley Temple.

"Ridiculous," said Mrs. Temple. "Nobody could live on that for a month."

"Mostly for steak," said Shirley. "Steak and potatoes."

"No milk?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I'm not counting milk and butter and eggs," said Shirley.

"Anyway," said Mrs. Temple, "did you pay the butcher for the calves liver?"

"I didn't order calves liver," said Shirley. "That was your order. It was sixteen dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"How about the ham?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I hope I never see a ham again. They last too long," said Shirley. "Baked ham, fried ham, ham croquettes, ham and eggs, ham for breakfast, ham for dinner, and now somebody has given us another ham. We'll have steak tonight." (Continued on page 121)

Big Girl

Nobody could live a month on

\$16.37 (and love) except Shirley

(who forgot a few items) and John

BY CAMERON SHIPP



Mr. Agar has a healthy appetite—he'll want more coffee

my first Kiss




Barbara Stanwyck

of "The Two Mrs. Carralls"

"Yah! yah! yah! braces on his teeth! What a little sissy!" one boy howled.

The others joined the refrain.

It was after a school outing and we youngsters were all riding home on the top of a double-deck bus laden down with picnic baskets, butterfly nets, tennis rackets and so on. I was sharing a seat with the very nice boy with braces on his teeth whom the other boys were guying.

"He doesn't even have a girl, he's such a baby!" they jeered.

My Irish was up and I yelled back, "He does too. I'm it." Then I leaned over and kissed him.

He was as much surprised as I, but we became fast friends from then on. I sincerely hope that he got so he could dispense with the braces. I'll admit they were a strain on romance.



William Eythe

in "Centennial Summer"

"William, stop being mean to Mary!"

Time after time the teacher used to call me down for dipping Mary's pigtails in the ink or throwing rocks at her. She was the ugliest little girl I had ever laid eyes on and she sat directly in front of me.

One rainy day after school when the teacher had gone, we decided to play a combination of hide-and-seek and "post office." Any two youngsters caught hiding at the same time were to kiss each other.

Little Miss Homely hid in the cloakroom. You can imagine how the other children, remembering my past persecution of her, hooted when I was caught hiding there too and had to kiss her.

What they didn't know was that I had hidden near her on purpose, that I had such a crush on her that her looks didn't matter. Throwing rocks and dipping her pigtails in ink had been the only way I knew of expressing my affection . . . That rainy day game taught me another method of expression.



Virginia Mayo

of "The Kid from Brooklyn"

"Quick! Prompt her, somebody! Virginia's forgotten her lines!"

Loud whispers from the wings, but still I stood speechless on the stage, holding up the high-school performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." Earlier I had been letter-perfect in my lines, yet now—for a few moments—I couldn't utter a word.

What had happened? It's simple. I'd been kissed, for the first time. By the leading man, of course, and at the proper moment in the play as decreed by Mr. Shakespeare, but still it was a surprise. For you see, all during rehearsals the boy who played opposite me had faked the embrace. That night his kiss was the real thing.

Love, they say, is what makes the world go 'round. One kiss, my first, certainly made my head spin that eventful evening.



Zachary Scott

starred in "Stallion Road"

I believe her name was Yvonne, but I'll call her Eve because she certainly slipped me the apple.

She was eight and I was ten. She wore a big blue bow in her long blonde curls and her dress was very blue and starched. We were walking through an apple orchard when I got the urge to kiss her.

"Get me that apple first," she pouted, pointing to a topmost branch.

Dope that I was, I shinnied up the tree, tore my clothes, scratched my legs and got the apple as directed. When I demanded a kiss as reward she bet me I couldn't eat the apple in four bites. Dopey me, I did it. Then she wanted another apple.

We went through this procedure over and over and still no kiss. Finally, after five apples and a belly ache, I was allowed to kiss her. Did I enjoy it? I had such pains in my stomach I was miserable.

But I remember the kiss, so I must have loved it too.



Loretta Young

star of "The Perfect Marriage"

The first boy who ever kissed me was an eagle scout so loaded down with merit badges he practically clanked when he walked. He lived in the next block and he rode a magnificent bicycle, pedaling grandly by our house about four times a day, using the "no hands" technique. He was, indeed, a heart-stopper.

One day there was a boy scout jamboree and his mother invited my mother and me. It was wonderful. My hero untied knots and tied them back up, made fire from two sticks, identified the bark from twenty kinds of trees—and generally distinguished himself, being awarded the ultimate medal which made him all-time super-scout or something. He came over to us, kissed his mother and then kissed me. I guess it was just a little extra effusiveness after winning so many prizes, for it never happened again.

He still rode by our house, but that was the beginning and end of our romance.



Dan Duryea

seen in "Black Angel"

"Tonight's the night!" The prettiest girl in my class was giving me a date. I was fourteen, she was twelve and we were going to a movie. Above all things, I wanted to be a dashing swain.

"Dan!" my mother called, "don't forget you've got to pick up that watermelon at the fruit store for me."

"Mo-ther!" I wailed, "Not tonight!" But Mother was adamant. Dressed in my best suit, I had to buy the watermelon, lug it along on the streetcar to my best girl's house and take her—and it—to the movie! Talk about romantic appeal, I felt more like a tired horse than a perfect escort. When we got back to my girl's house after the movie, I rested the heavy watermelon on the step. The minute it was out of my arms I knew what I wanted—and kissed the girl.

P.S. I walked away in such a daze that I forgot the watermelon.

Poignant memories of boy

meets girl. But with these

six stars, one memory,

for better or for worse,

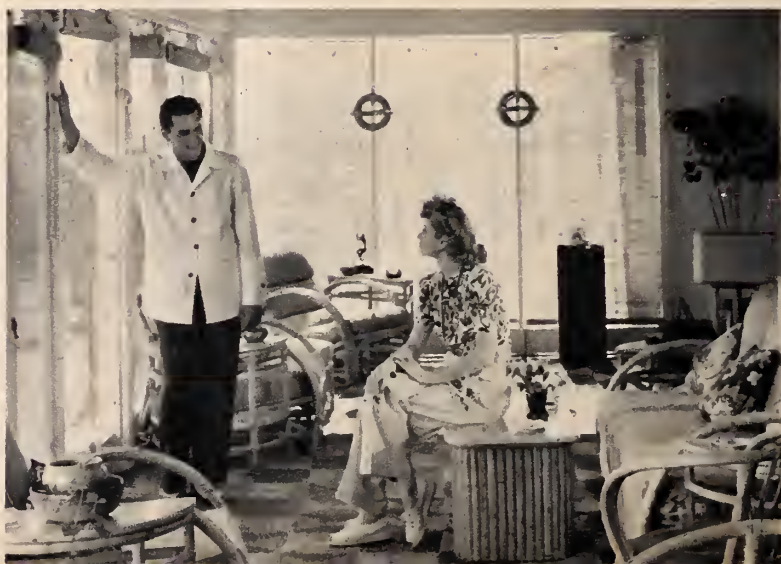
outlives all the others

The



Luci, in "Easy to Wed," bit
her nails through the preview

Colorful pair at home before
leaving for New York sojourn



Bouncing Ball

Redheaded woman with the
inner glow—Lucille,
the domestic show girl

BY
FRANK
NUGENT

Fire in the water.
Desi's Cuban, but
their tempers mesh



IT WAS the preview of "Easy to Wed" in the Westwood Village Theater and excitement crackled in the air like lightning in a Mississippi Valley storm. Police reserves were on hand early to control the crowd. The junior misses on the sidewalk were practicing swoons and the wolf cubs were woo-woosing in close harmony. Van arrived in style and ten seconds later was barely intact. Esther's crossing of the lobby could only be compared to Little Eva's crossing the ice floes, but this time there were wolves in pursuit, not bloodhounds. Lucille Ball's reception was all right, too. After all, no one knew for certain then that she was going to be The Other Woman.

Now, playing The Other Woman in a Johnson-Williams picture is a composite of Daniel walking into the lion's den and a girl with a sprained ankle bucking a department store sale of nylons. If she's lucky, the venturesome actress will be hissed on the screen and mobbed off it. (Continued on page 94)



Their animal kingdom includes these three spaniels

inking in

Man of action: A note came from a GI he met in France, so Bing phoned to tell him to "come on over" to the set



crosby

Clothes make some men,
but the guy who drapes der Bingle
will tell you—pheasant feathers
are an added attraction

BY MICKEY COHEN



Short on shorts material? Bing hesitated before okaying



With Joan Caulfield, in "Welcome Stranger"

IN more soignee circles I'd be known as Crosby's "couturier." Around the studio they refer to me more simply as a wardrobe man. No matter what they call me . . . in all modesty there's nobody better suited to get the measure of a man. After fifteen years of working around the clock with him, listening to his constant crooning, spending weary hours in consultation on sketches, scripts, or who's rated the best in the sixth at Santa Anita, Bing's measurements are well inked in my books to stay. His girth may vary, but his head and chest measure ever the same.

By way of teeing off on this . . . let's "flash back". . .

Our association started out more or less on a pari-mutual basis. Winner take all. Nothing formal or fancy. Just one of those casual kind of get-togethers where you can go or stay . . . or raise if you have four of a kind.

That was in San Diego in 1928 when he was singing with the Rhythm Boys in the Paul Whiteman band, long before he Bingoed into his number one post position on the Hollywood Hit Parade. The band was doing a three-a-day at a theater in "Dago," and I dropped backstage for a visit.

After the last show, the boys began whooping it up over in their salon at the U. S. Grant Hotel with the lady who's known as luck. Bing is



Bing and Joan Caulfield exchange tidbits on location at Lake Munz, California, for fishing shots

often winner . . . a very seldom loser. But on this occasion his bland look hid an equally bland hand.

"Ah well . . . he who is caught bluffing must pay," he said philosophically, as he saw the last of his chips disappearing into our stacks.

"Just pencil this one in lightly, boys," he said. "No doubt we'll meet again anon, and we'll really ink it then."

If I'd known then what I know now . . . I still wouldn't have quit when I was ahead.

Three years later I ran into Bing again. He was getting ready to make his first Paramount picture, "The Big Broadcast of 1932," and I was working in the wardrobe department there. I'd been assigned to his picture and went over to the dressing room to discuss clothes with him. He did a delayed take. Then slowly it all came back to him. And so eventually did everything

else. All he'd lost in those poker sessions—and more.

I showed him sketches and asked which he preferred. "Whatever you think I should wear is okay by me," he said.

It's always been that way with us. He never questions my judgment. Trusts me completely. Has the utmost faith. Also . . . it saves him bothering with them.

That was fifteen years ago—and I've worked on every Crosby picture since. You'll usually see most of the same faces in his crew anyway. Guys Bing's gotten used to working with, feels he can count on.

We all enjoy working with him too. There are a lot of laughs. Besides, he's the nearest we have to a buddy who can talk with horses, and there's still the scant chance that maybe someday one of them will talk back.

Though I don't want to get maudlin or sticky about



A walk for a bracer for Bing on location. He's also in "Blue Skies"

♪ pinkie in crosby

this, as Crosby's clothing consultant our association is even more closely cemented than the others. For one thing, both of us are color blind. It doesn't startle me to see Bing arrive early in the mornings wearing a wild red shirt and a Panama hat with a breast-of-pheasant-feathers hat band. He really goes for those feathered hat bands that he orders from Hawaii in all color combinations, each of them carefully feathered by hand. He gave me one and I'm quite proud of it. I've never been sure exactly what to wear with it, but I take it out of the closet at intervals and brush the feathers to keep the pheasants in trim.

It would be unfair for me to take any credit for Crosby creations off screen. Certainly, they display a certain freshness, dash and some ad libbed color combinations that are original, to say the least. (Continued on page 127)



Disc discussion. Note Crosby's private gallery on the wall

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My parents died when I was three, so I was raised in a convent, then went to a college for women. The year I was graduated, I married a man I adored. During the five years we were married we lost three children. Aside from that we were the happiest people in the world. Last August, after a short, terrifying illness, my husband died.

After his death I was constantly ill. From the small town in which we had lived, I moved to a city and took an office job in a manufacturing company.

When my physical condition did not improve, I went to a doctor and learned that I was pregnant. Because of financial need, I worked until a month before my confinement. My twin daughters were born seven months after their father's death.

As soon as I was well, I returned to work, leaving the children in the care of the wonderful woman I live with.

I noticed almost immediately that the attitude toward me, within the organization, had changed. The girls were standoffish and aloof, whereas the men made it a point to chat with me on the slightest excuse. Finally I mentioned the strained situation to one of the girls and she told me that no one believes the story about my husband dying; the rumor is that my children are illegitimate!

I have my marriage certificate, of course, but it seems absurd to make a project of showing it to people. Can you think of a dignified way in which to combat this hideous thing?

Evelyn van S.

I marvel at a fact that may have slipped your attention because you are so close to your own situation. Do you realize that you have endured heartbreak, the burden of going through pregnancy alone and bereaved, have become the lucky mother of two children, and are now disturbed by nothing more than petty malice? Considering the burdens that you have endured with apparent fortitude, this minor problem should have slipped away from you like rain from a duck's back.

In this organization you must have made at least one woman friend whom you trust. Why don't you invite this girl to have dinner with you some night, have her meet your two daughters and the woman who is taking care of them and show your guest some of your keepsakes? In the process it would be entirely possible for you to show her your marriage certificate. If it is possible, don't discuss the fact that you feel that your status has been misunderstood.

Once you have taken this girl into your confidence, ignore all further gossip. This girl will undoubtedly discuss your evening together with other employees and gradually

Your Problems

Answered

By Claudette Colbert



Claudette Colbert, starred in
"Tomorrow Is Forever"

the truth of your marriage and your tragedy will be known. Meanwhile, conduct yourself with sweetness, sincerity and dignity and you will win the respect of your associates.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man thirty-three years old. At present I am in a hospital with a respiratory condition, but I shall be released at an early date, able to return to active life.

I am in a dilemma. Please believe me when I say with deepest conviction that I am in love with a lady patient in this hospital. She is thirty-seven years of age, has been married but is now a widow, has three children, and is financially able to support herself and her children. This woman has confessed her love for me and her eagerness to marry me as soon as she, too, is discharged.

My question is: Should I marry her, considering that my financial standing is in the red? Is it true, as I have heard, that a woman resents a man who, even for a short time, must be dependent upon her financially? I would be able to assume full responsibility for the family within a year's time.

George R.

It seems to me that there is great misunderstanding among men about the attitude of a woman in regard to financial responsibility. Where there is a good reason for a man's being temporarily unable to assume the cost of his and his wife's maintenance, such a situation is not resented. Bitterness develops only if a man fails to make an attempt to assume his obligations.

(Continued on page 68)

WHAT SHOULD I Do?

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 77

HER RING
a brilliant
emerald-cut
diamond and
baguettes



She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" "Sandy" Morse uses for her complexion will give your skin, too
—an instant sweet-clean look
—an instant softer, smoother feel
—and bring up a rose-blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSER" your face the same way "Sandy" does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *"cream-rinse"* with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "It's so *extra nice*," "Sandy" says, "and makes my face feel glowy clean and ever so soft."

Every night—give your face the complete, "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Dip your fingers deep into a *big jar* of Pond's night and morning—every day. Ask for a lovely 6-oz. size!

Miss Mary Hoover Morse . . . her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Lucian Earl Baldwin II, son of Connecticut's Governor, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Keith Morse of Trumbull, one of Connecticut's delightful old towns. Another Pond's bride-to-be, she has a heart-shaped face . . . a warm-toned complexion with the smooth look of a camellia petal.



Sandy Morse says, "I just love Pond's new Blush-Cleansing!"



Diamonds and Pond's! Destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls—these 9 diamonds are valued at \$20,000.

Among the Beautiful Women of Society Who Use Pond's

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

MISS EDITH KINGDON GOULD

THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY

MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

MISS ANNE MORGAN

VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66)

I do think that you should put aside your pride long enough to have a frank talk with the woman you hope to marry. You might draw up a personal financial statement and explain each detail to her. Tell her candidly that you are, as you have said in your letter, "in the red," and give her a full explanation. Tell her that in a year's time you will be solvent and try to perfect a budget for the interim that will represent the amount of money she will provide for your partnership.

It seems to me that if a marriage such as you contemplate could be entered upon as a partnership, the emotional equation set aside for a moment and a full financial agreement made by the partners, many possible causes for future conflicts would have been eliminated.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen and a sophomore in high school. We have a very nice sophomore class and I am lucky in belonging to a little group of twelve girls. I have wonderful parents and a pleasant home.

I've gone out with all the nice boys in the sophomore class and everything was wonderful until lately. There is a boy in the senior class who has given me that buzzy feeling ever since I first saw him. All the girls felt the same way, and we had lots of fun "swooning"—in the silly way girls have—over our dream dish.

You can imagine how I felt when he telephoned me one night and asked to talk to my mother. He said that he wanted to invite me to the school party Saturday night, but he wanted her permission first. She was sweet and said yes. That night I told him that, as long as I kept my grades up, I was allowed two dates a week, if

Mother approved: Wednesday and Saturday. For three weeks I had two dates a week with him. Mother said that she thought I should accept some other dates, but I couldn't see it that way.

Then, one Saturday, he didn't ask me, and I sat at home. Monday morning, my girl friends told me that my ex-boy friend was now rushing my best friend. You can imagine how I felt.

Could you give me some advice about how to manage these first romances that go awry and hurt us?

Patti Lou T.

First of all, I am impelled to repeat to you the greatest of all true cliches, "Mother was right." In your case, when your mother suggested that you accept other dates instead of devoting yourself—at fourteen—to one boy, she spoke from deep wisdom.

However, I understand your saying that you couldn't see it her way.

I know that you are hurt, but I also know that the hurt will pass quickly. Frankly, I think it is good for a girl to learn early that there are some boys and men in the world who are unable to be interested in a girl for more than a few weeks. It is likely that he left some other girl flat when he started to rush you and that he will drop your successor with similar speed when he sees a new set of dimples across the auditorium.

Incidentally, if you are wise you won't let this episode spoil your association with your girl friend. You should treat her exactly as you did before she began to date this boy, and after he leaves her for the new enticement, you should refrain from mentioning it to her or discussing it with the rest of your group.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

For five months I went with a fellow. We believed that we were in love and we got along together joyously—except for one thing.

I refused to enter into an improper "affair" with him. I explained that, since I was deeply in love, I wanted to be decent and do the right thing, saving the marriage relationship for marriage.

Our arguments on this point were frequent and finally we quarreled bitterly. He said he could not understand me, that I was chilly, and that I didn't love him. Now he is about to marry the first girl he met (after we broke up).

Did someone say something about virtue's reward? My clinging to the right, and knowing that I was right, isn't any consolation at all. What can I think to stop myself from being so bitter over this ironic ending? Are there really exceptions to principles and standards? Was I being too idealistic?

I do need someone who can give me a sound, intelligent perspective with which to view the situation.

Madeleine C.

There are no exceptions to principles and standards. There are only people who take exception to them.

If you could read the letters I receive each day, you would thank your parents from the bottom of your heart for having taught you to be rigidly idealistic and steadfastly to reserve for marriage the marital relationship.

You describe yourself as "bitter." How would you feel if you were to bear a child, the parentage of which the father denied? That has happened to many girls who have written to me. A man who will try to persuade a girl to abandon her convictions isn't worth wasting a tear upon. If this man had loved you, he would have been fiercely proud of your standards.

Continue to adhere to those standards, my dear, until a man who will appreciate them—and there are plenty who do—comes along.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Mother and I would like to know whether you think we should accept my brother's wife. While he was away in service, she was rotten in every respect. She started stepping out even before he left and had a child that wasn't his. She is also on probation for some legal difficulty and has to write a letter once a month to a probation officer. She was about five hundred dollars in debt when my brother came back from overseas.

She told my brother all about her debts and about the child, but he is so much in love with her that he took her back, regardless. They now have a child of their own, so that may be one reason he is so wrapped up in her.

I can't begin to tell you everything about this girl. She is too, too terrible. This is not a case of selfishness, as there is nothing I'd like better than to have my brother married to a decent girl.

Should we forbid her to come to our home? Should we explain to my brother how we feel and ask him to stay away, too, even though we love him dearly? Or must we simply pocket our pride and accept both of them?

Orna W. R.

The goodness and integrity of your sister-in-law are not the prime points for consideration in this domestic dilemma. Your brother's decision is.

His wife is his choice. He has suffered
(Continued on page 70)

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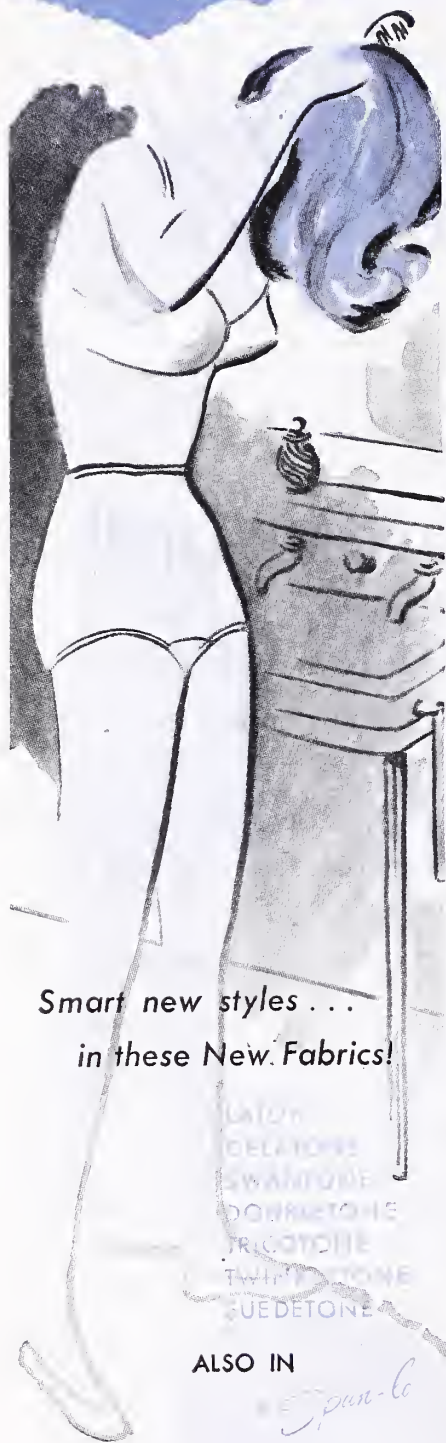
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(Continued from page 68)

greatly (make no mistake about that) because of learning of his wife's behavior during his absence. He must be a magnificent person, capable of forgiving and forgetting, so it behooves you to follow his example. Certainly you shouldn't hurt him further by adding to his problem.

As long as he has decided to keep her as his wife, you should be making a serious mistake to close your home to her. He may be able to change her, but whether he is or not, your responsibility is to be loyal to him and to behave as if nothing had happened. Surely, if you must choose between "pride" and your brother's happiness, the choice will not be difficult.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy of fourteen. My mother and father are always finding fault with everything I do. They fuss and they nag and they hound and they correct.

Honestly, sometimes I feel like running away to my grandmother's and staying there for a few days just to scare them into treating me like a human being.

I really try to please them, but nothing works. Please suggest some way to make my parents appreciate me.

Eldon B.

Fourteen is a difficult age, during which a human being is neither child nor adult. You will have to be patient with your parents . . . and with yourself.

First of all, there is no doubt that your parents love you dearly. In the second place, you might examine your own conduct. If I were there, and if I pointed out some of the things you do of which I don't approve, you and I would probably laugh about it. Most boys of fourteen need a lot of correction.

It isn't the intentionally disobedient acts that cause the most trouble around the house, I imagine, because most boys and girls of fourteen don't mean to offend. It's the absent-minded, careless behavior that brings a series of parental reproofs. Then, when you try to make up for your mistakes by doing something to please the family, they are probably in such a bad humor that your overtures go unrewarded.

If you ran away to your grandmother, you would find that—after two or three days—she would be finding as much fault as your parents did, so you might as well save yourself the trouble. And, just as a novelty, why not try to do everything your parents ask, even if the shock turns them white haired!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am forty-two, married, and the mother of three children ranging in age from twelve down to six. My husband is one of the professors at a nearby college.

Since our home is large and the housing problem has been critical, we took a paying guest, a veteran of twenty-three.

My husband is very active in faculty organizations, has written several books and takes an interest in the affairs of a nearby town, so he is away much of the time. In addition to this he is an austere man, far too busy for sentiment, and far too cool of blood to be devoted.

Bradley, our veteran, has spent a great deal of time with me. Since he saw bitter fighting and much anguish, he is aged beyond his years. At first he dated some of the college girls, bringing them to the house for hot chocolate and cookies, on occasion, but finally he gave this up. He said that these girls are too immature and superficial for his taste.

We have fallen in love with one another. Bradley has asked me to divorce my hus-

band, marry him and move to the southwest where Bradley can continue his courses. There would be no question of finances as I have a little income from my parents' estate and he, too, has additional income to his GI Bill of Rights subsistence.

From your knowledge of human relations, do you think such a union, considering the attendant problems, would have any possibility of success?

(Mrs.) Ann M. M.

In considering your problem, I am immediately setting aside all comment on the fact that in doing what you suggest you would have broken your husband's heart and created great emotional problems for your three children. Those are things about which you must have thought gravely before writing to me.

I am not censuring you in any way. These things happen sometimes without a woman's being conscious of their development and certainly without her volition.

Since you have three children and since you are probably a highly maternal person, one of the explanations of your affection for this veteran of twenty-three is your superb instinct of motherhood. And, conversely, one of your attractions for him is that you supply his yearning for a mother. He has been through a difficult experience. In recovering, which he is now doing, it is only natural for him to turn to someone who gives him the sense of security and care given by a mother.

Were you to give in to this attraction and try to make a marriage of it, you would be ruining your own life. In my own profession I have seen examples of a mature woman marrying a much younger man. An actress has every artifice at her disposal; it is a professional necessity for her to retain her youth and vitality so that it is easy for her to look ten or fifteen years younger than her age. Yet, almost without exception, such marriages end in misery.

The solution lies in his suggestion that he go to the southwest to finish his education.

(Continued on page 72)

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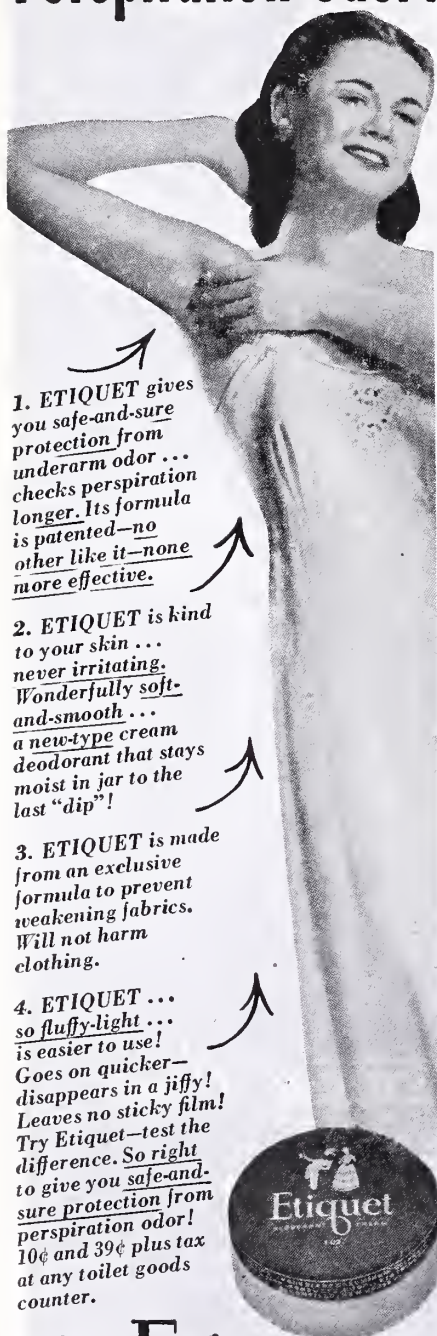
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(Continued from page 70)
cation. I think you should encourage him to do exactly that, while you remain where you are. I think separation will give each of you a wise perspective.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the wife of a regular Navy man. I am also the daughter of a retired Navy man. When I met my husband, he told me he was a "twenty-year man." At that time, 1939, he was only a seaman, first class. I married him, not knowing what being a Navy widow means, though even if I had, I would have married him.

We were lucky at first and had two years of shore duty with almost a normal married life. Then he went aboard a ship. From that time on, and even worse during the war, he was gone most of the time.

He is a chief now. He's been recommended twice for Warrant. He is, really, on the first steppingstone to a fine, honorable Navy career. He has served nine years and if they grant that war bill bonus of time, he can be credited with thirteen years. In a way, he'd be foolish to quit now.

But I'm lonely. I've managed to buy a little house, earning the down payment and upkeep payments myself, but it doesn't satisfy my dream. I want a place where we can raise our own food, about five acres, close to a creek. I want an old-fashioned country house with a cellar and an attic and a fireplace and a wood cooking stove—a place with chickens and a cow—a place where we can earn our keep and be together. I want to look out the kitchen window and see him cultivating, or whatever they do on farms. And if I should get lonely, I want to be able to call to him; when I awaken at night, I want to see his head on the pillow. I can't face the years with him always away.

He is in the East at present, and he has another year to serve on his present "hitch." What I want to know is this. Would it be right for me to heckle him into leaving the Navy next year? I must be fair and remember his start on a Navy career, yet I need him to the point where I can't live without him.

Carolyn G.

Nowhere in your letter did I find the slightest evidence that your husband has ever shown any real interest in the land. Incidentally, I'm afraid that you have rather a glorified idea of the hard, grinding, heartbreaking work necessary to make farming a paying proposition.

It is obvious that your husband loves the Navy and is doing well in this profession. Suppose, however, that—to please you—he gave up this career and took up farming. Suppose he discovered that he hated every part of it, or that, even if he had no antipathy for farming, everything went wrong! Crops failed, livestock died, and you found yourself in financial straits. Your husband would blame you and your marriage would be jeopardized.

Men are not happy unless they are doing the thing they want to do. Furthermore, a man doesn't change from profession to profession unless he hasn't yet found himself. A man who knows that he loves the Navy, as this man does, would be wretched. Surely, now that we are at peace, you will be able to follow your husband from base to base during the rest of his Navy career. Considering the eagerness of newlyweds for houses, you would have no trouble renting your property, and since you are a Navy wife, provision would be made for you to live near your husband's base.

To insure your future happiness, I

think you should be content to let your husband finish his Navy term. You might still have your farm together after his life in the Navy is over.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Am I at fault for being insulted because a supposedly good friend gave me a luncheon cloth, as a birthday remembrance, when I know that this identical cloth is one that she received last Christmas from a relative?

After coming to my home for two years, either for dinner or for afternoon refreshments once a week, this person knows that I never serve on a card table. Yet this cloth is intended only for card table use.

I consider this entire thing a "slap in the face" because I have been as sincere a friend to this woman as she will ever have.

Am I taking an unfair attitude?

Mrs. Lulu T.

I am publishing your letter because I know that nearly everyone who reads this column will also enjoy your note because she, too, will have had the same exasperating experience.

I have a friend to whom I am devoted. I have known her for fifteen years and we have remembered one another at Christmas during all that time. Nowadays I simply can't wait on Christmas morning to unwrap her gift, just to see what utterly impossible item she has given me. I have another friend who always manages to forget some person on her gift list, and—in desperation—must improvise a present. One year she gave me an impressive gift—one that left me gasping... until I discovered a card that had been left in the box. She had just received it from another of our friends!

You shouldn't regard this luncheon cloth a "slap in the face." No one should ever question the nature of a gift, really, because the mere realization that one has been remembered by a friend should provide a glow.

There are people in this world who simply draw a blank when faced with the desire to make a gift to another person. This is largely due to our fear of not pleasing, since no two of us have the same tastes.

Why don't you make a game of trying to make some use of that luncheon cloth? Divided into sections and bound, it might make nice doilies.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1946?

(Continued from page 33) Colbert and Ginger Rogers also were runners-up for top honors last year. But Betty Hutton, Margaret O'Brien and Lana Turner are new among contenders. Last year Margaret tied with Lauren Bacall as the star who had made the greatest strides in popularity. This year Lauren, with only one additional picture, has dropped out of the running. But Margaret has forged ahead. The popularity of Betty Hutton and Lana Turner, on the other hand, has been increasing at a steady pace for several years.

The five top men, listed alphabetically, are: Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Spencer Tracy. And, again, not far behind are: Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, Walter Pidgeon.

BING CROSBY, two-time winner, is high again this year. However, the current list of five top men differs from last year's list with Bob Hope and Cary Grant giving way to Clark Gable and Van Johnson. That Clark Gable should be up there is surprising. For he has made only one film, "Adventure," since his return to civilian life.

Van Johnson's standing, however, is completely understandable. It corroborates the findings of the two previous ARI polls taken for Photoplay. In 1944 we reported that Van had made greater gains in popularity than any other male star. In 1945 his name just missed being included among the top five.

In the second group of men we come to Alan Ladd and Walter Pidgeon, neither of whom was in the running last year. Alan, of course, had been back on the screen only a short time from the Army. Now, with several pictures behind him, he has re-established the strength he showed before he left to serve for Uncle Sam. Walter Pidgeon, however, has been building steadily and this year, "Weekend at the Waldorf" has done a great deal for him.

The stars who have made the greatest gains in popularity during the last six months are: June Allyson, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Cornel Wilde.

June Allyson has had the advantage of many releases such as "The Sailor Takes a Wife" and "Two Sisters from Boston" following in quick succession.

Jennifer Jones actually shows this great gain in popularity for a second time. She qualified for this honor, too, in 1944. Her next pictures, however, were many months in production, so for some time she was without new releases. It took only "Love Letters" and "Cluny Brown," however, to find her moving ahead rapidly again.

Gregory Peck, a star of last year's winning picture, "The Valley of Decision," and the male star showing top gains in popularity last year, now rates higher than ever as a result of "Spellbound."

Cornel Wilde began making strides when he played Chopin in "A Song to Remember," the picture which ranked fourth in last year's poll. Since then, "Leave Her to Heaven" and "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" have accelerated his popular appeal.

During months of polling that lie ahead, the movie-goers of America again will decide the favorite picture and stars of 1946. It may be that the final sum-up will present stars and pictures, that are not even contenders at this time, as the winners.

In the meantime, we of the Audience Research, the editors of Photoplay and all Hollywood are awaiting your final choice.

THE END.



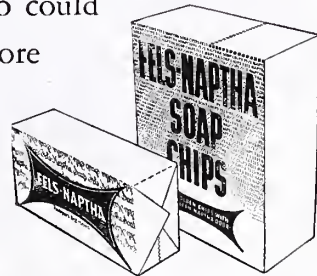
"Dear Diary"

Let's pretend that you still keep a diary—even though you *are* a 'settled', married woman. And then let's pretend today was washday.

Would you write something like this . . . ?

Dear Diary: *Not too much to write this time. Did the usual huge, hot-weather wash today—it's a wonder I'm not worn to a frazzle. But between you and me, Diary, with Fels-Naptha Soap on hand to help, washday's almost a pleasure.*

We know a lot of women who could write this—and a great deal more about the satisfaction of washing with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap. And—*they wouldn't be pretending!*



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

That Dream Girl Jones

(Continued from page 46) who never disappoints you though you sometimes have to work overtime not to disappoint her. For Jennifer puts those whom she likes on pedestals. And perches can be uncomfortable in spite of the wide margin she leaves you for error.

I've never heard her make a derogatory remark about anyone. And I've heard her stoutly defending people she doesn't even know against remarks others have made. Gossip is a dead language with her.

She has an insatiable curiosity about any subject she's interested in and wants to learn *everything* about it. Furthermore, she is quite willing for you to learn everything about it too. "It's more fun that way," she says.

For instance, Jennifer was eager to improve her French. She talked about it for days. "All right," I agreed, "I'll go with you, but I really don't need them. I've had eight years of French. All I'll need will be a refresher course."

She said casually that she'd had a "little" French in school.

Then when we got to the studio of George Jomier, our French instructor, for our first lesson, she was *parlez-vousing* all over the place, while I just sat there dazedly trying to catch a familiar word or so. My eight years of *le français* were as nothing, while she chattered away as if she'd lived all her life on the Rue de la Paix.

"Never mind," she said, "you must need a refresher course!"

Cosmetics is another subject that has challenged her interest. Though her complexion needs no improvement, she's always experimenting with beauty preparations, as I was to find out when I loaned her my apartment while I was touring the states exploiting "Duel in the Sun."

I came home to beauty creams, colognes, perfumes, bath salts and a new kind of facial cornflakes, not to mention a huge shiny contraption which looked like a school playground slide, and which I still haven't figured out how to use.

When I got back Jennifer was in Texas where her boys, Bobby and Michael, had gone for a visit with their grandmother. She phoned me. "I loved living in your apartment!"

"That's fine," I answered. "You must have packed in a hurry. Did you take anything with you? You left quite a few things."

"I don't want any of it. You can keep everything," she laughed.

"They won't do any good without the combination. What do you do with the cornflakes?"

"Put them on your face. They're wonderful!"

"And the mechanical contraption overflowing the guest room . . . that looks slightly like a roller coaster. What do you do with that?"

"Oh—that. I got it at the May Company," she went on.

"But what is it?" I asked.

"It's one of those exercise boards . . . only I don't use it that way. I rest my head at the bottom and catch my feet up in the strap at the top. You know . . . the way we do with an ironing board. Only this one is ready-made."

She was referring to a beauty routine we'd tried out—the "model" stance; i.e. propping the ironing board up against the living-room divan and stretching out on it with your head on the rug, letting the blood rush to the foot of the ironing board . . . or something. Jennifer had improved on it while I was gone.

"It's wonderful for your circulation!" she said, still selling me.

"You mean it takes the place of Lady Mendl's theory of standing on your head?"

"Something like that," she laughed. "Shall I send you a blueprint?"

"No thanks," I said. "If there's anything I don't need it's a map for standing on my head. I've been doing that for a long time now."

Regardless of her own fame, she still has all the qualities of the girl next door. She genuinely likes people—all people—and would far rather talk about them than about herself. . . . As Jay Carmody, dramatic critic for the Washington Star, discovered when we were in Washington, D. C., on a bond tour and he was interviewing Jennifer—he thought.

"I read your column this morning and I was very interested in your criticism of the picture," she said. "Especially your analysis of the characterizations. You must have had some experience in the theater."

He remarked that he'd "experienced" her last picture and thought she'd done a very analytical job.

"Have you made a study of psychology?" she went on. "That would be good for newspaper work, wouldn't it?"

He said he guessed so. What about her next role?

"I portray a half-breed Indian," she said. "Do you know anything about them? Maybe you can help me on a few things. I think newspaper work must be very interesting," she went on, genuinely impressed. "How long have you been doing it? Where are the presses?"

"Would you like to take a look around?" he said resignedly.

"Oh yes! Could we?"

When we'd completed a Cook's Tour of the establishment and were leaving, Jennifer thanked him for being so kind. "Thank you, Miss Jones," he laughed, "for the best interview I've never had."

ANY trip with Jennifer turns out to be a fun—no matter how hectic the travel conditions may be. And "hectic" is a gentle word for one return trip we made, after spending a few days in Palm Springs. We were coming back in my car and I was driving, a combination that has great suicidal possibilities. Mine is one of those photogenic jobs that often doesn't run.

Coming back to Hollywood that night it wasn't running. Twelve times it broke down, with water bursting from the radiator and everything. We spent all of our money on it trying to get it fixed and after being pushed for some miles, finally coasted into the Los Angeles city limits just opposite the General Hospital.

We had exactly thirty-nine cents left and I used five of them to call a friend in Hollywood to come get us.

"Aren't you hungry?" said Jennifer. "I am."

Which was no particular surprise. Jones is *always* hungry. When she's working at the studio you'll find her eating an early morning snack of apples and bananas at 9:00 and snacking on hamburgers again at 11:00 A.M. We found a dingy hamburger bar near the hospital. A beaten-up structure . . . too far gone for DDT.

"We'd better watch what we order," I reminded her. "We only have thirty-four cents left."

We studied the menu carefully. There was only one item we could afford. We couldn't even have the Hamburger Deluxe. "We'll have to order the plain hamburgers. They're ten cents cheaper," I said.

While we ate them we kept torturing ourselves remembering money we'd spent in the past. "Remember the time you spent so-and-so on a Hattie Carnegie gown?" one of us would say. This reminiscing went

on back and forth for some twenty minutes. By now we were both digging away like crazy in our bags, looking for any stray pennies. Jennifer found three cents to go with our remaining four.

"We'll leave a seven-cent tip," she said.

"No indeed! We might have to make another phone call."

When our rescue squad arrived, we hurried on late—in our sports dresses—to the Beverly Hills party we'd been "rushing" back to. "I just can't wait to get back to the studio and tell them how you take care of a Selznick star," Jennifer laughed.

Knowing when she's on a picture how hard she works you get a wonderful feeling standing by and watching the time and consideration she gives to all who work with her. When her stand-in was taken ill on the set during a scene in "Love Letters," it was Jennifer who left the set to call the girl's mother and assure her that her daughter would be all right. "Don't worry about her," she said, "I promise you that she'll be made comfortable."

On the "Duel in the Sun" location trip Jennifer took an awful physical beating, as usual, stopping at nothing short of absolute realism for her role. They were filming the climax of the picture where she shoots it out with Gregory Peck. She was black and blue and all scratched up from crawling over the cactus and rocky crags in the desert with a rifle in hand. Her knees were constantly bleeding—her finger nails torn. All this added to the forty miles she had to drive back and forth daily to get out to the location site left her completely fatigued at night.

Yet when I became ill with virus pneumonia, it was Jennifer who assumed command. "I'll get the best doctor there is," she said. And she did—the foremost chest specialist in the country. She got up at 5:00 A.M. to visit me at the hospital before she went out to the set. With her came bottles of perfume, sachets and pretty bed jackets to cheer me up. After work that night, she'd be back again, picking up my nightgowns or lingerie and taking them home with her to be laundered.

Our trip down on the train to Tucson that time is another one I'll never forget. As hectic as some of our other travel experiences. And as much fun. We had Jennifer's two young sons, Bobby and Michael, along with us, and what with their excitement and anticipation at invading the land of real live Indians, all of us were up most of the night. Around 4:00 A.M. we dozed off only to be awakened a little later by the peculiar sensation of four strange little pairs of eyes fastened on us. Bob and Mike, still unable to sleep, had gone out into the train with their nurse and gathered some playmates in to see us.

"This is Mom," said Bobby, pointing to his mother's one eye above the cover. "And this is Miss Colby," pointing to me.

The little visitors just stood there eyeing us gravely, until our sleepy acknowledgment of the introductions was made.

Though she seems more like their sister, Jennifer is a wonderful little mother to the boys. She enters into all of their games with them, and the three of them have hilarious fun. Calling her at home and hearing the noise in the background, I usually ask, "Who's there?"

"Just us," she laughs. "But when we three are together it does sound like a room full of people, doesn't it?"

No day would seem quite right to me without talking to Jennifer. Fortunately, I seldom miss one. We hold fabulous phone conversations about a certain scene, something she's planning for the boys, or just life in general. (Continued on page 76)



Fall fashions afame with color... with ALL PURPOSE **RIT**

It's the burning-bright look of Aloha Red, the gem-brilliance of Blue Cedar—Fall colors that you can plan yourself, dye yourself with All Purpose Rit. Dip a weary pastel frock, transfigure a blouse...for a glint of color under your coat. Exhilarate work-a-day accessories into fashion highlights...all with color. Yes, be *prodigal* with color...but just be sure you entrust your clothes to All Purpose Rit. Some dyes won't do for the new synthetic materials—but All Purpose Rit is *guaranteed*, so you're fancy free to dye any fabric you choose.

ALL PURPOSE RIT—the finest-dye-that-money-can-buy **25c**

you might . . .

transform last season's pink, grey or yellow dress with deep-fired Aloha Red. Or enliven a blouse and gloves with Horizon Gold to kindle a Fall suit. Convert a scarf into a cummerbund and dye it Blue Cedar. Add a bag of the same shade.

the colors . . .

how to match them in All Purpose Rit shades:

Aloha Red—Use Rit Scarlet

Horizon Gold—Use Rit Gold

Blue Cedar—Mix 1 box Rit Royal Blue, three-eighths box Rit Yellow

Send for FREE Fashion Booklet giving new Fall Color Suggestions and dozens of ideas for reviving last year's wardrobe.

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION

1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois

Please send All Purpose Rit booklet U6, "Color Seasoning for Fall Wardrobes."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



A Setting for Compliments

COMPANY coming? No, just the family! That lustrous, lintless napery is for them, and they'll love it! And you'll love their praise, for making the family table so pretty and inviting. There's no trick at all to it—if you use Linit. That's the smooth, penetrating starch that works magic. Actually makes cotton look and feel luxurious as linen. You're not letting yourself in for fuss, either! Quite the contrary. By restoring the original finish, Linit actually resists muzzing and soiling. Try it, too, for starching dresses, shirts, curtains, sheets and dozens of things around the house.



Sunny says: Your iron flies—with Linit! Follow the simple package directions—and watch all cotton things take on the look and feel of real linen.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

... adds the "finishing touch".

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Fashion Editor

Gerry Southmayd

Fashion Service Manager

Jack Force Jr.

Fashion Art Director

Ben Studios

Photographers

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

Olivia planned to be a teacher. But, when she was eighteen, Professor Max Reinhardt wooed her from the schoolroom with the role of *Hermia* in his Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Whereupon, signed to a screen contract. Olivia began creating roles that were outstanding movie treats—like her *Jody Norris* in Paramount's "To Each His Own."

For autumn and winter too—a Doris Dodson dress with a gay plaid wool skirt of the new length and a bewitchingly demure black velvet top. Sizes 7-15. About \$15.00 at R. H. White's, Boston, Mass., and Blanner's, Philadelphia, Pa.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 86)

(Continued from page 74)

During my trip around the country calling on newspapers for "Duel in the Sun," we talked to each other as often as possible. One morning she called in New York. "It's Bobby's birthday," she said. "I called because I wanted you to sing 'Happy Birthday' to him."

Michael kept getting on the wire instead. "Please Mike, just say 'Hello' and let Bobby talk," insisted Jennifer. "It's his birthday."

"Hello, Miss Colby," came Bobby's childish little voice across the miles. "I'm six years old!"

"That's wonderful, darling," I said. Then went into my best sleepy soprano singing "Happy Birthday" to him.

I put the receiver up slowly. Suddenly I was a little homesick for all of them. The two baby dream boys and their Mom—the dream girl who's known as Jones.

THE END

Photoplay Fashion



Whatever you do . . . be chic!

OLIVIA deHAVILLAND She's 5' 4" tall, weighs 107 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. She's partial to cross-word puzzles, chrysanthemums, the color blue and cold French lamb chops dipped in salt. She dislikes snakes, parsnips, cooking, cigarette smoke and elevators. She looks charmingly Victorian. But she is as modern as tomorrow.



Perfect for fun all year 'round—this three-piece outfit by Koret of California. All color combinations. Jacket \$15.00. Blouse \$5.00. Pants \$6.95. Sizes 12-18 at Sanger Bros., Dallas, Tex., The Hub, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful news—a broad-shouldered jumper that can be worn without a blouse too! Of Berlinger rayon. By Peggy Paige, in sizes 9-15. About \$6.00 at Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C., and Gimbels, New York, N. Y.

(For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 86)



Step into autumn looking glorious

IN A PHOTOPLAY SELECTED TOP-COAT, SUIT AND BLOUSE

PAULETTE GODDARD, born in a New York suburb, spent her early life as plain, everyday Pauline. Then, as now, however, there was nothing plain or everydayish about her! Paulette, currently appearing in United Artists' "The Diary of a Chambermaid," has just signed a seven-year contract with Paramount. Also, next spring she will make a picture in England for Alexander Korda.

Right: You'll stop traffic in this beautifully tailored suit and matching topper by Swansdown. A Winthrop Mills woolen in sizes 10-20. Each about \$40.00. Matching cap by Betmar, \$8.95. At Elder & Johnson Co., Dayton, O.; Sage, Allen & Co., Hartford, Conn.

Above: A smooth, sleek blouse with embroidered birds, by Vicki Lynn. Also in white, pink or blue. Sizes 32-38. About \$3.00 at Famous-Barr Downstairs Store, St. Louis, Mo. and Carson, Pirie Scott & Co. Downstairs East Room, Chicago, Ill.

(For the store in your vicinity, write the manufacturer listed on page 86)





Slim,
nicely molded curves
under dress or
play clothes...and
feeling free as a bird!

WISPESE, Inc.
302 Fifth Ave. • New York 1, N. Y.



Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

In the past few weeks we've seen Joan Crawford in at least six divine outfits. At the cocktail party she gave for Viveca Lindfors she wore the new ballet-skirt-length dress, black with a tight bodice and low neck and tiny sleeves. The skirt was the fullest swishest one we've seen in years; reams of black net over a black taffeta underskirt. Caught on the underskirt, here and there, were enormous dark red roses. This dark red, peeping through the net, was the only color in the costume. Joan wore her hair down, medium length, and full around the face. High-heeled black patent leather sandals with wide ankle straps accented her famous dancing feet.

And you should have seen Joan at the Mike Todd party! In a room full of glamour-pusses she was outstanding in a very décolleté gown of chartreuse crepe. Bare over one shoulder, the bodice had almost no back. It was draped up the front with one side of the drape crossing over to her right shoulder where it ended—or rather almost never ended—by falling into a long scarf which hung almost to the floor. The skirt was cut circular and enormously full. On the scarf, just below the shoulder line in back and again at the bottom, were dead white blossoms. Add to this matching chartreuse sandals—a terrific sunburn—a soft hair-do—and you have Crawford.

At Joan's party for Viveca Lindfors Claudette Colbert wore a very chic black silk faille suit with a tailored short coat and a pencil-slim skirt with a tiny slit in front. Lots of white frilly organdy billowed out from the neck of her coat which buttoned high. She wore a huge stiff-brimmed black

straw sailor far on the back of her head. White gauntlet length cotton gloves, black patent pumps and an enormous black patent pouch bag.

Betty Hutton wore a wonderful dress the other summer evening. It was of white pique with an off-the-shoulder neckline. The lower part of the very full gathered skirt was hand-painted with chartreuse and yellow tiger lilies. And around the hemline were narrow bands of chartreuse and yellow pique to match the flowers. With this dress Betty wore white, thonged sandals and a stole of the flowered pique. This dress could be copied in many variations by having the flowers appliqued.

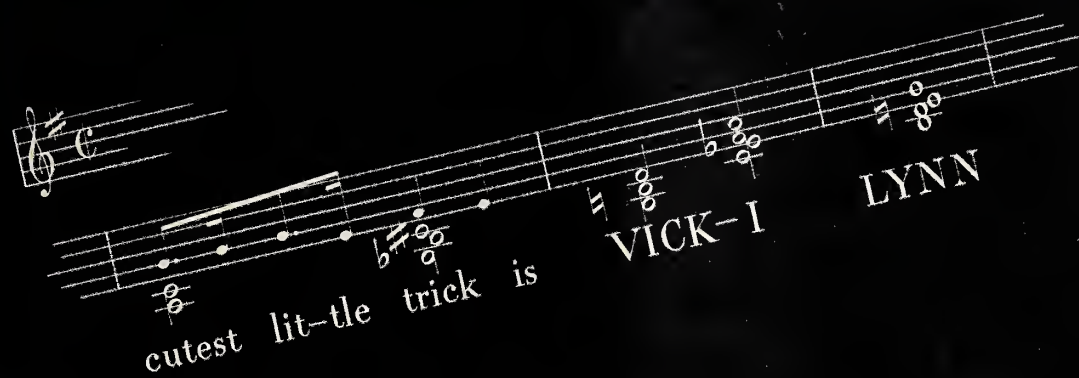
Joan Bennett has a high-necked, tiny-sleeved black silk jersey sheath, over which she ties skirts of multi-colored prints. When she wants to be really dressy she ties on a full overskirt of black net that has been stiffened. This stands away from the sheath and makes a lovely silhouette. Another over-skirt is of palest pink silk splattered with huge black cabbage roses. . . . Joan wears tiny black straw bonnet-type hats with the several outfits this one dress achieves and sometimes puts flowers on a bonnet to match the print of the overskirt.

Gene Tierney, lunching at La Rue, wore a stunning rich cream-colored silk shantung suit with big disc buttons down the front then across the shoulder seams. And under the long-sleeved, softly-tailored jacket was a bright gold silk gilet. Her big kid shoulder-strap bag was gold kid. Her gloves and shoes were dark brown. And she wore no hat.

WHEN leaves come tumbling down Lana—in a suit of warm honey beige, with sable and jewels—illustrates the

perfect way to look as you step into fall

See October Photoplay Cover



Vicki Lynn



\$3 at leading department stores.

*From the song, Pretty Vicki Lynn, by Charlie Tobias



Youthful or mature;
short, medium
or tall, there's a
Miss Elaine
Precisional* to fit
you to perfection.
Personally Yours!



*REG U S PAT OFF

SEL-MOR GARMENT CO., INC. • ST. LOUIS

Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

If you're going to be a bride why not add "the something blue" to your veil. Twine a few baby blue satin ribbons through your hair . . . they'll peep out very prettily through the veil and maybe match your eyes.

Don't discard your black linen slacks now that summer's almost gone. For autumn "evenings at home" make a knee-length striped satin coat, tightly belted, and with your slacks underneath you'll look as tempting as any harem dish.

To turn last year's evening dress into this year's, snip it to ten inches off the floor in front and graduate the line until the hem is floor length in back. With this wear your prettiest newest slippers, please.

Team your black short-sleeved sweater with a cocktail length black satin skirt and a big crushed satin belt of a bright color. This is strictly for dress up but you can wear such a sweater with plaid skirts and leather

belts, slacks, suits, and just about anything else you can think of. Your sweater, in fact, can be the most used item in your wardrobe.

Braid felt flowers in your pigtales when you plait your hair; then wind the braids around your ear. And to be doubly effective, match the flowers in your hair with those on the toes of your dancing slippers.

When you make a full easy-swinging woolen skirt this fall be sure you get enough material for a matching stole. Wear the stole "hood effect" for outdoors and around your shoulders at other times of the day.

This will look so new and exciting on a plain felt bowler hat . . . Buy a yard of light-weight silk (either patterned or plain) and cut the length in half. Sew the ends together, drape it around the crown of the hat, and let the ends hang down in back.

(Continued on page 86)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ COMMUNITY GIVING IS COMMUNITY LIVING

USO and the Community Chests of America
appeal to you for funds

To help the citizen at home—
The citizen away from home



The USO discharges your community responsibilities to the citizen away from home—your men and women who are still in the armed forces. With your help, vitally needed clubs for new inductees, men awaiting discharge and their families, the convalescent war wounded, can be continued. USO-Camp Shows are still important entertainment for wounded men in hospitals.



For the citizen at home money is needed by Community Chest Red Feather services for hospital, clinic and nursing aid for the sick, care of dependent and neglected children, home for the aged, etc.

When citizens of all classes, all races, all religions unite in giving, either to the USO or the Community Chests of America, the whole community benefits in the interests of everybody's health, welfare and happiness.

LET US BE GENEROUS to the men and women who must continue in uniform—to the citizens here at home who need our help. Support the USO and your local Community Chests.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DRESS FOR THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE



"CAMPUS DEB"... Carole King takes a vibrant plaid of Wool and Rayon Trepaca, hugs your wee waist with a magnetic midriff and saucily binds, then bows, the hi round neck with Wool and Rayon Kasha Weave. Junior sizes 7 to 13. About \$11. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

THIS IS, INDEED,

NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! A day-time delight, a date-time necessity, these lovely stockings lead a double life! They're gossamer sheer and amazingly serviceable, with a knit that makes for perfect fit. Hosiery "As You Like It" is full-fashioned, of course, and delightfully clear-textured. You'll be wise to ask for it by name at your favorite hosiery counter.



NYLON HOSIERY

"As You Like It"

READING, PA.

(Continued from page 84)

Put a large velvet collar on a simple bright wool dress for extra special occasions. Black shortie gloves and black suede shoes will complete the picture.

* * *

Watch for the smart-looking barrel skirts in dresses and suits. You might think these will do nothing for slimming but the full look they afford around the hips tends to whittle inches off your waistline.

* * *

Crocheted wool gloves, usually seen in the shortie length, can now be had in the nine inch length—and in the brightest colors! Match these gloves with colored wool stockings for the first fall days in the country.

* * *

Put lace bows on your quilted satin slippers. And even if you're not a bride you'll feel and look like one!!

* * *

If you are changing the buttons on a suit or dress, make a wide belt of grosgrain ribbon and sew matching buttons on the belt—about three inches apart if they're big important ones. Fasten the belt with another button and a regular buttonhole.

* * *

If you like off-the-shoulder fashions (and who doesn't) there is a wonderful strapless bra you can buy that actually stays in place, regardless of activity. This bra can be worn under anything strapless—be it bathing suit or evening dress. . . . And it is especially good for low-necked peasant blouses.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where it is available.

Plaid skirt and velvet top

Doris Dodson
1120 Washington Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

Jacket, blouse and pants

Koret of California
611 Mission St.
San Francisco, Calif.

Jumper

Peggy Paige
224 West 35th St.
N. Y. C.

Blouse

Vicki Lynn
2 Park Avenue
N. Y. C.

Suit and matching topper

Morris Haft
500 Seventh Ave.
N. Y. C.

Matching hat

Betmar
1 West 39th Street
N. Y. C.

Inspiration for these smartly striped

lantern sleeves comes straight

from spirited Spanish pirates.

It's Doris Dodson's dashing frock,

"THE BUCCANEER"... made of kitten coat

wool and rayon jersey. Colors... natural and black,

copper penny and grey. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$15.

Write for the name of your local shop...

Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri.



Doris Dodson



JUNIOR ORIGINALS

NEW

The Miracle Girdle with the Magic Inset

Here is one of the greatest girdle miracles of the century—an amazing—revolutionary construction that every woman has dreamed of, yet has never enjoyed until now—but at last "Perma-lift"* accomplishes the almost unbelievable.

"Perma-lift" has created a new—thrilling—youthful—lightweight girdle with all the advantages of boning—but With Na Bones—all the restraint and control of boning—but With Na Bones. A "Perma-lift" Girdle won't wrinkle, won't roll over, absolutely banishes the annoying discomfort that boning, even in the lightest garment, has caused you— withstands countless washings and wear.

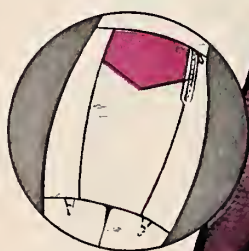
Na Bones means new comfort—"Perma-lift" Girdles assure you undreamed-of comfort for the life of your garment. Smartly styled, youthful, lightweight "Perma-lift" Girdles, Panties, Foundations—\$5 to \$10—at fine stores everywhere. Here is the perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere, America's Favorite Bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma-Lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company, (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

REMEMBER—"PERMA-LIFT" GIRDLES STAY UP WITHOUT STAYS

NO BONES ABOUT IT

STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS



Perma-lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GIRDLES
NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

Another "Hickory" Success

Sight Unseen

Hintful queries to give you clues
to who's hiding behind the specs



1. The place of her birth should remind you of a national holiday:
A. New Year's
B. Christmas
C. Fourth of July

2. When she was a small girl, she had an unusual experience:
A. She kicked a redheaded boy in the teeth
B. She won six boxes of candy for her dancing
C. She was kidnapped



1. If she wanted to, she could call herself a:
A. Baroness
B. Countess
C. Viscountess

2. The initial letters of her name spell out the word G-E-T. That's because her middle name is:
A. Eliza
B. Edith
C. Edna



1. She once sang "The Dipsy Doodle" with such fervor that she was hired by:

- A. Benny Goodman
- B. Vincent Lopez
- C. Hal Kemp

2. The place of her birth should remind you of:

- A. Breakfast food
- B. Smudge pots
- C. Creole dishes



1. He got the first start toward his career at the age of two when a physician made him a present of:

- A. A bazooka
- B. A violin
- C. A puppet theater

2. While still in his teens he:

- A. Was entertained by the Eagle of Teloulet, the great Moroccan chieftain
- B. Flew by plane from England to Asia
- C. Became a psychoanalyst



1. The strings of her heart used to go zing for:

- A. Bing Crosby
- B. Mickey Rooney
- C. Robert Taylor

2. Her stage name was suggested to her by:

- A. George Jessel
- B. Harry Richman
- C. George Brent

(Answers on page 110)

Junior Convertible

Definitely devastating — this double-duty smoothie in *Cohama's* fabulous salt 'n' pepper rayon.

A two-way wing-sleeved jumper with flanged shoulder detail and a tucked waistline, cinched in by a slim belt of licorice leather edged with white saddle-stitching. Silver buttons march up to the flattering cardigan neckline. Wear it as a dress or — twice as smart — over a contrasting blouse.

9 to 15

About \$7



SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT

The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Broadway Dept. Store
Los Angeles, Calif.

Conrad & Co.
Boston, Mass.

Crowley Milner & Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Saks 34th
New York City

Kaufmann
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lonsburgh & Bros.
Washington, D. C.

Frederick Loeser & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mabley & Carew
Cincinnati, Ohio

The White House
San Francisco, Calif.

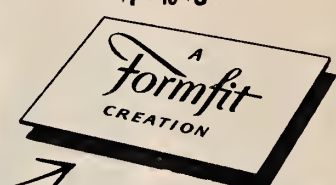
MAIL ORDERS FILLED



FOR THE *Lift of your Lifeline*

● All of a sudden your heart sings... as Life-Bra brings firm, young, curvaceous contours to your upper figure line... and keeps them that way. No other bra is so artfully designed for this alluring magic. See how the clever quilted cushions Lift, Mold, Correct, Hold—all at once. Today—be fitted and see. At any of the better stores.

Life-Bra
\$125 to \$350



THE FORMFIT COMPANY, Chicago, New York



Jane Wyman, next to be seen in "Night and Day"

Jane, GO-BETWEEN

A prisoner's hidden plea...

A star's way of granting it

NO matter how many stars glitter across the screens, Jane Wyman will always be the favorite of Ethan Campbell, civilian... because he'll remember back to that time when he was Ethan Campbell, Sergeant—one of the few survivors of the infamous death march of Bataan.

He was taken with the rest of his buddies to a Jap prison camp. Time stretched ahead, an endless nightmare that might mean death rather than freedom. He was starving, lonely, longing for his mother and his sweetheart, Mary Kathryn McCampbell, longing for word from them. For eighteen months he filled out the permitted monthly form postal card home. There was no response. Finally he and his fellow prisoners were convinced the Japs weren't sending their cards through.

He could almost see his mother going to the mailbox—and disappointment. He could see tears well up in Mary Kathryn's eyes—and there was nothing he could do.

Nothing, that is, until one of the boys thought of addressing their cards to movie stars and giving, in the few words they were allowed, the names and addresses of their families.

Ethan chose Jane Wyman because she was his favorite and because she came from his home town, St. Joseph, Missouri. He knew the Japs pretty well, how they were familiar with famous names, with the magic word, Hollywood. He knew it was a slim chance, but he was desperate.

He thought a long time, then wrote: "Give my regards to my mother, Mrs. Goldie Campbell, 1719 Calhoun Street, St. Joseph, Missouri." If only Jane would catch on—that was his urgent prayer.

And then he waited... It was a great day for Sergeant Campbell, that day in October, 1944—a great day because of the letter from home! He read it over and over. It was his first letter since the hell of imprisonment. Simply, his mother told him about Jane Wyman, about the note she had written enclosing his card, about Jane's message: "Don't lose courage, as he will need you when he is free again. And remember, God is with him wherever he is."

And so a soldier, sick with worry, almost without hope, gained courage to hold on until victory—and his release.

Back home he went—to his mother and to Mary Kathryn—to the long months of gaining back his strength, of putting on weight, of getting a new grasp on life.

Now that he's well, Ethan, his bride and his mother would like to meet Jane Wyman, would like to shake her hand and say from their hearts, "Thank you, Jane!"

THE FITTING IMAGE OF YOU

It's Fit First... a revolutionary fourth-dimensional fashion idea, incorporating quality fabric, young design, and exquisite workmanship by Rein Mode.

This all-season suit is proportioned scientifically to fit every woman everywhere. A scalloped sweetheart neckline hugs your throat, casual shoulders meet freedom-loving armholes... triple tucks taper a tiny waist, fastened by a single chunk of gleaming button above that hip-whittling cut-away effect.

All this and a wonderful slim skirt too, for a mere postage stamp... plus your check or money order for \$35. There's a money-back guarantee because we KNOW you'll love it. Just put your measurements on the coupon below.

Bea Poster
Mail Order Division, Rm. 1305
200 West 34th St. New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me the suit pictured in Black ☐
Brown ☐ Green ☐ Grey ☐ Beige ☐ Normal size...
From the back of my neck to my waist I measure... inches.
From my waist to my hem I measure... inches.
I am enclosing Check ☐ Money Order ☐ for \$35 with understanding of refund guarantee.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

Send for our new fascinating booklet, THE FITTING IMAGE OF YOU, illustrating many more wonderful coat and suit styles which you may conveniently buy through the mails.

c a l i f o r n i a

c a l i f o r n i a



Koret of California

Star fashions that function for you, designed by Koret of California. Fluid Teaser Skirt wraps around and bow ties, no alterations needed to fit your figure! Two-Way Turtle-Neck Blouse you wear buttoned back, equally becoming worn buttoned front. Both match up with other separates you own. Skirt rayon crepe or rayon and wool; small, medium, large: about \$8. Wool Jersey Blouse, a Koret Knits design; 32-38; about \$6. At fashion stores wherever you are. KORET OF CALIFORNIA, 611 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 5

VIRGINIA MAYO APPEARING WITH DANNY KAYE IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
UNICOLOR PRODUCTION "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN."

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark green beret and a matching long, double-breasted coat with a wide collar and large buttons. She is smiling and looking to her left. The background is a blurred city street.

ALLURA

Junior Fashions
A Lou Schneider ORIGINAL

Here's a coat by ALLURA, and what a coat it is—cut with plenty of room for an active outdoor gal. The front belt detaches at will—the spacious pockets can be headquarters for all your gadgets—the fabric is a wonderful cuddly shag in lively colors loomed for us by the DEXTER WOOLEN CORP. Sizes 9 to 15. Around \$45.

*Consult with your Local Retailer,
or write* LOU SCHNEIDER
512 Seventh Ave. • New York 18, N. Y.

Grand Canyon Colors as featured in the technicolor Columbia Pictures "RENEGADES"

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Melody collection of the songs you want to play
back—from your favorite motion pictures

TO EACH HIS OWN: The heart-tugging pathos so warmly portrayed by Olivia de Havilland in this fine Paramount drama is beautifully expressed in the film's theme song just recorded by Eddy Howard, a top-notch tenor (Majestic).

BORDERTOWN TRAILS: Once again it's a western that, surprisingly enough, possesses an infectious melody, "It's My Lazy Day." Hear the virile-voiced Vaughn Monroe make merry with this Republic film tune (Victor).

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE: Another 20th Century-Fox musical that will be well represented on the bandstands and juke boxes. Victor's top distaff side discovery, Betty Rhodes, a movie performer herself, spins "This Is Always" and "Somewhere in the Night."

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK: Republic has come through with another screen glorification of one of Hollywood's cavernous cafes and commissioned that prolific pair, Styne and Cahn, to write a hit song. Their latest handiwork is "I've Never Forgotten" and Jo Stafford (Capitol) and Jack Smith (Majestic) are among the first to record it.

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION: Nostalgia is one of Hollywood's surest formulas. M-G-M prescribed it in a musical dose for their latest, and resurrected a time-worn but still beautiful ballad, "I Don't Know Why." Here's a partial list of recording artists who have just grooved it: Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA), George Auld (Musicraft), Larry Clinton (Cosmo), Tony Martin (Mercury), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), and King Cole Trio (Capitol).

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO: "You, So It's You" is the repetitive melody from this south-of-the-border cinema spectacle and the lovely, heroic Jane Froman selects it for her first recording in a long time (Majestic).

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD: Frank Sinatra adds to his distinguished disk repertory with a sensitive interpretation of the title song from this RKO love story. Axel Stordahl's orchestra (Columbia) provides a creditable background.



Vaughn Monroe



Jane Froman



Frank Sinatra

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LUXURAY, NEW YORK 1

(Continued from page 61) And well aware of it on that night was Lucille's bodyguard—which included husband Desi Arnaz. Mechanically they noted the nearest exit and mapped a line of retreat as the house lights dimmed and the picture began. Lucille nervously ran a hand through her hair as the flamboyant *Gladys Benton* came on the screen. Mr. Arnaz and the other members of her bodyguard exchanged understanding glances; they felt the tension, too. And then a giggle ran through the theater, chased by a chuckle and followed by a guffaw. *Gladys* was doing fine—with everyone except Lucille. She kept running her hand through her hair, pushing it back, and back, and back. "Take it easy," Desi whispered once or twice, extending a restraining arm. "They like eet." He was brushed off, literally. Lucille kept biting her lips, tugging at her hair.

There was no vengeful mob waiting to get at her in the lobby when the picture had raced to its howling climax. The kids were grinning, and a bit respectful. Lucille had been the other woman, but she was a good sport and a good loser—and funny as the dickens. They asked for autographs and grinned at her hair-do.

"It was that darned hairdresser!" she explained. "I had no idea when we were making the picture that my bangs were so low. So all through the preview, I just naturally kept pushing my bangs back. And out there in the lobby they were so far back it looked like an off-the-face hat!"

The Bouncing Ball was probably exaggerating. No one could possibly mistake that pink-gold thatch of hers for a hat. But it's no exaggeration to say that "Easy to Wed" is her best picture to date and a shiny red apple for a girl who has been handed more than her share of lemons in her twelve years in Hollywood.

LIFE started bouncing Little Lulu against its brick walls from the time she was a red-headed fifteen-year-old in Celoron, New York, a tiny resort town on the shores of Lake Chautauqua. Stage struck from the start, Lucille had prevailed on her widowed mother to enroll her in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school in New York.

"Previous experience?" asked the admission director.

"School plays and summer stock," said Lucille, fingers crossed behind her back.

"Say 'horses and water'" ordered the diction coach.

"Horr-ses and watt-er," said Lucille in the flat accents of upstate New York. The coach shuddered and for the next six months her nickname was "Miss Horr-ses and Watt-er."

They tried her on comedy. ("I had no animation.") They tried her on tragedy. ("I was completely stunned.") They tried her on love scenes. ("I was very shy.") They sent her to a class in ballet. ("I couldn't stand on two feet, no less one toe.") They bit their nails and started her on eccentric dancing. ("I thought I was pretty good until they put me in a room lined with mirrors. I got one look at those big feet and skinny legs, ran out of the room and cried my eyes out.")

After three terms* of this all parties agreed to call it quits. There followed troubled times when Lucille tried to be a chorus girl, failed again and turned to modeling, winding up as Hattie Carnegie's pride and joy. Then came the skidding car in Central Park, the smash-up, the blanket of oblivion from which she slowly emerged a paralytic.

For three long (Continued on page 96)

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GIRDLES OF GRACE

(Continued from page 94) years of bed, wheel chairs and crutches she fought the fear that she could never walk again as a normal human being—and won.

"Your old job's waiting for you, honey," wrote Hattie. "Come on back."

So the Bouncing Ball began practicing the mannequin's glide with a cane in each hand to steady her. Lucille never has forgotten her debt to Hattie, still marvels at the modiste's kindness to her.

"I guess it was because I was always the dumbest of her girls, knew less, had to be helped more," she says.

And then there came that hot July day in Manhattan, soon after she had gone back to work, when a friend told her they were looking for one more Goldwyn Girl to round out the dozen they were sending to Hollywood for the Eddie Cantor musical, "Roman Scandals."

"But I'm no show girl!" Lucille said.

"You could use some sunshine," the friend countered. "Besides, Hollywood won't know the difference!"

And Hollywood didn't, nor does it yet. Give the average producer a script with a part in it for a show-girl type and he automatically begins thinking of Lucille Ball. You can't blame him either, for on screen or off the Bouncing Ball is a show girl to the life—except that she may be a little whackier.

LIKE ninety-nine out of a hundred show girls, she looks dumb—and isn't. She tries to be hard-boiled, yet gurgles over babies, puppies and kittens. She knows all the angles and is a push-over for anyone with a hard-luck story. She can stand at the top of a night-club stairway and rivet every masculine eye in the place (and pretend not to know it), but she has more fun next morning wearing a pair of blue jeans trowelling fertilizer around a rose bush.

Show girls, when they're not dreaming of Park Avenue penthouses, like to picture themselves in the doorway of a rose-covered cottage tossing popcorn (or whatever it is) at a herd of chickens. Lucille has her five-acre ranch in Chatsworth with a rose-papered living room, fluffy white curtains and a small flock of chickens who die of old age. Or because a weasel gets into the coop. Lucille refers to the weasel as "a dirty old thing" but, since she hasn't the heart to kill off any of her flock, it probably is just as well that the weasel is around to keep the population down.

She had a cow for a while, had raised it from a calf and couldn't understand why it suddenly began acting so strangely. Her handy man sheepishly informed her that the Duchess had reached the age when—well, when it ought to be introduced to the nice, gentlemanly bull who was living a mile down the road.

"But she's just a baby!" wailed Lucille and later, with trembling lips, stood leaning over the fence rail as the Duchess philosophically—or was it eagerly?—waddled down the lane to keep her date with destiny. Lucille went to visit the Duchess some time later, but she didn't like the change that had come over her. Something about the gleam in her eye. The Duchess never was invited back.

Show girls have a sense of humor, too. Captain Ken Morgan, husband of Lucille's kid sister, Clio (she's a cousin, actually, but the two were raised together and consider themselves sisters), became one of the most popular men in his outfit overseas because he would read aloud Lucille's twelve-page letters retailing all the Hollywood gossip and family news with footnotes that not even the chuckling censors had the heart to delete. She also sent him a pin-up to end all pin-ups: A shot of herself at her swimming pool wearing a 1908-model bathing suit with black cotton stockings and (Continued on page 98)



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(Continued from page 96) bloomers, her wet hair plastered down the sides of her face and her front teeth blacked out. It was autographed "From Your Glamour Girl, Luci."

Then—still in keeping with successful show-girl tradition—there's her maid, Harriet, a small-scale Hattie McDaniel who has been part of the Ball menage for the last eight years. When Lucille and Desi were married, Harriet went along on the honeymoon and referred to him then—as she does now—as "our husband." The porter had warned Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz de Acha III to have their shoes outside their drawing-room door by midnight if they expected to find them shined the next morning. It is quite possible—honeymoons being what they are—that the couple might have forgotten all about it had there not come a loud knocking on the door and a hearty voice crying:

"Cinderella, get out of those shoes! It's gettin' near to midnight!"

Harriet remembers everything.

PERHAPS it is only in her marriage that the Bouncing Ball doesn't suggest the show girl. And this is a laugh on Hollywood which winked knowingly when the zany redhead ran off with the volatile Cuban. "Boy!" said the town. "Will those temperaments clash!" Strangely enough, they seem to have meshed. Lucille's best friends remark enviously that she's simply "maa--aad" about Desi, and Desi's best friends repeat that he's just as "maa--aad" about Luci.

It must be love when a gal exchanges a swimming pool, a comfortable house and California's climate for a small apartment in a New York hotel during the hottest months of the summer. That is exactly what Lucille did when she elected to be with Desi this summer when his band was booked into the Copacabana and the Paramount. Of course, she won't exactly be roughing it. That would be too much to expect of Hollywood's foremost show girl.

She spent the week before she left on a shopping tour. Let's see now: There were three fox stoles, one white, one platina and one dyed periwinkle blue. There were twenty-five (count 'em—twenty-five) John Frederics hats, minimum price \$49 apiece. There were six basic outfits, three black and three in colors. There were the gowns Travis Banton had designed for her in "Lover Come Back" and which she managed to buy from Universal after the picture was made. (Report was that the Banton wardrobe had been budgeted at \$75,000, but she didn't have to pay that, naturally.) Anyway, these—plus some old rags she happened to have at home—required one trunk, five bags and seventeen hat boxes. And, in case she ran short, there was Hattie Carnegie's—a sure stop on the Ball shopping itinerary.

Lucille was happily describing her New York wardrobe to some palpitating pals at the studio when a bystander cruelly suggested that she seemed to have overlooked the most important item, the one item without which no show girl can be happy. "What," he asked, "about a mink coat?" Little Lulu batted her blue eyes and looked demurely at the carpet.

"Oh I couldn't wear a mink," she said. "Not unless my husband bought it for me. I made up my mind about that long ago. And naturally, with Desi in the Army for three years—well, you can't buy mink coats on a sergeant's pay."

They agreed that was unfortunately true. "But now," she resumed confidently, "with Desi back in pictures and doing so well with his band, well..." and she smiled serenely at her smiling friends.

Careful, Desi! The Ball is getting ready to put the bite on you!

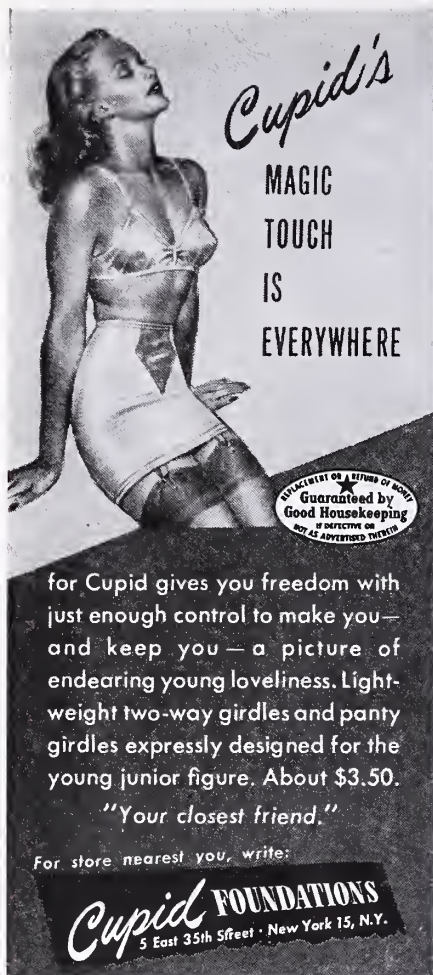
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One-man Invasion

(Continued from page 55) and went into training for "The Wicked Lady" and "The Seventh Veil." Off the set he is still amiable.

All this came about because James Mason, six-foot son of a Huddersfield wool merchant, was making no money as an architect and working too hard for it. He was then a big-boned youth with brown eyes, a Tarzan coiffure, expressive hands, a disastrous taste in ties and a voice that was already causing a bizarre silence to envelope any company of women, for they liked listening to even the most outrageous of his statements.

Deciding to break homes in fantasy instead of making them in bricks and mortar, James put away his tools and took a job in a touring show offered in a stage paper. The hours were long, the lodgings terrible and the audience was lonely.

When the last curtain mercifully descended on the catastrophe, the actor came to London with so little money in his pocket that he frequently spent the night on a seat on the Embankment with newspapers for blankets.

Today James Mason has moved two hundred yards farther north, into the first floor of the Savoy Hotel and has no need for any money in his pockets. He now has a small and beautiful wife named Pamela who has great influence over him, a weekly offer from Hollywood and an overwhelming ambition to work for James Mason as a writer, director and producer.

THOUGH this is the kind of success that thins your hair, raises your ego, loses your friends and often changes your wife, it is unlikely to do any of the advertised things to the Yorkshire boy, who has become Britain's No. 1 pin-up boy.

Mason's wife puts a finger on his great appeal. "It's because he is a sadist. Women like sadists, especially after a war. I think it's because they want to fight back after the revolting conditions of war, the food and so on. And he's no sissy."

And it is not coincidence that he goes for brutal parts. There's something in his nature that makes him troubled and sadistic. "I know I'm bloody-minded and people think I'm peculiar." He honestly thinks he dislikes the people he works with and he is never satisfied with a film because he is an artist. "It's for their own good," he says. "I am cruel to be kind."

Yet Pamela shows no signs of having been beaten either actually or verbally. She wields great weight in the Mason ménage. It was she who saw to it, in 1940, that he get over the heart trouble which is an occupational disease with artists who find the world followed by critics, at their often clumsy feet. Five years later they were touring together, reading scripts together and avoiding the bright lights together. Pamela runs a most pleasant house and they are happy enough with four cats: Toy Boy Mason; Lady Augusta Leeds, who was picked up in Leeds station; Tribute, Pamela's own Siamese, and Whitey Thomson. If you don't like cats you don't get much of a chance in the house and the Masons have given their meat ration in order to feed them that one and twopence a week.

Pamela has written a second book, "Ignoramus, Ignoramus," which is more human than the title suggests. The artist of the line drawings is her versatile husband. Art's an old hobby with him. His new hobby is photography. However, his drawings have graduated into pastels. Not by plan, but because he was banned from the living rooms if he used oils which smelled up the place. Further, nobody in the house would consider for a moment his request for a model. So he draws himself in a

mirror, in pencils, in the warm drawing room that looks out over the lovely garden.

They have collected a vast stock of things that clutter up a marriage and the personal record of the Mason life is in two large scrapbooks. Their contents are picture postcards of Gretna Green, colored pictures of cats, the more exciting of his fan letters, recipes for drinks, advertisements for women's hats, pictures of friends cut from magazines and anything else that happens to take his fancy.

An example of Pamela's acting the governor—but a sophisticated one—was the affair of the fish poisoning.

The Masons had played hooky from the studio after being kept waiting a couple of days hanging about doing nothing and there came an impassioned telephone call with the theme song: "Where's Mason?"

Pamela quickly replied, "He's ill. I think he's got the measles."

This was more than unkind, for the Masons had dined with the producer only a few nights before and had fraternized with his children. Hoping against hope that she was lying, the producer said, "Let me talk to his doctor!"

"There's no doctor here," said Pamela. "It's too late to call one. I'll call a doctor in the morning."

"Then I'll send my own doctor at once," returned the producer. "We will find out tonight if it's measles or if he's ill at all."

WELL, what's an actor for? Mason looked uncomfortably healthy when he got into bed. Pamela gave him a drug to raise his temperature and beat over his body with a hairbrush to produce a convincing effect of rash. When the producer's doctor arrived he made a careful examination of the body and gave his verdict: "You're wrong about the measles. It's fish poisoning."

And the Masons, laughing uproariously, had a strictly-for-two-Masons holiday! It's the way they like it, listening to the radio, reading scripts, talking. As James says, "We come to London only when we have to. Pamela doesn't seem to like to go dancing with other guys." In other words, they don't like a flock of people.

Mason is always himself and he has his own idea about things. It was he who changed the end of "The Seventh Veil." Ann Todd was going to run past her lovers and into a close-up with the man who had crippled her hands. Mason said no; so we were given the scene of her running away to where he limped into the background.

His feeling about clothes—his own—is disinterest. A typical Mason ensemble is a brown suit, a white shirt with stiff cuffs, a floppy collar, a blinding tie, socks that almost fall over cheap shoes and cuff-links as large as half-crowns. "I looted them in Germany," he explains.

The artist in him makes him a perfectionist. He will no doubt produce with his wife and there will be a lot of intelligence in the finished product. "I have not forgotten the days when the dud road companies ran out of money through inefficiency," he says. "And I will never forget that day when there was to be a lot of shooting in the play and the prop man ran out of blank cartridges. We all shouted 'Bang!'"

He is now making "Odd Man Out" and when it is finished he and Pamela will head Hollywood way for the business of Mason taking sadistic slugs at American screen beauties!

Which will really be something, for already Hollywood is talking excitedly about him and already American movie-goers are looking wishfully his way!—awaiting this one-man invasion from Britain.

THE END

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Man Appeal

(Continued from page 43) have thought there wasn't another woman in the room. She was as pretty as spun sugar candy all pink and white and glistening from head to toe.

From Lana's shoulders hung a long, white fox cape with clusters of tremendous white orchids spilling down one shoulder. Her white, white hair was swirled and swept up off the shoulders and twisted through her tresses were the finest white reindeer. Underneath the coat she was incased in a sensational white satin dress. It draped heavily across the front, forming a puffy bustle in the back, and the very low neckline was encrusted with seed pearls and sequins.

Naturally, the ejaculations went something like this . . . even from the girls "Whew!" . . . "Oh, boy!" . . . "Terrific!" and around these were spotted varied whistles.

Added to her looks, Lana is a magnificent operator when it comes to handling the male of the species for she makes each one believe he is every bit as good as he thinks he is! So how can she miss?

Betty Grable: Judging from the comments, La Grable has more than a pair of legs, though they aren't exactly a handicap. No matter who speaks up on the subject of Betty they do so with a special lilt in their voices.

Harry James, the famous band leader Betty married several years ago, occasionally plays at the Astor Roof. This tremendous room atop the Astor is the Mt. Olympus for the jitterbug enthusiasts of the world. They crowd in by the hundreds with their jive-y feet and hep-cat minds.

One night I happened to be sitting next to Betty's table where she waited for her husband between numbers. Jitterbugs are rabid movie fans so Betty was constantly being mobbed for autographs.

One of the men at her table turned to her, after the hundredth time she had been bothered and asked, "Betty, why don't you speak to the waiters and keep these kids from pestering you?"

Betty looked at him for a minute and at the next bunch of kids approaching and laughingly said, "Oh, what difference does it make? If they want my autograph, the least I can do is be agreeable about it. It doesn't bother me."

Once before her marriage I had the opportunity to observe Betty under slightly different circumstances, and she still showed a good-natured, fun-loving, easy-going manner. It was at a cocktail party in New York to which she was escorted by the young millionaire, Alexis Thompson. All the Beau Brummels of the town were gathered together for the party, and they proceeded to try to charm her away from her date. Not once did Betty waver. She laughed with them all, smiled and was as lively as could be, but she left with the man she came with. That's quite a novelty in some circles!

Esther Williams: I met her at a gay party Jinx Falkenburg and her mother gave to show all the curios they collected on their Mexican junket.

I ate my fill of rich, hot Mexican food, wandered over to a quiet corner and watched the guests.

The girl in the shocking pink dress was Esther Williams. Though I wanted to talk to her I hadn't a chance unless I could make a flying tackle at those ten men. So I watched her.

My, her face was mobile. I never saw such an alive, vibrant girl. She seems to glow all over, but I guess it's because she

knows how to enjoy herself. She was very self-confident. For some reason, people who are sure of themselves have the time to make others feel at ease because they aren't worrying about themselves.

It was really fun to watch someone who was as lively and had such a healthy appearance. Maybe it's all due to her outdoor life, but I think you'll find it's because she is relaxed inside. It's a great secret to discover, the same one in fact that Ponce de Leon never found.

Claudette Colbert: Never have I had the pleasure of meeting a more charming and gracious woman than France's contribution to Hollywood! Not so very long ago, a visiting member of the out-of-town press and I were being shown through a studio by a publicity man.

About mid-afternoon we wandered onto a sound stage where Miss Colbert and Don Ameche were working. It had been a particularly difficult sequence so tension ran high around the set. When the publicity man suggested we meet Claudette, I was loathe to do so for I knew she was tired. However, no sooner was the scene shot than she came smiling over to us.

I murmured something about not wanting to be a nuisance, but she said, "Why, I always enjoy talking to people between shots."

When we had settled down in her dressing room she turned to me and said, "I love the suit and hat you are wearing. Where in the world did you find them?"

I explained they were made in New York and that this was my initial trip to California.

She then asked, "How do you like our country out here? Have you been having fun going around to the studios?"

I replied in the affirmative and Miss Colbert then turned to the gentleman of the press. She asked intelligent and interested questions about his work, his mission in Hollywood and his opinions of the town. The extraordinary thing was that she actually listened to his answers.

As I watched the manner in which she centered the conversation around us, I marvelled at her friendliness and straightforward manner. Fame had obviously not led her into egocentric clouds, for with a kind and gentle hand she put herself out to make us feel at ease. As a result, Miss Colbert made two strangers feel as if they were the "stars" in her dressing room. When we left the man with me said, "There is one of the most delightful women I have ever met."

Anita Colby: Remembered fun was the night I went to the supper and swim at Ruth and Hoagy Carmichael's. We had a wonderful meal, for Ruth runs one of the best tables and houses in Hollywood.

After paying my respects to our clever hostess, I wandered through the bar and out by the pool, where Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Johnny McClain and Eddie Duchin were looking highly entertained. The pretty girl responsible was "The Face."

Here is a beauty who contradicts the old expression. Anita is smart and so very witty and entertaining that the men were afraid they'd miss something. So they stayed right where they were!

Diana Lynn: Here is the young girl every boy dreams about. As fresh and sparkling as a newly budded rose, but with just the right amount of sophistication, Diana is one of

the most sought-after girls in the younger set. She can dance until dawn and rise at seven the next morning looking as fresh as a daisy.

One night I saw her dancing with Bob Walker in Mocambo, the next making up a foursome with Guy Madison, Gail Patrick and Henry Willson at Romanoff's, and on another night in Mocambo with Loren Tindall. The night Desi Arnaz opened at Ciro's Diana was with Henry Willson and David Selznick and when she got up to dance with Henry, all eyes followed her, including Henry's openly adoring ones and why not? Diana has said yes, she'll marry him—in the fall or perhaps January.

Being curious, I queried several of her ex-swains one day. "Why did you like Diana better than the other girls here?"

One boy thought a minute and answered, "Because she is such a darn nice girl. She didn't lead guys on, but was always completely honest and natural."

"What did she talk about when you were out with her?" I asked.

Another youth replied, "Oh, just about everything. You know she is very bright and talented. Her conversation can run the gamut from entertaining chit-chat to intelligent discussions of music, literature, or most anything. She never talks about other girls in a catty way."

"Was she always the same?" I asked a laughing boy who squired her occasionally.

"No, she suited herself to your mood but she was never bored. Diana always acted as if she was having a wonderful time which makes you feel good," he answered.

Lucille Ball: During my Hollywood sojourn I went with friends to see Lucille Ball who lives out in the San Fernando Valley.

A crowd of people were already there. Van Johnson was over by the barbecue and Peter Lawford was helping him, the man who helped us park the car was Francis Lederer and Desi Arnaz led us into the playroom by the pool. Our red-headed hostess rushed over to us.

What a personality! It's like a torrent of fireworks, just as forceful, just as vivid and just as brilliant to the eye. Talking to her for a minute is almost like getting a shot in the arm. Luci is a real dynamo. She tore around from the playhouse to the pool to the main house to get us bathing suits, to see that Marion and Francis Lederer had enough pepper and to see that Susan Peters, the guest of honor, was well taken care of. What energy and selfless thinking this girl is gifted with, all a benefit to the many people she puts herself out for in a day.

Susan Peters: Speaking of Susan, this girl has won the respect of women and men both, but particularly men. She has proven women can take it with a smile, rising above physical pain and loss and still be gay, laughing and interested in the world. There isn't a man in Hollywood who didn't worship this girl at Ciro's opening. There she sat as pretty as a picture in her wheel chair on her first jaunt out. She faces good and bad breaks with a grin and an intestinal fortitude that is admirable. Laughter has been her shining armor and all have been touched by its glow.

Ann Sheridan: One night in the of the Stork I noticed an outstanding table. It was up in a corner in full view of the room, but all you could see was a tight circle of men. They pressed forward eagerly with alert and alive expressions on their faces, and every now and then would throw their heads back and roar with laughter.



"Film Favorite" SUIT ONLY \$12.98 plus postage

NEW! Two-piece suit with movie glamour! Beautifully tailored of rich, firm "YEAR-ROUNDER" rayon suit- ing. Skirt has kick-pleat — jacket has two big pockets. Flatters every woman; looks more expensive! Sizes 10 to 20

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**Call for Meds-Slender,
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"Next time" try Meds-Slender—internal protection in the new slimmer size with regular absorbency! You'll find it a happy experience in freedom, convenience and security. No belts, pins, pads. No tell-tale ridges or bulges. Peace of mind—at work or play!

If you need super absorbency, choose Meds-De Luxe — already so popular with many, many women. Both sizes give you Meds' marvelous advantages:

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Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

It was quite a group to keep amused, for it consisted of the Stork Club "regulars," Steve Hannagan, Damon Runyon, Walter Winchell and host Sherman Billingsley. I peeked a little farther into the charmed circle and saw the girl responsible.

The deep rollicking laughter, the delighted, animated expression on her face, the regular gay attitude she bears so gracefully, the firm handshake belong to Annie Sheridan.

When she disappeared to powder her nose, one of the men turned to the others and said, "You know the thing I like about that girl is, she lets men relax. Dames you have to string along with false flattery, sweet talk and innuendos get tiresome. Annie is more like a man in her mental approach to life, so she's good company."

Irene Dunne: It was at the very wedding of Gen Travers and Sam Moors in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, that I met Irene Dunne.

The church looked beautiful. The tall columns were all hidden by a forest of white silver birch trees, the altar completely covered with white gardenias.

Irene came down the aisle and everyone was watching her. There were many whispered comments.

"Gee, Mommy, who is the pretty lady?" in the falsely deep voice of a seventeen-year-old. "Why she is as attractive looking as any of the debutantes!"

And in the still more adult voice of a fifty-year-old. "I can't recall when I have seen a more poised, gracious and lovely-looking woman."

You see, whether they be five or fifty, men will always adore the woman who remains as youthful and delighted with living as a young girl. Irene Dunne is a perfect example of this fact for she never fails to stimulate those around her. It might be her native integrity combined with a gracious and feminine manner, but whatever it is, it's ageless!

These may only be a few of the stars playing leads both on and off screen, but these are the ones who win hands down. They are the group spoken of as the "belles of the ball" for they have discovered the secret of eternal success with men—how to be loved and liked both.

THE END

GLENN FORD

is

forging ahead!

Catch up on his exciting

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THE PHOTOLIFE

OF GLENN FORD

in the October issue . . .

on sale September 11,

or as soon

thereafter as transportation

permits

Van Hands Down

(Continued from page 44) his hands, he furrowed his brow and admitted that this was a new experience for him. When I had finished, he marveled over the countless small, delicate, criss-crossing lines of his hand and listened intently as I spoke of the complexity of the human hand. With some twenty-four hundred nerve fibres threading over every square inch of the palm, these imprints, I pointed out, were the chart to his whole personality.

I worked and as we talked, Van relaxed. Suddenly there was established between us the heart-warming relationship which I have known in my work with people all over the world—people like Albert Einstein, Hendrick Willem Van Loon, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Maxwell, Raymond Massey, Susan Peters, Raymond Swing.

Van's hands spoke to me of the amazing will and energy which have carried him to stardom. I saw clearly the tragic accident which almost ended his bright career and the almost unbelievable physical resources upon which he had drawn to save that career.

TWO other interesting facts were there in his hand, also—and I shall speak of them at the outset.

In five years there will be a marked change in the type of roles which he will play and a temporary excursion into another medium of drama.

Emotion has not yet touched deeply this handsome, good natured idol of the American screen. But it will come to him in about five years.

These, I realize, are surprising statements. But they are important ones—important to Van as a human being and as an actor.

It is the Apollo line, that fascinating line which runs upwards under the third or ring finger, which indicates a significant alteration in Van's career as an actor. The line runs strongly and surely to a point measuring five years hence; a fresh, new line, far deeper than that which is at present running its course, then takes command.

Although the human hand with all its complexity and mystery yields up many secrets, no chiologist can always name the precise nature of career changes. One has to go over the hand minutely, relating one line to another, then put the findings together to arrive at a conclusion.

It is my belief that Van will break with the youthful, boyish parts which he enacts so capably and begin a distinguished career as a serious, dramatic actor. In all likelihood the change will come through a great, challenging role. And from that point onward, Van will bring the full measure of his rich resources as an actor to his screen work and for a time at least to another dramatic medium.

Although I have seen it in hundreds of hands, it has never failed to draw a murmur of pleasure from me that the deepening of the artist's art so often comes simultaneously with the deepening of his emotional being. A great, new influence will come into Van's life about the same time as the change in him as an actor occurs. This influence will be wholly romantic, and while I can not say what type of woman she will be, Van will find his first real happiness through her. Until now, his true emotional nature has been sealed. I do not think that he will marry, although he will be attracted to many women and seek in them the qualities which can release his emotional reserve, until the woman who holds the true key will come into the orbit of his life five years from now. Van's discovery of love will be of



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Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.



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A-O Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keep your eyes in the "Safety Zone"



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A-O Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb both ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays, while admitting plenty of "seeing light" and providing the eyes with a "Safety Zone" in which they remain cool and comfortable.

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vital importance to him. That it will help to mature him as an actor goes without saying. But from it will come something more valuable. The scars of his childhood will heal over and he will know for the first time the altogether ennobling emotion of deep love—love that strengthens the whole personality and enriches it beyond belief.

"Van," I said, holding his hand up to the clear sunlight, "so much in you comes from the shocks of your early life—so much that is truly admirable in you and so much that is undeveloped in you."

He regarded me with the look of a man who has been taught to value truth and who does not flinch from the darker regions of his memory.

I took his right hand, which is Van's inheritance hand, in my own and searched for the parental influence etched there. From one of his parents, as may be seen in the fine formation of his first finger, Van has been given a priceless legacy of honesty and integrity; from the other—and this is apparent in the curving of the little finger—he has inherited a tendency, which he must fight down, to avoid facing things with complete realism. Love of music has been bequeathed by one of his parents, and besides, a strong religious feeling. I was pleased to see that in Van's left hand, in which his personal life is reflected, religion and spiritual depth are thoroughly evident. Van told me that these qualities came from his father. His parents gave him quickness of perception, too, but Van has developed that quality to an even greater degree, for the little finger of his left hand is longer than its equivalent on the right.

WITH a sense of sympathy, I came to Van's fate line. It is a joy to see a clear, unhalting course in the early, formative years. It is equally disturbing to see a sudden break of that line in childhood.

"What happened to you at the age of five?" I asked.

"My father and mother separated," he said quietly.

I looked at the line again. One does not always recognize shock and disturbance in children, but it is there, nevertheless, in the subconscious mind of the child, and in the hand of the adult who was that child.

Even today, the effects of the separation throw a troubling shadow on a career brightly illuminated by success.

Fortunately another influence was recorded by his fate line which showed regularity until Van was eight.



Van's right hand, showing ability and drive—and tendency not to play enough

"My grandmother," Van volunteered. I looked at the second sharp break in his early fate line and the past formed its outlines for me as, I am confident, it must have for Van himself at the moment. There was a quick, sharp picture of a young blond boy seeking, through his grandmother's sweetness and gentility, to fill the emptiness in a household that was not complete, searching through her for the vital factor in child life of security. And gradually, with her, confidence returns and he can play with joyous abandon once more, ready afresh to explore the intriguing outside world around him.

Then the second blow falls. His grandmother dies. Again the lad withdraws into himself, numbed past all comfort by this second loss, inarticulate, puzzled.

A great gap follows his grandmother's passing in Van's fate line. In confirmation there is the life line, which runs downward from under the first finger to the wrist, and which forms an island signifying distress. At the age of ten, in both the fate and life lines, regularity is established once more and the lines progress clearly and uninterruptedly.

It is here that the influence of Van's father is manifested, as a definite, constructive force. A man of simplicity and honesty, the father became a comrade to him. He awakened the love of music that was dormant in his son and he gave him renewed faith in a world that twice before had darkened.

In Van's hand today, his father's influence is still strong. No other firm influence appears.

AS Van grew older, the desire to escape from the bleak New England way of life, to fill his boyhood existence with fanciful pictures, increased and began to shape him as an actor. His imagination flowered in crude, back-yard plays and in boyhood sports, enlivened by his own ideas. The triangular form of his thumb at the base reveals that from his boyhood fantasy came a well-developed sense of rhythm. It is from this rhythm that his sense of timing as an actor flows.

Thus his childhood and a stern New England tradition together became great teachers to Van Johnson.

I tried, as I progressed in my study of Van's hands, to separate the actor and the man.

Ten years from now it may be possible to follow the maze of lines which have the index to his inner being and say, "Here is that part of him which belongs to the theater. And here he is as a free individual in his private life."

But it is difficult to trace that division today.

The truth is that Van's existence as an actor has over-shadowed his free, natural growth as a thinking, feeling man.

There is so much in his nature, albeit dormant, which is fine and rare—his sense of social responsibility and his deep love of humanity as are shown by the combinations of the Mount of Venus and the Mount of Jupiter, both well developed.

But over all of this, there is drawn tightly, like an inflexible iron band, his dominant urge for accomplishment in his career.

I have spoken before of the insecurity which resulted from events in his early childhood. This lack of security, so strange in a man of his kind, has blocked his capacity to enjoy life fully.

Van's insecurity fires his ambition. It is ambition and relentless drive which he has chosen to ride in his search for security. And no man can so dedicate himself without leaving a blank page or two in his personal life.

Because he did not protest, I spoke to him naturally and frankly of his reserve.

"RC tastes best, I say!"

says **BARBARA STANWYCK**



BARBARA STANWYCK

Starring in

**"THE STRANGE LOVE
OF MARTHA IVERS"**

A Hal Wallis Production
Paramount Picture



"THE WINNER IN MY TASTE-TEST was Royal Crown Cola! I tried leading colas in paper cups—found RC much the best!" Try it yourself. Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

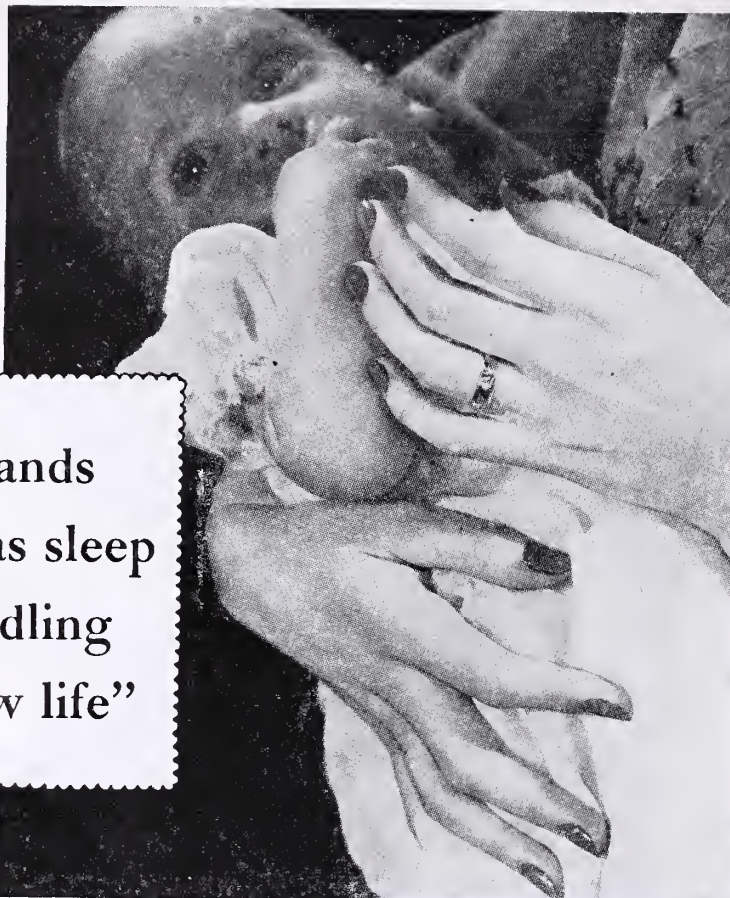
RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



**"Hands
soft as sleep
—cradling
new life"**



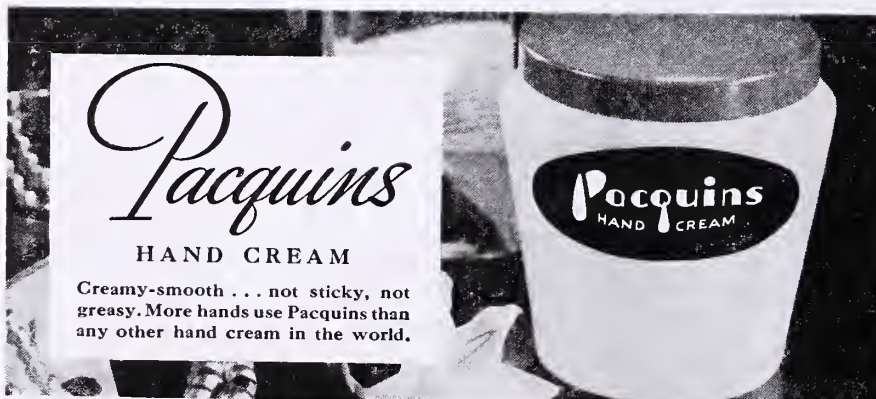
Do your dirtiest housework... and still have hands "soft as sleep"

Scrub and scour till your home is shining bright... but help keep your hands happy with rich-as-cream Pacquins Hand Cream! Shoos away redness, dryness. Makes hands feel comfy as a kitten on a cushion!



Doctors and Nurses use Pacquins

It was originally formulated for them because their hands take such a beating...in and out of water thirty to forty times a day! There was a crying need for an extra-rich cream that would turn the trick in a twinkling... leave hands softer, smoother, whiter. Pacquins does just that... so convenient to use too! No spilling... no waste. Pick up a jar of snowy Pacquins, today!



It is not a shyness, this reserve, nor a reluctance to live completely, but rather a kind of withdrawal which enables him to give undivided attention to his career.

"I never had time to play," he said solemnly.

"But you must," I counseled him. "You must not deprive yourself of the full measure of light-hearted living. You need it as a human being."

My fox terrier, Tommy, who has little or no curiosity about two-legged creatures, trotted into the room and to my astonishment mutely implored Van to play with him. Van answered him with an affectionate pat on the head.

"You have no dogs?" I asked.

"No, but I love them."

I shook my head reproachfully as I had when he had told me that he lives at a hotel in spite of his yearning for a house and a garden. His self-denial, I pointed out, was contradictory to his true nature and entirely a part of his subconscious urge to subordinate everything which might bring him satisfaction to his career.

There were other contradictions which I found. His New England thrift, for instance. For days he will budget himself, deprive himself of small, necessary luxuries. Then suddenly he will follow the dictates of his real self and shower his friends with generosities.

I CAME finally to the signposts of the hand which reflect health. In the head line and life line at the age of twenty-nine, there appeared with absolute clarity the break indicating a fracture of the skull.

"There," I said, tracing the break with my pencil so that he might see for himself what an astounding mirror the hand is of all that happens in a lifetime.

We discussed the terrible accident which missed tragedy by the smallest margin. It was my turn to marvel as he told me how, against doctor's orders, he had returned to the studio to complete the picture on which he was working.

Few men could have mustered such strength! But then few men have Van's determination.

I am convinced—and his hand confirms it—that no obstacle, natural or self-imposed, will ever halt Van's progress. The bone structure of his friendly hand, which yields only slightly when the hand is pressed from the knuckle of the first finger to the little finger, asserts his drive and energy and strength. Ambition resides in the Jupiter mount. His fine-textured skin is the clue to sensitivity. He has long, patient nails—a guarantee that he can work tirelessly. The fine line of intuition, which runs deeply from his life line to his little finger, bespeaks his ability to perceive quickly and to exercise sound judgment with trigger-like rapidity.

As for natural creative ability, the spatulate tip of his Apollo finger, the ring finger, indicates originality and creative ability throughout his lifetime.

When I had finished my reading, I was glad to be able to say to him:

"There is much that you must develop within yourself. But that is true of most people today. Time seems to move too quickly for all of us and we have discarded many of the hallowed formulas for complete living. You, Van, will discover all or most of the riches within yourself. You are lucky, for most people never do."

And as he left, waving goodbye from his car, I thought to myself that rarely had I met anyone better equipped to cope with sudden fame or better gifted to hold tenaciously to it and still grow as a human being than Van Johnson.

THE END

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

The Case Against The Outlaw

(Continued from page 34) a script to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which he was a member, and ran into his first trouble.

It was not real trouble. He was told that there were certain things in his script that would be offensive to audiences. He was advised to cut them out before he started shooting—since local censor boards all over the country would insist that he cut them out of his finished picture, anyway, before they would allow it to be shown.

With this advice in mind, Hughes made his picture and, early in 1941, submitted it to the Association for their official Seal.

He was told that certain scenes and treatments were still sure to make trouble for him, that he would be given the Production Code Seal as soon as he changed or eliminated them. He argued hotly, and even took an appeal to the Board of Directors, but finally gave in, made the corrections the Board required and was given the Seal in May, 1941.

In order to know why "The Outlaw" later became the storm center of so much trouble, it is important to know how Hollywood's Production Code works and what the acceptance of the Seal involves.

The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America wrote the Production Code in 1930 after there had been some public protest over films with sensational themes or scenes. All of the major producers got together and devised a set of rules which all voluntarily agreed to follow. The rules were simple, based on the common decencies of speech, morals and conduct. These rules are called the Production Code, and it has no other purpose than to make sure that no member, either deliberately or through ignorance or oversight, puts on the screen material that would be offensive. The fact that only six states maintain censor boards today is proof of how thorough a job of self-regulation Hollywood has done. The Production Code was long administered by what was popularly known as "The Hays Office" because the producers retained the distinguished ex-Postmaster General, Will Hays, to run things for them. This office is now headed by Eric Johnston, and the parent organization is now known as The Motion Picture Association of America.

It is to be remembered that the MPA is not, essentially, a censor board. It is a banding together of the men who make and distribute the biggest and best of films in an effort to serve the best interests of Hollywood by serving the best interests of the nation. Any producer, member or not, is welcome to submit his product, get advice and, if his film meets requirements, get the Production Code Seal. The MPA cannot prevent the making or the showing or the exploitation of a film. Its strength lies in the honor of the men who voluntarily decided what rules they wanted to play by and, in cases of disagreement, allowed the organization they themselves have set up to make the final decision.

"The Outlaw" was now ready to go. Hughes had retained the resourceful Russell Birdwell to handle the publicity and the build-up started. Then on February 5, 1943, Hughes himself with great fanfare gave "The Outlaw" a world premiere at the Geary Theatre in San Francisco.

Here the real trouble started. As a member who had accepted the Seal, Hughes obligated himself to observe MPA rules concerning advertising—simple rules based on good taste. Ads were used that were not approved by the MPA. Nor did San Francisco citizens approve the posters displaying on a haystack the ripe



"Love? I'm
too interested in
my career"

Applesauce!
You'd like to make
marriage
your career. So
set the scene:

KEEP FRESH! For a smart start, shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc after you bathe. Like a cooling caress, it sweetens your skin, leaves you radiantly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! For *ultra* comfort sprinkle extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over those little trouble spots. It protects chafeable places with a silky-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINTY! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It leaves your skin cool and comfortable, sets your daintiness on high with its flower-fresh scent—the fragrance men love.

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET
TALC**

In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes*

For the luxury size
with velour puff ask for
Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder 65¢*

*plus tax



MARTHA TILTON

Star of "Crime Incorporated" a PRC Production and singing star of Radio Hall of Fame.



Makes Dull Hair Beautiful

1. Friends—and your mirror—will tell you that there is new beauty, more silky sheen, more dancing highlights in your hair after your very first, easily applied Golden Glint hair rinse.
2. Emphasizes the natural color. There's a special Golden Glint rinse for your hair—12 different shades and many more combinations easily prepared.
3. Relieves tangles and snarls. Pure RADIEN, used only in Golden Glint, adds gloss, saving hours of comb-snagging and brush fouling. Your hair is easy to arrange and willingly stays in place.
4. Fifty million Golden Glint rinses sold. Why not join the throng of modish women who know how much superior to lemon juice or vinegar this scientific, modern rinse is? Get a 25c or 10c packet at drug or variety store today or send for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle 14, Wash., Box 3366-C62
Please send free sample for shade marked "X."

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|-----------------|---|---|
| 1. Black | ☐ 5. Nut Brown | ☐ 9. Topaz Blonde |
| 2. Dark Copper | ☐ 6. Silver | ☐ 10. Dark Auburn |
| 3. Sable Brown | ☐ 7. Titian Blonde | ☐ 11. Light Auburn |
| 4. Golden Brown | ☐ 8. Golden Blonde | ☐ 12. Lustre Glint |

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

GOLDEN GLINT

NEW creamy, white odorless LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR



1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR

Cosmetic lotion to
remove hair

49¢
plus tax



At Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores

young figure of Jane Russell with very little on above the waist except an expression of sultry threat; or newspaper ads calling attention to her physical charms by the line, "Sex has not been rationed."

People started calling up the police department, complaining about the advertising and the dirty words that volunteer copywriters scribbled on the billboards.

Chief of Police Dullea had a situation on his hands. The hue and cry did not seem to be directed primarily at the film; it was the advertising that caused such widespread pain that Hughes was forced to take down his billboards. Nevertheless the film played for eight weeks and was a great success financially. That, however, was the last it was seen until this year.

Hughes's office claims that this delay was because it was held up by censorship troubles. True, The Legion of Decency had put it on the condemned list in 1943, and by so doing had requested all Catholics not to see it. But powerful and large as The Legion of Decency is, it is not powerful enough to prevent the national showing of a film, and we can find record of no other action against "The Outlaw" then.

For whatever reason "The Outlaw" holed up, the fact remained that it was not shown anywhere for three years. But it was not forgotten. A steady stream of publicity on Jane Russell seeped through the press. Her face and figure became famous. The girl is beautiful. The poses were effective. The press agent was on the job. By the time Hughes made a deal with United Artists to release "The Outlaw" curiosity about the film and the lady were at fever pitch.

Once again, an advertising campaign was prepared and put into action, some of which did not carry the MPA approval and which quickly proved to be offensive. The campaign, like its San Francisco predecessor which had created such a wave of protest, once more was based pretty much on the anatomical charms of Miss Russell. One ad asked blandly, "What are the TWO great reasons for Russell's success?"

Another ad inquired in bold type under a picture of our heroine on the now-famous haystack, "How would you like to tussle with Russell?" Many national magazines, among them Photoplay, refused to publish this advertisement. A second ad was prepared, the copy slightly revised, which found acceptance among a number of magazines but which Photoplay again rejected. Following this, a completely new advertisement was prepared and offered to those magazines which had rejected the previous ads. This was also refused by Photoplay. Subsequently, still another ad was offered which Photoplay's publishers decided was in no way objectionable and it therefore was finally accepted.

Out in Los Angeles, according to the report of conservative Newsweek magazine, "... the picture's publicity men achieved a literal new high in vulgarity. Over Pasadena, a sky-writing plane traced 'The Outlaw' and then drew two huge circles side by side and placed a dot in the center of each."

Undoubtedly more through this advertising than through any other factor, the picture began to run into serious censorship trouble. In Syracuse, Wilmington, Bridgeport and Providence the picture was banned in its entirety. In Galveston, the Most Reverend C. E. Byrne, Bishop, sent a letter to all of the churches under his jurisdiction requesting Catholics to boycott any theater where "The Outlaw" played, not only during the engagement, but for a year afterward!

In Memphis the film was banned and in San Francisco was closed after a day's run. Hughes took the latter case to court and the right of the theater to show the film was upheld.

Such censorship did not interfere with the cash collections for Mr. Hughes's coffers. It is reported that the producer got back his original investment of \$1,200,000 in just two cities where his film was shown, so that from then on, the rentals on the film in later showings were all profit.

Though financially censorship actions did not impose any hardship on Mr. Hughes, the public's reaction did pose a crisis for the MPA and, in a broader sense, for the film industry as a whole. One producer of one film had managed to stir up such outcries against Hollywood as hadn't been heard for sixteen years since the writing of the MPA Production Code.

Something had to be done. Hughes was asked to appear before the Board of Directors of MPA for a hearing as to his violation of agreement as a member. Hughes never appeared, for the day before the hearing was scheduled, he resigned from the MPA and filed suit charging restraint of trade under the anti-trust laws. Here the MPA must have asked itself, "How can we be in restraint of trade when we are a completely volunteer group?"

The United States District Court in New York seems to have asked much the same question since the judge denied Hughes's motion for a temporary injunction to prevent the MPA from withdrawing its Production Code Seal on "The Outlaw."

Although Hughes had lost his suit for the time being, by bringing the matter to court action he managed in still another way to spread the burning oil of censorship restrictions.

Photoplay believes that as the producer of "The Outlaw" and as the man responsible for the advertising campaign on his motion pictures, Mr. Hughes has and is doing the film industry a disservice.

In our capitalistic democracy, Hollywood has been blessed with comparative freedom of action. There are no federal censorship statutes to contend with and few state censor groups to lay restraining hands on Hollywood. That films should have such freedom is largely because of the self-restraint of producers. By voluntary censorship they have saved the industry from more severe and stifling outside political censorships.

"The Outlaw" has provoked a feeling throughout America that perhaps, after all, Hollywood does need some sort of policing. In order to quiet such unrest, the film producers will of necessity lean over backwards to escape any further cause for alarm. It may well be that in so doing they will refuse to approve some great drama of inherent honesty because it is too controversial.

If "The Outlaw" prevents one honest, adult motion picture from being made, it has done more harm than it ever could good. If "The Outlaw" provokes one new censorship law, it will have incalculably injured Hollywood. Had "The Outlaw" dealt with a great social wrong or the abuse of some human right, the fight against censorship of it would have won Photoplay's immediate support.

The fact remains, after the shouting dies down, "The Outlaw" is just a semi-fictional story of an outlaw and a girl who put on the lowest cut blouse ever worn in a chilly desert night.

THE END

Sight Unseen

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ON PAGE 88

- Ginger Rogers: 1, C (Independence, Missouri); 2, C.
Gene Tierney: 1, B; 2, A.
Betty Hutton: 1, B; 2, A (Battle Creek, Michigan).
Orson Welles: 1, C; 2, A.
Judy Garland: 1, B; 2, A.

Loretta Young
in "THE STRANGER"
An International Picture



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion;
it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults;
the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds;
and it stays on for hours without retouching

Look Beautiful Always
... today and tomorrow



Do you want to add glamour to your beauty for today:
...do you want to keep your skin young-looking
for tomorrow? Then try "Pan-Cake"...the modern
glamour make-up that also safeguards the skin against
sun and wind which often bring aging signs
tomorrow. And remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake",
the original, created by Max Factor Hollywood for
the screen stars and now the make-up fashion of millions.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843

Photo by Kelley

Originated by Max Factor * Hollywood

* Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



GUARD YOUR HAIR FROM BROKEN ENDS WITH THIS NEW CURLER



No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!

EASIER

Patented "Easy-Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position

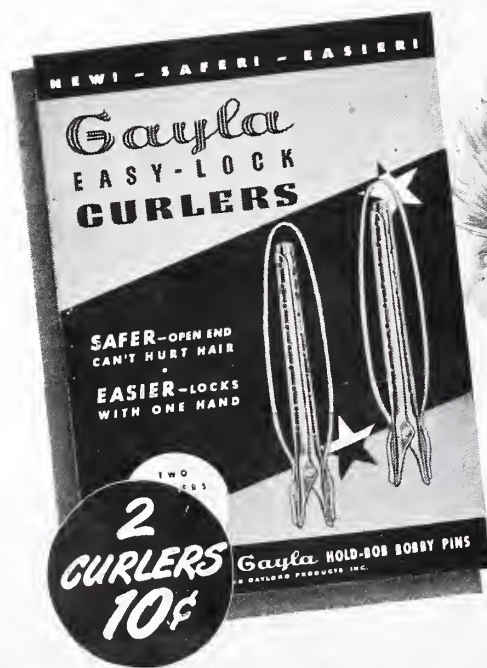


SAFER

Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

DON'T RISK SPLIT FRIZZY HAIR

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.



Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous
Gayla Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins

It's Like This to Be Mrs. Cornel Wilde

(Continued from page 39) beginning, there was hardly a day passed that we didn't spend a part of it blazing at each other, and the rest of it laughing over how mad we were. It helped, we realize now, to liven the monotony of bad breaks and being poor for so long.

The story of how Cornel and I passed each other on a New York street and fell spang into love has already been told. This, too, was an entirely public moment, occurring on 7th Avenue, parade ground of agents, actors—and all kinds of theater folk.

It would be nice if I could say this first and most important glimpse of my future husband was one that will never fade from my brain, but I can't. I can't even tell you whether he was dressed in blue, gray or brown. But I did receive a lightning impression of brown eyes, curly hair and dark handsomeness.

I had on a new black suit, which I considered very sophisticated and glamorous, and just right for touring the booking agencies. The kind of suit you put on and set out to make something happen—and, after I'd passed Cornel, I knew it *had* happened. The event itself is rather hard to define, because it was a very strange thing. Just two pairs of eyes, meeting each other in a crowd, and refusing to turn away....

He was talking to another man on the edge of the sidewalk—and I had to walk by them. I kept walking, mechanically, until I reached a drugstore, and collapsed on a soda stool. It's been told, too, how Cornel made a phony telephone call, while I drank a coke I didn't want—and both left the store without getting up nerve enough to speak to each other. My feelings were a wild mixture of wanting to cut my throat for not having said something, and of wondering just what a girl raised in Boston does say on such occasions.

PATE took care of the whole thing nicely, two days later, when I came out of the RKO Building and saw Cornel talking with some other actors. I walked by—but slowly, this time and if he hadn't followed me maybe I would have gone back. But he did follow me—and it resulted in a date for two nights later. It was conventional enough to please the movie scripters—a romantic little Hungarian restaurant, a bottle of Tokay, hours and hours of talking, and a Gypsy fiddler playing for us alone.

That Gypsy music, if I had been able to analyze it, was a sort of condensed version of the man I was going to marry. Moody as Cornel's own Hungarian self—gay, angry, tender, wild, subdued, inspired, in turn. Quick to change, but always very, very sweet.

Our current Hollywood home is called "Country House"—which is a pretty good description. It has five acres—and its master is personally acquainted with every tree, bush, flower and stretch of grass on the place. The house was built by Norma Talmadge, and decorated by ex-movie star William Haines. The day we first saw it, we felt they must have had blueprints of our dreams. Lots of color and comfort—sunlight and a view for every room—twelve rooms in English cottage style.

Cornel is like a kid, puttering around the grounds the whole weekend and evenings until dark. When we first moved in, we decided to have a group of eucalyptus trees taken out, and called a nursery to do it. We watched them pull up four trees, then Cornel decided they were having all the fun. So he and a friend of his took out thirty-two trees in three days! His favorite room in the house is the bleached ash panelled study, because of the

Oriental prints which cover one end of the room—bold-colored warriors and horse-men, each picture fitting exactly into the square panelling of the wood. The collection brightens the wall from floor to ceiling.

I share my husband's pride in what we fondly call our "estate." Both of us are still too close in mind and spirit to those New York days when we couldn't have kept even a boarding-house roof over our heads if the hotel manager hadn't believed in us enough to carry us, week after week, on the cuff. It was a broken-down place but home to us, because all the other occupants were poor but hopeful actors too. . . . We used to dream then of a place like "Country House"—and now we're living in it!

Cornel has never been quite as impulsive as I am, or at least he picks better times for it. It took him quite a while to get used to my crazy insistence on celebrating the bad breaks instead of the good ones, but it gradually grew to be an old family custom. When luck was the hardest and prospects the gloomiest, we'd take our last ten-dollar bill and splurge on a show or a bottle of champagne. It was a great morale builder, just saying "To blazes with it," and usually something good happened right afterwards.

When we were "rich" we'd carefully look for a fifteen-cent movie. It gave us that fine feeling of affluence you get when you can really afford something better. Currently, we like to sit and plan on a trip to Mexico, to be made as soon as we get a sizable vacation between pictures. We want to travel leisurely and in style, "—do it up brown, for once—just to see how it feels."

HE LOVES to look back on our years in the theater—and so do I—especially the plays we did together. There was Tallulah Bankhead's "Antony and Cleopatra," in which we were both rehearsing when we got married. Immediately afterwards the company went on tour for three-and-a-half months of one-night

It's new!
It's different!
It's exciting!

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon the thrilling, factual stories from True Detective magazine come to life over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System. If you enjoy the suspense-filled, action-packed stories in True Detective, don't miss this new and exciting radio series.

4:30 p.m. EDT • 3:30 p.m. CDT
2:30 p.m. MDT • 1:30 p.m. PDT



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

From my window I can see the children trooping back to school. How happy you must be when you think that some day your baby will be part of a similar lively procession.

Mrs. Dan Gerber

Harry Mom— I'm Hungry!

That's the way every baby should feel about food. To be sure that *your* baby does, get Gerber's Baby Foods as millions of mothers do. So many advantages make Gerber's a favorite. We take extra care to make our foods taste good, to achieve that "just-right" texture.

Our choice vegetables and fruits are carefully washed in pure, deep well water . . . our cooking process is done by steam to retain a high amount of minerals and vitamins for your baby to grow on. Every step is laboratory checked for quality.

As a mother you'll be right if you get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

Barley—a new cereal for baby!

Gerber's Barley Cereal (in yellow box) now joins Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. All three cereals pre-cooked, ready-to-serve by adding milk or formula.



Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Remember, it is wise to check baby's feeding program with your doctor.

19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

Free samples

My baby is now months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. F9-6, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. F9-6, 49 Wellington St. E., Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address.....City and State.....

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stands, a schedule we promptly rejected as being a heck of a honeymoon. It was a brave gesture, because it was many weary weeks before we got new jobs. We played in "French without Tears," together, and enjoyed a wonderful dual engagement at the Spring Festival in Ann Arbor. Always, however, there was "Moon over Mulberry Street"—

"Mulberry Street" was no gem but whenever we got broke we could always take it on the road and we did have fun with it. It was a triangle affair with me playing a Park Avenue deb, Cornel a poor Italian boy from the slums, and my society fiancé played by our dear friend, cherubic-cheeked actor, Jimmy Metcalfe. That baby face of Jimmy's, coupled with the seriousness of his role could break Cornel up on the slightest provocation.

Once, in the final scene, when Jimmy had worked himself up to a very dramatic farewell, he tried to don his collapsible evening hat and it wouldn't un-collapse. Cornel promptly went into hysterics. I might say that laughter is my husband's most violent mood—when he starts, he just can't stop. He stood there with his shaking back toward the audience, unable to say a word. Jimmy finally made his exit. Then the curtain stuck and wouldn't fall on our final kiss . . . That sent us both sky-high. We had to get offstage somehow so Cornel took me by the hand and gasping, "Come darling," led me into what had been established as the bedroom!

Cornel has a wonderful sense of humor and he loves to play little jokes. His specialty is fake phone calls—he's a great mimic of other people's voices, plus various dialects and accents. Not long ago, when we decided to dispose of a few pieces of furniture we no longer needed, he got caught in his own joke. All afternoon I was pestered with calls from people "an-

swering our ad," asking me a series of perfectly mad questions. It took me a long time to catch on that it was the Wilde boy. When the next caller announced in guttural Russian accent that he was very anxious to buy all the pieces, I told him a very sad tale about having used it all for firewood. You guessed it—the Russian was a real prospect. . . .

A gift from Cornel is always one of the

Here Comes Beauty!

Photoplay's big news for October is the first of famous and beautiful

Anita Colby's

beauty articles
illustrated with a lovely full color
picture of

Shirley Temple

Don't miss it!

finest gifts ever given, because he puts so much of himself into it. The first present he ever gave me was a medal he won for a saber championship in '36. If he'd been able to afford a diamond tiara for me at the time, I think he still would have been prouder to give me the medal. Our wedding rings were dime-store ones and they soon turned green. Recently we bought each other gold wedding rings. Inside

are two lines from the marriage ceremony, one line in his and one in mine.

I now have my second "decoration," too. A St. Christopher's medal made into a locket, with a sapphire on top. It opens up into four sections and each has a picture glazed on the gold—one of himself, one of us together, one of Wendy and one of Punch. It has a poem engraved on the back—four lines that he composed himself, every word so precious to me that I never have repeated them to anyone else.

Wendy, now three, has her Daddy's coloring—his dark eyes, and I believe her hair will eventually be as dark as his, too. He's a very reasonable father, delighted with his off-spring and content to have her grow up to be whatever she wants to be. That's going to suit me, too, so long as she can manage to be herself at all times—in the same way he does. Punch, for the uninformed, is our French poodle.

Someday, perhaps, I will get a chance to play opposite my favorite leading man on the screen, and it will be a proud moment. We also hope to act together again on the stage. Acting is so much a part of our lives, a business but also a pleasure, that we rehearse and work together at home. Better than that, however, we are very good critics for each other.

Oh, I wouldn't pretend that we never have any quarrels anymore—we still try once in a while, just to keep our hand in. Cornel's so darned absent-minded sometimes he drives me crazy. I know that I am a better person, however, since I became Mrs. Cornel Wilde. I used to be very impatient with people and things—he's taught me reason and tolerance and kindness. He's taught me, too, that whenever I sit down to write anything like this, my husband is always going to be my favorite subject.

THE END

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"You find the Pepsi crowd everywhere!"

The Hodiaks— Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 29) movie stars both, who have managed to meet, to fall in love, to get married, and to plan a home as simply as if they were not in Hollywood at all, capital of whimsical love affairs, jealousy, frustration and *chi chi*.

If you liked Anne and John before, you'd like 'em together even better. They are complex personalities, naturally, as talented, ambitious people always are, but in another setting you'd not be surprised to find them having a coke and holding hands at the corner drugstore on date nights, like engaged couples in any small town.

But the events leading up to the scene on the couch were not so simple as the proposal.

They met while John was working in "Lifeboat," two years ago. He was shirtless, he had a stubble of beard and he was tattooed, chiefly with the initials of girls, and none of them "A.B."

Hume Cronyn performed the introduction. "Here's an eligible bachelor, Anne," he said, presenting Mr. Hodiak, who responded as politely as he could, considering that he had most of a sandwich in his mouth. Love at first sight? Let's not get dull, doll. Anne passed the incident up politely, but with the same vivid interest she might have had if Cronyn had said, "There goes the iceman."

THEY did a picture together, "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," and were as cool about it as a pair of frostbitten Eskimos.

"I overheard him complaining that I talked too much in make-up," Anne reports.

"Well, it was early in the morning," John explains, hastily. "You know how it is, a lot of talk, early in the morning?"

"He was high hat," says Anne.

"She was cold," says John.

"I was working hard," says Anne.

"So was I," says John.

"You paid no attention to me," says Anne.

"I asked you to play gin rummy," says John.

"That did it," says Anne.

"I blitzed her," said John. "I thought she'd been pretty cool and all, but one afternoon when there was nothing to do I did suggest a game and was a little surprised when she said she'd play. I took her three straight games. A blitz. Wow!"

"You never clapped eyes on a madder young woman. She blazed. Her eyes were like a conflagration."

"I was never so furious in my life," said Anne. "I took those cards and made a comeback. I blitzed that man three times straight myself."

"I had a sickly smile on my face, too," said John. "We haven't played gin rummy since. But you ought to see her when she's mad. Brother, that did it."

(Notice to future generation of Hodiaks: That did it. That's how your great-grandpaw John and your great-grandmaw Anne fell in love.)

The proposal came months later after many dates, which is quite as it should be. Also, as it must inevitably be according to the rule of true love, there was the customary rift; time off for taking stock, a period during which nobody was particularly happy. That was the proof of the pudding. So they had a meeting of minds on all scores, including music, art and what a house to live in should be like. Anne, who is expertly informed in the realm of good music, was introduced, gradually, to the facts of life in regard to hot jazz. John is expert on that. So is Anne, now. They

Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT.



On every count tests† show new, super-fast Odorono Cream Deodorant meets highest standards in entire deodorant field.

Works better every way for it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper. *Instantly*, safely puts a stop to all perspiration troubles. One application gives unfailing protection up to 3 days.

Guaranteed longer lasting* — non-gritty to bottom of jar. Always gentle to skin and fine fabrics.

No other cream deodorant offers so much to women who know that their present deodorant is getting less and less effective. So compare! *See how much faster* Odorono Cream Deodorant works, how much longer it affords protection.



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢
Plus Federal Tax

Contains Science's Most Effective Perspiration Stopper

*Money back guarantee if any jar does not last longer than any other leading cream deodorant brand. Send jar to Odorono, Inc., Stamford, Conn. †Made in Northam Warren laboratories.



"A Growing Gap Between Us..."

How terribly heartsick I was—reaching out in vain toward my husband across an ever widening distance! Puzzled, too, at its cause. But I should have realized that I had spoiled our happiness... knowing

about feminine hygiene but risking haphazard care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is important to a happy marriage... recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But... Oh, Joy! I've Bridged It!"

We're closer than ever, *now!* And happier than ever, now I'm living up to my doctor's advice and being careful about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching, and find it every bit as effective as

the doctor said. Far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. You see, "Lysol" is a true germ-killer—cleansing thoroughly, yet gently too. It's easy and economical to use... and it *works!*

Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene... for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 1: POWERFUL, PROVED GERM-KILLER... "Lysol" is a true germicide of great germ-killing power. This power is not reduced by age or exposure to air.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution... always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

disagreed and compromised about politics and agreed that night clubs were stupid places unless you dressed to kill and went in a spirit of complete celebration and foolishness, not too often.

They agreed about wedding plans.

"Everything simple," said Anne, which is the way it was. "Everything very conventional. The bride in white, and all, and a wedding trip. If Niagara Falls had been within reach, we would have gone there."

But before you get to a wedding, there comes that inevitable time when the news has to be broken to the bride's parents.

Anne's grandfather is the celebrated architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter, are conservative Easterners who have a home at Burlingame, California. Anne and John drove up to spend Easter weekend with them and while there asked them to announce the engagement. The announcement as the four planned it set the key to the whole marriage and they all felt wonderful about the conventional way the engagement was announced, which is a difficult thing to do when you are a movie star. As far as this is concerned, Anne and John feel they are not cheating their public but that it would be refreshing to the public for a change not to see a holy show made of a wedding in film town.

"And there we were, all officially engaged."

They were married on July seventh at four o'clock in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Baxter's home in Burlingame, and it was a quiet wedding and as pretty a wedding as you please.

"We owed an obligation there," said John, "because we're in pictures. So we cooperated with the photographers. But otherwise, this might have been any couple getting married, and why not?"

They had it all, rice, old shoes, the bride tossing her bouquet, which was in three parts so that three friends might share the luck—and Mr. and Mrs. Hodiak made a flustered getaway to the airport where they took a plane to Colorado Springs for their honeymoon.

ANNE'S engagement ring is an emerald-cut diamond with hand-wrought diamond and platinum leaf designs. It was something they designed and shopped for together and which took so long to decide on and to design that Anne was able to wear it for the first time only a few weeks before the wedding.

Sitting on their couch where they got engaged, Anne and John face their problems and their plans forthrightly.

They think it's all right for people in the same profession to marry. Much better that way than for an actress to marry a business man who'll find it difficult to understand how a day's work in an important part, such as Anne's *Sophie* in "The Razor's Edge," can exhaust a girl and put her out of sorts.

They point out reasonably enough that they have known each other for two years, that they understand each other's problems, that they make allowances—and that there are just as many divorces among the non-pros as among the actors and actresses, if the truth be known.

They have another advantage. Both are troupers of long standing, in spite of their youth, and both are stars, stars of equal magnitude, and on the way up. There's no room for professional jealousy.

They are serious. After their honeymoon, they returned to Anne's house in Beverly Hills because there aren't any other houses available. They immediately began to start plans for the home they'll build when such miracles are possible. They hope it will be a series of plans of Anne's grandfather and his son Lloyd

Wright, one of the outstanding California modern designers. A house built around Anne's and John's dreams.

They regard the future calmly and confidently, and realize the importance of in-laws. Ken and Catherine Baxter are delighted with their son-in-law. His parents, to quote a friend, "look at Anne with velvet eyes."

Anne and John like the same things.

The same things include Debussy and Ravel, swing, Tchaikovsky, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, puttering about the house, Henry Morgan, Watson Webb, Zachary Scott, good talk, unpretentiousness, yellow roses, hard work, swimming, riding, cooking, walking—as a matter of fact—"anything to do with living."

And there is an interest that is a lost art, practiced today only by connoisseurs—the simple art of liking and enjoying good things, good art, good articles, simply because they are intrinsically good and worth while.

This is perhaps their chief point of agreement.

ANNE'S driving is their point of difference. They have not had a major quarrel (Anne: "I'm looking forward to it. They say it has to happen. But in two years we haven't found anything to quarrel about!") but came close on a trip to Palm Springs, Anne driving.

She did some spectacular things. When they arrived, in dark silence, John alighted and stated flatly and emphatically: "Anne, you are without question the worst driver in the world."

Anne's reply is a classic in the expert study of how to calm an angry man.

"I'm sorry, darling. I am afraid I was just showing off," she said, and smiled. How are you going to stay mad with a girl like that?

She's stubborn, says John. Very stubborn, Anne admits. But stubbornness, says John, "is nothing but whimsical determination. Determination is good." How are you going to stay stubborn with a man like that?

It would be hard, actually, to find two persons whose interests range wider than Anne's and John's. They go for everything from baseball to ballet and from Bach to boogie woogie.

They collect the records of a soprano most persons never heard of, a singer named Claudia Muzio, who sang with Caruso, and they like Duke Ellington. They will listen for hours to Burl Ives, whom they enjoy, but at the same time they take him seriously as an important student of American folk lore.

They agree on who's boss in their family. John is boss. John is calmer, John is far-seeing, John is patient, John is neat. Anne is wise but mercurial, Anne is stubborn, and Anne is not neat. That is to say, about putting things away and hanging things up. They tell these things on themselves, and laugh. They laugh a great deal.

They can be as silly as you'd expect anyone in love to be silly. When Anne was on a recent location, they held daily telephone conversations that lasted an hour-and-a-half, and can't remember what in the world they talked about. They wrote letters to each other every day, several letters a day.

"John is awfully handy around the house," says Mrs. John Hodiak proudly. "That's a fine thing in husbands, they tell me. I admire that man. I learn a lot from him."

John doesn't have to say anything. Just look at him look at Anne.

The End

The Care and Feeding of Fine Furniture



1. Fine woods are like people— they need nourishment to keep them from cracking and drying out. Best diet is a daily dusting with a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on your dust cloth. It's the famous polish with the *triple-action*. Cleans, polishes and *protects*—all at the same time.

2. Is your furniture streaked? Or gummed? Don't choke the poor thing with too much polish—or a heavy, sticky polish. Wash off old, caked streaks. Then switch to your mother's old favorite—O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish—for proper care. It leaves furniture with a clean, gleaming finish that's perfect!



3. Spot-and-scratch ailments. Try O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on a dampened cloth. It's a wonder-worker for watermarks and minor scratches. (If the mar goes deep, use O-Cedar Touch-up Polish, according to directions on the bottle.) O-Cedar Polishes are used by more homemakers than any other brand.

4. Hint for ashes. Wide, flat ashtrays help a lot. Afterwards, "damp dust" with a cloth moistened with O-Cedar Polish. It wipes up dirt and ashes in jig-time, without scattering them into the cracks and crannies. Use it on your dust mop, too. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."



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And Nature has so constructed and physically endowed woman that in many cases she's apt to suffer certain distressing symptoms during her life. For instance, when she enters womanhood—or during the menopause, the period when fertility ebbs away.

Now if on 'certain days' of the month—female functional monthly disturbances are causing *you* to suffer pain, nervous distress and feel so tired, cranky, you pick on your children and snap at your husband—then *do* try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's *famous* for this purpose!

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Pinkham's Compound—made especially for girls and women—DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. It ALSO relieves accompanying nervous tension, irritability and weak, high-strung feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such distress. A thing any sensible woman should want to do!

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Lydia E. Pinkham's

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Olivia Hits Her Stride

(Continued from page 53) That very fact may write the ending to the story of a girl who formerly was very wretched and a fellow who was very lonely, both of whom are too happy together, currently, to think quite clearly about the future.

They met at the Beverly Hills Officers' Club on January 16, 1944, the girl who was a movie star and the handsome captain just back from a long stretch in New Guinea. Temporarily at that time Joe McKeon was stationed at the Santa Maria, California, air base. He'd come into the Beverly Hills Officers' Club with Sigrid Gurie, a friend of a New Guinea buddy.

OLIVIA was very mixed up at that time in a highly turbulent romance. It was that trite but tragic situation of a man, long separated from his wife, but not legally free. Miss de Havilland was brought up as a lady, with very high ideals. Combined with that, she has a fine, appraising mind and a dreaming, affectionate nature.

Trying to find her way out, Olivia showed the sensible goodness of her nature by the method she chose: She wasn't happy herself but she'd try to help others find happiness. So she went entertaining the troops, went not to the comfortable spots, but to the most uncomfortable ones: To the Aleutians, then to the South Seas.

She was in between those trips when she met Joe McKeon. She still had a crack in her heart but she found she and Joe had much to talk about immediately. Not but that she'd have had enough to talk about, anyhow. All the de Havillands are natural talkers and intellectuals—Olivia, her pretty mother, and her will-o-the-wisp sister, Joan Fontaine. Before that first evening was over at the Officers' Club, Olivia and Joe had made a date to go ice skating. Something the South Pacific had made the Captain yearn for.

Although she spent most of the time on that first twosome date sitting down, very hard, on the ice, Olivia did manage to find out a lot about Joe.

He came of a pure Irish family, though his father had been born in England and had been in the British Army during the first World War. Joe, himself, though born in America, had spent much of his little boyhood in Ireland. He had always gone to Catholic schools, both here and abroad, and he never had any doubt as to what he wanted to do. He wanted to be a soldier, wearing the wings of a flier.

He was in Hawaii on December 7, 1941. He had seen twenty-seven months of action in the Pacific before he met Olivia. He got a four-months interval in this country, training pilots, before he was sent to England. In the whole war, those months were all Captain McKeon had in America.

During those four months Joe acted like any other very nice normal young airman. Having found himself a beautiful girl, he tried to make time. He wasn't demanding, but he hardly let her out of his sight. Every moment he had free from his field, he made date plans with Olivia.

"A couple of times we went night-clubbing," Olivia says, "but mostly we had quiet little dinners and talked and talked. I heard about Joe's childhood. He heard about mine. He was a dear. That's an awfully girlish word, but it is the word that most fits Joe. He is so dear. You get accustomed to too-smooth men around Hollywood. It was so refreshing for me to encounter somebody who wasn't being slick, but was being sincere. Joe was—he is—all faith and idealism and service. Everybody who meets him warms to him immediately, to the visible goodness that's in him. That was one of the nicest things

about our engagements those first few months—all my friends liked Joe so very much. Martha Scott positively adored him.”

Then Joe, who couldn't sit it out any longer with the war still on, put in for the British area and shipped out to England and Olivia agreed to go on a tour to Fiji. There was no “understanding” between them when they parted. They both knew there was a great mental companionship which they shared, a happy host of simple things that they enjoyed doing together. If they both dodged using the word “love” so did many other couples in wartime. There was no future in 1944 nor in much of 1945. There was only today. There was only now.

Olivia gave Joe a letter to her best friend in England, Lady Bain. She told him he'd find friends there. She promised she'd write. Joe said he'd write, too.

So Olivia sailed for Fiji, trying not to worry about Joe, avoiding thinking about that slow ache that was still in her heart, a left-over from the past. She was doing her job for her country in her own way. She hoped to do it well. She did it too well. She got pneumonia and had to go to the hospital.

That was why, she figured, letters weren't coming through from Joe. She assured herself his silence meant only that his letters had got lost and she hoped he wouldn't worry because her letters to him had to stop for a while, until she got strength enough to continue them.

What Olivia didn't know was that three days after she went into the hospital, Joe went into a prison camp at Barth, Germany, up on the Baltic Sea.

WHEN she finally got back to Hollywood, she found stacks of letters from Lady Bain, all raving about Joe. He'd made exactly the same hit in England that he'd registered in Hollywood. But there was no word from Joe himself. Olivia called all his other friends around Hollywood, including Carleton Alsop. Carlton and Joe had become good friends at the time Carleton's wife, Martha Scott, was appearing on the Santa Ana air base show and Joe had been featured as the “hero” on one of the weekly “Hero” spots. Their friendship had gone on from there.

It was Carleton who finally got the information out of Washington. Joe's plane had been seen, it's tail section and one wing knocked off, spinning to the ground somewhere over Germany. “Lost in action” the War Office said.

“But he's not dead. I know,” Olivia said.

Martha Scott had a picture of Joe which she tacked up in her dressing room on Broadway where she was playing “The Voice of the Turtle.”

“No, I know he's not dead, either,” said Martha to Olivia over the long-distance phone.

“You women and your illogical conclusions,” said Carleton Alsop to both of them.

Olivia got in touch with Joe's father in Long Island. Mr. McKeon told her about the “lost in action” telegram he had received.

“I don't believe it. I won't believe it,” Olivia retorted.

Seven months went by. It was 1945 and the Russians were advancing into Germany. Olivia was in Boston in a hospital for observation. The doctors said they didn't know what was the matter with her. Her nerves were completely shot. They advised rest, while they studied her case. One day the nurse brought her a cablegram, forwarded from Beverly Hills. “In England tonight. See you in three weeks Beverly Hills, Joe,” it read.

Olivia didn't know what the story was behind that telegram but she believed every word of it. And all of a sudden, she felt perfectly fine and the shadow of the

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past that had been hanging over her disappeared entirely.

On top of that, the unanimous decision of the three judges of the Court of Appeals was handed down and she was free to sign a new contract. So Olivia came home to Beverly Hills, signed with Paramount and waited for three weeks, and her heart was whole again and she was out in the sunshine. That cablegram could be some kind of a trick and there was no way, war being war, for anyone to guarantee they could be from England to California in twenty-one days, but still, she knew that Joe would be.

And he was.

He was very thin and very tired. The scar around his left eye looked grim and he still limped a little from walking for miles to the nearest town jail on his broken ankle after he had parachuted to earth in Germany. What had made it worse was that after having been forced by the Germans to walk on the broken ankle to the jail, then to the hospital, when he finally arrived at the prison camp he had been forced to stand for several days in a compartment crammed with other prisoners. His legs swelled to three times their size and he thought he would surely lose them. Several of our fliers captured at about the same time did lose theirs and a couple of the others lost their lives, but Joe survived. It was the Russians who liberated him.

AND then came peace. Men were getting their honorable discharge papers but not Captain McKeon. He wanted to stick. It was his life. He became Major McKeon and was stationed at Riverside which is only fifty miles outside of Hollywood—in actual distance.

In every other way, however, Riverside is as far away as the moon from Hollywood and of this, the new, lovely, sincere Olivia is very aware.

"Joe loves his work and is ambitious concerning it," she says, "and of course, that is the way it should be with any man. Yet for that, I feel he needs the best kind of home and domestic wife. But here I am, one of those awful women who loves her own work. Except for Hollywood, I can only carry it on in one or two other places—New York, perhaps, or even possibly London.

"Whether or not I could ever give it up, I don't know. The reason I haven't married up to now is because I am very serious about marriage. I should want my marriage to be founded on love and respect, above any other factors, but I should also want to feel it would be the only marriage ever possible to me. I know that attitude is Joe's attitude, too, and with his religion, it would have to be-all or end-all. Joe eventually will have to do some more overseas duty. That will always be coming up, in the years ahead. So I don't know what lies in the future." Olivia smiled. "You know the old, old adage about time telling," she said.

Yes, we know that old adage about time telling and we know the one about love will find a way too and that character will out. The kind of boy who survives first a war, and then a prison camp, and rushes back to his girl is not too easily stopped.

But, no matter how this story ends, you can be sure of this much: You're going to see a much finer, more sensitive actress in this girl de Havilland from now on—and that means real acting greatness, for she's always been excellent, right from the start. But her greater stature will come because she's a girl with courage and honesty and generosity, who's definitely found herself.

THE END



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EL PASO, TEXAS

Big Girl

(Continued from page 57) "Ready, Miss Temple?" said the assistant director.

"Soon as I get my hair fixed."

"How's your tooth?" the assistant director asked.

"Fine," said Shirley, and giggled.

"I guess it was the dentist, coming here and all, with his little black satchel, that started those rumors," said Mrs. Temple.

The preceding three scenes aren't exactly three of a kind, but they are relevant to the life and times of a young woman who has been one of the half-dozen best known persons in the entire world since she was six years old. To those fortunate enough to be close by, the experience of watching the ex-baby doll with the six extravagant curls grow up, get married, and become a full-fledged star all over again is both fetching and alarming.

SHE is now old enough to have her own home, to try to live on a budget, to be astonished by the voracious appetite of a young man who gobbles four eggs for breakfast and gets hungry again before noon, old enough to be a world-famous motion picture star—but not old enough for everyone to have forgotten that she was only recently a chirping, dancing, golden-headed moppet. That irks her.

Shirley says little about it, but she realizes acutely that she has no greater competitor than that child. She can't live up to her and she can't live her down. She speaks fondly of the ex-Shirley, but she speaks objectively, almost as if she were speaking of another person. The phenomenal babe of the 'Thirties, who is said to have banked a tidy three million dollars, belongs today at the head of the two thousand dolls in the fabulous playroom of Shirley's house.

So far as anybody knows, no young thing ever tried harder to get grown up in a hurry. None ever came through the twittering teens with more graceful colors. Possibly only one other girl in all history ever confronted the world at her age with so much *savoir-faire*. The other girl was a kid named Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt at seventeen; she knew a thing or so about acting and a lot about men, but she probably couldn't fry eggs.

Although she will tease you into mumbling incoherence and make you feel as inept as a broken crutch if she really likes you, Shirley faces facts forthrightly. She denied, as indignantly as if she'd been accused of stealing chickens, a rumor in April that she was going to have a baby. It just wasn't so, it hadn't been planned that way, and things are going to work out as planned, says Shirley.

But now that we're on the subject, what about babies, Shirley?

"Three," says Shirley. "By all means, three. But not too soon. I hope they will not arrive for a little while. If we could pick the time, we'd say sometime after May, 1947."

The significance of that date is that not until then will Shirley have completed her heavy schedule of pictures David O. Selznick has set for her, including "Honeymoon" and "Little Women." Time enough then to think about posterity.

"Want to be startled?" asked Shirley. "Well, I could be a grandmother—by 1965. Now will you believe I'm grown up?"

Since April 23, her eighteenth birthday, Shirley has been free of the benevolent state welfare department. It was an oddity, at that, this last year, for Shirley, although married and graduated from high school, was still an infant under the law. Always, there was a welfare worker on the set whenever Shirley was present. And Shirley had to quit work daily at five P.M., an



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Who Said I'm NOT SWEET



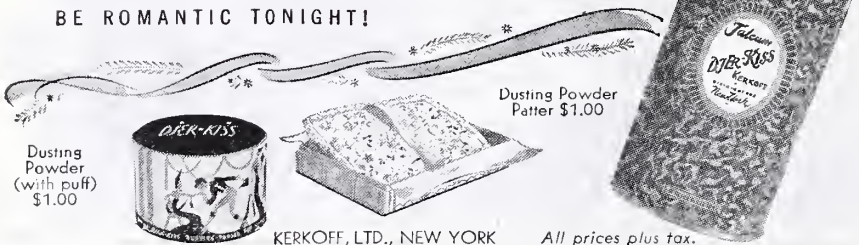
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embarrassment in front of older players like being sent to bed early.

Actually, her eighteenth birthday meant no new freedoms for Shirley, since she already has everything any adult could want in that respect, but psychologically the date was important. Shirley regarded it as a young man regards the great age of twenty-one.

"I'm a free woman now, you can't boss me any more," she teased her mother, who hasn't bossed her in several years. At her parents' insistence Shirley began taking charge of her own affairs even before her sixteenth birthday, the year she told the truth about her age, to the confusion of the world-wide clique of Temple admirers who thought she was fifteen. She had complete say about roles, clothes, spending money and dates since then.

But since the wedding, make no mistake about it, the boss in the Agar home has been Mr. Jack Agar.

"I'm Mrs. Jack Agar and darn proud of it," she says. The other day she crossed out the "Temple" on her dressing-room door and substituted "Agar."

"Shirley Agar"—now, that's something, isn't it? To Shirley Agar it is the sweetest music in the world.

IN "Honeymoon," with both Franchot Tone and Guy Madison as leading men, Shirley will dance and sing for the first time since she's been old enough to wear nylons. This will be a screen event of wide interest and Shirley has been nervous about it. The little girl with the curls was a celebrated *diva* and *danseuse*. For the past two years, Shirley has been a dramatic actress, a schoolgirl, and now, glory be, a housewife. She'll do all right. Shirley always does all right, but she confides that she wishes "Uncle Billy" Robinson was here to coach her. "Uncle Billy," incidentally, never forgets a birthday or an anniversary. He was on the long distance telephone promptly on the morning of April 23, singing "Happy Birthday."

The staggering fan mail continues. Marriage and graduation into adult roles has made no difference there. One of the phenomenal sights on the Selznick lot is brawny messengers lugging sacks and boxes of letters, mostly addressed to "Miss Shirley Temple," but more and more these days addressed to "Mrs. John Agar." They arrive at a constant rate of 40,000 a month.

Shirley and her mother labor over this mail, do their best to reply personally whenever possible. But some requests have to be ignored, even when they're romantic and make special appeal to Shirley.

The English girl who said she wouldn't marry the American GI unless he provided Shirley Temple's wedding gown for the ceremony got a quick but polite turn-down. "A wedding dress is pretty personal, isn't it?" Shirley said. "And anyway, do you really think a marriage based on a whimsicality like that is a good idea? If she loves him, she ought to marry him anyway."

Shirley is now receiving scores of requests to act as godmother, and although she likes the new status this gives her, she is compelled to say no.

Some close investigation and careful inquiry around the Selznick studio reveals that Shirley had nothing whatever to do with Jack's recent decision to become a motion-picture actor himself. That was the doing of astute Henry Willson, Selznick's assistant, discoverer of Guy Madison and other photogenic people. Agar, who was discharged from the Army last January 1, has money of his own—he and Shirley live on it, spending none of hers—and was considering whether to go to Harvard Business School or to start right out in

business, when Willson pointed out that motion pictures are good business too, and that he could make good in it without a helping hand from Shirley.

They began their married life in a one-bedroom rented house, furnished. That's where Shirley, who went to cooking school before Jack got out of the Army, discovered that most of her culinary lessons had been wasted. The elaborate casseroles and trick things to do with tunas and salads were all unappreciated: Shirley's man likes meat and potatoes, liver and onions, fried eggs and ham. They lived there more than three months before they could follow their plan of taking over their own home, next door to her parents.

This was the famous house with the stage, trap drums, soda fountain and the dolls. It now resembles a New York studio apartment, with the enormous living-room walls in pale aqua, with big couches and chintz. The space formerly occupied by the soda fountain, which was the small Shirley's chief delight in life, has been added to space taken from where the stage used to be, and that is the Agars' bedroom, done in yellow. The exterior of the home, formerly cream, is now white.

"I have had to give in and get a maid for this one," said Shirley. "Jack insisted on it. He said, after all, he had a right to some of my time, and he didn't want me scrubbing—say, you should see me do the floors!—all the time, and we had some dancing to catch up on."

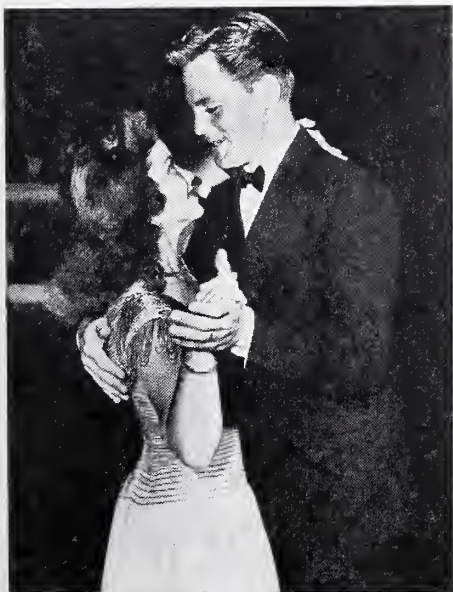
A year ago, Shirley's dates took her to quiet places. The boys were shy about being photographed with a celebrity. They stopped at the soda fountains on the way home for cokes and hamburgers with the gang. Now the Agars are well known at a few of the better bistros where the orchestras are good. They like to rumba.

Shirley does her shopping on the way home from the studio. All Southern California shops at the Farmer's Market, a fabulous open-air mart where the vegetables are fresher than sailors, and there Mrs. Agar trades. Sentimental housewives sigh among the rhubarb bins as they watch the bride buy the potatoes.

Women, who are the people that should know, allege that this sort of thing means a lot more to a girl than being a movie star. Shirley confirms that opinion in more ways than one.

Besides, you have to be grown up to go shopping for your husband's dinner.

THE END



Happiness to dancetime—Shirley Temple and John Agar at Cinematographers' Ball

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For PURITY, SAFETY, and ECONOMY use PACKER'S . . . shampoo that's *safe*. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



Mark Against Time

(Continued from page 50) my own new dinner jacket. The night he returned it, he told me this story.

"I had no right to go to that party," he said, in self-condemnation. "I'm nobody. I was the only unimportant person there. They didn't know who I was. Most of them didn't care."

Tactfully I tried to mention the stars who had struggled, taken years to reach their goal. Flynn, for example. After all, Steve was still new. Wasn't there still plenty of time? Steve flashed me a look I shall never forget.

"That's just it," he said, in a dry, hollow voice. "There *isn't* plenty of time. Maybe five years at the most. If I'm not a star by then, I'll *never* be a star. I'll never be able to act at all. I won't even be able to walk!"

IT all began in his childhood. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, an only son, he was frail, sheltered, adored and indulged by a beautiful young mother he adored in return. When he was three, Steve was taken to England to live with his grandparents. His mother, now divorced, thought the change might benefit her little son. Eventually they returned to Cleveland. The following year they decided to try the climate and visit relatives in Montreal.

On his twelfth birthday, a new stepfather came into Steve's life. It was good to see his mother happy but he felt strange, left out of things. He kept his misgivings bottled up inside himself. It was the summer of 1935. Steve, now fourteen, was sent to a popular resort where he determined to train for the junior Olympics. He loved to swim, was fairly good too.

He never stopped training. Then one day Steve was on the diving board about to try his first two-and-a-half. He balanced himself on the edge of the board, he sprang up and down. Slowly at first, then faster. Up in the air he went, back again for the big dive.

Behind him, unseen, a bully sneaked out on the board. His added weight naturally killed the spring. Steve, unaware, came down, landed on the board and split his back wide open. His convalescence was long and tedious. His pride was deeply hurt. But no one must ever know.

At sixteen Steve went to his first dance. His recovery was now complete. That lonely, lost feeling began to slip away. Then suddenly, ten thousand red-hot daggers ripped down his spine. Steve stood there petrified, too agonized to cry out.

From then on any extra motion brought back the pain. Athletics were out. Steve never went to another dance. Highly nervous, worried about the pressure on his spine, he covered up by pretending to be indifferent to everything. Life became a series of episodes. Steve left home. Humiliated and jobless, he was forced to wire for money and return again. He tried his hand at everything, bill collecting, selling, sign painting. Radio and stock acting helped most, to keep his mind off himself.

"It was 1938 in Chicago," Steve told me. "I tried to enlist in the Air Corps. I tried again in 1939. This time they advised me to see my personal physician about my spine. I went from doctor to doctor. Some advised an immediate operation. Some said it was too late. At the most, I was given five more years. Paralysis was inevitable. I would never be able to use my legs again."

Five years to accomplish the work of a lifetime! Marriage, home, children, financial security, the answer to his dreams. Automatically Steve's thoughts turned to Hollywood. Where but in this fabulous city would it be possible to accomplish so

Could you ever

FORGIVE the man who jilted you for another WOMAN?



Suppose the man who had broken your engagement came back and asked you for another chance? Would you react as Laurel Evans did? Laurel was faced with that problem, and how she solved it is a lesson in patience for every girl who's waiting for the "Right Man." For Laurel's complete true-to-life story, read "Three Times a Bridesmaid" in the new September True Story.

20 Other Thrilling Stories and Helpful Features in the Big September True Story

. . . including "Some Guys Have All The Luck," an amusing novelette; "First Lesson In Love," a charming teen-age tale; "From This Day Forward," a tragic story of unhappy parents; beauty hints for mother and daughter; new recipes for fall meals; and the thought-provoking editorial department, "Sweet Land of Liberty."

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much, in so little time? On June 21st, 1943, Steve stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine. One month later he signed with the Goldstone agency. Three months later he was under contract at Warner Bros. Eighteen months later he was making the rounds of the studios again.

Universal told him to go home. M-G-M and Paramount were disinterested. At Selznick's they were frankly bored. Twentieth signed Steve and put him right into "Within These Walls," an unpretentious budget picture. Director Otto Preminger wandered into the projection room one day, saw Steve in a scene, was very impressed. Preminger told Joan Fontaine and director John Berry, who were testing actors for "From This Day Forward." Twenty-seven secretaries on the RKO lot were called in to pass judgment on the various candidates. Twenty-four out of the twenty-seven started fanning themselves and voted for Steve!

The responsibility of such an important role threw Steve into jitters. The pains in his spine grew worse. By the time the picture was finished, he knew he couldn't postpone the operation. Plans were made. Steve prepared to go to the hospital. Then they called him in at Twentieth. By mutual agreement, Fred MacMurray's contract was cancelled. Out of all the available players, Mr. Zanuck selected Steve to fill the MacMurray role in "The Dark Corner." It was his big chance. Steve couldn't resist it. He cancelled his operation.

THERE followed days when Steve felt he'd never finish. During one fight scene, he had to knock Bill Bendix to the floor, stoop over and lift him to his feet again. When it was over Steve staggered to his dressing room, put a book between his teeth to keep from crying out in anguish. A week following the completion of "The Dark Corner," Steve groped his way to the hospital.

Ironically, at this point his fan mail began pouring in, letters, telegrams, clippings, all hailing him as the actor with the greatest future in Hollywood.

The operation was a success. Unless there are unexpected complications, Steve will never be troubled again. Today he is a star with a full, happy life ahead. He's a very grateful young man, for he knows at last he can begin to live. And beginning he is, with lovely Annelle Hayes, a Texas beauty he met when he assisted her screen test at Warners. His marriage to Annelle marked the one bright spot during his dark journey.

Steve proposed while they were riding a roller coaster. They were married March 29, 1945. Steve was broke at the time, but he borrowed money, designed the widest, heaviest old-fashioned band of gold. Inside he had it inscribed, "with all my love." Steve was born on Friday, December the 13th. They met on Friday the 13th too. If their baby girl (Steve hopes) arrives on any other day, come September, he's going to get awfully tough with the stork.

Money either slips through his fingers or Steve loses it. He likes the best, so he always buys the best. Recently they took on Alice Faye's brother Bill as business manager. Steve gets twenty dollars a week for spending money. The first week nineteen dollars went toward shoes and red carnations, both his pet extravagance. With the remaining dollar he bought gasoline for his jeep.

Steve loves the movies, especially when Gable, Grant, Taylor, Power and Milland are playing on a double bill. He loves to read Thomas Wolfe, Maugham, Bromfield occasionally. "The Prophet" is his all-out favorite. He hates murder mysteries because, "You go crazy trying to keep up

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with the characters." With James Cain, however, "You're in on his murders yourself." Steve loves the quiet of the desert. He's depressed by the calm, gray waste of the sea. He hates all cold foods, sweets and vegetables. And he hates eating out. Occasionally, when he does, he always over-tips.

For some unexplained reason he thinks his natural wavy hair makes him look weak. Twice a month he pays to have it straightened. His mother knits his ties and socks. He never has enough. Steve would eat steak and potatoes for breakfast, only Harriet, their treasured housekeeper thinks, twice a day is enough. He's inclined to be formal, especially at Hollywood parties where everyone is everyone's best friend. Steve loves everyone on the Twentieth lot and he hopes they'll always feel the same way about him. His loyalty is something for the Hollywood book. He claims there's a "bit of elephant blood in me," when he thinks back on some of his early-day treatment.

Recently Mr. Zanuck presented him with a \$10,000 bonus, until a salary adjustment goes into effect. To further exploit Steve's versatility, the canny Mr. Z. selected "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" as Steve's next starring picture. He'll sing and dance. He's also pencilled in for "High Window," "Methinks the Lady" and "Meteor," future million-dollar productions. If he were triplets Steve couldn't fill all the requests that are waiting for him.

When he was signed at Twentieth, it was Darryl Zanuck who named him Mark Stevens. The inspiration came from Mark McPherson, a favorite Zanuck screen character played by Dana Andrews in "Laura." Steve welcomed this new monicker. As Steve Richards, or Richard William Stevens, his memories were dark and depressing. As Mark Stevens, a whole new happy and successful world has opened up for him. Scars still remain, but only in his screen characterizations will he ever allow them to be visible.

Because he knows if it hadn't been for his dark journey, he might not have driven so hard, might not have repeated time and time again to himself, "I only have five years . . . I've got to make it."

He's made it, all right, and the journey ahead looks bright, successful and complete for this man you marked against time.

THE END



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Inking in Crosby

(Continued from page 65) And perhaps, the least said the better on this score. Except to add that the shirts are filed prominently with the levis, cowboy chaps, wading boots and skis, alongside the Bond Street stuff in the closets of his Bel-Air home. The mere mention of a tuxedo starts him groaning—and not musically.

That was Bing's chief worry about whether or not he would win the Academy Award for "Going My Way." The day before the ceremony there was a lot of speculating going on over at Lucey's regarding the Oscar. Bing just couldn't lose, people kept telling him. He was bound to win. "Oh no, I can't," he insisted. "Why not?" they asked astonished. "I haven't got a tuxedo," he said.

He has one all right, but it's none the worse for wear.

My job involves breaking the scripts down into wardrobe changes, having artists make sketches of the clothes, and then submitting said sketches to Bing, who usually looks them over, then stamps his okay on them, which is his fingerprint.

However, it took some fast-selling before he fingerprinted one of them for "The Emperor Waltz." In this picture Bing portrays a salesman who has a phonograph concession in Austria and spends most of the film contriving to sell the Emperor one. In so doing Bing falls for a Countess, Joan Fontaine. In the big "Yodel" number Bing has to wear a yodelling outfit highlighted by some loud green leather shorts.

BING took one look at the Tyrolean trousers and almost reneged. "Say... this material shortage situation must be getting pretty serious," he observed. He wanted them lowered a little—below the knees. No self-respecting phonograph salesman would pursue a Countess in an ensemble like that, he said. But he finally fingerprinted them in.

It's impossible to get anywhere with Crosby and Hope in any wardrobe conference, to reach any decision about how they'd like to be dressed. It's always an hilarious huddle, with one of them saying, "What d'ya think about this..." and the other topping with, "Swell... but why don't we..." and you don't come away with anything but laughs. When the clothes are finished, it's even worse. "Why can't I have one like Bob's?" says Bing. Or Hope, "Case Crosby's creation and then look at mine. What is this anyway? Just a little something left over after Bing's is cut out?"

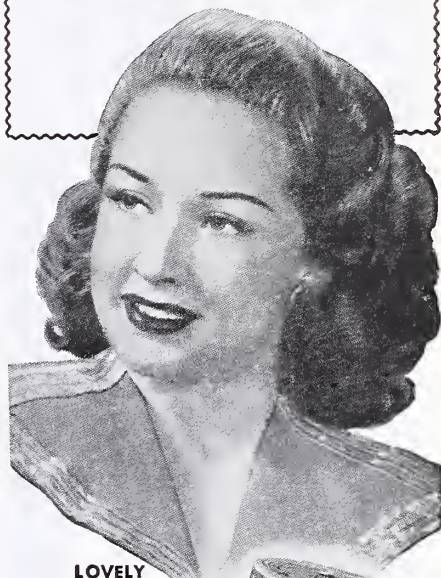
It's difficult ever getting Hope to stand still long enough to be fitted. Bing is less of a problem... he just doesn't have any fittings at all. After so many years, I can usually manage, but occasionally some unusual situation comes up and I have to call him in. I kept worrying about an Arabian costume he was to wear in "The Road to Morocco" until Bing finally said, "If you're really worried about it, just bring it out to Lakeside and we'll fit it this afternoon."

When the studio limousine bearing the chauffeur, the tailor, various colorful garments and myself arrived at the club, we were told by an attendant that Bing had left word for me to meet him on the third tee. He was just about to swing when I walked up. "Where's the costume?" he greeted. "Bring it on out here and let's fit it," he went on, as casually as though Arabian costumes are fitted on the third hole at the exclusive Lakeside Golf Club every day.

Bing has a great habit of introducing me to some inflated biggies as, "My Producer, Mr. Cohen, but of course you gentlemen have heard of him." Then he

Hollywood Glamour

FOR YOUR HAIR



LOVELY
**BONITA
GRANVILLE**

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stands back, leaving me to make like an
executive and talk important talk.

Once at an expensive resort hotel, Bing
spread the word around that I was a
champion polo player and a real polo
champ staying there kept following me
around for days suggesting that we knock
off a few "chukkers." Having no idea what
he was talking about, I always begged
his pardon politely and passed on. Finally
one morning he made a determined stand.
"I say, Mr. Cohen, what about a few
chukkers?" he insisted. "Don't be so mod-
est," he went on, as I kept looking blank.
"Mr. Crosby has told us all about you."
I almost got matched to a world champion-
ship before I could finally convince him
that I'd never had a mallet in hand.

Many people have often wondered what
ever happened to Ra the Second, one of
Crosby's horses that achieved favorable
fame, and who faded from sight overnight
at Santa Anita a few years back. The
horse had suffered a slight leg injury
previously, but under treatments he was
improving greatly, and track talk had him
ready to run again. The true story of
Ra the Second has never been told...
until now. Bing bought him in South
America for \$22,000, and "we" sold him to
a kid for a hundred and fifty bucks.

THE transaction took place on the set
of "Holiday Inn." They were shooting a
scene using carriages and horses. Bing and
I were sitting on the sidelines watching,
talking horse-talk that finally led to Ra.
Crosby wanted to sell him, but he wanted
to be sure he'd never race him again. He
still wasn't too happy about Ra's leg.

He kept watching one of the fellows who
was driving one of the carriages. You
could tell from the way he handled horses
that he understood them. Loved them. Be-
sides, the kid was always talking horses.
He owned some interest in a small riding
stable, and did part-time picture work.

Bing called him over. "Want to buy a
horse?" he said, explaining about Ra.

"What do you want for him?" said the
boy, knowing full well he couldn't afford
it, whatever it was.

Bing put it all on me. "What do you
want for him, Mickey?" he said.

"Why...I d...d...don't know," I
stammered, surprised. "What do you say?"

"You know what he cost us," said Crosby.
"Write him off for what you think."

"Oh...about \$150," I said, kiddingly.
"Sold!" said Bing. Then turning to the
boy, "On one condition...that you never
race him again."

Then while the new owner stood there,
still unbelieving, Bing threw in a silver
bridle and wrote a note to his trainer at
Santa Anita, instructing him to "let the
bearer have Ra." Later on, the young man
became a veterinarian in the Army. He
cured the horse completely in time, and
rents him out now for pictures for \$50 a
day. You saw him in a big role in the
Alan Ladd starrer, "Salty O'Rourke."

Crosby's a colossal correspondent, in
a casual sort of way. His mother always
gets notes from him every day when he's
away from Hollywood for any length of
time. Mine, however, lean mostly to post-
cards and novelties. I get cards from
Tuscarora, New York, Paris, everywhere.
Or he may send an elaborate menu from a
French restaurant like the Cafe Chambord
in New York, asking what I'd like to order,
underlining something like "La Timbale de
Pintadon Garnie au Foie Gras et Truffles
Importes," and writing under it, "Or would
you rather have a fish?" Once when he
was out of town, a strange well-dressed
fellow walked into the studio one day with
an envelope addressed to me. "Are you
Mickey Cohen?" he asked. "I just came
in by plane from New York this morning.
Here's a letter for you from Bing." On



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hilaration of this new, different antiseptic
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the outside Bing had written, "By Courier." There's a fast turn-over going on under that peacock-feathered Panama of his all the time. Bing thinks faster in low gear than others who fly around like they're jet-propelled. He has a photographic memory, ear, eye . . . just name it and he has it. He just looks at a script . . . and even that isn't always necessary . . . since he often ad libs his own anyway. Likewise, he seldom even rehearses a song.

He has great respect for ability, and not too much for those whom he personally believes are incapable of jobs they're doing. Yet, I've never known Bing to throw his voice where it can cause any harm. On one picture Bing had a make-up man he wasn't too happy about, but rather than cause him any trouble, Crosby just put on his own make-up every morning throughout the picture, while the make-up man sat reading "Li'l Abner" in the paper, waiting until he got through. Then they'd walk out of the dressing room onto the set and nobody would be the wiser.

IT'S never in the script, but every Crosby picture opens the same—namely: "Where's the list? Who've we got down this time?" The "list" is a fancy term for assorted names, initials, or memos jotted down on odd bits of paper, song sheets, or whatever's handy at the time, and involving people whom Bing is more or less looking out for from time to time. Maybe some old pals of the past. Could be a friend of his caddy out at Lakeside, who asked him once to "put in a word for so-and-so." He never forgets any of them.

Now the list is made up principally of service men Bing met overseas. Ex-GI's like Ben Nathan, a clean-cut, good-looking boy from the Bronx, who road-toured the cannon circuit with Bing in France, one of an Army crew who set up stages on captured German truck trailers, put up tarps to keep the rain out while he sang, or held flashlights in his face so the GI's could see him.

At night when they were jogging along a muddy French pasture in the weapons carrier, they'd all start talking about things back in the states. What they wanted to do when they got out. Ben thought Hollywood sounded like a good deal.

"If you still think so when you get out, look me up," said Bing.

Nathan was visiting relatives in Los Angeles this summer and sent Bing a note, wondering whether he'd even remember him or not. He called him back immediately, inviting him over on the set.

When he arrived, Bing was in the midst of a big scene. "Bring a chair up for my friend," he instructed. "Put him in the front lines where he can case this camera combat."

When the sequence was finished, they picked up right where they'd left off in Metz. Did Hollywood still look like good duty to him?

"Stick around. Maybe something will turn up," said Bing.

A little later he was on the phone turning it up, and the ex-Sarge soon found himself back in the ETO again. This time in Austria and "The Emperor Waltz."

I could deliver a few thousand more words on similar situations, but I couldn't get away with it. As Bing reminds me, even after fifteen years I can still be erased. Besides, I'd never be able to get him into another pair of green shorts again.

But you can quote me, here's one model who will never be passé. You may not see him in Esquire, but he's a cinch to be in vogue. For he measures up to the kind of All-American guy you'll always be in style. Your kind. My kind.

Pass me the ink, Pappy.
THE END

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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

The Girl in The Outlaw

(Continued from page 37) carefully manicured, through her long bob which has about it something darkly electric. She studied her cigarette a minute. Then, with that complete direction of hers, which always comes as a surprise because in all my life I've never known another such beauty to be as direct, she said:

"I'm lazy. The only lazier person I know is my husband. He always says—when one of us is complaining about something we have to do—'Oh well, let's get some dough now while we can. Then when we're older we can lie in the sun on our backs.'"

For years I have numbered among my dearest friends the greatest and the less great stage and screen stars of Hollywood, New York, London and Paris. But never have I known one as separate and apart from her profession as Jane Russell. With most people there's something contagious about fame and the adulation and wealth it brings. Men and women, once having had it, want so much to hold it that, too often, they give their very lives up to it. Not Jane. And I venture to say, never Jane.

When I met Jane after "The Outlaw" was released and there was a great furor over it and her too, I said, "Do you know, you're not at all what I expected you to be. . . ."

"Well, I'm what I would expect me to be," she answered firmly.

SUSPENDED above the Hollywood hills today there's a colossal net with giant letters which spell "The Outlaw." Also along the boulevards there are tremendous posters—twenty-four sheets they call them—advertising this film with provocative pictures of Jane. So, naturally, the film colony is curious about her. Quite unwittingly, not at all with the dramatic intent of Garbo, she has become a mystery woman.

"Elsa," my Hollywood friends say, "tell us about Jane Russell."

I explain she was born in Bemidji, Minnesota, twenty-five years ago and is a native American because her mother, Geraldine Jacobi Russell, formerly a stage actress, crossed the border from Edmonton, Canada, so that her daughter would be born an American citizen.

I tell them she was named for Jane Cowl, the great stage star, and the only girl in a family of four boys, grew up on her parents' ranch as a tomboy.

I elaborate. I tell how her father, a business executive, died when she was a young girl and she and her brothers, while still in school, formed a family orchestra and played on club and lodge programs.

I remind my friends that Jane went to work as a dentist's receptionist upon being graduated from high school and came to the attention of the agent who recommended her to Howard Hughes through a tooth-paste advertisement for which she posed, thus supplementing her small salary.

Then I came to her love story. I tell how the entire time she was playing Rio, the sultry, half-breed girl in "The Outlaw," her heart and mind were first on Bob Waterfield, her high-school sweetheart. I tell how often the course of their intense young love didn't run smooth and how, when this happened, Jane was desperate and words of praise from Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, promising fame and fortune had no importance for her whatsoever.

My Hollywood friends listen patiently to this biographical chatter and then ask, puzzled, "But Elsa, what is she like as a person? Is she as beautiful off the screen? What does she want from life? What does she do with herself?" And, even more

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puzzled, they add, "Isn't her career really important to her? And how does she feel about her sensational advertising?"

It is easiest to describe Jane by quoting Bob Waterfield's teammates and the young crowd at "The Glen." She's a Good Joe.

"The Glen," according to Jane herself, "is a little joint out in Beverly Canyon where college kids and local football players go. It's run by an Irishman who went to high with a lot of us. You have to be yourself to get by out there. They don't go for any production. You just sit around and drink coke or beer maybe. There are juke boxes and the kids can play the piano. And sometimes there's a regular piano player around . . . It's fun to talk to the bartender too. He's quite a philosopher."

OCCASIONALLY the crowd at "The Glen" used to ask Jane about some star they'd seen in a recent picture. But no more. Jane never had met the star. And they're more interested in football anyway.

"All football players ever want to talk about is football," Jane says. "You know—whether we made the game and was it difficult? Stuff like that. But when you're around them you get to be as interested as they are. . . ."

"Last spring when my friend, Portia Nelson, and I were in Chicago, where I was making personal appearances, we got pretty weary of all the bored people we met—divorced men and bachelors, mostly, all of whom wanted to get married and all of whom dragged us to the Chez Paree. That may be all right once in a while if you like night clubs. I don't. Lots of times we said we had a date and went back to our hotel. We had a piano in our room and Portia helped me with my songs.

"Wait until the football crowd gets in," I used to tell Portia. "You'll be able to relax with them."

"Sometimes I thought I might be talking them up too much. But Portia liked them, same as I do.

"It's probably a good thing we had time to work on my songs before Robert came to see me, anyway. He always says, 'Just one thing, Jane—as long as you're doing it, make it good.' He can be hideously critical. So when he came backstage I didn't want to hear his sarcastic, 'That was terrific!'"

Portia's real name is Betty Mae. It was Jane, who nicknames many of her friends, always with names that have more validity and usually more formality than their own names, who first called her Portia. And it suits her well for she's an intelligent girl and articulate.

They met, Jane and Portia, when Jane made "The Young Widow." Speaking of this picture, Jane says typically, "I couldn't have been with Bob at that time anyway. He was in training and wives aren't allowed at camp."

Portia, who plays, sings and composes, was the director's secretary and always, as soon as the company was through with a scene, she and Jane would run to the studio rehearsal room where she would play and literally make Jane sing.

"It's a good thing she did, too," Jane says. "Because now on personal appearances at least I do something. When they send you out they assure you all you have to do is dress up and get out on the stage and say how glad you are to be there, and how much you like that particular city. But do this and you feel like a big jerk.

"I'm not too good. Sometimes I came off stage—where Portia waited in the wings—doing this . . ." She ran her hand down her face in mock chagrin.

Jane didn't want to make that tour. Five shows a day, seven days a week, for eight weeks, when you have no great drive

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or ambition is very hard work.

"But once she let herself in for it," according to Portia, "she tried hard."

Bob Waterfield was in Chicago with Jane for their third wedding anniversary. They celebrated by buying Jane, who was married with the topaz ring Bob had given her the previous Christmas, a very wide gold wedding ring and a bracelet to match. The bracelet is monogrammed JW. Above all, even in little ways, she is Mrs. Robert Waterfield, wife of a star player with the Cleveland Rams who later on plans to become a coach.

Because Bob had to go on ahead with his team Jane and Portia came home alone. In Springfield, Illinois, they picked up the new four-door, two-tone gray Packard sedan which also celebrated the Waterfield anniversary. They left Springfield one Sunday morning early and, driving day and night, with four-hour shifts at the wheel and sleeping in the back seat, arrived in Los Angeles at 2 A. M. Tuesday morning.

"We traveled the way Bob and I travel," Jane explains. "No stopping over. When you're headed for home you want to get there."

Jane frequently has been called domestic. Nothing could be further from the truth. She and Bob are great homebodies. But there it ends. Neither likes the work true domesticity entails.

"It's fun to get dinner with Robert sometimes," Jane says, "but I wouldn't want to prepare meals and wash dishes three times a day. And cleaning and dusting—stuff like that—I hate."

"Frances, Robert's mother, spoils me, I guess. She's the kind who goes ahead and gets things done before you know it. Often she has the dinner dishes finished before I even get up from the table. That makes me feel like a big chintz. . ."

"What is a big chintz?" I inquired, feeling more than slightly dated.

She smiled. "A chintz is a guy who asks the waiter to break a nickel and leaves two cents and takes back three."

WHEN building restrictions are less limited Bob and Jane will break ground for their own home. Already they've bought their land, on a high knoll overlooking the Valley.

"Frances will be glad, too, I imagine," Jane says. "Crowds of people make her nervous and Robert and I have the gang in a lot. We'd much rather do that than go out."

"We're not going to have too big a place. And there won't be any neighbors. For if you walk too far from our house you'll fall off the cliff. We even have to plan our swimming pool for a second tier."

"We'll put in a few flowers and a small lawn—after that we're planting ivy, which doesn't require gardening. You have to think of things like that when you're as lazy as we are."

It is going to be a simple house with living room, den, two bedrooms, kitchen, maid's room, work room and three baths. That side of the house which overlooks the Valley is to be all windows. The dining room will be an alcove one step higher than the living room and face a tremendous fireplace set in a stone pit with seats upholstered in buckskin, "sturdy yet not as cold as smooth leather," on either side.

Jane, who would have studied interior decorating if she hadn't gone to work as dentist's receptionist and photographer's model to help her family's fortunes, says, "I want heavy pieces, carved chairs and tables and a few well-selected antiques. In the playroom there's to be nothing that can be hurt—a stone floor and even mugs of stone or something as durable."

"The laundry will be a work room too;

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so I can have fun with upholstery and woodwork. Upholstery I studied at night school and I really can do things."

Her face brightens when she talks of her mother and brothers.

"When Mom sold our ranch," she explains. "she held out two acres; enough to give building lots to Wally, Ken and Jamie. We all figure Tom, who's still in Germany, will stay with Mom. But just in case he marries and fools us Mom's building a wing on the house where she can live without getting in anybody's hair."

"Ken, who's out of service, is married. He and his wife both are going back to school. So don't ask me how they're going to build a house and buy a car. But they'll manage. Ken's always been the money-maker in the family. When he was in the Navy he wrote Mom for pictures of me that he could sell aboard ship."

"Wally's still in high and Janie, who's just a kid, but huge, is in the Merchant Marine. He's spunky too. The other day he complained that he was tired of sitting around. So they made him a boatswain and he shipped out of San Diego in command of a lot of older men. He called Mom up and said, 'Hey, pray for me, will you. So I don't flunk.'"

When I asked how Bob reacts to the sensationalism that has colored her advertising, her face clouded. "He complains sometimes. But I always say, 'Oh, that again!' He knows I can't help it. And most of it really isn't any worse than the stuff you see on calendars. As for the picture itself, there's one shot I don't like—where I lean over the bed. It's ridiculous. It makes me uncomfortable and it must make audiences uncomfortable too."

The Waterfields however have little time to fret over problems beyond their control. When Bob isn't playing football he likes to hunt deer and doves. Jane aims at tin cans. There are days on the beach, and there are fishing trips. Jane, loathing fishing, never goes in the boat. During the hours it's away she sits on a rock and dreams . . . not of new glories, not of ermine or orchids, not of the flash bulbs of photographers—but of the house she and Bob will build in the Valley. For it must be a good house; one that later on will run smoothly on the income she and Bob will have as they lie on their backs in the sun and there are little Waterfields to be educated and fed. Jane hopes there will be three. An ideal American family.

THE END



Competition in the crib: Charlie McCarthy looks at Candice, Edgar Bergen's new baby

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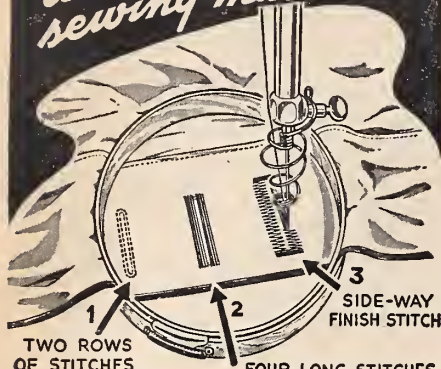
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Ladd Adds Up

(Continued from page 41) Springs the night they first met. Kay beat Alan and accepted a sizable check from him in consequence. Now Alan Ladd is a boy who doesn't like to be beaten at anything. It wasn't the money and it had nothing to do with always wanting to be best. But a challenge is a challenge. So he asked Kay to play a return match when they returned to town. The Kysers came over one evening and Kay beat Alan even worse than before.

The Ladds and the Kysers have been keeping up the social score ever since. "When Alan and Sue first meet you they're shy and watchful," Kay explains. "After that you either don't see much of them again, or they like you and loosen up like a stack of chips in an earthquake. But Alan has never beat me in gin rummy. It's become an obsession with him. I call him my Number One Pigeon."

And with that you leave Kay for there are several people you must see if you are to get the full measure of Alan Ladd. His former teacher, Mrs. Gray; Irving Pichel, who has directed many Ladd pictures and, of course, Sue Ladd.

YOU find the Ladds at home, at ten in the morning. This is the large brick house just off Los Feliz Boulevard that Sue has had for years and which they are keeping until Alan can complete his new one.

There is a hum of activity throughout the house. That clatter from the kitchen area is Georgia, the cook, in her Florida mood. The pork roast is too small for last-minute company. The high, clear child's voice from the nursery wing is Alana who, having put her doll to bed with phonograph music, has found a chocolate and consumed it—what she did not leave in her eyebrows—without asking permission. Her nurse, Kathleen, cannot justify this behavior in the slightest—I didn't! . . . Oh, yes you did! . . . I didn't! I d-i-i-i-dn't!

A slim, brown-haired girl of about twenty-five comes trotting into the room where you are waiting. She is crying. She observes you, gasps, blows her nose, turns and runs out again. This is one of the four girl secretaries who answer Alan's volcano-flow of fan mail; and she has just this minute told a hopeful chap she wouldn't marry him—over long distance. Feminine voices sound from the hall, one consoling. After a moment Sue Ladd comes in, dressed in a stunning black housecoat with great silver initials meandering down from shoulder to waist. Her big brown eyes are warm with tears. The secretary's crisis has been shared. A maid brings coffee.

At the beginning of your second cup there are fast light steps on the stairs and Alan comes in. He's going to the ranch so he's wearing loafers and white sweat socks and suntans that are glove-tight on a hipless figure. His shoulders are crowded somehow into a sport shirt faultlessly cut by a famous shirtmaker out of common white terry cloth. He is the color of good luggage, the top of his hair is bleached almost white by the sun, and your immediate thought is that no camera ever made could do him justice.

Your next thought is that he is wearing a gun. You point at it. "That's if I want to do a little shooting at the ranch," he says. "Just got the permit today."

"Indians or wolves?"
"Snakes." He puts on a grim look.
Sue laughs. "He never killed a thing in his life. Every animal on the place is a pet already. They're all going to multiply endlessly and Alan will give them names and there'll be no place for any of us."

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For a while you talk houses—the Ladd's current problem of the plot of land covered with lumber and equipment upon which building of the new house was just about to start when Alan suddenly looked at the plans and decided they were no good. Whom to hire to make the revision? And where to get pipe for the ranch pasture?

Alan stands up finally, gives Sue a kiss on the forehead and takes off. It is now nearly lunch time anyway so you and Sue decide to grab a quick sandwich in the amusing little breakfast room. Alana comes down and wants to sit at the table too, and does, looking like a miniature Alan Ladd with soft blonde curls and thoughtful eyes and an outthrust lower lip.

SUE begins to talk, lazily but with deep insight and with a studied attempt at detachment. This is a courageous effort, because she is obviously so achingly in love with him that she would just like to croon praise. "People say success hasn't changed him," she begins. "Ah, but it has. When I first met Alan he was an essentially unhappy guy, tense and nervous and often miserable. He'd had a pretty rotten time of it, you know. He's still nervous, but controlled—and he's developing a better sense of humor than ever."

"He's still mercurial, but I like that. You can't pin him down to dates, although when he has to, he's punctual."

"He lives on impulse. He has a dozen ideas for enterprises, business deals—and those inventions he dreams up, some of them darned good—he's completely impatient about getting them finished, and once they're done he's bored. Something else has to be started. He won't let this house alone, for instance, which is silly because we're going to sell it in a few months. But what can you do? He keeps saying, 'We oughta relax,' and all the while he's charging up and down the room, pacing like a tiger." Sue, a soft, inherently relaxed person, talks for a time about his being too sensitive for his own good—not asking for passes when he was in the Army for fear people would think he was trading on his name. His love of a good argument, and the several times it has got him into trouble. His insistence on details being perfect, but his dislike of bothering about them himself. His easy-going disposition high-lighted by sudden bursts of temper: As when he darkened his hair for the role of Raven in "This Gun for Hire" and afterwards the studio insisted that he keep his hair dark. "Blond men don't go over in pictures," they said. But he said simply that if he had to go through life dyeing his hair he'd rather skip the whole thing.

She mentions his instinctive good taste, his really amazing understanding of others' problems, and she laughs softly as she speaks of Alan's delight when as a Father's Day surprise she told him that December will bring a new little Ladd—a boy they hope! You watch her and you have a sudden conviction that she is a genuinely happy woman. You tell her this and she looks at you wonderingly for a moment. Then she makes a little gesture at Alan's photograph. "Why wouldn't I be?"

You have already noticed the inscription on that portrait. It reads, "For my wife, from whom I will never be apart, come what may. I love you terribly. Alan."

Reluctantly you leave Sue for your next stop which is a big stucco building on Beverly Boulevard with a neon sign on it: The Dicksboro. You park around the corner and go in, and even before you ask at the desk you know the gray-haired woman with the perky hat over there on that lobby sofa is Mrs. Gray who taught dramatics, probably, with English and history on the side. She has the commanding eye for it, and the voice. She taught all

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three to Alan, when he was very young and still a student at North Hollywood High. Usually there is nothing duller than to talk to an ex-teacher of a current movie star, but Mrs. Gray is special because she has stepped out of the role of mentor and into that of close personal friend to Alan.

This happened because, several years ago, someone mentioned that young Alan Ladd was working as a grip in a studio. For reasons to be apparent later, Mrs. Gray got pretty upset when she heard that. She sat down and for the first time (and the last) wrote a letter to an ex-pupil. In it she bawled him out for wasting what she considered a genuine talent, and shouted courage. The letter worked. Later, when "This Gun for Hire" was released, Alan called at her school and asked her to the studio. Since then she's been like a favorite aunt to the whole Ladd family.

Mrs. Gray's concise, edited sentences tell you a remarkable number of things about Alan: That when she first met him (in the ninth grade) he was already a personage, that his was one of those intelligent responses that gladdens a teacher's heart. That he was a scrapper. That he joined her Shakespeare group and excelled in it. She'll tell you how she dropped in on a dance one night, and saw Alan and a tall blonde walk away with the dance contest and win their fourth cup in a row.

SHE cast him as Koko in the Mikado, too, after she had discovered that light baritone of his. And she learned about his family set-up; how his stepfather, a painter, was ill so much that Alan had to leave school periodically to wash cars and carry a paper route and do other odd jobs—not for spending money but because otherwise there wouldn't be food on the table at home. Apparently there wasn't always enough, as it was, because although Alan was hard as nails and the school's swimming instructor, he developed in those years a troublesome stomach that is still with him and which was even the cause for his leaving the Army.

"It was nothing but short rations," Mrs. Gray will tell you. "I asked him recently why he never let any of us at school know about conditions at home. He said simply, 'I couldn't do that.' And of course he couldn't."

You will yet want to have a word with Irving Pichel (who has directed several of Alan's pictures including his latest, "O.S.S.") and with some of the people who have worked on his sets. What they tell you about Alan is not new, although nonetheless sincere. They say he is fun to work with, painstaking, thoughtful; that, since he has become so popular, he has worked harder than before instead of falling off a little, that he really is one darn good actor.

Adding him up, finally, one picture of him sticks in your mind above the others. He is on a hospital tour, and after one show before an assembly of patients, during which he suffers his usual agonies of shyness and really contributes very little, he asks if he might just move from bed to bed, chatting with the fellows individually. And as he does this his poise returns and he is at his best. The hours go by, and the rest of the troupe, having completed its three shows for the day, leave for the hotel for dinner. But Alan stays on, and only when they close the wards does he catch a cab and make the hotel.

The troupe manager meets him in the lobby. "You can't keep this up," he tells Alan. "You'll beat yourself out."

And Alan says, "Are you kidding? That's the only way I can give them anything. So that's the way I'm going to do it."

Being Alan Ladd, that's the way he does it.

THE END

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

✓✓ From This Day Forward (RKO)

A FEW adroit tricks up the director's sleeve turns this average story of the trials and tribulations of marriage into a picture with a punch.

Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens take a look at Joan's sister's married life, complete with scrubbing brush, children and frustration, get scared, get courage and get married anyway. The old pattern sets in: Mark loses his job, the pennies get a pinching, despair starts looking in the window. Then comes the war, merely an interlude in the film, and the aftermath which brings a new chance.

Joan Fontaine does an excellent job of turning herself into part of the ordinary flotsam and jetsam. Mark Stevens is an arresting newcomer in a quiet way. But what holds the picture together is the characterizations by Joan's film family. Each of them (Henry Morgan, Wally Brown, Rosemary De Camp, Queenie Smith, Arline Judge, Renny McEvoy, Bobby Driscoll and Mary Treen) offers a performance of artistic precision; the whole is a picture that belongs in a prominent place on your movie calendar.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's go!

✓ Two Guys from Milwaukee (Warners)

THIS one you can take or let strictly alone, depending on how fond you are of the team of Morgan and Carson. It is a harmless little offering in which Dennis Morgan plays a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America straight as a guy from Milwaukee. He exchanges some formal receptions on velvet carpets for a pick-up pal, Jack Carson, also from Milwaukee, a date with Jack's Joan Leslie and a few enlightening glimpses of the side of New York one does not see from the royal suite at the Waldorf.

The date with Joan offers the complications, rather torturous ones, that wind up in an ambitious climax that leaves the audience feeling that this could never happen here anyway, so what's the difference? Carson and Morgan, Joan and Janis Paige all play around together with a wealth of good feeling; S. Z. Sakall as Count Oswald is certainly worth his weight in gold.

Your Reviewer Says: No ill feelings.

✓ Little Mr. Jim (M-G-M)

JACKIE JENKINS'S freckles and histrionic ability make this a movie worth your time. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and wife Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and endears himself to his audience.

This is a story that might easily have become maudlin but, to its great credit, never does. The major event in Jackie's life is a new minor—a promised baby that he discovers has great bartering value among the female juvenile crowd. But instead of the new baby, he finds that his mother has gone away, never to return; that his father has turned into a strange remote person; that his one bulwark is the Chinese servant, played with a perfected touch by Chingwah Lee.

It is a pleasant "homey" film that evolves into a storybook ending too good to be true, but no one's going to complain. In fact, everyone will be happy about the whole thing.

Your Reviewer Says: A pigtailed paradise.

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated
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"good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM**—20th Century-Fox: An unusual, fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century. Irene Dunne plays the schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the outside world, and Rex Harrison turns in a fine performance as the King. (Aug.)

✓✓ **AVALANCHE**—PRC: Bruce Cabot, sleuth from the Treasury Department, arrives at a ski lodge to discover the gaps in the income tax of a gambler. Then snow slides lock in the guests at the lodge and murder begins. It should have been more exciting, but the creditable cast, including Roscoe Karns, Helen Mowery and Veda Ann Borg, do their best. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Monogram: Another of the Shadow series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who, with his fiancée Barbara Reed, is out to find the killer of a blackmailing columnist. Why the ubiquitous Shadow succeeds in baffling police and criminals alike is beyond us. George Chandler and Dorothea Kent serve to confuse the issue with their shenanigans. (July)

✓ **BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE**—Paramount: A slapstick comedy that's supposed to be very funny, but unfortunately not even the expert presence of Robert Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Diana Lynn can make sense out of this silly story. Barbara loves horses, husband Cummings doesn't and their quarrels lead to a divorce over Diana Lynn, a Southern siren who tries to get Bob for herself. (June)

✓ **CLUNY BROWN**—20th Century-Fox: An absolute lamb of a movie, with Jennifer delightful as the housemaid with a flair for plumbing who goes to work in the English home of Reginald Owen. Charles Boyer is the refugee with a humorous disdain for England's caste system, Richard Haydn will kill you with his portrayal of the village chemist, and Peter Lawford is Owen's son in love with Helen Walker. (Aug.)

✓ **DARK CORNER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This doesn't make a lot of sense, but it's so filled with suspense and good acting that you really won't care much who kills whom or why. Mark Stevens as the "private eye" makes a sure bid for stardom, Lucille Ball is so right as his secretary, Clifton Webb is sophisticated as the art dealer jealous of Kurt Kreuger and William Bendix is excellent as Webb's dumb gunsel. (July)

✓ **DEVOTION**—Warners: This brings to the screen the touching story of the four famous Brontës, Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) who wrote "Jane Eyre," tragic Emily (Ida Lupino) author of "Wuthering Heights," the poetess Ann, played by Nancy Coleman and drunken painter Bramwell, Arthur Kennedy. Paul Henreid is the curate whom both Ida and Olivia love, but his Viennese accent seems a little out of place in a Yorkshire village. (June)

✓ **DO YOU LOVE ME**—20th Century-Fox: If you belong to the swooner set, the answer to the picture's title is yes, as it has Harry James's hot trumpet and Dick Haymes's singing. The fragile plot deals with the metamorphosis of Maureen O'Hara from the dignified dean of a school of classical music into a glamour girl who'll knock your eyes out. With Reginald Gardiner. (Aug.)

✓ **DRAGONWYCK**—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocratic owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

✓ **EASY TO WED**—M-G-M: Van Johnson sings, dances, makes love and even shoots ducks in this delightful comedy that begins when Van agrees to help Keenan Wynn out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who's suing. Lucille Ball is Keenan's girl friend and Cecil Kellaway is Esther's father whom Van tries to impress by his shooting. (July)

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✓✓GILDA—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German castles, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

✓✓GREEN YEARS, THE—M-G-M: A long and lavish dramatization of the A. J. Cronin novel about a middle-class Scotch family that is forced to raise a young Irish grandson. Charles Coburn, as the great grandfather, has the role of the year; Tom Drake is the Irish lad, and Dean Stockwell, Hume Cronyn and Beverly Tyler all contribute some fine acting. (July)

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Jean Pierre Aumont should have picked a better picture than this weak and unbelievable one to mark his return to the screen. Ginger Rogers is the reform-school graduate who takes up professional thievery, is dressed as a debutante by Adolphe Menjou in order to lure diplomat Aumont, who of course is completely taken in and falls in love with her until he learns her past. (June)

✓HER KIND OF MAN—Warners: The possibilities for A-1 entertainment are here, but somehow it doesn't completely come off. Zachary Scott, for no good reason that we could see, inspires a terrific love in Janis Paige who is led by it into all sorts of turmoil. Dane Clark is the Broadway columnist who loves her despite everything, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson don't seem to know exactly why they're in the picture. (July)

✓HOODLUM SAINT, THE—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to bolder your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

✓JUNIOR PROM—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

✓KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE—Goldwyn-RKO: Danny Kaye will have you rolling in the aisles with mirth in this zany comedy of a shy milkman who by a fluke becomes a prize fighter and almost knocks himself out with his own importance. Walter Ahel is hilarious as the conniving fight manager, Virginia Mayo is so beautiful as Danny's girl, Vera Ellen's dance routines are standouts, but it's all Danny's picture. (June)

✓MAKE MINE MUSIC—Disney-RKO: You'll love this rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. The ten-part offering, with music and drawing, has no story but is the best screen vaudeville show in a long time. The songs are illustrated with cartoon characters or scenic drawings that tend to heighten every emotional value of the music. (Aug.)

✓NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Rank-Universal: An intelligent, honest British picture, although rather long and involved. Rex Harrison gives a superb performance as the rascally son of an English gentleman who swaggers his way through one trouble after another until he marries Lilli Palmer for her money and then breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. (June)

✓OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are at it again as charming finishing-school winsomes of the early twenties. In order to further their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls induce bootlegger Brian Donlevy to pretend he's their chaperone uncle, and a series of hilarious trials and errors results. (July)

✓POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE—M-G-M: Not a pretty tale, but this gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people packs a mean wallop. John Garfield is the hitch-hiker who falls for Lana Turner and plots with her the murder of her husband, Cecil Kellaway, owner of a roadside cafe. But the love of John and Lana soon borders on hate and revenge. (June)

✓SCANDAL IN PARIS, A—Pressburger-UA: George Sanders is at his dashing best as the colorful French rogue, Vidocq, who, with his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures including stealing Carole Landis's ruby garter and planning to rob the Bank of Paris. Then love in the form of Signe Hasso touches the devastating George. It's entertaining and sophisticated. (Aug.)

✓SEARCHING WIND, THE—Paramount: This rustles the history-book pages of events in Europe that led to World War II and comes up with nothing we didn't know already. Ponderously it tells how Robert Young as an American diplomat shilly-shallied between diplomacy and truth and lost his love, Sylvia Sidney, because of it. Dudley Digges as the grandfather provides the only lively moments. (Aug.)

✓SMOOTH AS SILK—Universal: Packed with surprises and suspense, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder. When actress Virginia Grey double-crosses criminal lawyer Kent Taylor, who loves her, by becoming engaged to stage producer John Litel,



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How Dorothy Mullins Made Herself Over



Dorothy Mullins' Measurements			
	Before	After	Change
Height	5'	5' 1/2"	+ 1/2"
Weight	215 lbs.	128 lbs.	- 87 lbs.
Bust	44"	36"	- 8"
Waist	37"	28"	- 9"
Abdomen	45"	33"	- 12"
Hips	49"	35"	- 14"

is dawning on me that my life's dream is coming true. It's as if a new world had opened for me. Never, never can I thank you enough."

Of course, the case of Dorothy Mullins is unusual. Few women need to lose 87 pounds. But her achievement offers convincing

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IN THE files of the DuBarry Success Course are thousands upon thousands of true success stories, but none more remarkable than that of Dorothy Mullins of Danbury, Connecticut.

Dorothy was 34 years old. Only five feet tall, she weighed 215 pounds. Deeply sensitive about her size, she had long been resigned to what she thought was her lot in life.

Several times Dorothy had tried so-called reducing diets, but none brought results. Then she began to hear about the DuBarry Success Course. She sent for information. The Course could be taken at home—that was important. So she enrolled.

Dorothy was advised first of all to go to her doctor, have a thorough physical examination, tell him what she planned to do. With his approval, she started. She lost 8 pounds the first week, 31 pounds in 6 weeks. In six months, she went through the Course four times—lost a total of 87 pounds. Accustomed to wearing a size 44 dress, she found she could slip into a 14.

In spite of all this weight loss, Dorothy's skin is smooth, her body firm. She has learned to care for her complexion, to do her hair becomingly, to use make-up properly. Starting under a great handicap, she has made herself an attractive woman, with a good figure.

"Gradually," says Dorothy Mullins, "it

Taylor murders him and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on Virginia. (June)

✓SO GOES MY LOVE—Universal: Interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of inventor Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, who's frankly looking for a husband, enliven this charming, romantic picture. Richard Gaines is the suitor Myrna becomes engaged to until she proposes to Ameche, marries him and prods him on to success. Women will love it. (June)

✓SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT—20th Century-Fox: Another mystery thriller with John Hodiak as the amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seems to be a criminal. Newcomer Nancy Guild, as the girl who aids John, is arresting to look at but still needs a lot more lessons in acting. Josephine Hutchinson, Fritz Kortner and Richard Conte are all so good, and so is Lloyd Nolan who's wasted as a detective. (July)

✓SPECTER OF THE ROSE—Republic: An original, strange love story of the ballet, which will either move you deeply or leave you completely untouched. Despite the fact that Ivan Kirov is suspected of murdering his first wife, ballerina Viola Essen marries him, and they dance to triumph in a new ballet. Both players are vivid new personalities, and you'll also see Judith Anderson and Michael Chekhov. (July)

✓STOLEN LIFE, A—Warners: Bette Davis has the time of her life playing a dual role of sisters, one good and one bad, and she does both with astute perception. Glenn Ford steps into big-league movie acting as the man who succumbs to the charms of the conniving sister, only to find that the shy one is his real love. Dane Clark as the artist and Charles Ruggles as the cousin are both excellent. (Aug.)

✓STRANGER, THE—International: Tense and dramatic, this psychological mystery film is adult stuff. Orson Welles is the escaped Nazi biggie who in the disguise of a professor is living in a small Connecticut town; Loretta Young is his American bride slowly forced to realize what her husband really is; Edward G. Robinson is the investigator on the trail of Welles. (Aug.)

✓SUSPENSE—Monogram: A lavish ice revue is the setting for murder in this excellent production. The revue is owned by Albert Dekker and stars his wife, Belita; and all goes well until Barry Sullivan becomes manager of the show and makes love to the star. Suspense mounts when Sullivan's former girl, Bonita Granville, threatens to expose his past. (June)

✓TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN—RKO: *Tarzan*, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquanetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men and her machinations keep the plot developing. (May)

✓TILL THE END OF TIME—RKO: A candid picture, rich in sincerity, of the adjustment of three young veterans home from the wars. They are Guy Madison who comes back to a loving mother and father; Bob Mitchum who longs to find some roots; Bill Williams, who has lost his legs. It is also the story of Dorothy McGuire, a young widow whose world has been taken from her. (Aug.)

✓TO EACH HIS OWN—Paramount: A tear jerker all about frustrated motherhood, but women will love it. During World War I, Olivia de Havilland falls in love with doomed flier John Lund, bears him an illegitimate child and faces the tragic necessity for the baby to be reared by her friend, Mary Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Phillip Terry. (July)

✓TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—M-G-M: When Kathryn Grayson heads for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, her prim sister, June Allyson, follows her to protect her from worldly wickedness. Jimmy Durante is boss of the burlesque, Peter Lawford the socialite who falls for one of the sisters and Lauritz Melchior plays a grand opera star. It's sprightly and gay and you'll love it. (June)

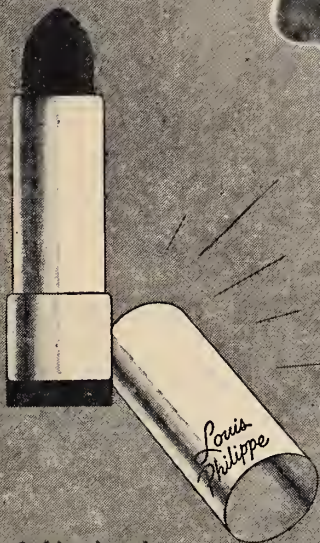
✓WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE—Paramount: There are giggles a-plenty in this story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy. (May)

✓WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—PRC: Cops and robbers in satin breeches and flowing capes. When chief of police John Loder sets a trap for the person who's upsetting his racket of selling drugs, the Count of Monte Cristo, Martin Kosleck, is forced to get out of town, so his wife, Lenore Aubert, steps into his shoes and carries on the raids. (June)

✓WITHOUT RESERVATIONS—RKO: Claudette Colbert is the stuffy author who experiences all sorts of emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood, John Wayne is the Marine captain whom she decides to cast in the screen version of her book, and you'll be mad for both of them. You'll also love Don DeFore, who plays Cupid to the principals in this light, gay, frothy comedy of romance. (July)

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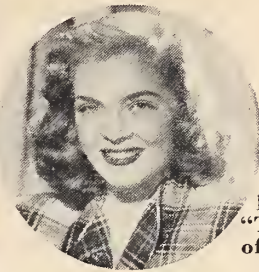
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Beauty Spots



Lizabeth Scott, of
"The Strange Love
of Martha Ivers"

By Mary Jane Fulton

Natural, but Different

LIZABETH SCOTT has two distinguishing "trade marks"—lovely, thick dark eyebrows and a low, vibrant voice that seems to come from deep within her. It's an unusual voice, and completely natural with this tall and tawny blonde of the lithesome carriage... The best way to attain a lovely voice tone, she thinks, is to know how yours *should* sound, naturally, and then try to improve it. With practice, she feels, you can inject a richer, friendlier quality into your voice. This improved way of speaking soon becomes a habit... She believes in unplucked brows, except for removal of straggly hairs. Using a tiny brush and a little eye cream or oil, she nightly brushes her brows... When making up, she brushes the brow hairs up, then with the brush tip shapes a neat line and arches them across the top. Lizabeth likes using a dark brown mascara on her lashes.

Enthusiastic Fan

Other outstanding Scott qualities are her vitality, gracious handling of people, and liking for outdoor fun, which adds sparkle to her beauty and personality... Before our nine-thirty to ten A. M. appointment in her Gotham Hotel suite was over, other interviewers and photographers arrived. It was to be another busy day for the girl who plays the good-hearted vixen in Paramount's "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers." The day before she attended her first professional baseball game and is now a Brooklyn Dodger fan. She proudly displayed a baseball autographed by the players. "The attitude of ball players is astounding," marveled Lizabeth. "They're heroes, really, but so charmingly casual and modest. I wanted to say to them all, 'you're wonderful!'"

Glamour Touches

In answer to our admiration for her smooth make-up job, she confided she applies cake make-up with a sponge and cold, instead of warm, water. When dry, she lightly pats cold water over it to take away any powdery look, and to make it stay fresh looking, longer.

See next page for Hollywood

beauty news by Betsy Sanford

Glamour Glossary

... for the beauty-minded—in which six little words turn up with special dressing-table meaning

Comb: Something a girl keeps to herself

Borrow or loan this item and you're in for some beauty trouble. A comb is a personal possession and if you're careless enough not to stick to your own, you may end up with an unhealthy scalp. Dandruff and infection travel along merrily with borrowed combs; keep yours strictly personal; keep two of them so that one is always fresh from a hygienic bath.

*Beauty Workshop by
Betty Sanford*



Gesture: What makes or breaks you

You can use your hands and arms as adroitly as Dorothy McGuire. Gain flexibility in your hands and arms this way: Swing your arms in circular windmill fashion from the shoulder. Now extend your arms with palms of hands towards the body and shake your hands vigorously. Then stretch your arms sideways from your shoulders and drop hands from the wrist, then raise them slowly.

Wave Set: A soft touch

A bit of this applied to your mascara brush instead of water will do wonders in the business of seeing that your mascara goes on gently without caking and stays on in a silky satisfying way. It looks and acts nice on the hair-brush too—just for a quick disciplinary measure for wind-blown curls.



Flour Sack: What your face should look like

... only immediately after powdering, of course, while you're still at the dressing table. The point of this is that most women are stingy with their powder. Plaster it on till you have that flour-sack look, then brush off the excess. Joan Leslie uses a baby brush; you can use cotton, too. Your foundation absorbs the surplus into the pores; your make-up is even, gives you an even break by lasting longer, looking lovelier.

Underskin: An undercover agent

This can wreak havoc with your face. Lying directly beneath the outer skin, it needs care, too, lest the oil glands and tissues start drying out, in which case you'll have that fatal gray look. Be on your guard as efficiently as Olivia de Havilland: Keep your underskin in shape with massage, spend at least fifteen minutes a day rubbing soft creams through to that layer of skin underneath. Keep-in-mind item: Kitchen salt mixed with cleansing cream and used about twice a week will leave you a pink-cheeked pretty.



Sitting: A standing beauty order

Slumping comfortably feels good, looks bad, may endow you with a double chin. Watch the way Anne Baxter sits; then mark this up as a must: Your spine must always be rigid, shoulders squared, head up. Pretend a string is attached to the crown of your head, drawing it up and back. A pencil placed at the back of the neck should be straight with the neck from shoulders to hairline for a perfect-posture pose.

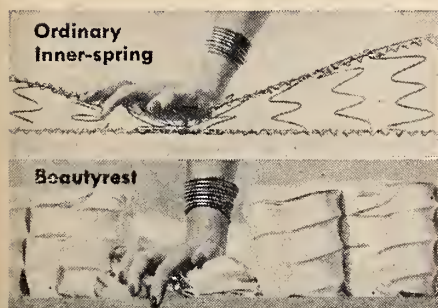


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3. How long will it last? With an ordinary mattress, you *never* know. But with Beautyrest's Guarantee, you're *sure*!

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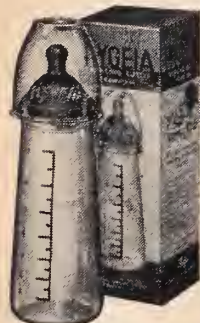
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BOY'S RANCH—M-G-M: "Butch," Jackie "Butch" Jenkins; *Dan Walker*, James Craig; *Skippy*, Skippy Homeier; *Susan Walker*, Dorothy Patrick; *David Banton*, Ray Collins; *Hank*, Darryl Hickman; *Mary Walker*, Sharon McManus; *Mr. Harper*, Minor Watson; *Mrs. Harper*, Geraldine Wall; *Mr. O'Neill*, Arthur Space; *Druggist*, Robert Emmet O'Connor; *Judge Henderson*, Morini Olsen.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER—20th Century-Fox: *Julia*, Jeanne Crain; *Philippe Lascales*, Cornel Wilde; *Edith*, Linda Darnell; *Benjamin Franklin Phelps*, William Eythe; *Jesse Rogers*, Walter Brennan; *Zenia Lascales*, Constance Bennett; *Harriet*, Dorothy Gish; *Susanna Rogers*, Barbara Whiting; *Richard Lewis*, Larry Stevens; *Deborah*, Kathleen Howard; *Dudley Rogers*, Buddy Swan; *Snodgrass*, Charles Dingle; *Specialty*, Avon Long; *Trowbridge*, Gavin Gordon; *Mr. Phelps*, Eddie Dunn; *Mrs. Phelps*, Lois Austin; *Mr. Dorgan*, Harry Strang; *Mrs. Dorgan*, Frances Morris; *President Grant*, Reginald Sheffield; *Messenger Boy*, William Frambes; *Senator*, Paul Everton; *Bartender*, James Metcalfe; *Drunk*, John Farrell; *Attendant*, Billy Wayne; *Kelly*, Robert Malcolm; *Nurse*, Edna Holland; *Governor*, Ferris Taylor; *Governor's Wife*, Winifred Harris; *Master of Ceremonies*, Rodney Bell; *Carpenter*, Clancy Cooper.

COLORADO SERENADE—PRC: *Eddie*, Eddie Dean; *Nevada*, David Sharpe; *Soapy*, Roscoe Ates; *Sherry*, Mary Kenyon; *Judge Hilt*, Forrest Taylor; *Duke*, Dennis Moore; *Lola*, Abigail Adams; *Dad Dillon*, Warner Richmond; *Mr. Trimble*, Lee Bennett; *Col. Blake*, Robert McKenzie; *Ringo*, Bob Duncan.

COURAGE OF LASSIE—M-G-M: *Kathie Merrick*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Harry MacBain*, Frank Morgan; *Sergeant Smitty*, Tom Drake; *Mrs. Merrick*, Selena Royle; *Judge Payson*, Harry Davenport; *Old Man*, George Cleveland; *Alice Merrick*, Catherine Frances McLeod; *Farmer Crews*, Morris Ankrum; *Gil Elson*, Mitchell Lewis; *Mrs. Elson*, Jane Green; *Pete Merrick*, David Holt; *Sergeant Mac*, William Wallace; *Sheriff Ed Grayson*, Minor Watson; *Charlie*, Donald Curtis; *Casey*, Clancy Cooper; *First Youth*, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; *Second Youth*, Conrad Binyon; *Bill*, Lassie.

DOLL FACE—20th Century-Fox: *Doll Face*, Vivian Blaine; *Mike Hannegan*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Nicky Ricci*, Perry Como; *Chita*, Carmen Miranda; *Frankie Porter*, Martha Stewart; *Gerard*, Michael Dunne; *Flo Hartman*, Reed Hadley; *Aids*, Stanley Prager; *Charles Tannen*; *Stage Manager*, George E. Stone; *Peters*, Frank Orth; *Lawyer*, Donald McBride; *Dancing partner*, Ciro Rima; *Hotel Clerk*, Hal K. Dawson; *Drugstore Clerk*, Charles Williams.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—RKO: *Susan*, Joan Fontaine; *Bill*, Mark Stevens; *Hank Beesley*, Henry Morgan; *Jake Beesley*, Wally Brown; *Martha Beesley*, Rosemary De Camp; *Mrs. Beesley*, Queenie Smith; *Margie Beesley*, Arline Judge; *Charlie Beesley*, Renny McEvoy; *Jimmy Beesley*, Bobby Driscoll; *Alice Beesley*, Mary Treen; *Mr. Higgle*, Erskine Sanford.

JANIE GETS MARRIED—Warners: *Janie*, Joan

Leslie; *Dick*, Robert Hutton; *Mr. Conway*, Edward Arnold; *Mrs. Conway*, Ann Harding; *Mr. Van Brunt*, Robert Benchley; *Spud*, Dorothy Malone; *Scooper*, Dick Erdman; *Elsbeth*, Clare Foley; *Mr. Stovers*, Donald Meek; *April*, Hattie McDaniel; *Mrs. Van Brunt*, Barbara Brown; *Mrs. Angles*, Margaret Hamilton; *Paula*, Anne Gillis; *Bernadine*, Ruth Tobey; *Dead Pan*, William Frambes; *Mel Torme*, John Sheridan; *Dick's Buddies*, Art Kassel, John Miles.

LITTLE MISTER JIM—M-G-M: *Little Jim Tucker*, "Butch" Jenkins; *Capt. Big Jim Tucker*, James Craig; *Jean Tucker*, Frances Gifford; *Missy Choossey*, Luana Patten; *Mrs. Starwell*, Spring Byington; *Sui Jen*, Chingwah Lee; *Mrs. Glenson*, Laura La Plante; *Chaplain*, Henry O'Neill; *Colonel Starwell*, Morris Ankrum; *Miss Martin*, Celia Travers; *Miss Hall*, Ruth Brady; *Elsie*, Sharon McManus; *Ronnie*, Buz Buckley; *Clara*, Carol Nugent; *Mary*, Jean Van.

LOVER COME BACK—Universal: *Bill Williams*, George Brent; *Kay*, Lucille Ball; *Madeline Laslo*, Vera Zorina; *Pa*, Charles Winninger; *Paul*, Carl Esmond; *J. P. Winthrop*, Raymond Walburn; *Tubba*, Wallace Ford; *Hotel Clerk*, Franklin Pangborn; *Martha*, Louise Beavers; *Ma*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Jimmy Hennessey*, William Wright; *Waiter*, George Chandler; *Janie*, Joan Fulton.

MY PAL TRIGGER—Republic: *Roy Rogers*, Himself; *Gabby Kendrick*, George (Gabby) Hayes; *Susan*, Dale Evans; *Brett Scoville*, Jack Holt; *Carson*, LeRoy Mason; *Hunter*, Roy Barcroft; *Sheriff*, Sam Flint; *Croupier*, Kenne Duncan; *Auctioneer*, Ralph Sanford; *Storekeeper*, Francis McDonald; *Dr. Bentley*, Harlan Briggs; *Davis*, Wm. Haade; *Wallace*, Alan Bridge; *Walling*, Paul E. Burns; *Magistrate*, Frank Reicher; also Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Warners: *Philip Carey*, Paul Henreid; *Mildred Rogers*, Eleanor Parker; *Anthony*, Edmund Gwenn; *Dunsford*, Marten Lamont; *Sally Athelny*, Janis Paige; *Griffiths*, Patric Knowles; *Mrs. Athelny*, Isobel Elsom; *Nora Nesbit*, Alexis Smith; *Dr. Tyrell*, Henry Stephenson; *Emil Miller*, Richard Nugent; *Mrs. Gray*, Eva Moore.

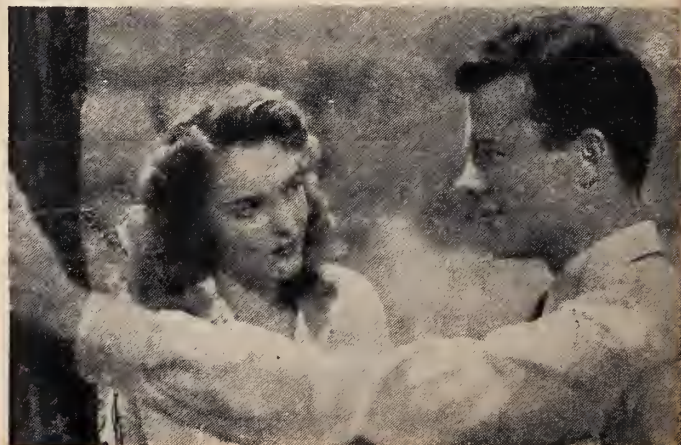
ONE MORE TOMORROW—Warners: *Christie Sage*, Ann Sheridan; *Tom Collier*, Dennis Morgan; *Cecilia Henry*, Alexis Smith; *Red Regan (Pat)*, Jack Carson; *Owen Arthur*, John Loder; *Frances Connors*, Jane Wyman; *Rufus Collier*, Thurston Hall.

SMOKY—20th Century-Fox: *Clint Barkley*, Fred MacMurray; *Julie*, Anne Baxter; *Bill*, Burl Ives; *Frank*, Bruce Cabot; *Gram*, Esther Dale; *Jeff*, Roy Roberts; *Jim*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Bart*, Max Wagner; *Sheriff*, Guy Beach; *Nelson*, Howard Negley; *Peters*, Bud Geary; *Bud*, Harry Carter; *Scrubby*, Bob Adler; *Junk Man*, Victor Kilian; *Livery Stable Proprietor*, Herbert Heywood.

THREE WISE FOOLS—M-G-M: *Sheila O'Monahan*, Margaret O'Brien; *Dr. Richard Gaunghit*, Lionel Barrymore; *Judge James Trumbell*, Lewis Stone; *Theodore Findley*, Edward Arnold; *Terence Aloysius O'Davern*, Thomas Mitchell; *Judge Watson*, Ray Collins; *Sister Mary Bridget*, Jane Darwell; *Paul Badger*, Charles Dingle; *The Ancient*, Harry Davenport; *Horace Appleby*, Henry O'Neill; *Rena Fairchild*, Cyd Charisse; *The O'Monahan*, Warner Anderson; *Dugan*, Billy Curtis.

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE—Warners: *Prince Henry*, Dennis Morgan; *Buzz Williams*, Jack Carson; *Connie Read*, Joan Leslie; *Polly*, Janis Paige; *Count Oswald*, S. Z. Sakall; *Peggy*, Patti Brady; *Happy*, Tom D'Andrea; *Nan*, Rosemary DeCamp; *Mike Collins*, John Ridgely; *Johnson*, Pat McVey; *Theater Manager*, Franklin Pangborn; *Dr. Bauer*, Francis Pierlot.

Tender duo: Julie
London and Lon
McCallister in
"No Trespassing"



*Look Your
Glamorous Best*

*...Charm-Kurl your hair
to new COLD WAVE
Beauty in 2 to 3
hours...at home*



Adole Mara,
featured in "The Last
Crooked Mile"
a Republic picture

*...it's easy...it's fun and
so economical, too, with*

the New *Charm-Kurl* Supreme COLD WAVE



EACH CHARM-KURL SUPREME KIT contains everything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE Permanent.

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A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and striped tie is smiling and holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. He is also holding a large ruler in his left hand. The ruler has the letters 'A', 'B', and 'C' printed on it in large, bold, red letters. The background is a warm, textured wall with a lamp visible on the left.

*S*quare this with what
you want in a Cigarette—

A
B
C

ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING

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PHOTOPLAY

October

15¢



Lana Turner
By Paul Hesse

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Glamorous Today...lovelier tomorrow



Just a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" add new glamour to your natural loveliness right now — today.

And for the many tomorrows ahead, see how this glamorous make-up will safeguard your skin against the drying, aging signs that otherwise might be in store for you. Originated by Max Factor Hollywood for the screen stars, "Pan-Cake" is now the favored fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake".

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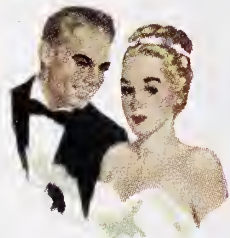
PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL



*"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion;
it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look*



*A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds;
and it stays on for hours without retouching*



*"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults;
the exclusive formula guards against drying*

Marilyn Maxwell

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"THE SHOW-OFF"

ORIGINATED BY *Max Factor* Hollywood*

"Sister...what that pumpkin
could teach
you!"



GIRL: Okay, Cupid. What could the pumpkin teach me? How to be a pie?

CUPID: How to be a Mantrap, my dateless darling. To smile. Don't you know what even the plainest girl can do if she's got a sparkling smile?

GIRL: Sure. If she's got a sparkling smile. But what happens to me, when I brush my teeth, is a smile full of *no* smile.

CUPID: And "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: So?

CUPID: Listen, my airy friend, that "pink" happens to be an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* Let him decide whether it's serious or whether it's simply a case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may very well recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Ipana. Massage. Dentist. So what's about the smile you were talking about?

CUPID: *Precisely* why I am here. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Let your dentist decide whether you need this famous dental routine—gentle massage with Ipana after you brush your teeth. Check on it, Cinderella... and start on a smile that'll have you "man-haunting" come Hallowe'en!



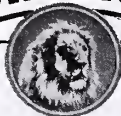
For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're overflowing with excitement about "Undercurrent". It's several days since we previewed it—and we still haven't shaken off the spell of this amazing new M-G-M romance.

And it baffles us to find words that convey to you the moods, the lights and shadows, the unusualness that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

But let's try. We'll begin with Katharine Hepburn. She plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love, then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life.



And forgive this irrelevancy—she wears such attractive clothes with such wonderful grace that we predict untold millions of envious sighs.

Then, of course, there's handsome Robert Taylor and anything we could say about his performance in "Undercurrent" would be an understatement.

"Undercurrent" is not only the best possible vehicle for Taylor's return to the screen, but it is also the picture in which he creates—believe us—one of the most sensational male roles in film history.

We won't tell you exactly why we think so—it would spoil the suspense of the picture—but we know you'll agree with us when you see Bob as the brilliant young tycoon whose life is haunted by a strange and disturbing dread.

Robert Mitchum and all the cast have been chosen with rare dramatic judgment to give "Undercurrent" its startling quality.

A special commendation goes to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script, based on a story by Thelma Strabel.

And to Pandro S. Berman who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli who directed it, go our thanks for a truly daring and memorable film.

Yes, we were swept away by "Undercurrent". You'll be, too.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Cover: Lana Turner, appearing in "Coquette"

Miss Turner's suit by Saks 5th Ave., Beverly Hills; hat by Keneth Hopkins; furs by Edwards & Kroll; Jewels by Lackritz
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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OCTOBER, 1946

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VOL. 29, No. 5

*Beneath the surface of an overpowering love
may surge an undercurrent of vicious hate!*

She was deeply in love with
him... yet coming between
them was a fear, a strange
jealousy on his part that she
could not explain!



M-G-M presents a daring and unusual romance...

KATHARINE HEPBURN · ROBERT TAYLOR
ROBERT MITCHUM

UNDERCURRENT

• Screenplay by EDWARD CHODOROV • Based on a story by THELMA STRABEL
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





Swedish hop: Rare shot of a rare occasion when Ingrid Bergman and husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom go Macambo-ing

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photographs by Fink and Smith

Round-up: The Frank Sinatras are expecting their third child and couldn't be happier . . . Clark Gable with Joan Crawford causing necks to crane at the California Cabana Club opening . . . Hollywood agog over David Selznick's attack on a photographer at Mocambo who was actually snapping Shirley Temple . . . Jimmy Stewart tagging it to parties to the dismay of the beauties who don't dream where his heart really lies . . . Warner Brothers not only extending a welcome-home hand to Jeffrey Lynn, after three years in the service, but trying to find a home for the actor and his bride Robin Chandler . . . The stag line forming at the right since Vera-Ellen's divorce . . . James Mason's illustrations in his wife's book "Ignoramous" eagerly awaited by those fans who became Mason addicts after "The Seventh Veil" . . . Donna Reed and husband Tony Owen adopting their second child.



Headliners in step: Old friends Joan Crawford and Clark Gable exchange current items at California Cabana Club



Gay minor note: Front row, Hymie Fink's wide-eyed Joan, Lana's Cheryl Crane, birthday girl Wanda Van Heflin. Back row: Pat O'Brien's Terry, Gretchen Albertson, Keenan Wynn's Ned



Back of the law: Cornel Wilde signs his autograph for Officer George Taylor on the Twentieth lot

Around Town: Richard Ney attended the Arthur Little Jr. party for the first time without his wife, Greer Garson (who was working), and danced every dance . . . Betty Grable and Harry James driving down Sunset Boulevard each in separate but identical fire-engine red Cadillacs . . . Zach Scott and Robert Sterling at The Players for dinner because their wives were golfing at Del Monte . . . Rex Harrison standing amidst mobbing fans after the premiere of "Anna and the King of Siam" and not one recognizing him . . . Lana Turner surrounded by six men at a party smiling over their heads at Cal who got dirty looks from all six . . . Errol Flynn with Nora and friends quietly celebrating his birthday at a corner table at Romanoff's . . . Jack Beutel of "The Outlaw" cocktail-tailing at the Beverly Hills Hotel and not one person recognizing him as "Billy, the Kid."



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY, YARDLEY, LONDON

light-catching loveliness...

like that which makes a crystal
come enchantingly alive. . . .

A radiant complexion, richly
shining lips—yours, because
Yardley caught a new sparkle,
an almost inner brilliance,
in beauty aids that bid you
wake up and "Color-light"!



"color-light" with YARDLEY aids to beauty

"Color-light" your skin with Yardley
"English Complexion" Powder, \$1—
your lips with Yardley Lipstick, \$1.
Yardley also brings exquisite beauty
aids—Night Cream and Dry Skin
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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

INSIDE STUFF

Set of the Month: The picture is "The Late George Apley"—the director, young and handsome Joe Mankiewicz whose directorial chair is marked "Old Timer" because Joe is the youngest director-writer-producer in the business. The cut-up and comedian of the set, one Mr. Ronald Colman, has Edna Best in such stitches she can hardly finish the scene while we watch from the sidelines. The cast is constantly under the sway of the Colman humor. We report with awe that he is enormously funny at times. And Mr. Colman doesn't know it yet but when shooting is finally over, that cigar he smokes throughout will be gold-dipped and made into a paperweight as a gift from the cast "to a fine gentleman with a keen sense of humor."

"My hair is all wrong again," Richard Ney complains. Seems Richard goes home for lunch and a dip in the pool which leaves his hair damp and clingy.

Mala, the only Semitic-Eskimo of our acquaintance, is assistant cameraman and eighteen-year-old Vanessa Brown, a former Quiz Kid, is playing Ney's girl friend. Very quietly Mr. Mankiewicz cautions Peggy Cummins anent her British accent. When it becomes too noticeable, the director calls out in broad American "Broth-er" and Peggy knows.

There's a happy relaxed air about the set that promises a fine picture.

We Nominate: For bubbling, unspoiled good humor—Celeste Holm because she cheerfully signs Ann Sothorn's name to autograph requests when fans constantly mistake her for Ann. And never once does she complain.

For uncomplaining sportsmanship—Richard Haydn who is left to wash up the tea things on "The Late George Apley" set every day and neither complains nor balks. (Continued on page 8)



Tea for two on "The Late George Apley" set for Peggy Cummins and Richard Haydn

IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S TERRIFIC!

HUMPHREY

LAUREN

BOGART AND BACALL

THEIR kind
of love-
madness!
THEIR kind
of madly
exciting
screen
smash!

THE PICTURE THEY WERE BORN FOR!

"THE BIG SLEEP"

WITH

NEW WARNER SENSATION!

MARTHA VICKERS · DOROTHY MALONE ·

HOWARD

HAWKS

SCREEN PLAY BY WILLIAM FAULKNER, LEIGH BRACKETT AND JULES FURTHMAN
FROM THE NOVEL BY RAYMOND CHANDLER · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



PRODUCTION

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ Try it anyway
- ☐ Say your feet hurt
- ☐ 'Fess up frankly

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons

rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that prevent revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ Take the cake
- ☐ Apply lemon juice
- ☐ Wear a dotted veil

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (*makeup*, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

- ☐ To the waiter
- ☐ To your escort
- ☐ Let your date choose your dinner

If you're a menu mumblor—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra* safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6)

For hiding her feelings best—Peggy Cummins who secretly suffers over the Amber debacle and yet bravely faces rooms of people who instantly bend heads in gossip or point her out.

For the best-loved actor in Hollywood—Jimmy Durante who has a good word for every actor, is jealous of none, is first to applaud talent, no matter how little and speak an encouraging word to the discouraged.

For the most outspoken—Dane Clark who will lose friends and position to speak the truth as he sees it. Dane likes people for what they are rather than who they are and fears no one.

Turner-Hughes: The very plane that almost caused Howard Hughes his life and wrecked a beautiful Beverly Hills home when he crashed into it was the one thing that stood between the marriage of Lana Turner and Howard Hughes. Repeatedly Lana begged Howard to permit someone else to test the plane. "I have a hunch, Howard," she said. "Please, please don't do it."

The wedding date had been set and all was ready, but the plane had not been completed at that date and Howard would not leave for a honeymoon until after it had been tested. Several times all arrangements were made and the plane was still unsatisfactory. Realizing his work meant more than their future together, the couple decided to remain the close friends they had previously been and still are rather than marry; Howard refusing to give up his dangerous testing.

Lana proved right in her hunch and while she made no show as did some others of crashing the hospital, she suffered acutely over the fate of her friend. This Cal knows.



Wonder inspection of an old-fashioned kaleidoscope for Elizabeth Taylor and Jimmy Lydon on "Life With Father" set

**IT'S
RAFT'S
KIND OF
ACTION...**

"Why don't we stop talking...
words weren't made for
a guy like me... or a
woman like you"

Benedict Bogeaus
PRESENTS

**GEORGE RAFT
SYLVIA SIDNEY**

IN

"MR. ACE"

with Stanley Ridges • Sara Haden • Jerome Cowan • Sid Silvers • Alan Edwards
and ROMAN BOHNEN also The Flennay Trio and Joyce Bryant

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Original story and Screenplay by FRED FINKLEHOFF • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

"Soft as a star-sung serenade,
her *White Hands*
weave the melody"



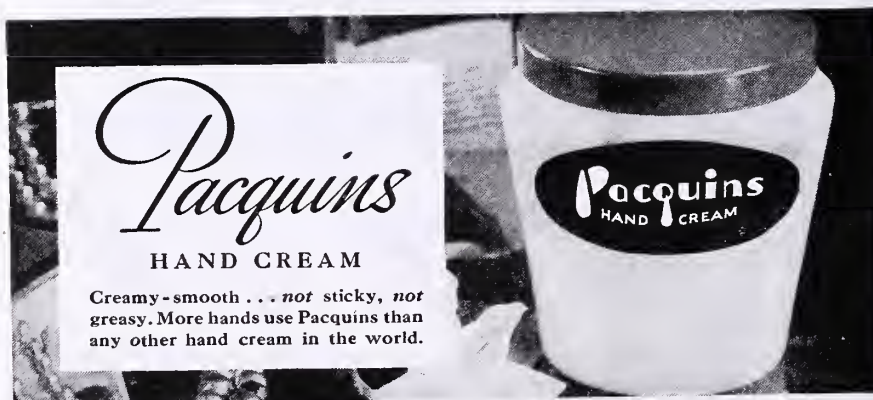
Wring a mop and still have white hands? Yes, it's possible!

Of course, housework is hard on your hands... but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins... this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother... Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!



Doctors and Nurses use this extra-rich cream!

Pacquins was originally formulated for Doctors and Nurses. They have to scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. To keep hands soft and smooth... they need a cream that's super-rich in skin-softening ingredients. And that's just what Pacquins is! Use Pacquins yourself... See if your hands don't look soft and lovely!



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 8)

"Do you realize with that crash all I had in this world was almost wiped out at once?" Lana asked Cal and then related how her mother and baby Cheryl were driving back from dinner with Steve Crane, Cheryl's father, when the plane swooped over them in its dizzy plunge, missing them by a number of feet. Mrs. Turner's cry to swing to the right saved them. In fact, they came so close, Steve's car was imbedded with splinters from the wreck.

The Korvins: It's comforting in the midst of so much Hollywood tra de la to meet the Charles Korvins as Cal did recently at tea time. The handsome Hungarian and his pretty blonde American wife are completely taken up with the household problems of their little apartment on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood, the trials and tribulations of their friends, their duty to their community and neighbors. Korvin's hazel eyes twinkle as he tells of taking his handsome landlady, Mrs. Clara Maurer, to Universal for lunch and how a certain columnist printed Charles was afraid of eviction—which was so far from true. His kindness, his generosity of time and self in friendship is not easy for Hollywood to understand. Incidentally, upon his return from summer stock in the east, Mr. Korvin will enter a hospital here for a serious operation. And Cal is happy to report his latest film, "Bella Donna" with Merle Oberon, will send the actor's stock flying.

Age of Romance: Cal would say off-hand Cleatus Caldwell is the most popular girl in town with every beau in movieland trying for a date. At the moment Dave Rose is head man... Charles Russell and Peggy Cummins are romancing off screen as well as on and June Haver still sees Georgie Jessel, but mama is always along... Guy Madison and Gail Russell are on—but for sure... Herbert Marshall and Boots Mallory are the stead—
(Continued on page 12)



Fun fling: Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn kid Scot at "Green Years" premiere

ALL OR NOTHING! *In gambling... In love!*

When a girl who never gambles meets a man who always wins—WHO GIVES IN? See the amazing, amusing answers in this grand romantic comedy, set in that famous city of gaiety — Las Vegas.



RKO
PRESENTS

ROBERT YOUNG
BARBARA HALE • FRANK MORGAN

in

Lady Luck

with

JAMES GLEASON • DON RICE • HARRY DAVENPORT

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN • Screen Play by LYNN ROOT and FRANK FENTON



INSIDE STUFF

Candid catch - of - the - month: Mirthful
Dottie Lamour at Atwater Kent party

(Continued from page 10) iest, night-after-night twosome in town. Helmut Dantine and Ida Lupino are together again, Sylvia Sydney and Carlton Al- sop are a-wooing and Cary Grant and Betty Hensel have been visitors together at San Simeon. The first girl Clark Gable dated on his return to Hollywood was Virginia Grey ... And of married romancers, the happiest husbands are Chester Morris who never lunches or dines with any woman, even on business, but his adorable Lili, and Ronald Colman who is happy just being at home with wife Benita and little daughter Juliet Benita.

Yippee: A trek out the Valley to old Republic, home of those hard-riding, sweet-singing cowboys, disclosed the good news that despite all "that court lawin'" against this studio, Gene Autry intends to go right on making Republic pictures. Gene felt Roy Rogers and the new lad, Monte Hale, who made outdoor films in color, had been publicized too much while he was in the service. He was afraid the public would grow weary of too many singing cowhands. But something must have changed Gene's mind for he'll go on making the kind of films his fans love.



In the meantime, Bill Elliott who for four years made Red Ryder films, has been upped to big time and will compete with Rogers and Autry. "In Old Sacramento" proved Elliott, a more mature he-man type, is really a bet.

Trigger took his first air ride recently when Roy flew his horse to Cache, Oklahoma, for a rodeo.

The Truth Is: Tom Drake became enamoured of Beverly Tyler while making "The Green Years" and still is. Just to see them together is to know it.

Ty Power's planned jaunt to Mexico, Guatemala and South America is to get away from it all and contemplate his future.

All those fans who have protested casting Claudette Colbert as the teen-age bride in "The Egg and I" can calm down. Authoress Betty MacDonald approves, saying the book was written from a mature, not an adolescent, viewpoint.

The separation between Linda Darnell and Pev Marley did not surprise Hollywood as the pair haven't been congenial for some time. And the visit of Linda's to the hospital to see Howard Hughes didn't help matters, either.

Fair and Cloudy: Vic Mature tells of (Continued on page 14)

"What's cookin' at your house?"

queries **PERRY COMO**

Star of NBC's Famous "Supper Club"

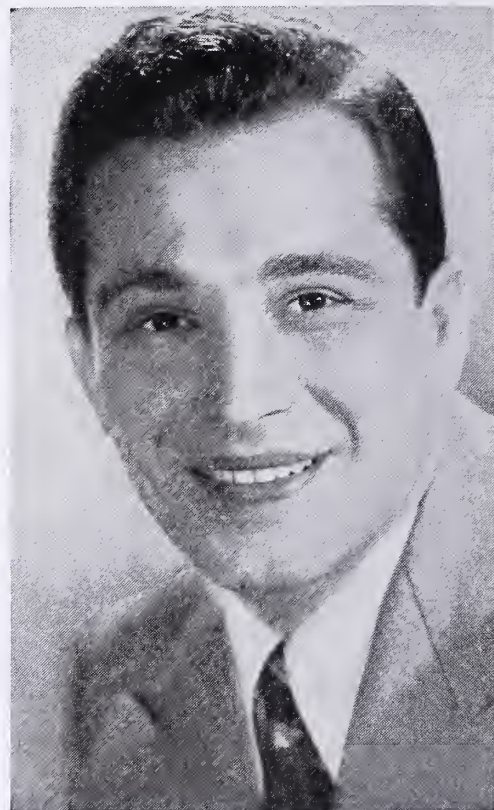


"Whatever's on your dinner menu, I bet it isn't grass soup, raw tree bark, or bread that's made with sawdust. That's what plenty of our friends around the world have had to call food these past few years.

"Lucky us! We don't have to starve ourselves to send food a-plenty to Europe and Asia. We can just eat a little less, waste a little less, grow a little more. And we'll enjoy what we do eat all the more, knowing our small 'sacrifice' has been the bread of life itself for some fellow human being."



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at a price no woman
could pay!**

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a secret that wouldn't keep!



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Philip Reed • Felix Bressart**

in

"Her Sister's Secret"

with

Regis Toomey • Henry Stephenson • Fritz Feld • George Meeker
and Winston Severn • Helene Reigh • Frances Williams • Rudolph Anders

A Henry Brash Production Based on the Novel, "Dark Angel," by Gina Kaus

Screenplay by Ann Green • Associate Producer Raoul Pagel

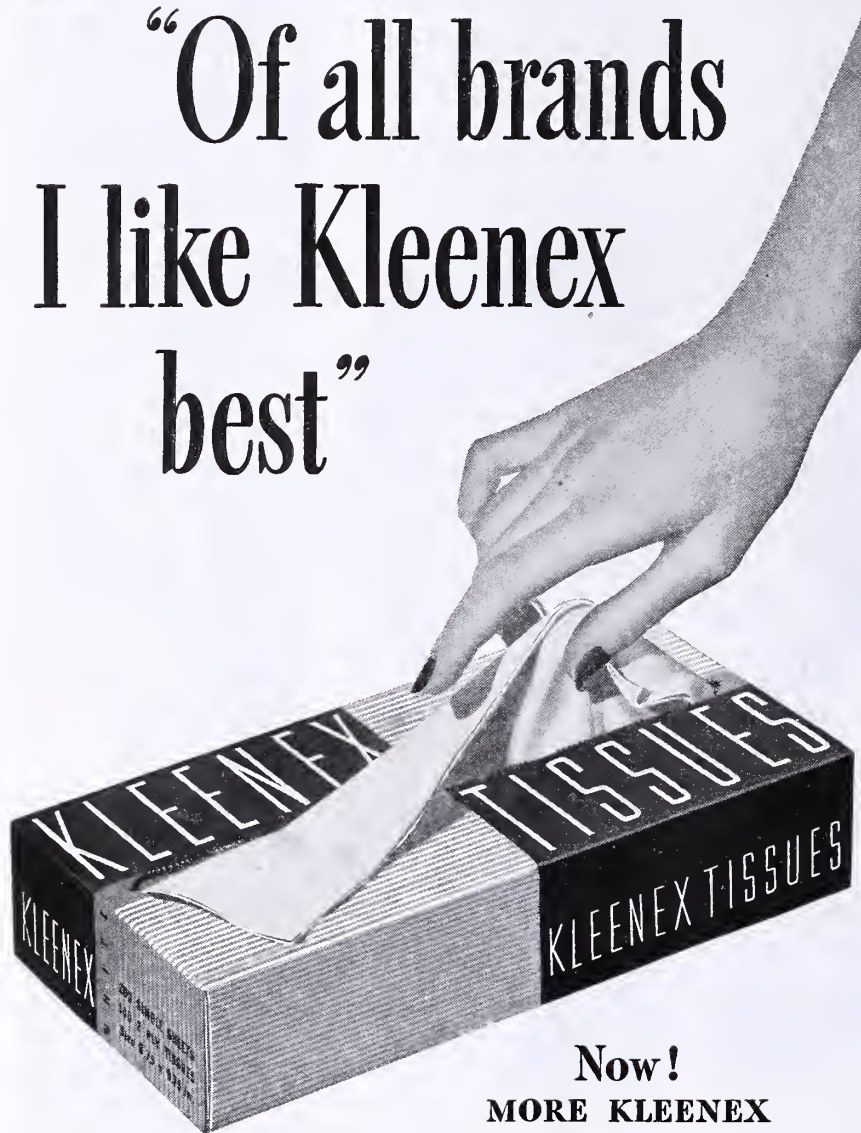
Directed by Edgar G. Ulmer





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MORE KLEENEX**

*being made than ever before.
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7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others can't be "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes,

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So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

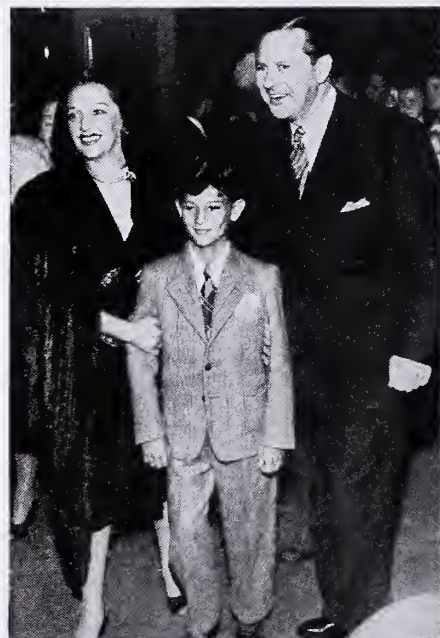
**There's only
one Kleenex^{*}**
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

INSIDE STUFF

the unpredictable weather conditions on the Wyoming set of "My Darling Clementine" and how storms and clouds would appear in an instant. "Isn't there any weather report for this district?" the director finally asked and was told a certain Indian in the neighborhood was a sure weather prophet. Agreeing to take the job the Indian daily reported a clear day, a cloudy day, or approaching rain with amazing accuracy.

Finally one day the Indian failed to report and was sent for. "What kind of day is it going to be?" the director demanded. "Me no know," the Indian shrugged. "Radio broke. Me no get government report any more."

Random Items: Lots of speculation about what will happen when Orson Welles returns to Hollywood after his current successful New York stage season and takes up his directing chores at Columbia where his estranged wife Rita Hayworth also toils. The optimists will bet you that when they see each other again Orson and Rita will make another try of their marriage—because he's carrying such a torch for her. But if they get together again Cal will be surprised. Also, some people think his first assignment will be directing Rita in a picture. But studio bosses say no. . . Kids who hang around outside the Brown Derby have a new gimmick in the autograph-getting routine. They carry victrola records—getting them signed. So many disk-makers like Dinah Shore, Judy Garland, Frankie Sinatra lunch there. . . It was Hedy Lamarr who insisted that Dennis O'Keefe dye his hair but so blonde for the picture they're making together. Says it shows her off more that way!



Their son is Irene Dunne's son in "Anna and the King of Siam." Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon with Richard at the premiere



GLENN FORD

straight from the
arms of *Gilda*
with

JANET BLAIR

in

COLUMBIA
PICTURES'

GALLANT JOURNEY

*a wonderful love story...
a great motion picture!*

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES · HENRY TRAVERS · JIMMY LLOYD

Original screenplay by Byron Morgan
and William A. Wellman

Produced and Directed by

WILLIAM A. WELLMAN



**"ME! I choose
to stay
single!"**



**Hooey!
You'd like
to choose a
husband. So
start right.**

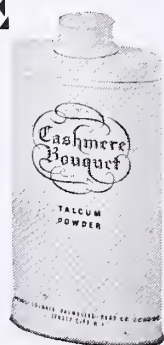
KEEP FRESH: After your bath, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body. Pat it into every curve to sweeten your skin. There—you're *fresh*!

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For the luxury size
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INSIDE STUFF

Atwater Kent party junior attraction, Margaret O'Brien, chats with the Dane Clarks



Three cheers from Jimmy Stewart for the fast quips of the emcee George Jessel



Gloria De Haven and Glenn Ford have their cake and eat it too. P.S. Their spouses were also there



Tom Drake kibitzes on Beverly Tyler and Kelly Green

*Take it from lovely
Ann Sheridan-*

"A CANARY'S THRILLING SONG MAKES
A BRIGHTER, CHEERIER HOME."



STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE "NORA PRENTISS," SOON TO BE RELEASED

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star of "Rosemary" and "Joyce Jordan, M.D." styles her nails to maintain a vibrant radio mood. To be a "vibrant" you: cover your nails completely with a rich, glowing shade such as Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY! Accent your colorful costume!



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styles her nails artistically for a sophisticated mood. To be a "sophisticated" you: apply a subtle, subdued shade such as Dura-Gloss PINK LADY; expose moons, cover tips, for an artistic effect!



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MARY E. BRIER

accents an appropriately business-like effect with a tailored nail style. To be a "tailored" you: use a crisp, vivid red, such as Dura-Gloss FLARE RED, exposing both moons and tips! Dress your fingertips for the occasion!

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Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

Copr. 1946, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.; Havana, Cuba; Montreal, Canada. Founded by E. T. Reynolds

INSIDE

Over There: A cheery letter from Bill Eythe in England is like seeing London itself. Bill tells of visiting all the historical places—Poets Corner, the Abbey, Shakespeare's home. Seems on his off days Bill takes a bus to a treasured historical spot and then slowly walks home through the city, missing nothing. Production methods are different there, he tells us, with actors being consulted on scripts as to changes, etc. The question his fellow workers ask most often is: "Is it true American production methods are streamlined like a factory output?" Bill didn't tell us what he answered but we judged from his letter England could bear with a little snappier production methods.

Hurd Hatfield, also abroad, is the envy of every Frenchman in town. Jean Pierre Aumont or Boyer would have given anything to play in the Renoir picture Hurd is making in Paris and in French, too. Hurd is living at the George V and having himself a whirl.

Jeep Jaunt: There was an odd twinkle in Mark Stevens's eye as he stood in Cal's doorway. "Ready?" he asked. We were ready but not for the vehicle that stood at our door—a tan jeep with a matching top and two seats. We bounced up the twisting roadways past Mary Pickford's home, with Cal's head bobbing and teeth rattling as the jeep hippity-hopped its way to the Stevens home. Mark had bought the jeep only a few days before and was like a kid with a new toy. Annelle, his charming wife, laughed as Cal practically fell apart getting out of the thing. We had come to dine with the young couple and to report to you that Mark and Annelle have our nomination for the couple most like you or the young couple next door. They live in a charming but cozy home far enough away from downtown to seem another world. In order to have an extra room for their expected



Breaking ground for veterans' hospital to be erected by Motion Picture Association: Nancy Guild, Bebe Daniels, Jean Hersholt, Maria Montez and Jane Powell

STUFF

child, they persuaded their landlord to build on another room and they had to pay all the building expenses. "And coming on top of doctor bills, it's a tough proposition," Mark said.

To top off their problem, their cook left, with Annelle having no more knowledge of cookery than a child. But she's learning. The steaks may get too well done while the potatoes are still baking, but her hollandaise is perfect and the coffee isn't bad. And like thousands of young husbands, Mark will ask, "Well what did I say that's wrong?" when Annelle fixes him with a wifely glare.

They have already chosen a name for their first baby—Annelle if it's a girl and Mark if it's a boy. The hours of rehearsals necessary for the role of the song-and-dance man Mark plays in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" leaves him exhausted after his recent illness so Cal left early realizing that in Hollywood they are average young people living normal average lives and darned if it wasn't worth a ride in a jeep to find that out.

Gratitude?: Hollywood is chuckling over the actor who visited a director on a studio set to express gratitude. "When I was nobody you were kind to me," the actor said, "and now I want to express appreciation." The director begged him to forget it but the actor would have none of it. "No, no, I want to do something for you and I've decided what it shall be," the actor said. "I know you own a Ford agency in Beverly and I'll be happy to buy a Ford from you. I'll pay for it, of course, and you can have lots of pictures made of me with the car to help your business."

As new Fords are almost impossible to get and this was a trick to get one, the director politely but coolly ignored the gesture of such gratitude.



• "The King of Siam," Rex Harrison, helps Anna, Irene Dunne, make dainty foot print in cement at Grauman's Chinese



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THE RIGHT NUMBER is Jean's day-time "do"... her bright Drene-lovely hair arranged in this simple center-part with shining-smooth turned up roll. "Never let dandruff spoil the sleek beauty of your hair," warns Jean. See how Drene removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.



JUST THE RIGHT NOTE to draw admiring glances... charming Jean Lord's Drene-lovely hair gleams in upswept flattery. Because Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals up to 33 percent more lustre! "And," says Jean, "It's easy to keep shining curls and rolls in place when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action."

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



Introducing Beverly Tyler who's size nine and nineteen—petite and pretty example of . . .



Beverly, of "My Brother Who Talks to Horses"

THE

Triumphant

TEENS

BY SARA HAMILTON

SHE'S nineteen and talks incessantly of the time when she was young. After "The Green Years" audiences everywhere talked of Beverly Tyler who played the Scottish sweetheart of Tom Drake and invariably referred to her as "young." It has her puzzled. After all she's been with M-G-M for four years and, as she points out, that makes her a veteran—an earnest red-headed, green-eyed veteran who is rapidly recovering from frustration, shyness and an inferiority complex.

Sunday school, she believes, is a good starting place. Beverly's singing in the Methodist Sunday school choir in Scranton, Pennsylvania (where she was born) so impressed the singing coach, Mrs. Earl V. Tolley, she took her to New York for extra coaching with Frank La Force.

In no time Beverly had a singing role in a soap opera, thus gaining valuable experiences. With a chum on the program and her parents, she was walking down Broadway one day when her young friend urged her to go into the Loew's building and contact the M-G-M people. Beverly thought it a lot of nonsense but decided to take the chance. Perhaps it was her indifference, or perhaps fate, but two minutes later Beverly was singing for Mr. Marvin Schenck and ten minutes later, to her bewilderment, was asked to make a test. She made it, was signed and with her mother went to Hollywood. Later her father, an executive with a typewriter company, had his business transferred to the coast and joined his family.

For three years she sat at "the children's table" in the M-G-M commissary and sulked. Every other child on the lot got a chance but Beverly who had the odd misfortune of being a mature looking thirteen. She regularly attended classes in the studio school room with Virginia Weidler, Elizabeth Taylor and other students, studied voice and ballet in the afternoons and in the evening returned to the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Saul (Beverly's real name) to starm about the other kids getting all the parts.

At sixteen her chance came and, armed with Mr. Mayer's reluctant consent, she

and her mother took off for New York and the musical play "The Firebrand of Florence" with Beverly singing the lead. The show lasted little more than two months but from the experience she emerged poised, sure of herself, no longer resentful and quite a dish. So much so the studio did a quick double take, ordered her to acquire a Scottish accent overnight and test for "The Green Years." She made it with colors and red curls flying. And to prove she's not so young despite those nineteen years, she's now playing Tom Drake's wife in the atom bomb picture—and "so there," she adds.

SHE'S an only child and thinks maybe it shows. Claims an only child has a certain independence of manner that could be mistaken for snootiness.

One knows somehow she'll never falter from this point on. She has no car and like millions of others is waiting for that promised new model. Meantime, she uses most of her spending money on taxis.

Languages, because of her music, was her favorite study. And when she completed her M-G-M high-school course at the age of sixteen she joined the graduating class of the Los Angeles High School to receive her diploma.

She's happy about her potato complex. She doesn't care for them or too many sweets. Which may account for those size nine frocks which she selects herself.

She's waiting until she can afford the real thing before she wears jewelry or fur coats. She's sensible about most things, dates her "Green Years" co-star, Tom Drake, doesn't care for night life and never expects to. She's waited too long to get places and nothing will interfere with work and study—until the right one comes along, that is—she adds.

Scranton, of course, is right proud of their native daughter and when "The Green Years" opened in New York, over a hundred of them traveled down for the opening. She thinks maybe the force within, which keeps her studying and practicing, may be because of those back home who believed and encouraged.

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ To a man, Americans agree that Luscious is the word for Lana...also Lovely, Lithe-some, Luminous and Alluring.

★ For your information, the "Lana" portion of her identification tag is strictly an added starter. Born in the mining town of Wallace, Idaho (which proves that's gold in them thar hills, brother!), she was abundantly christened Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. She tossed out four-fifths of the nomenclature when she went into pictures.

★ Fame came unexpectedly to Miss Turner as she was languidly sipping a chocolate ice-cream soda in a drug store across the street from Hollywood High School, where Lana was a student at the age of sixteen. A friend of Director Mervyn LeRoy, who knew beauty when he saw it, spotted her at the fountain. The rest is history. Two weeks later she was playing a top role in "They Won't Forget".

★ Lana's ultra-dynamic qualities are really evident on and off the screen. She's a confirmed window shopper, an avid record collector, an expert stylist and loves dearly to drive fancy roadsters—preferably those painted red.

★ If you're interested—and who isn't?—she is five-foot-three, weighs a well-distributed 110 pounds, looks out at the world through soft grey-green eyes and still loves chocolate sodas above all others.

★ Her most recent screen appearance was with John Garfield in M-G-M's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". Her next role will be in "Coquette", famous story of young love in the deep South. Add a lilting Southern accent to luscious Lana Turner, and the result is bound to be a memorable screen treat!

Watch for her next **M-G-M** film hit!

★ ★ "COQUETTE" ★ ★

GRAND EATING



made with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots

Looks good! You bet it does! It's real, too. No fancy painting this! No-siree! It's a real *portrait* of a pie, photographed just after the whipped cream finish went on!

And it's as good as it looks. A pie you can really get excited about!

SUNSWEET Peaches and Apricots are always in season...and always *full-ripe* with the fine rich flavor that only *full-ripe* fruit can have. You can't dry green fruit or half-ripe fruit to SUNSWEET quality. It has to be *full-ripe*. That's why SUNSWEET Peaches and Apricots make such fine-tasting pie. And that's why you should always look for the name SUNSWEET on the package.

They're rich in vitamins and valuable minerals, too. "Tenderized" for quick-cooking. Sealed in *foil* for perfect protection. Packed and guaranteed by the *growers* themselves.

Your grocer has 'em or can get 'em for you.



HOW TO MAKE IT

Rinse and drain 2½ cups SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots. Add 3 cups water, bring to a boil, and continue boiling about 20 minutes. Add 1¼ cups granulated sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon and bring to a boil again. Add 4 tablespoons cornstarch moistened in ½ cup of cold water and cook and stir about 5 minutes. Pour into baked pastry shell; cool. Decorate with whipped cream and additional cooked, sweetened SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots. Serves 6 to 8.

● For free illustrated recipe book, address SUNSWEET, Box K, San Jose 5, California.

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"Tenderized"
APRICOTS

"Tenderized"
PRUNES

Pure Natural
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SAILORS TAKE A Vote



The Bogarts teamed in "Big Sleep"

I read with interest the article on Lauren Bacall by Humphrey Bogart in your June issue, continuing the discussion of Miss Bacall's so-called debacle in her second released film and her much-discussed future as a screen personality. So I determined to write and say a few things.

During the war, on our ship—a rocket firing LSM (R) with a crew of eighty-two—we showed such films as "Saratoga Trunk," "My Reputation," "Rhapsody in Blue," "The Animal Kingdom" (which is now "One More Tomorrow") up to a year and a half before their general release in the States. Among these previews we were lucky enough to get "The Big Sleep."

Out of a total of over 150 films that we showed on our ship, there were very few films that they received with more enthusiasm than "The Big Sleep." I wish we had been shown "Confidential Agent" on board, if only to prove to myself (I have not seen it) that it was as poor a picture as was reported.

Soon after we had seen "The Big Sleep" I read in a Los Angeles paper that there was a great problem at Warners over Miss Bacall and that they were considering re-shooting a lot of "The Big Sleep" before releasing it to the public. All the fellows agreed that it had one of the best-written scripts, was one of the most interesting, fast-paced and smartly directed mystery films we had seen—and it was expertly acted by just about everybody involved. Not only is Howard Hawks a clever director, but he works well with Miss Bacall who is one of the most effective and interesting personalities in the motion picture business.

Mr. Bogart says that there is no idea that Miss Bacall is a great actress. Since very few screen actresses, even themselves, would claim to be great actresses, this is certainly no criticism of Mrs. Bogart, and he is absolutely right in saying that she can be a top-flight screen personality. She will require special treatment, but so far as "The Big Sleep" is concerned, I know of a good audience, now almost all civilians again and scattered over the country, who'd back me up and say there is no need to worry. Get it out on screens and see if we aren't right!

Sincerely,
DAVID MALLERY,
Franconia, New Hampshire

TOO INTERESTING ... FOR SAFETY!

The startling story of a mind that lost
itself...of a man who couldn't forget a
kiss...couldn't remember a KILLING!

RKO
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PAT O'BRIEN · CLAIRE TREVOR
HERBERT MARSHALL

in
CRACK-UP

with
RAY COLLINS · WALLACE FORD · DEAN HARENS
Directed by IRVING REIS • Written by JOHN FAXTON, BEN BENGAL and RAY SPENCER



R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good, three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Sister Kenny (RKO)



Woman with a dream: Dean Jagger and Rosalind Russell in a great, true drama

SISTER Kenny was a remarkable woman; this film of her life is no less a remarkable motion picture. It has the power of simplicity, the dramatic punch of realism and the finished touch of some excellent acting by Rosalind Russell and Alexander Knox.

The facts behind the film are well known: An Australian nurse's discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized by orthodox medicine. Rosalind Russell plays Elizabeth Kenny, makes her lovable as the young ambitious nurse, admirable as the fighting middle-aged woman who gives up marriage to Dean Jagger in

an effort to help the stricken children of Australia, symbolic as the aging humanitarian who comes to America, after England has turned down her plan, in search of official recognition of the Kenny treatment.

The battle between the careful investigation by medical circles of a new treatment and the courageous work of pioneers in that treatment is well presented; Alexander Knox as *Dr. McDonnell*, believer in Sister Kenny, is outstanding.

This is a film that belongs among the best of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: A superior stand-out

✓✓ Blue Skies (Paramount)



Colorful triangle: Joan Caulfield, Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby in gay musical

FRED Astaire's marvelous dancing reaches its peak in this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring Irving Berlin's haunting melodies. The long skirts of twenty years ago cannot take away the charm and gaiety of the picture's mood and teen-agers will laugh as heartily as their elders at Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby in their song-and-dance-man routine.

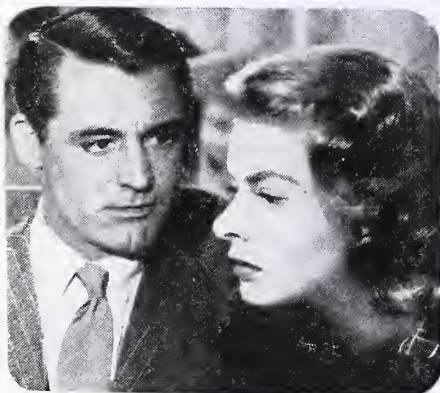
The plot is told in story form with Fred Astaire, as radio raconteur *Jed Potter*, turning back the pages of their lives in the hope that he can bring his friends Bing and Joan, who have been divorced, to-

gether again. Bing, as the restless night club owner, was never in better voice. Joan Caulfield, heart interest for Fred and Bing, is beautifully decorative. Olga San Juan as *Nita Nova*, Fred's cute and capable dancing partner, and Billy De Wolfe as *Tony*, Bing's funny-man-Friday, establish themselves as newcomers to be remembered.

And for the dancing climax there is the insinuating rhythm of the "Heat Wave" number.

Your Reviewer Says: A technicolor treat.

✓✓ Notorious (RKO)



Pursuit in danger: Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman in high suspense film

WRAPPED up by Hitchcock and delivered by competent Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains, this story of intrigue south of the border comes through as something to talk about. It gets off to a slow start: Miss Bergman is the daughter of a traitor but is a patriot at heart; she is reformed from a drink-and-be-merry life by secret agent Cary Grant and sets off with him to Rio to be a government agent. Love comes flying in the plane window and in a week's time is there to stay. This haste is necessary, since romance is but a prelude to the real plot, a humdinger that keeps you edging forward on your seat until the last episode, a classic in suspense.

There is no attempt at too much window-dressing; thanks to good direction and good acting, the picture is played quietly without too many heroics on the part of Grant or too much melodrama from the villains. As a result, the film gains in authenticity.

The Bergman technique is tops; Grant does his more or less routine job well. Claude Rains turns into a bad man with complete ease, but we will admit it is somewhat of a shock to see that gentleman, usually the noble square-shooter, perpetrating such a horrible deed as he does in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Get ready, get set, go!

(Continued on page 26)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 26

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 144

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 142

"Oh, she's a Blonde and can get away with it!"



MAYBE a blonde *can* get away with it for a little while . . . but a brunette—never! Those telltale flakes and scales show up all too plainly and people begin whispering "infectious dandruff" and draw away.

Look Out, Lady!

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff—flakes, scales, or itching—better start at once with the delightful treatment that has helped so many . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Make it a part of your regular hair washing routine.

Remember, infectious dandruff is nothing to fool with . . . and women as well as men can contract it.

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tion or relieve its severity. Here's why:

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There's no mess, no bother, no smell, no grease about the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's easy . . . it's delightful . . . and you simply have no idea how fresh, clean and exhilarated it makes your scalp feel. You will be delighted also, to see how quickly embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Get in the habit of using Listerine



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

The TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

Antiseptic as a part of your regular shampoo. It pays.

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At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC — Quick!



The Name You Know— The Quality Baby Deserves



All Brass . . Won't Rust
Guarded Coils . . Won't Catch

✓✓ The Strange Love of Martha Ivers (Wallis-Paramount)

EVEN though you probably wouldn't want to meet any of the people in this story of unbalanced emotions in a small town, there is suspense a-plenty in their lives and you'll sit on the edge of your seat as you watch the tale unfold.

Van Heflin is a hardened veteran who picks up a girl, Elizabeth Scott, gets thoroughly beaten up by thugs and comes back for more in an effort to discover why his childhood girl, Barbara Stanwyck, and her politician husband, Kirk Douglas, want to get him out of town.

Lizabeth Scott convincingly plays a probationer from jail seeking companionship and love in a world that has almost defeated her. Barbara Stanwyck reaches great dramatic height as the town's wealthiest woman who holds a lifelong criminal secret over her husband's cringing head. In his first screen role, Kirk Douglas proves himself a fine understanding actor, able to hold his own with such veterans as Stanwyck and Heflin. And Van Heflin's return to the screen is an auspicious one.

Judith Anderson is seen briefly as Barbara's aunt, as is Roman Bohnen as a scheming tutor. One of the year's most dramatic juvenile spots is cinched by young Janis Wilson, who plays Barbara as a child, while Darryl Hickman and Mickey Kuhn are two other youngsters who make the most of their early parts.

Your Reviewer Says: It's powerful stuff.

✓ Monsieur Beaucaire (Paramount)

THIS is Tarkington burlesqued by Hope—in a racing, romantic coach-and-four setting; and it turns up to be a Bob Hope special. For those who like his brand of comedy, this will be a life-of-the-party treat; for the non-Hopers it may end up just with a "silly picture" rating.

M. Beaucaire, a barber from the court of Louis XV of France, is forced by some "it may mean war" circumstances to impersonate the gay court playboy, the Duc de Chandre (Patric Knowles). The impersonation is strictly Hope; the situations give him plenty of opportunities to be the

Best Pictures of the Month

Sister Kenny
Blue Skies
Notorious

Best Performances

Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox
in "*Sister Kenny*"

Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby
in "*Blue Skies*"

Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin in
"*The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*"

Bob Hope in
"*Monsieur Beaucaire*"

Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young
in "*Claudia and David*"

Frank Morgan, Keenan Wynn
in "*The Cockeyed Miracle*"

James Mason in
"*They Were Sisters*"

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big brave coward, the naive know-it-all, the comedian par excellence. In a scene where he, as the Duc, is presented to the Spanish court as the prospective bridegroom of the Infanta, he turns every trick of his trade, leaves his audience roaring up their sleeves. As a pretty French wench, Joan Caulfield complies with the first adjective superbly; the Spanish princess, Marjorie Reynolds, flirts coyly from beneath her Spanish veil; Joseph Schildkraut is a competent villain in lace cuffs. The action steps drolly along, the lines keep up a fast pace; Hope's buffoonery is unrestrained.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like Hope, you'll love it.

✓✓ They Were Sisters (Rank-Universal)

THIS is James Mason at his sadistic best. It is the portrait of a man whose dark moods leave a sinister effect on the lives of three sisters who belong to an average upper-class English family into which he marries.

Spurned by the beautiful one of the three, he sets about to win and wreck the gentle sister, foiling the efforts of the strong sister to bring him to justice. The only person to evoke warmth from him is his eldest daughter who, interesting to note, is played by Pamela Kellino, Mason's wife in real life.

The children give excellent, touching performances and Dulcie Gray, as the gentle sister who turns to drink for escape, is most convincing. Her gradual deterioration is at no point overdone. The dialogue has sparkle and the story high suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Dark—and handsome—bundle from Britain.

✓✓ Claudia and David (20th Century-Fox)

THE chintzy atmosphere of life on a suburban farm is spread cozily all over this new episode of *Claudia and David*, that young couple who, through the deft portrayals of Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young, have won themselves a coterie of sentimental fans.

With enough complications to keep the action moving along at a graceful pace, this installment finds *Claudia* getting jealous of *David* and his business client, Mary Astor, and *David* getting jealous of *Claudia* and her new-found friend, John Sutton. There are no dishes thrown, but all the more fun for everyone, since the marital pros and cons take the form of some typical verbal scenes that get knowing chuckles from both sexes in the audience. Something big is bound to happen to break up the bickerings—and it does, in a sequence in which Dorothy McGuire comes through with a fine bit of restrained acting.

Bertha and *Fritz*, *Julia* and *Harvey* are there, of course, but it is to the McGuire-Young team that hats are doffed for making this a neat homey picture well worth some front-row attention.

Your Reviewer Says: Two make a two-check marriage.

✓ The Cockeyed Miracle (M-G-M)

TAKE your choice of the words in the title for this one: If you don't like seeing the hereafter interpreted in celluloid, you may call this slightly "cockeyed"; if you enjoy a bit of fanciful caprice you'll go for the "miracle" side. Executed with a light touch and in the finest of taste, this has Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn as



Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

CUTE COSTUME, slave girl. And you go so well inside it.

But what good is your masquerade if underarm odor gives you away? Don't ever take chances with your charm. Put your trust in Mum.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing

away *past* perspiration. But to *stay* sweet and nice to be near . . . to guard against the risk of *future* underarm odor . . . play safe—use Mum!

→ better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Mum



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instantly softens, shapes and
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at leading toiletries counters everywhere.

W. B. Associates, N. Y. 17

two "spirited" gentlemen who wander around through walls having themselves a grand time observing their human counterparts and blowing up big storms when necessary.

Morgan takes leave of the world and his wife and children to meet up with his own father—dapper Keenan Wynn in top hat and cane. Before they ascend the heights, Morgan feels he has a few earthly matters to clear up—his financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, in love with absent-minded Richard Quine.

The two of them make a fantastic team that has fantastic results. Humor your sense of humor and go have some fun.

Your Reviewer Says: All in good spirit.

✓ Caesar and Cleopatra (Pascal-UA)

STRICTLY in the limited-appeal category, George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" comes to the screen in much the same manner as Shaw's other epics. Claude Rains plays a bald-headed conqueror in toga and laurel wreath, given to dashing off philosophic remarks; Vivien Leigh, looking too thin to be true, is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen.

The settings are perfection; every detail of the period is meticulously observed; nothing is spared to let color have full sway. In fact, the production is reputed to be the most expensive Britain has ever made.

Coming to Egypt, Caesar finds Cleopatra and her younger brother contending for the throne; throws in his weight on the lady's side; and after his short stay leaves her in possession of the land of the Nile. The lines are spiced with Shaw, the historical characters portrayed faithfully by Rains and Leigh. The main trouble is that for the last half of the picture the action becomes static.

Your Reviewer Says: Shaw plus Caesar and Cleo.

✓ Home Sweet Homicide (20th Century-Fox)

USUALLY screen mysteries are guaranteed to produce the goose-pimple, hair-on-end routine, but this does nothing of the sort. It will, rather, give you a look at three little helions—Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell and Connie Marshall—as they try to solve a neighborhood murder. Their deductions are sometimes amusing, sometimes a little boring, but the film constitutes a fresh slant on the who-dun-it side.

Since mother Lynn Bari is a writer of mystery stories, the small fry have their ammunition ready as soon as the shots are heard—alibis, hidden suspects and mysterious manila envelopes fall in and out of their hands in a fashion that has detective Randolph Scott and co-worker James Gleason realistically scratching their heads.

No great effort is made to arouse suspicion or heighten interest—the picture rests in the children's hands. At times they're capable of carrying it; at others, they obviously need a bit more outside help to turn this into anything but a half-hearted attempt at good entertainment.

Peggy Ann Garner's past performances should get her a better role than this.

Your Reviewer Says: Toy-gun murder stuff.

Mr. Ace (United Artists)

THE idea of "Mr. Ace" was a good one—i.e., women in politics à la Clare Booth Luce. With a chance to show the exciting
(Continued on page 139)

Angel... or Devil? WHICH WAS SHE?

To the world, she was a charming, charitable woman
... But to 8 men—her father, husbands, sons, lovers—she was a shameless and passionate she-devil!



THE *Strange Woman*

BEN AMES WILLIAMS' Sensational 700-Page Best-Seller
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JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Caruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-like bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years! To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature, shameless and merciless! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton!"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who once boasted to his friend John Evered that he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met and usually found it, too! Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had saved her from a shipwreck—and then spent a winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—a character you'll long remember, now being immortalized on the screen by HEDY LAMARR!

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instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

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HEDY LAMARR in the movie, *The Strange Woman*, a Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok and released through United Artists.



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The glorious story of three
Cinderellas who find
their fellas in romantic,
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TO TIE A STRING AROUND
YOUR HEART!

Lyrics by

Music by

MACK GORDON · JOSEF MYROW

"YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG"

"SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT"

"ON THE BOARDWALK" (in Atlantic City)

"ALWAYS A LADY"

"THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"

and others

"THIS IS ALWAYS"

Music by HARRY WARREN

Three Little Girls in Blue

... They're all in
TECHNICOLOR, too!

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CENTURY-FOX

Coming! DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Magnificent Production of W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"



Mocambo glitter for Diana,
of "Easy Come, Easy Go,"
and fiancé, Henry Willson

Diamond on her finger

Diana Lynn tried it on for size "just
in case . . ." Then she thought over its
engaging effect . . . and put it on again

ONE evening Henry Willson, one of Hollywood's more eligible bachelors, dropped in at a theater to see a picture called, "And the Angels Sing." It seemed a pretty routine affair to him and he occupied himself mostly with analyzing the screen personalities who were engaged in it. That is his business. But he was familiar with most of the faces and with the abilities of their owners, so that wasn't much fun, either. Then suddenly It Happened. A flower-like girl of sixteen or so had floated across the screen. Henry sat up. He says now that he "felt funny." He knew who she was. Her name was Diana Lynn and he had seen her in another picture some time before, only he hadn't "felt funny" that time.

His professional attitude melted to a mere button and he found that instead of wondering about her acting talents he was trying to guess her qualities of loyalty, humor, intelligence, breeding . . . He didn't, he discovered, want to cast her in a picture. He wanted to *know* her.

But a still stranger thing happened to him just then. As assistant to the president of Vanguard Pictures, Inc., he is often called upon to assist in casting important parts in pictures. So he knew that if he should telephone Diana's studio, Paramount, he would have no trouble at all in getting an interview with her. Suddenly this routine procedure seemed "obvious" to him. So he began a series of the most devious maneuvers to try to (Continued on page 134)

BY HELEN PINE

They're Human, Too

BY LOUELLA

Photoplay welcomes back Louella Parsons after a siege of illness. Completely recovered, she returns to take up a vital matter close to her heart and one which has given us all cause for concern. Not only is Louella returning to the pages of Photoplay, but her radio audience will be happy to know she has returned to her Sunday night broadcast at 9:15 (EST) on ABC.

The Editors

I, who for thirty years have been campaigning for the public and the rights of our movie fans—those loyal movie-goers whose enthusiasm for motion pictures has made Hollywood as we know it possible—am now going to take the other side. For the first time in my life I am going to shake a finger of warning at certain of you. If I don't, you who really are in earnest in your devotion to Hollywood stars will suffer the consequences.

I am not criticizing those movie-goers who write letters of appreciation and are sincere in their wish to obtain photographs and autographs of their favorites. How could I criticize the kindly friends who, while I was so seriously sick, sent me thousands of telegrams, cards and letters of good cheer and hope for my recovery? I know



A moment after this picture was taken
Jeanne Crain was almost smothered



A frank and frightening appraisal of the violence that is forced upon the stars, with a plea in their behalf to end it

O. PARSONS

that, in addition to my fine surgeons and excellent nurses, it was the good wishes and prayers of my friends that saved my life.

I am attacking the peculiar form of mob violence that seems to be spreading across our nation like a virus, breaking out wherever movie stars appear. Never have I had any sympathy for ungracious actors and actresses who isolate themselves and refuse to pose for photographers, or to give autographs to sincere admirers, or to be seen by curious and friendly fans. But I am, here and now, taking the side of all the stars who have suffered at the hands of those reckless and thoughtless others who in some instances have actually inflicted personal violence.

I want to cite some actual cases of what happens when people let themselves be caught up by this disease. I believe they should be publicized in the interests of those of you who are real friends of the movies and who must be as anxious as I am to prevent such occurrences in the future.

Take Mark Stevens, for example. He is not sufficiently well known to have been the victim of the disgraceful demonstration of a few weeks ago. What happened to Mark is a *(Continued on page 115)*



They use autographing as excuse to tear off Bob Hope's tie and buttons



At "Canyon Passage" preview, Elsa Maxwell's new bonnet is a Yakima headdress



Katie Hepburn, expert lens-dodger, pleased Bill Grady when she did a turnabout at Cinematographers' Ball

HOLLYWOOD

Our expert puts on her thinking feathers and

BY ELSA

HOLLYWOOD is like a rapidly growing child. Turn your back on it for a day or a week and it changes. So you can imagine what happens in six months. Or can you?

Frankly, I wasn't prepared for some of the changes I found when I returned this year. But it was fun finding them nonetheless.

What, for instance, was the big social event of the summer? Was it an affair for a visiting rajah from Hyderabad given by the elite in the hanging gardens of Brentwood? Not by a long shot! It was the Cinematographers' Ball given by Hollywood's crack cameramen at the Coconut Grove. And a heartening sight it was to see these artists of the lens come into their own! For years they've battled Hollywood's unwritten caste system, rarely mingling with stars and executives socially. Now it's their day. And that was their night. For the elite were there, all right, but strictly by invitation. I might even add there was considerable vying for bids.

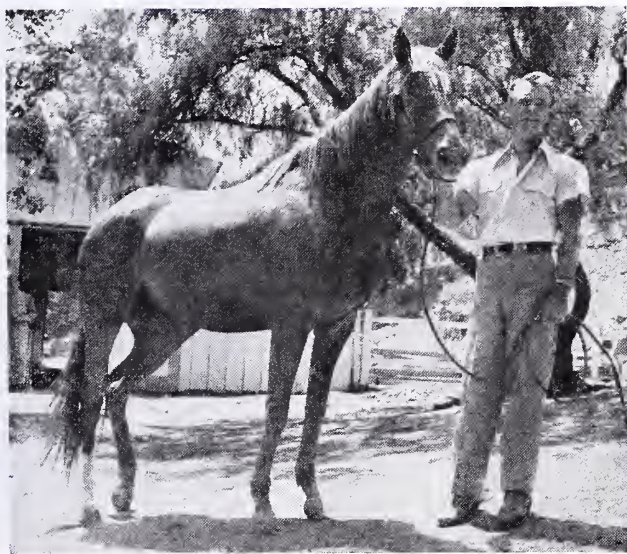


Winner in social battle, Cameraman Lucien Ballard, married to Merle Oberon, the former Lady Korda

HAS CHANGED!

reports these fascinating new film colony finds

MAXWELL



It's out in the sun these days for many stars, including Alan Ladd, who now has an embryo riding stable

Darryl Zanuck and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. took me in tow. Shirley Temple was there. And Jim Stewart. Even Hepburn, who is usually camera-shy, posed willingly while Grady Metro's casting director, beamed, "See, Katie, it doesn't hurt!"

Towards the latter part of the evening there was a blare of drums and Errol Flynn, borne in upon a palanquin, portrayed that great poobah, The Cinematographer of the Future. It was a palatial throne borne by four black "slaves." Over Errol's head, like a blinding umbrella, were flash bulbs. To add a modern touch—Flynn wore a tuxedo and there was a sign, "Quiet! Genius at Work." Fun, of course, it was. But it was also significant of how the cameramen are taking their place.

Hollywood's changed many ways besides photographers' parties. There's the new ice cream parlor on the Strip, Wright's, with the picture window looking out on Sunset Boulevard and the stars standing in line for the double rich sundae specials.

There's the brand new Cabana Club, a huge new beach (*Continued on page 128*)

A knight and



Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" is considered an outstanding film of all time



It was a cold, drizzly morning in early May. At La Guardia Airport, a group of us huddled together anxiously watching the clouded sky. Suddenly, the whir of motors was heard and a

Pan American Constellation winged its way toward the landing field. Exactly seventeen hours after it took off from England, landed in New York—ten minutes late.

There were twenty-six passengers aboard—all members of London's celebrated Old Vic Repertory Theatre, but for everyone waiting, the focal point of interest centered on two people—Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier. As they disembarked Vivien came first, looking beautiful in a Paisley snood that framed her classic features and wearing the same mink coat that she had worn when she had left New York six years ago. Larry followed,

grinning from ear to ear. And then a lovely thing happened. As if a switch had suddenly been turned on, the sun came out in all its brilliance. It seemed to say, "This is a very special day. Welcome back!"

Six years. It was hard to believe so much time had elapsed since that May afternoon in 1940 when they left. Now that they were here again, it was as if they had never left. Yet, how much water had flown under the bridge in that interval! The war—and Larry, a Sub Lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm. Vivien, spending gruelling months entertaining the troops in the embattled Mediterranean area. Their home in Chelsea blitzed, but luckily not to the ground, nor when they were in it. Blackouts, ration points, food shortage, clothes coupons, no petrol, buzz bombs and debris. Was there ever a lifetime before this? And then, miraculously, civilians

his lady



Scarlett O'Hara becomes Cleopatra: Vivien Leigh in "Caesar and Cleopatra"

A whirlwind visit to America
with a promise for the future
from these two who lived and
served on borrowed time—
Vivien and Laurence Olivier

BY RADIE HARRIS

again, and back to work, conscious of the gap left by rows of wooden crosses. Larry shooting "Henry V"—ten months of exhaustive effort to make this masterpiece which he directed, starred in and produced against the odds of wartime restrictions and hazards. Vivien, shooting "Caesar and Cleopatra," working nine tedious months under the same handicaps but relieved of the personal responsibility that was Larry's.

Hollywood beckoned via cable and transatlantic phone. "Come back. Write your own ticket. Why stay in London now? In Hollywood, the only 'blackouts' are on the stage of the El Capitan Theater. There is no rationing of anything—including 'hams.' You only stand in line for movies and nylons."

Utopia—trimmed in green!

It was tempting bait, no (Continued on page 78)

Flight to Boston where Olivier received degree from Tufts



Color pictures by Agger



The cheery, colorful cottage at Pebble Beach on the Monterey Peninsula is Greer and Richard Ney's pride and delight. Greer, a redhead with a "green thumb," is the star of "Sacred and Profane"



A marriage based on mutual loves—Richard Ney and Greer are home lovers, inveterate readers

Second Chance

The angry sea was dragging

her down. Then a strong

arm reached out . . . and

Greer Garson knew a new

meaning to life

BY RUTH WATERBURY

GREER GARSON was having the afternoon off because George Cukor, the director of "Sacred and Profane," had been taken suddenly ill.

It was a particularly exquisite, hot, late-summer day. The French doors were opened, out of the gracious Garson drawing room, which is all antiqued woodwork, low green velvet-covered couches and flowers. From its cool depths, you could look out through those open doorways, onto the garden greenery and the flower borders and watch the golden leaves from the sycamores spiraling lazily down into the swimming pool. Occasionally you could hear the swish of a limousine, going by the high hedges to some other swank spot in Bel-Air, but that was the only sound that disturbed the lazy quietude.

Greer was wearing a very simple white cotton wash dress and her hair wasn't "set" but rayed out on her shoulders in wilful, natural curls. It was unusual to see her when she wasn't groomed to the teeth, and the effect of it was not to make her less beautiful but more so. That was because there was a relaxation about it, a relaxation that was reflected in her sensitive, highly emotional face, and in the atmosphere of her home, and as I was soon to discover, in Greer's very spirit.

"You should have been here an hour earlier," she said. "We were all in the pool then—mother, Richard and I. Now they two are dressing quite properly—they're naturally natty, anyhow—but I . . ." She spread her expressive hands and grinned from the (Continued on page 137)



Powoln.

The youngster with wings in his eyes, now a star in "The Razor's Edge".... John Payne

TAKE-OFF

His father, his home, his dream—all

were gone. But a minister and a flier

named Slim told John Payne how to

barnstorm until he hit his course

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Even the Army wouldn't let him be a flier (he was over-age) but he's buying his own plane soon

YOUNG John Payne stopped digging for arrowheads to watch a small speck in the far distant sky. He stood up in the freshly-ploughed field, one hand over his eyes, squinting. Getting bigger all the time. No doubt about it. This was no hawk. It was an airplane. The barnstormers must be heading South for the winter again.

The speck was now about over Mill Mountain on the edge of Roanoke. In a few minutes it would drift onto the field near the Payne place. The pilot would be tying it down to a fence post, covering the engine with canvas for the night. Folks would be gathering around, asking questions. Making big plans to go up for a five-dollar ride—ten dollars for a double one—the next day. John had the five dollars but his Mother wouldn't ever let him go up. She was afraid of the big wobbly "kites." When he got older . . . maybe.

Once a flier had let him "try out" his cockpit, sit in the plane. He'd laughed as the excited little boy with the flushed face and dimple in his chin ran a hand speculatively up and down one canvas wing. You had to know what they were made of if you were going to build them. And he was going to build them. Build bigger, faster ones that would go eighty . . . maybe one hundred miles an hour!

Too excited to go on unearthing arrowheads, young John ran off across the field to the Payne home, a picturesque red brick Colonial mansion with white pillars, set in a grove of walnut, oak and boxwood trees, some of them 150 years old.

The Payne plantation (Continued on page 98)

June Haver



Powolny

One little girl in red, June Haver, starred in "Three Little Girls in Blue"

The tricks of a smart young miss, who picks perfume and chatter to fit the man—and has her wedding planned, but not the groom

BY JUNE HAVER



Sneet-shooting is a must because of ex-Navy Lieutenant Bob Stack



Pots and pans went on a date with Dave Rose

Date-BAIT

WHENEVER a fellow calls me for a date, I know he likes small blondes. If he didn't, he wouldn't have called me in the first place, so even if it's a first date, I start off with a big advantage. But I always say a first date means nothing. It's the second and third and fourth dates that show how you rate in the boys' private phone books. I think to be dated once and then dropped would be simply excruciating.

Fortunately it hasn't happened to me yet. Of course, I've been helped by having a pair of wonderful sisters, one older and one younger than I am, and a mother who is out of this world for realizing that fun is fun and everybody wants to have lots of it. Mother never set any arbitrary age limit on when we could begin going with boys, no "you must be sixteen and home by nine o'clock" or any such routine. She trusted us and we loved her and told her everything we ever did. So even when I was attending Beverly Hills High, I got around the soda fountains and the juke boxes.

But when I got into pictures, three years ago, I was really worried. I'd heard so much about the movie colony men—what wolves they were, what heartbreakers, and how terribly, terribly spoiled.

I've dated a lot of them now—David Rose, Bob Hutton, Rory Calhoun, Vic Mature, Bob Stack, Frank Lattimore, Farley Granger and quite a few others, and that's (Continued on page 95)



A pup's plea—to be included in the cruise Flynn, Nora and party will take—to shoot a natural-color outdoor film



"The Zaca's not a yacht, but a work boat," says Errol

Color pictures by McCarty



The final check-up on supplies—Errol, the master of the ship, goes over details with mistress of the ship, Nora

Mr. and Mrs.

Mariner

Far shores and wild tides for the
seafaring Flynn and his beautiful Nora

BY GEORGE LAIT

NORA Eddington Flynn will be the first person in the history of moviedom to make the tortuous journey to Hollywood stardom in a palatial yacht.

And that has been one of Errol Flynn's principal motives in taking the long cruise into tropical waters in his big schooner, the Zaca. It will afford his pretty blonde wife the opportunity to take a crack at a co-starring role with him away from the distracting influences of the screen capital.

The picture they are going to make during the voyage is "Treasure in Yucatan." Flynn said that his father, Theodore T. Flynn, who has obtained leave from his post of professor of biology at Queens University, Belfast, Ireland, will make the cruise, too. Errol himself plans to play in the picture with Norman Kerry, the silent film star, and with Howard Hill, (Continued on page 103)



It's in the cards. Nora's only duty, when not working on film, is to look beautiful and keep from under foot in rough weather



Errol, starred in "Never Say Goodbye," takes over in control room. Bogart, who planned to go too, called to say he couldn't

I HAVE LEARNED...

She has learned—to lead with her
heart—to be herself—to keep on search-
ing for, and finding, happiness

BY JOAN CRAWFORD



"... not to expect too much from Christopher and Christina..."

THE thing that everybody remembers about me, if they are aware of my existence at all, is that when I started in Hollywood I was a fat, dumb girl who was making hey-hey while the California sun shone.

Today, because I'm not fat, and am a little less dumb and because I'm fortunate enough to have an Oscar to stand on my drawing-room mantel, nice people come to me and say, "Joan, tell us what you've learned."

That embarrasses me and I'd not be saying one word if it weren't that I get so many letters begging for advice from girls as lost and bewildered as I was at sixteen and seventeen.

Then I go out to a Hollywood party and I meet some of the starlets coming up in this industry and I see them banging their heads against the same stone walls that bruised my head.

Don't give me any of that talk about youth's being the time when you are happiest. It isn't true. Youth is when you suffer. I know. I suffered in my teens. If you are in your teens the chances are that you're suffering too.

It is because of you that I'm consenting to say the things I'm going to say here.

I want you to know that you can be exactly as happy as you want to be. You can do it. You yourself. That much I've learned.

That and the other important thing. You can create your own happiness.

Oh, I know. (Continued on page 112)

Joan Crawford



There's the challenge of a queen in the new Joan Crawford, star of "Humoresque"

ACT AS IF *You're Beautiful*

Anita Colby, one of the world's most beautiful women and advisor to the stars—in the first of her important articles as Photoplay's Beauty Editor

BY ANITA COLBY



Shirley knows how to "sit this one out"—and still look like a lady



Eat, drink and be merry with poise like Shirley, "Honeymoon" star

WHEN we "kissed the boys goodbye" a few years ago we really let our hair down—and too often it was stringy. The college girl wins the diploma for starting her high-school sisters on flying shirttails, ill-fitting blue jeans, sloppy Joes and dirty saddle shoes.

During a tour of American cities which I made last year I saw thousands of such girls. Always, however, there would be two or three smart girls and invariably I found they asked the most interesting questions.

I met one girl who stood out like a queen. Her skirt was trim with an even hemline, her hair brushed and shining, her sport shoes polished. She wanted to know how I thought she should do her hair, what I suggested in the way of lipstick tones. Aware that I came from Hollywood, she quite frankly, but charmingly and courteously, set out to get all the information she could.

Shirley Temple is another smart girl. I have never seen Shirley badly dressed or mannered. (Continued on page 100)

Pretty is as pretty does—and sounds. A voice with a smile is one that brings dates

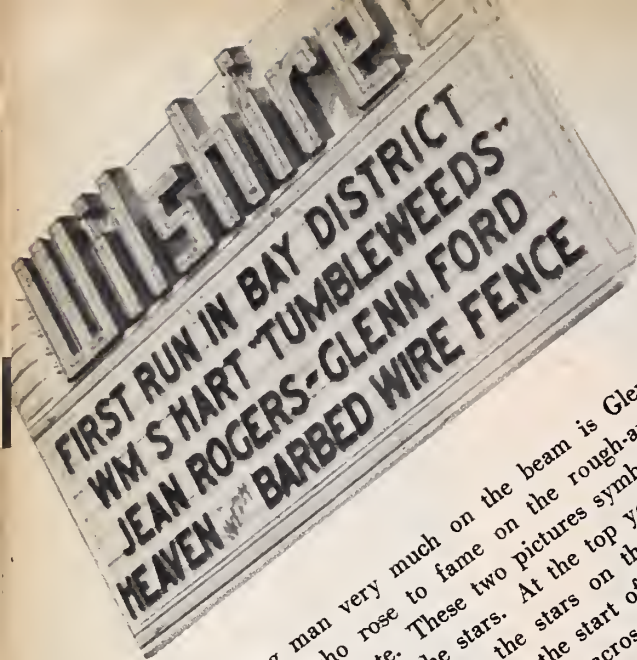


Shirley Temple



Morris

Here is Beauty! Shirley Temple, petite star of "Little Women"



Photoplay's PHOTOLIFE OF GLENN FORD

Young man very much on the beam is Glenn Ford, who rose to fame on the rough-and-tumble route. These two pictures symbolize his flight to the stars. At the top you see his name among the stars on the marquee. This marked the start of Glenn's stardom—in theaters across the nation—and across the world. At the bottom you see Glenn on the roof of this self-same theater in Santa Monica where he used to wield the arc-light on previewnights! At that time he used to dream that one day the soaring searchlights would herald to the entire planet the name of

GLENN FORD



BY LYNN PERKINS

Glenn Ford



Cronenwyth

Glenn Ford . . . gallant guy of "Gallant Journey"



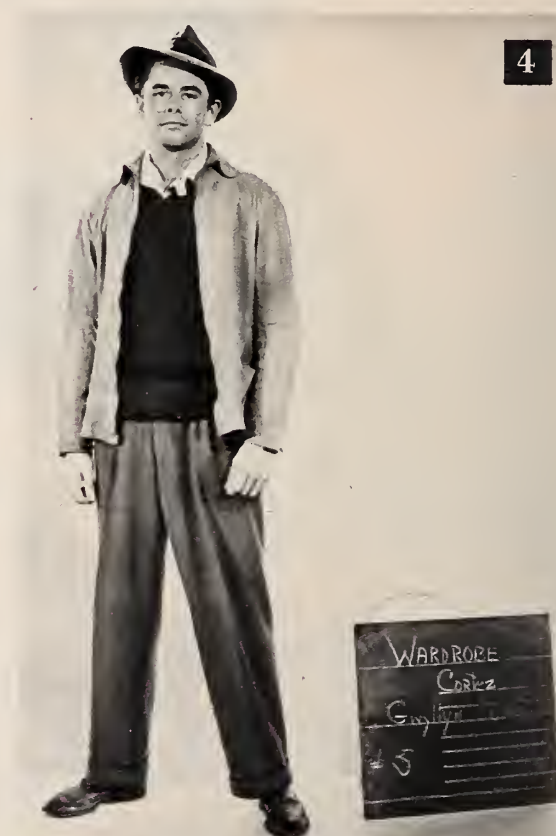
One man—and a horse to work out! Glenn groomed steeds of stars when he wanted to be groomed for stardom himself. This was one of varied odd jobs



Perhaps the oddest of his jobs was as master mariner—aboard a bait boat. It was a great life, riding the waves, lunch on the pier, but he longed for the smell of grease paint indoors



Closer to his dream was the time he put in at the Miles Playhouse in Santa Monica. Besides acting he built sets and did the janitoring in the morning



A scout tested him, got him into "Heaven with a Barbed Wire Fence." "Dropping Gwynn, I made a name for myself out of Dad's home town, Glenford"

Columbia signed him and he made many pictures, including "So Ends Our Night," before going into the Marines where he excelled on the rifle range



Love danced in. Ford met Eleanor Powell, wed her two years later on a ten-day Marine pass, had a magical honeymoon in San Francisco. This sort of thing often leads . . .

. . . to this sort of thing. Peter Newton Ford IV got a warm welcome. Here he hovers over his parents like a vigorous cupid

Photoplay's PHOTOLIFE OF GLENN FORD

Home from the Marines, starring in such outstanding films as "Gilda" with Rita Hayworth, "A Stolen Life" with Bette Davis, Glenn faces the challenge of tomorrow—smiling!





Bringing Up Lana

"She's a little ham," Lana says of Cheryl, who's an amusing mimic. Lana's next is "Coquette"



Cover Girl

They're two girls together, Cheryl and Lana, with playtime and talk-time — and those baffling "whys"

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS



Cheryl inspects Lana Turner's clothes—and always makes comment



Most fun—times like this for Mummy and Baby

IF I don't find a house with enough rooms to go 'round and 'round in s'help me, I'm going to take the baby and pitch a tent in the park," a young mother said recently.

"We fall over each other—and we're still living out of trunks and boxes. There isn't any place to put anything—including ourselves." She thought a moment trying to come up with at least a shred of silver lining—and finally a big smile broke triumphantly through. "Anyway, my cracker box boasts a stall shower. That fascinates the baby. She stands under it for hours and pretends she's showering or rather she did. This morning I turned the water on."

Did she like it?

"We were not amused," she laughed. "The water made such a weird noise on the shower cap it frightened her. Or that's what she led me to believe. You never know. She's the worst little ham!"

Maybe "ham," traditional theater expression for a corny actor, tipped you off. For the place was not Des Moines, Iowa, nor Hartford, (Cont'd on page 131)

SVENGALI

Gleeful guy who grew in Brooklyn—

BY HERB
HOWE



The beam of gay Kaye approval . . .



. . . or the face that stopped a clock



Oh Danny boy, the pipes
are sounding—in protest

Mme. Kaye can take it.
Danny's in "The Secret
Life of Walter Mitty"



IN a Hollywood restaurant actors and writers sat entranced forgetting food and drink. Like hypnotist's subjects they were thinking hard. They were thinking up names for Danny Kaye's baby, booked for December. Danny himself ate nonchalantly. Having devoured a lobster, who had made the mistake of arriving in overcrowded Hollywood, he chose "Christopher" for boy, "Stephanie" for girl, subject to okay of Madame D. Kaye whom he polls every day on the question. Then he broke the spell by singing "Happy Birthday to You." Georgia Gibbs at whom he sang snapped out of her trance looking puzzled, since it was not her birthday. Danny pointed to Eve Arden whereupon Miss Gibbs graciously sang "Happy Birthday" to Eve. Soon everyone was singing "Happy Birthday" to everyone and it was no one's happy birthday. Thus life becomes extravaganza under wand of Wonder Man Kaye.

All the world's a stooge for Danny and every minute is a show. He even plays tricks on pigeons, pretty sly tricksters themselves. In his new Goldwyn gala from James Thurber's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" he did a scene at an open window tempting the birds with cake crumbs. With his gift of tongues, he cooed to them in their own language so the pigeons too became entranced just like all the diners in the restaurant.

OF SCAT

Danny Kaye, the juiced-up genius

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
VALESKA

"What'll we call the baby?" cooed Danny.

"Cookoo," said one pert pigeon sarcastically.

Prof. Kaye can make the sounds of any language but no one can make the sense. This illusion is called "scat." While in Japan diverting the GI mind from k-rations and geishas our Wonder Man bewildered the Nips, already pretty b'd. They were certain he was talking Nip but their minds failed to track the meaning. Some of them suspected they were being afflicted with more of that Yank radio-activity.

And so the pigeons, likewise pixilated, cocked their heads and wondered if it could be something they ate. Danny's pigeon English so bewitched them they entirely forgot their own roguish business.

Though this is the first record of our scat Svengali putting the spell on birds, he has tamed the beast in bobby-soxers to the dumbfoundment of police. Emerging from a Cleveland theater with twenty minutes to catch a train he was stopped by a sea of autograph-bleating kids. Cops tried to clear a way but Danny merely waved his wizard hands.

"Kids," he said in his soft sirenic tone, "I would love to sign your books but I must catch a train for New York to play a benefit. Will you help me?"

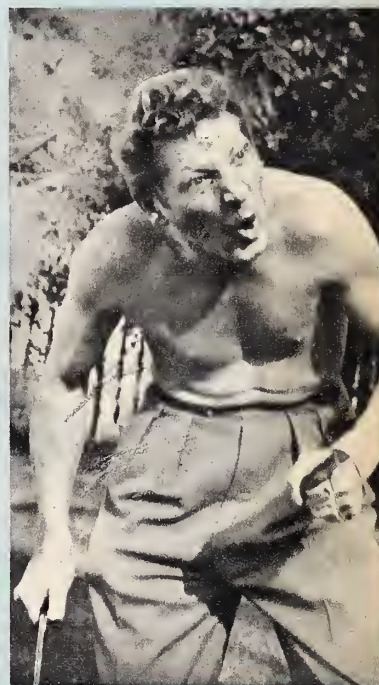
"Let (Continued on page 104)



Where oh where did the little ball go?



Quoth Prof. Kaye, "Why, golf's a cinch!"



F'r heavens sake—not that bad

The guy who buys
the drinks at the
nineteenth hole!

Hale to Williams

Barbie was late and Bill couldn't find the ring, but magic was there as each said, "I take thee . . ."

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Getting marriage application—Barbara says with a kiss that she likes name change from Hale to Williams



Cloudy outside—sunny inside as honeymooners were bounced off plane in Washington, D. C.

Barbara, of "Lady Luck," and Bill, of "Till the End of Time," in their honeymoon home





Bill and Barbie and her dream wedding at the little church of her youth at Rockton, Illinois

IT all happened—with certain additions—just as Barbara had dreamed of it, sitting under the apple tree back of her home in Rockford when she was twelve.

She had known it would be in the beautiful little stone church at Rockton, just outside Rockford, Illinois, where she had seen so many friends married. She had known that her childhood pastor, the Reverend B. E. Allen (affectionately and irreverently nicknamed "Pappy" by Barbara when she was small) must officiate—and that all the aunts and uncles and cousins and in-laws and school friends would be on hand to help celebrate. It all came true, except that the dreaming little girl under the apple tree could never have guessed that she would be a motion-picture star and that she would be marrying a motion-picture star. But that's what happened. And in a way, you might go so far

as to say it all came about because of a thunderstorm.

It was an ordinary summer shower which drifted over Rockford that day. But Barbara rushed to the hall closet and hid her head behind the biggest coat she could find. Her uncle, whom she adored, came to coax her outside. "Get into your bathing suit. I'm going to show you something that's a lot of fun." Then he took her onto the lawn and taught her what fun it was to romp in a warm summer rain. He showed her how far away the lightning was, and how harmless was the noise it made. "You just go on out and face it," he explained, "and all your fear goes away. After a little bit, you find it's fun!"

Barbara has never forgotten that. "Lots of times in my life I've wanted to hide in the closet from problems, new experiences, new (Continued on page 119)

If I Had

These are the reflections these six stars



Rita Hayworth, starred in
"Down to Earth"



Peter Lawford, in
"My Brother Who Talks to Horses"



Ella Raines, appearing in
"The Runaround"

Around the World

"I'd wish for a trip around the world," says beautiful Rita Hayworth.

"I'd like to be gone at least a year and just roam the earth without any sense of responsibility. I'd like to feel free to let my impulses take me to the farthest corners of the globe, to follow little-known trails, to explore mysterious lands, to study foreign people, to gaze on all the wonders of nature and man. I'd like to forget for a while that I am Rita Hayworth and live as the natives do in each of the countries I'd visit.

"My mother used to tell me that I should have been an adventurer or an explorer. But ever since I began dancing when I was fourteen, I have been tied down by obligations entailed by my career and just for once in my life I would like to feel a complete sense of release to wander wherever I please."

For My Parents

"My dearest wish ever since coming to America," comments Peter Lawford, "has been to someday reclaim for my parents all the cherished possessions which they had to leave behind in England when we came here.

"You see, in our travels around the world, they collected many unique and irreplaceable keepsakes—keepsakes which have fond memories or sentimental value attached to them. Some of them were given to them by Indian rajahs, Egyptian princesses, high llamas, mystics, African chiefs and witch doctors. Some of them are thousands of years old and have weird stories connected with them.

"When the war came, we couldn't go back to England and we still haven't been able to find out just what condition our home and possessions are in.

"If I could build for my parents a duplicate of the home we had there, complete with a lane and a large garden and fill it with all the treasured souvenirs they collected throughout their lives, then I could honestly be happy, because I know how happy that would make them."

Home on the Range

"If I had one wish, I'd wish for a home on the range," Ella Raines reflects. "I guess it would be difficult to find one where the buffalo still roam, but I would like to have one in some wild secluded spot a few hundred miles from Hollywood where I could hunt and fish and ride in solitude. I don't suppose I'll ever get over my passion for the wide-open spaces. I grew up as a perfect tomboy on a ranch in Washington where my father taught me to rough it.

"This ranch I want wouldn't have to be too large—about fifty acres—but I'd like it completely equipped with everything, horses, sheep, cows, pigs, dogs, chickens. I love every kind of animal. I love to feed them and take care of them and watch them grow. I don't like to brag, but I used to win blue ribbons with my lambs and calves in stock shows in Washington. Instead of spending my money extravagantly on clothes and jewelry, I'm saving every spare cent I get toward buying this hideaway."

One Wish

see—when they gaze into the wishing well

I'd Rather Be a Fish

"I would wish to come back reincarnated as a fish," exclaims Esther Williams. "Then I'd have a legitimate excuse for spending all my time in the water. I guess the only reasonable facsimile of that wish would be to have a huge swimming pool right outside my bedroom door, so that every morning I could climb out of bed, plunge into the water and swim to my heart's content with nothing to interrupt me—weather or engagements or work or friends."

"I seem to have been born with an innate love of the water because even when I was two years old, I used to cry when my mother would take me out of the bathtub. I think I learned to swim before I learned to walk. In high school, I used to do my homework in the bathtub during the winter to get my required submersion period. Unless I spend part of my day in water, I suffer a slight drying of the skin."

"I have everything I want except my dream pool where I could spend several hours a day just making like a fish."

A Tolerant World

"If I had one wish that could actually be fulfilled," Zach Scott states, "it would be for complete and absolute elimination of racial prejudice. I don't mean any one race. I mean all persecuted races."

"Recently, a great colored artist came to town—an artist whose talent had brought happiness, entertainment and great escape from reality to millions of people all over the world. Out of complete respect to this man and because I know many famous Hollywood people who would have deemed it a privilege to meet him, I decided to entertain. I live in a small house which is inadequate for large parties, so I tried to make reservations elsewhere. I called every place in town I could think of, but each one had a different excuse. Finally the appalling truth dawned on me. It was because of the artist's being colored. Most restaurant owners were agreeable but said their help would walk out."

"I still suffer from shock when I think that this can happen here. My very sincerest wish is that racial prejudice shall be banished from this earth."

The South American Way

"There is just one thing I have really wished for in my life that hasn't come true so far and that is to go to South America," remarks Linda Darnell. "I suppose every person has one place where he would rather go than any other place in the world—a place beyond the horizon which beckons as a distant Shangri-la."

"When I was growing up in Texas, we had a servant who was born and raised in Brazil. Her romantic stories about the Latin American way of life fired me with a great desire to go there and sometimes I'd actually find myself feeling homesick for a land I had never even seen. It was a strange sensation and it has never quite left me. Every time I hear Spanish music I get the urge to suddenly fling everything aside and hop the next ship sailing south. I'm sure I wouldn't be disappointed in the country because I believe that beauty and romance lie in the eyes of the see-er."



Esther Williams, next in
"Fiesta"



Zachary Scott, to be seen in
"Stallion Road"



Linda Darnell, star of
"My Darling Clementine"

"This Is My



Burgess—and Paulette, of "Suddenly It's Spring," who loves sudden plans

First Constellation flight—and there was Paulette



AS I embark upon the fearsome enterprise of analyzing my wife, I try to think of the one word that is more Paulette than any other word.

Well, just thinking out loud I should think the word that most truly and completely defines, distills and sums her up would have to be a hyphenated one: Sense-of-fun. Not to be confused with sense of humor, sense-of-fun has to do with enjoyment of life.

Paulette is shot with enjoyment of life. She has fun with every living moment of the day. If she doesn't—if a place, or a person, or a date, or a conversation fails to stimulate her—she quits them. Even down to a dish that happens to taste well and it's all

Wife

On the high wire with
Paulette—as excited
over a gushing farm
well as a flight abroad

BY BURGESS MEREDITH
(as told to Gladys Hall)

heaven, or doesn't taste well and she would rather not eat it—at all.

There is nothing jaded, I can bear witness, about my wife. You would take her, if you knew her as I do, for a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl standing perpetually, wings unfurled, on tiptoe.

She will be very excited about going to an opening; very excited about meeting people—whether politicians, artists, authors, actors or friends whose qualities she already knows; very excited about taking up French; excited about getting presents. . . .

Now, Paulette has always gotten more presents than anyone I have ever seen. People have, from time to time, dug pretty deep. They like to because (Continued on page 125)



Together in "The Diary of a Chambermaid"—she as star, he as co-producer and star

Beachcomber

DE LUXE



Danny's the sand-digger, Dad Ray his cheerful playmate



Ray Milland, of "California," is a good swimmer

SOMETIMES, a man has to live a lot, learn a lot, before he knows what he wants out of life. Sometimes, like a beacon piercing the night, comes the awakening of truth. What he is searching for is already there. His, just waiting for him to reach out and caress. It could be any man. Sometimes, the man is Ray Milland.

By his own admission, three things have happened to Ray—three things so vital to his life and times, he believes himself to be a happy man.

This, from Ray of the turbulent past, is a revelation. On him the effect is becoming.



... Danny, to Ray's delight, has learned to swim

"These three things," says Ray reflectively, "have changed everything. I no longer feel inferior. I have greater appreciation for everything—especially the simple things. I think I have learned to live. These things are not of world-shattering importance. They only concern those in my life and me. *My* world. First, I won the Academy Award for giving the best performance by an actor in 1945. Second, my six-year-old son, Danny, learned to swim. Third, I learned something too. I learned to—*sit!* Sit and do nothing, that is. Sit and feel calm and peaceful inside. Sit and know there wasn't any other place



A sea-loving family, Mal, Ray and Danny take to the deck

A sophisticate turns to the sea, sun
and sand—and learns that what
he has wanted is what he now has

BY JERRY ASHER

Beachcomber

DE LUXE

where I had to go, or wanted to be."

That is precisely what Ray did—with benefit of sun and sea at Newport Beach.

"After our New York trip I was worn out," says Ray. "I'd made five consecutive pictures ('California', 'Trouble with Women' and 'Imperfect Lady' are still unreleased). So Paramount gave me a three-month vacation. Before, we always took short trips or remained in Hollywood and lived the usual routine existence. It was Mal who suggested we take a drive Easter morning. We were at the breakfast table. She knows I love boats, so we automatically headed in the general direction of Newport.

"As if it had been planned for us, there right on the bay we found a small house. We didn't even stop long enough to inspect it. We leased it for three months, closed up our Beverly Hills house and moved down bag and baggage. Our first day there I took Danny to get a 'butch' haircut. 'It feels cool, Daddy,' he said, as he grinned from ear to ear. That's all I needed. When Danny climbed out of the chair, I climbed in. It did feel cool. I also began to feel as young as Danny looked.

"Before I left Hollywood I tried to buy blue jeans to lounge around in. I even tried to get one from the Paramount wardrobe. Finally, one day our good friend, Roy Crane, drove me (Continued on page 108)



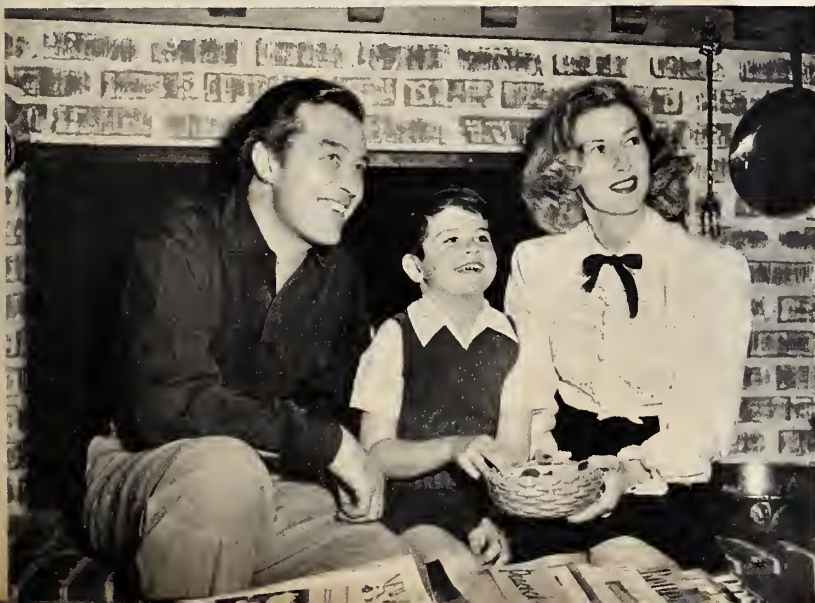
Hold that line! Ray, to Mal's merriment, teaches Danny casting technique



Perfect lady Mal will fry fish for Danny and Ray, of "The Imperfect Lady"



Dad and Danny in the battle of Balboa Bay



In the evening by the fireside: The clan gathers for story-telling time

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:

Larry and I had "gone steady" for three years when he was drafted. Since we were convinced that we were in love, we were married.

During the first year of our marriage our son was born, and we were very happy. My being able to follow Larry helped. When the housing situation became impossible six months ago, I came home to my parents.

I had been home only two weeks when Teddy, classmate of Larry's, came over to see me and my son several times and we had fun talking about our old times in the same school gang.

One night, Teddy said abruptly that he couldn't take it any longer—that he had always been crazy about me, and had been jealous of Larry, adding that now he was more jealous than ever.

A month later he married a girl he had known only a few days. Before he and his wife left town (he is out of service and will work in a neighboring city), he came over to see me again. He said that if I ever needed anyone, I'd know whom to call.

Now I am faced with the startling realization that I am deeply in love with Teddy, and have no desire ever to return to my husband. I suppose that I'm being young and romantic; I don't know whether I deserve sympathy or a good spanking. I have said nothing of all this to my husband yet. If it weren't for my son, it would be so much simpler to decide.

Please, Miss Colbert, tell me what to do.

Corinne R.

In considering your problem, there is one thing I should like to draw to your attention: For some women the unavailable man holds an intense fascination. You must have known Teddy during the three years you were "going steady" with Larry, your husband. Obviously, at that time, it was Larry in whom you were interested and not his friend. I notice, too, that you appear to have been somewhat astonished by Teddy's ill-advised declaration of love.

Although nothing so annoys a returned service man as what I am about to say, I must admit that in Teddy's case I think he was somewhat war weary. In his floundering attempt to adapt himself to post-war life, it is possible that he looked upon you as a representative of the old, secure, prewar life he had known in school. When he told you he loved you, he was actually speaking in allegory. He loved the carefree memories which you represented.

Under no circumstances do I think you should take him seriously. He has married another girl and has gone to another city. Do not be foolish and spoil your life, that of your husband and complicate the life of your son by yearning for a will-o'-the-wisp emotion which could never be captured.

Claudette Colbert



Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is this: I don't know what field of work to enter. I have always thought I wanted to be a translator of foreign languages, but I don't quite know how to begin in this field.

I am a freshman in college and blame myself for being no nearer a final career goal than I was in high school.

How should I go about finding out what my forte is? The curriculum here is general, and I do not seem to excel in any particular subject. As a result I am getting that "complete failure" feeling.

I would like to know, please, how to overcome this confused feeling and start to prepare myself for a successful future.

Elizabeth A.

Contrary to popular opinion, the discovery of a career in which an individual can be happy is not made at any specific time in life. There are those who have known from babyhood what career was to be followed. And there are innumerable instances of human beings finding themselves only after having become grandparents.

It seems to me that, if it is at all possible, in your sophomore year you should change your major. I presume that you are specializing in romance languages; why don't you discuss your problem with some member of the faculty whom you have grown to respect (Continued on page 74)

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 83

MISS MARGARET COLEMAN—She has luscious honey-gold blondness, a bewitching soft-smooth complexion. Another charming Pond's bride-to-be, Miss Coleman is the daughter of the well-known Dr. and Mrs. George A. Coleman, of Philadelphia's fashionable "main-line" suburb Wynnewood, and is to be married to H. Stephen Casey, Jr., of nearby Wayne, Pennsylvania.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" Peggy Coleman uses for her complexion will give your skin, too,
 —an instant fresh-bright look
 —an instant soft-as-rain feel
 —and bring up a sweet blush of color

HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANS" your face as Peggy does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face and throat.

You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings all over your face. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *"cream-rinse"* with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "My face feels beautifully soft," Peggy says.

Every night—give your face the complete, Pond's "Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing," a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off, then a cold splash.

Night and morning—*every day*—dip your fingers deep into a *big jar* of Pond's. A 6 ounce jar is perfect to use.



MARGARET COLEMAN says: "I've been using the new Pond's Blush Cleansing and *love* it." Her exquisite skin has a snow-maiden quality.



HER RING—
 a limpid, shining
 diamond, richly held
 in a gold setting.

Among the Beautiful Women of Society Who Use Pond's

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.	MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.
MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON	
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III	LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH
THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN	
MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR.	MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
MRS. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS BIDDLE	
THE PRINCESS GUY DE POLIGNAC	MISS CAMILLA MORGAN



Engagement diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls!

De Fore data: He has a passion for good clothes and a

big family. He's a bit of a dreamer, but determined.

He's rugged and still he's a . . .

Dapper Don



Solid sentimentalist: Don De Fore of "Without Reservations"

THE breakfast room at Don De Fore's house is no longer the family gathering place, on account of the man of the house had to do a quick reconversion job on it when Paramount called him up and said, "Hey, for gosh sakes, come and get your fan mail. It's piling up like crazy."

Slightly amazed and very curious, Don backed his green Buick convertible out of the combination workshop-garage and went full speed ahead to the studio where he found his work—big boxes of unopened, unread, unanswered mail had really been piling up on him.

"What'll I do with it?" he pleaded.

"It's your pigeon," the heartless publicity department told him.

"What'll I do with it?" he asked Marion, the little woman, when he unloaded it at home.

"It's your pigeon," Marion said—or at least it sounded like that.

"The mail must go through!" Don announced with a great show of determination. His first job was to case the place. No, he couldn't use the den—that had been reconverted into a bedroom for Marion's mother and you just don't dump twenty boxes of fan mail in your mother-in-law's room—not when you like her as much as Don does. And particularly not when she's come to help take care of your new infant.

Then he had an idea. What was so special about breakfast that it needed its own separate room? The table would make a nice desk and the chairs would do for filing cabinets.

So that's where Don can be found any spare minute, answering stacks of neatly sorted and classified fan mail. He gets a kick out of every letter because he got very few of them when he played minor parts, mostly the kind that made him out a big, amiable, dumb lug.

The fun started when producer Hal Wallis rescued him from lug parts and gave (Continued on page 122)

BY LYNN BOWERS

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant **STOPS PERSPIRATION** **AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!**

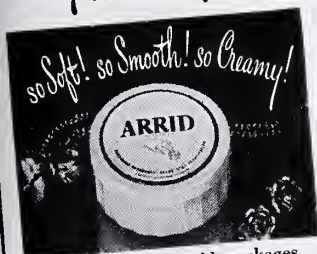
To protect your precious clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes.

Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards your clothes against perspiration.

Prevents embarrassing odor. You'll adore the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Fashion Forecast for Winter Evenings



All Postwar Arrid packages have a star ★ above the price.

Shoulders completely bare . . . above a bodice which fits like the paper on the wall! The season's most important trend! With this kind of snug-fitting bodice you'll need the utmost protection against underarm perspiration. Use the new, smooth, creamy Arrid. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.

Only safe, gentle Arrid

gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. Does not harm fabrics. Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢



ROMANTIC DRESS, of black silk brocade! Hip bustles, tied underneath, accentuate the tiny waistline and snug-fitting bodice with its graceful neckline. Underarm perspiration can easily ruin this type of dress. Rely on the new, more effective Arrid! Arrid gives utmost protection against perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes!

New Improved Postwar **ARRID**

SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: Diana Barrymore • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen • Connee Boswell • Beatrice Lillie • John McCracken

Calling
ALL BLONDES,
BRUNETTES, REDHEADS



**ADD GLAMOROUS
COLOR and SHEEN
TO YOUR HAIR**



BLONDES — you'll say "goodbye" to that dull mousy look as Nestle Colorinse adds richer color and lustrous sheen to your hair.

BRUNETTES — dark hair can be drab hair unless it sparkles with dancing highlights. Nestle Colorinse gives your hair these lovely highlights — make it softer and silkier, too.



REDHEADS — enhance the natural beauty of your hair. Nestle Colorinse brings out all its hidden highlights and sheen. Makes it easier to comb — easier to manage.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle — originators of permanent waving.

**Nestle
COLORINSE**



KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.
2½ oz. bottle 25¢.



Nestle HAIRLAC

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

In the groove with disk recollections of the melodies you loved in your favorite films

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON: A lyric laurel for Lauritz Melchior is this gay and stirring Victor Album recreating musical high lights from the delightful Allyson-Lawford-Grayson-Durante M-G-M movie. Hear the great Metropolitan opera star sing "My Country," a variation of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14," the "Marie Antoinette" arias derived from Mendelssohn's "Concerto for Violin" and, for good measure, "The House I Live In" and Romberg's "Serenade" from "The Student Prince."

THE JOLSON STORY: Columbia Pictures' long-awaited accolade to the modern minstrel man who made his "Mammy" a household favorite, will start an avalanche of Jolson recordings. Beating the gun is Jack Benny's tenor Dennis Day. He selects one of Al's best songs "April Showers" (Victor) and is artfully assisted by Russ Case's orchestra.



BOB HOPE: No movie star deserved the title "Soldier in Grease Paint" more than Paramount's pudgy, Pinocchio-nosed performer. He entertained our service men from Leyte to London, in bristling training camps here, under enemy fire overseas. In this wonderful Capitol album called "I Never Left Home" many of these stints are authentically transcribed for home consumption.

NEVER SAY GOODBYE: Hollywood's prolific pair of tunesmiths, Dubin and Warren, add another hit to their string with the theme song from this Warner-Errol Flynn romp. It's called "Remember Me" and Tommy Dorsey (Victor) and The Pied Pipers (Capitol) have grooved it. As they say along Tin Pan Alley, "It's a sure thing."

NIGHT AND DAY: Another wrap-up of Cole Porter songs, this time played by Dave Rose's orchestra (Victor) and dedicated to the Cary Grant-Warner Brothers musical biography of the writing Yale man from Indiana. Best melody, the rose-scented syncopation of "In the Still of the Night."

BLUE SKIES: More records saluting Paramount's technicolor treat co-starring Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in a cavalcade of Irving Berlin songs. Best of the lot, Benny Goodman's treatment of the title tune (Columbia) and Dennis Day's delivery of the film's one new song, "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song" (Victor).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: "Testament of Freedom," Randall Thompson's impressive work inspired by the spirit and set to the words of Thomas Jefferson, is beautifully interpreted (Victor) by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky and the Harvard Glee Club . . . A Columbia album of spirituals sung by the great Negro artist, Paul Robeson, including the familiar "Go Down Moses" and "Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho" . . . Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony ring out the lovely "Carousel" waltzes by Richard Rodgers in a single disk (Columbia) that will win countless replays.





GOWN BY HENRI BENDEL

RINGS BY WOOD
1850-1946

*Beloved by brides
for
almost a century*

"O fortunate, O happy day..." and twice blessed the bride
who wears an "Art-Carved" Ring by Wood.

oldest and largest ring-makers and importers of fine diamonds.
Wood diamond buyers roam foreign markets
for stones of unvarying brilliance and clarity.

The Wood name has been honored by brides
for nearly a hundred years.

Be sure your ring bears the proud mark, "Art-Carved."

Art-carved Rings
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WOOD

LOOK FOR *Art-carved* WITHIN THE RING

FREE: Gift lists, advice on trousseau and ring selection,
hints to make your wedding run smoothly—write for
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DIAMOND RINGS FROM \$75 TO \$5,000 • WEDDING RINGS FROM \$9 • *Trade Mark Reg.

Wrisley Gold Tassel

sets the stage



What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) and like? Mention your favorite leisure-time pursuits. Discuss any topic that appeals to you. Sometimes an older person is able to seize upon a little-organized enthusiasm and encourage you to augment it into a career.

Just one thing is really important: Under no circumstances allow yourself to feel that you are a failure. Feel, instead, that you are searching for that path which leads to success.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of seventeen who is confused. Last September I met a fellow at school. We didn't date, exactly, even though I am allowed to, but he walked me home from school, club meetings and other activities.

In the beginning I didn't like him, so didn't bother to pay him very much attention, although he was wonderful to me. As time passed, I decided that I liked him, but by that time his friends had told him all the things I had said about not liking him, being bored with him, and so forth, so his attitude changed. He stopped walking me home and before long we were only saying "hello" to each other in the corridors. I invited him to my birthday party and he accepted, but didn't show up.

I would like to know what I should do to make him pay attention to me again.

Heartsick

Psychologists have always been interested in the preverse nature of woman-kind. Your experience and that of every girl who has written a similar letter to me should warn our readers to treat every boy with courtesy and good comradeship. No matter if a girl isn't interested in a boy, she should bear in mind that each year changes everyone and that the goon of today may be the "Greek god" of tomorrow.

But more important still is the rule about not talking unkindly about others.

Don't be heartsick about your experience. At least you have learned a good lesson the hard way.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy fifteen years old and because I have buck teeth I never get any dates.

I was going to get my teeth straightened, but a boy friend of mine had braces put on and suffered like anything. When they were taken off he didn't look much better.

Is there any way I can get girls to notice me in spite of my buck teeth?

Holly H.

It is true that on occasion orthodontia is unsuccessful, but in at least ninety-nine percent of the cases an impressive improvement of appearance takes place.

We all know that in the last analysis the qualities which cause us to like people are not immediately apparent on the surface. However, it would be foolish for me to attempt to deny the fact that first impressions are important and may sometimes make the difference between success or failure in a given undertaking.

I would advise you to consult a good dentist. If your parents are not able to bear the financial burden perhaps you can earn enough money after school to swing it. Not only will corrective measures benefit your appearance but in time to come—because teeth are a most important factor of general health—your entire well-being will be affected.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 76)

It's Cole Porter!

It's by Dave Rose!



IT'S AN ALBUM YOU'LL LOVE!

As romantic as your first formal is the *Cole Porter Review*, recorded by Dave Rose and his famous orchestra. It's a new album of hits from the Warner Bros. film success "Night and Day." You'll be humming and dancing to smooth Rose arrangements of *Begin the Beguine*, *Night and Day*, *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, five other favorites. Ask for Album P-158, \$2.75.

MORE COLE PORTER HITS . . . SUNG BY ALLAN JONES

For some slick vocalizing, get the Allan Jones album of eight *Cole Porter Show Hits*, including *Why Shouldn't I?*, *Rosalie*, *Easy to Love*. Red Seal Album M-1033, \$4.85.

Prices shown are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS



"I keep going and comfortable, too with Midol!"



"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol can help see her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree. One who has learned that by taking Midol, much of menstruation's functional pain is often avoided.

Midol tablets are offered especially to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in these three ways bringing fast, needed relief from pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue."*

Try Midol next time—at first sign of "regular" pain—see how comfortably you go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-106, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

(Continued from page 74)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a freshman pledge of a university sorority and have been dating a fellow who is a non-fraternity man.

My sorority sisters have voiced strong disapproval of my interest in this man. They suggest that I restrict my friendship to fraternity men only. By ignoring this rebuke I have incurred great antagonism.

The young man of whom I speak is serious in his attitude toward his college education and future; he is personable, popular and active on campus. Limited financial means alone have prevented him from accepting fraternity bids. I have always respected the standards and regulations set forth by my sorority and have been completely happy with the girls in our group until this dissension arose.

I shall be grateful for your opinion.

Sydney K.

My entire sympathy is with you, of course. From the tone of your letter I'm afraid you met the rebuke of upper classmen with stiff-necked self-righteousness. Tact and diplomacy, even in advancing the right, are essential.

When you were instructed to stop seeing this boy, I think you might have said innocently, "I will tell Bob that you, Jane Doe, have forbidden me to see him." You will find that few people, who are being deliberately snobbish and unfair, are willing to have their names associated with their deeds.

I believe you should not change your principles. There is too much snobbery between fraternities and sororities in colleges in my opinion. If the young man is as popular as you wrote, you would be making a mistake to lose him. If he were, on the other hand, a doubtful character, conditions would be different.

I am sure that many of our great men with college educations never belonged to a fraternity, and I do feel strongly that you are making a mistake in affiliating yourself with any group who have such petty snobbery.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a seventeen-year-old girl who has lived with my grandfather for five years. Last summer, while I was visiting my aunt, I went to a public swimming pool and was almost drowned. Luckily, I was saved by the lifeguard, who was very nice, good-looking and eighteen years old.

When I came home my grandfather told me that, since I was indebted to this boy, I might write to him.

We wrote friendly letters. He is a nice boy and expresses himself politely, so there is no excuse whatever for what has been happening. I began to notice that some of his letters did not match up with previous letters. When I asked him about it, he said he would number his letters in a secret place.

In no time at all I discovered that someone was swiping some of my letters. When I was making my grandfather's bed one day, I just happened to look in the wastebasket, and there was a torn-up letter. You can imagine how irked I was. Losing a letter now and then is not really important but what scares me is to think what would happen if I really fell in love. My grandfather could ruin my life.

Can you tell me what arrangements I could make to get my mail?

Francie C.

I feel that you should talk to your grandfather very nicely about this situation, be direct and honest. Since the young man's letters are very respectful and friendly, you can point out to your

grandfather that by taking the attitude that he is he could force you to consider a secretive method of correspondence. This you do not want to do, and if you can explain it nicely to him without losing your temper and creating a scene, there is every chance that he may agree.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a very nervous girl and have a great deal of trouble with my stomach.

I am in junior high and once a week we have to give talks in English. When I am called upon I am so scared that I become nauseated and make a bad report. I know that nearly everybody gets scared, sometime, but not like me. I gave a report last week in social studies and now I have been out of school for two days because of too much excitement.

Honestly, Miss Colbert, I know all the answers and memorize everything for school but when the time comes, I simply freeze. I want to go to college to become a doctor and to study the nervous system so that I can help other people.

Even though I am not on the honor roll and don't have a scholarship, do you think I could have a successful college career?

Letty C.

You are quite right when you say that you know that other people have stage fright. It is probably the commonest of all human personality ills.

I do not purport to be a psychiatrist, but I have talked to enough people, and read widely enough on the subject to know that the first step to be taken in overcoming this problem is to acknowledge it, and then say to yourself, "So what! I get nervous."

Why don't you go to the teacher in whose class you must recite, and tell her quite frankly what happens to you. Ask her if there is some way in which you can turn in your work in written form, or if she could allow you a few moments after school each night during which you could sum up the lesson. She might even be able to help you overcome your fright of speaking before the class.

Too many people try to solve a problem of this kind alone. If you will ask for assistance from your teachers I am certain you will be delighted to discover that they are more than eager to help you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy of sixteen, and you will think that I have a crazy problem. I am in love with someone who doesn't even know I am alive—her name is June Allyson.

I try to forget there is such a person bothering me, but I can't. I see every picture she stars in. I realize that she is an older woman, but I still can't help liking her. Have you any suggestions? Please give me an answer in your column, as I am not kidding when I say I love her.

Watson D.

When I was your age I had a "secret sorrow" too. He was ever so handsome and quite as unattainable on a permanent basis as Superman.

I am a great believer in the value of admiring other human beings. June Allyson is a beautiful girl and a talented actress, and she represents a fine ideal. If, in years to come, you select a girl as your wife, using your memory of June Allyson as a yard-stick, you will have chosen wisely.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I—at twenty-five—am one of the old

maids the newspapers keep mentioning in connection with the arrival of our former Army's foreign brides and I'm bitter.

When I was stationed in Washington, D. C., all wide-eyed and innocent, I went with a charming man for six months. We danced, played golf, went to movies, and I grew very fond of him. One day he admitted that he was married and had a child living in another state. I was transferred to Pittsburgh and while there, met another charming man. I dated him for ten months before his darling little wife arrived from California.

The war ended, and I came home with a sigh of relief thinking, "Now I'll meet the right type of person." I started to date a boy I had known in high school. After four months of this I picked up the evening paper to learn that he had gone east to meet his British bride.

To top it off I started going with a very nice fellow in December. Last May he proposed and I accepted. During the ensuing week we even picked out a ring. Then, last week, he got around to telling me that he was already married and was having trouble getting his wife to divorce him. Boy, that did it.

You will note that in every instance the wife was not with her husband. If a girl cares so little about a man that she goes her own way, why should a single girl be condemned for going with a married man? I'm going to continue to date this fellow; I'm going to spend as much of his money as I can until I go north on vacation. Then, look out, I am really going to make up for lost time.

It seems to me that you have received a good many letters from wives crying on your shoulder about their husbands being snared by single girls. Chances are, the men didn't admit being married, and if a wife doesn't show up for six or eight months, how is anyone to guess that the man is married? I am sick and tired of it, as many other girls are, I know. I am going to fight back from now on and ruthless won't be the word for it.

Lorna L.

Your letter disturbed me so deeply that I find myself inadequate to answer it. I am publishing it here because I should like to have an expression of opinion from other girls, from married women and from the men who read this column.

I shall use their letters in as immediate an edition as possible.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



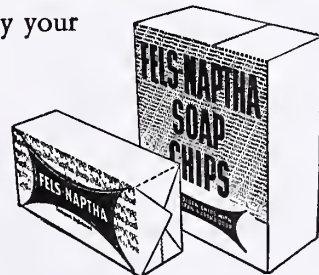
Save it with Soap!

Lucky girl . . . to start housekeeping with such a gorgeous table cover! You just can't bear to think of seeing something spilled on it, can you?

It's sure to happen, though, so be careful that it's always washed with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap.

Remember that Fels-Naptha loosens dirt and stains so that they wash away easily and completely in the rich suds of mild Fels-Naptha Soap.

Someday, this lovely wedding gift should be an heirloom, admired and treasured by your children's children. Begin to save its beauty right away—with good, mild soap—and that means *Fels-Naptha Soap*.



Fels-Naptha Soap

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charm with Modess. Its triple-proved deodorant helps keep you fresh as a daisy!

So—why not enjoy all these extras? Get acquainted with America's luxury sanitary napkin. Get Modess today.



A Knight and His Lady

(Continued from page 37) doubt of it. Post-war London is still a grim city. Hollywood, with all its gaiety and glamour, would be a welcome contrast. And the gold in those Beverly Hills shouldn't be overlooked either. Vivien could have a new mink coat. Larry could go berserk in Sulka's. They could add a new wing to their country home, a Fifteenth Century manor in Buckinghamshire.

But when you have lived on borrowed time as the Oliviers did for five years, you clutch on to happiness, appreciating every minute of it when you have it—not after it is gone. For Vivien and Larry, their happiness was in London, doing the work they enjoyed for the inner satisfaction it brought them rather than for any personal glory. So Larry joined the "Old Vic," England's most famous repertory theater since 1880. Vivien started rehearsals in "Skin of Our Teeth," re-creating the role that Tallulah Bankhead had originated on Broadway. Their combined salaries were in no way commensurate with what they could have earned separately in Hollywood. But because they are the kind of true artists who have a passionate love of the theater and would rather act well than eat well, they were blissfully content. Larry, as *Richard III*, was hailed as the greatest actor of his time. Vivien as *Sabina* was the toast of the West End. It was such happiness as dreams are made of. Until the day it turned into a nightmare.

LARRY had gone to Germany for an ENSA tour with the Old Vic. Vivien remained in London, packing them in at the Phoenix. It was one of their rare separations. They couldn't reach each other by phone, but they wrote every day—tender messages between two people, who resent every moment that keeps them apart. And then came the post when there was no letter from Vivien, but the shocking news that she had collapsed at the theater and was desperately ill. Larry was frantic. He couldn't quit the Old Vic in the middle of an Army tour. For the first time he hated his profession and its tradition, "the show must go on." In between performances, he managed to fly to Paris to see Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, who were there in "O Mistress Mine." They had just seen Vivien in London and had talked to her doctors. They assured Larry it was nothing serious. The past five years of strain and work had finally caught up with her. All she needed was quiet and a prolonged rest and she'd be perfectly well again. Larry continued his tour a caged animal, until the tour was over, at long last, and he was in London again with Vivien.

As soon as the news of her illness broke—magnified, of course, out of all proportion—she was deluged with invitations from her countless Hollywood friends to come to California, where good nourishing food was plentiful and the sun would bathe her back to health. Deeply touched as she was by this unbounded hospitality, she refused everyone. She couldn't leave England without Larry. To be near him was better tonic than all the medical prescriptions in the world. So she stayed at their country home in "Bucks" where for eight dreary months she went about the business of getting well. This was a job she had to do, and with her indomitable will and courage, she did it.

It is why, when they stepped off that plane at La Guardia Airport, Vivien was more beautiful than ever and well again.

Vivien and Larry are now back in London, their six weeks' visit a kaleidoscopic pattern of thrilling memories. Reunion with old friends, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin,

Gertrude Lawrence and Richard Aldrich, Kit Cornell and Guthrie McClintic, Margalo Gilmore and Robert Ross, Thorton Wilder. . . . Late supper at the Colony, "21" and the Stork, with menus that looked like museum pieces to their unaccustomed eyes. . . . Shops on the Avenue—a fairyland to explore and emerge with "Bundles for Britain." . . . The happy well fed, well clothed look of everyone—such a contrast to London . . . Their suite at the St. Regis, filled with fresh flowers from Helen Hayes's Nyack gardens, and gift tokens piled high from intimates and strangers alike . . . the din of the city—not from buzz bombs but from chauffeur-driven cars . . . The Century Theatre and the cheers and bravos for *Hotspur*, *Justice Shallow*, *Astrov*, *Oedipus* and *Puff* . . . The City Center and the personal triumph of "Henry V" . . . the broadcasts of "Richard III" and "Peer Gynt" with Larry taking two thirds of his salary so that the other members of the Old Vic could have more, because that's the kind of right guy he is . . . the tangible tributes—an M. A. degree from Tufts University, the first time such an award has been given to an actor since 1893 when it was conferred on Otis Skinner . . . and the Variety critics' poll, which nominated him the finest actor of the Broadway season . . . Vivien, in the background, fiercely proud of her husband's greatness.

AS a friend of Larry's ever since his very first visit to America when he played a supporting part to Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in "Private Lives," I was proud—remember the time he came to Hollywood to test for the lead opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina" and was turned down because some master mind thought he looked too much like Ronald Colman. In London, we toasted "our friendship always" in the bar of his new home, overlooking the Thames in Chelsea. I sat in his dressing room of the Barrymore Theatre, when he was playing in "No Time For Comedy" and watched the glow in his eyes as he showed me all the stills of Vivien as *Scarlett O'Hara*. And my heart ached for his empty success on Broadway without her, and hers in Hollywood without him. I finally caught up with his future bride on the set of "Gone With the Wind." Being a friend of Larry's automatically made me a friend of Vivien's.

It is because of this personal friendship that I was privileged to dine with Larry and Vivien during their hectic non-stop Mad-hattan whirl. Facing Vivien, one wonders how it must feel to get up every morning and see that vision reflected back at you in the mirror. Her green print dress matched the emerald of her eyes. Her dark hair, oblivious to new fashion modes, was worn as she has always worn it—long, with loose natural waves, and heightened the alabaster of her skin.

Out of the blue Vivien said, "You know, next to the gaiety and luxury of New York, I feel frightfully drab."

I almost fell off my chair. "Vivien! Don't you know the mayor ought to pay you for improving the looks of the city!"

Larry smiled agreement. "You, too," I added. "It's flattering to have such prejudiced friends," he retorted.

Vivien giggled. "We know he isn't beautiful, but he certainly can get himself up mighty pretty. Maybe, it's just as well he's going to do 'King Lear' next." And she threw him a naughty wink.

"Is it because of 'King Lear' that you're rushing back to London?" I asked.

"Yes, it is to be my own production this time and as in the picture 'Henry V,' I am accountable for every detail. I pray that it comes off as I hope. It is my farewell appearance for the Old Vic for the season. I feel that it is only fair to bow out and

CATHERINE McLEOD AND WILLIAM CARTER, STARRING IN REPUBLIC'S "I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU," A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR



Catherine McLeod... Provocative—her Hands

FOR YOU, TOO—exciting-soft hands
Catherine McLeod's way—using Jergens Lotion.

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EVEN FINER NOW. Thanks to skin-care improvements worked out in wartime, Jergens Lotion is now more effective than ever.

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For underarms, face, and back of neck
use E-Z Finger-Tip Glove

Largest Selling Depilatory

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Her silverplate will stay lovelier longer because the most used spoons and forks are inlaid with two blocks of sterling at backs of bowls and handles. 52 piece set \$68.50 including chest.

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"Better get a pair of those new **B. F. Goodrich Silvertown** rubber heels with the **special non-slip feature!**" And... extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

Let some new talent get a crack at the invaluable experience of this wonderful repertory company."

"What then?"

Larry supplied the answer. "I am very lucky to have as a good friend, Gar Kanin, who also happens to be the author and director of Broadway's biggest comedy success, 'Born Yesterday.' I have tied up the English rights and Gar is coming over to stage it as brilliantly as he has in the Max Gordon production."

"Will you play the Judy Holiday role?" I asked Vivien.

"No, I'm reopening in 'Skin of Our Teeth' and I expect to continue in it until we leave for Hollywood after the holidays. We're due there in January."

Vivien and Larry back in Hollywood! What welcome news to their American public, who have been clamoring for their return! How wonderful for all their friends! David Niven, Benita and Ronnie Colman, Mary Lee and Doug Fairbanks, George Cukor, Lilli and Rex Harrison, et al, who will dust off the red velvet carpet as it has never been dusted before.

Will they appear in a picture together or will Heathcliff and Scarlett go their separate ways again? What of the rumor that Vivien was to be Peggy Cummins's successor in "Forever Amber"?

THESE questions are not rhetorical. Let Vivien and Larry answer for themselves.

First, about "Forever Amber." "I'm told that Darryl Zanuck offered me a million dollars to take over the role," said Vivien. "If he has, it's all news to me. I wish he had. I'd feel so elegant turning down a million dollars!"

"I imagine I've been suggested for the part because Amber is supposed to be like Scarlett O'Hara. But actually, they have nothing in common except their physical attraction. Scarlett was born too soon. Her fiery spirit and independence were out of place in the Civil War period. She would have been a wonderful career woman today. Amber was born to be a courtesan, whether the year was 800 or 1946. In any event, I'm sure she will be compared to Scarlett and if for no other reason than that, I wouldn't play the part. I don't ever want to be pigeon-holed by type casting."

"Have you any story that you especially like?"

From the expression on Vivien's and Larry's faces it was obvious they had.

"There is a novel called 'Earth and High Heaven,' which we'd love to do. It's a timely, sensitive love story with wonderful parts for both of us. Sam Goldwyn, who owns the screen rights, wants us for it, but we can't give him any definite answer as yet. We saw David Selznick last night and he also has several stories lined up. So have a lot of other producers. We haven't had a minute to read any scripts here but when we get back to England on our fortnight holiday at Bucks we'll have time to wade through some and keep the best. We hope our first will be together, but if it isn't we don't mind being separated as co-stars so long as the separation stops there. You see, we're old-fashioned. We don't believe that being apart is conducive to a happy marriage."

At this moment, the telephone which blessedly had not interrupted during the whole dinner hour rang. Larry's car was waiting to take him to the theater, where in half an hour he would be transformed into the wizened, tottering Justice Shallow of "Henry IV, Part II." He got up, kissed Vivien and the three of us drank a toast to our next reunion in January.

It will be a time to look forward to, for there are no two more real people in a land of make-believe.

THE END

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Glamorous screen stars like lovely Frances Ramsden know the great importance of being always perfectly groomed. That's why so many of them are changing to Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Lustre-Creme gives your hair a grand shampoo, of course. And more important, Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the hidden glow and radiance of your hair—*disciplines* your hair so it *stays* well-groomed throughout an active day . . .

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OPPOSITE HAROLD LLOYD
IN PRESTON STURGES' "THE SIN
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**Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme
Shampoo**



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LIZABETH SCOTT

Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on September 29, 1923, she was christened Elizabeth. After enrolling at the Alviene School of Drama in New York, she became Lizabeth—more interesting for the marquee lights where she determined her name would be.

It was producer Hal Wallis who signed Lizabeth to a screen contract and guided her to stardom with her first picture, "You Came Along." You'll see her next in the Hal Wallis-Paramount production, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

For rain or shine—to wear over everything—this exciting all-wool plaid poncho by Aquatogs. Sizes 10-18. About \$35.00 at Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon, and Saks-34th, N.Y.C.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 90

Conover cover-girl favorite,
Helen Mueller, loves Leigh's vibrant Heartbeat

Leigh Perfumes



Fine American
Perfume—
3.50 oz. plus tax

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- COLD FRONT
- WARM FRONT
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- OCCCLUDED FRONT
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- SNOW
- REPORT MISSING
- OWS FLY WITH THE
- Calm

Late 1950s



LIZABETH SCOTT

"Scott," as she's called, is in great demand these days. While she was in England, attending the premiere of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," she got a cable to fly home quickly. For RKO had borrowed her to play with Bogart in "Dead Reckoning"



The New Clothes Are Dramatic

ABOVE, a slim black cashmere wool with dramatic chartreuse diamonds in the sleeves. Also with beige or jade diamonds. Sleeves take the limelight this fall! A NanTucket Natural. Sizes 10-20. \$29.95 at B. Altman & Co., N. Y. C., and Hutzler Brothers Co., Baltimore, Md.

LEFT, look pretty please! And who could help it in Junior Deb's DeLand pure wool shetland suit with its big, dramatic, square-yoked collar. In pastels and dark shades. Sizes 9-15. About \$35.00 at Gimbels, Pittsburgh, Pa., and The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.
For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 90



Feel free as a breeze in Caltex California's new easy-yoked shirt and fly-front skirt of softest Wynne "Chanellure" wool jersey. In a bright color combinations. Size 10-20. Each piece around \$1 at Carson. Pirie Scott, Chicago, Ill.

Right, a full skirt of crisp pla taffeta and a blouse of crepe with wide sleeves ending in long tight cuffs to give you a 1946 look like Miss Hollywood Jr. in sizes 9-14. Also in brown, lime or aqua. \$20.00 at J. N. Adams & Co. Buffalo, N. Y. and The May Co. Los Angeles, Cal.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 86.

Engstead

California highlights for you...

FRANCES RAMSDEN,

who models these fashions, made for you in California, wears her hair in a "spauiel bob." Frances, a Conover model, was dining at Preston Sturges's restaurant, "The Players," when Sturges saw her, tested her, signed her, and cast her in United Artists' "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," which brings Harold Lloyd back to the screen

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*I am DeBElaine,
for the Youthful
slender figure...
one of the 7 Basic
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Personally Yours!*



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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Wonderful what some of the girls are doing with simple sheaths over which they tie all sorts of skirts and things—making several costumes out of one basic dress. Vivian Blaine breezed into a party wearing a smart navy blue sheath-like dress with a full overskirt of beige jersey. This skirt tied on like an apron, fell only to the hemline of the navy dress underneath. Accessories were beige pumps with high navy leather heels, a huge hat of beige felt with a navy veil, and a navy bag and gloves. The bodice of the dress was draped high at the neck and short sleeved. Very smart!!

Veronica Lake, dancing at Mocambo, had a black dinner dress with a long, very full net skirt. The top was invisible because she never took off the peplum jacket of bright pink paillettes she wore over it. From the cuffs of the long-sleeved jacket peeped tiny black net ruffles. Pink and black by all means when you want to be ravishing!

The film belles are crazy about the newest thing in huge chiffon or silk handkerchiefs on which are printed their own telephone numbers. Esther Williams and Diana Lynn have their phone numbers hand embroidered in a contrasting color across one corner. Diana, besides letting her handkerchief hang from pockets, sometimes pins it to her shoulder with a gold clip. And underneath her embroidered phone number is embroidered the word, "Busy!!" Anita Colby, Photoplay's new Beauty Editor, gave us one of these bankies and we're mad for it.

Greer Garson goes for the newish dipping hemlines. At The Club she wore a lovely powder blue crepe dinner dress with a high scalloped neckline that was just barely cut off the shoulders. The full flaring long skirt was scalloped at the hemline which

was about thirteen inches from the floor in front and almost trailing length in back. The belt was suede, a deeper blue, lavender and pink braided together. Greer wore black lace mittens, a diamond clip on one shoulder and matching blue crepe sandals.

Odd items stunning in the way of adornment: Gracie Allen is wearing a so-tiny diamond-studded cuckoo clock which George Burns found in an antique shop. He had it put on a snake chain gold necklace for her. Lana Turner came back from New York with a "ringing in her ears" all because of her latest jewelry accessory; tiny gold bells with little diamond-studded clappers that not only dangle when she walks or moves but really jingle-jangle! With street clothes Lana adds a gold chatelaine (which she wears on a belt or looped across a suit) which also dangle little golden bells. Sometimes she wears it wrapped around her wrist in a heavy bracelet . . . to match the "bell song" in her ears.

Claudette Colbert wore a divine off-the-shoulder cocktail dress at dinner at La Rue the other night. It was of black silk jersey, draped and shirred along classic lines with the neckline bordered in American beauty silk roses. Over this costume Claudette wore a long black cloth cape lined in the same deep warm red as the roses. She also wore diamond and ruby earrings and a diamond and ruby clip attached to a platinum snake chain necklace.

Paulette Goddard must be aiming at the slogan "Paulette in paillettes"—she's been using them so lavishly lately on both dinner suits and dresses. Her new cream white dinner dress—cut down to there in a slashed neck-

(Continued on page 90)

DRESS FOR THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE



Carole King
DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"CUPID'S CAPTIVE" fancies gingham embroidery 'n' a demure sweetheart neckline... strictly romance stuff. A Carole King Original of soft, lush, wool and rayon in Junior Sizes 9 to 15. About \$13.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.



THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

- Sure you want those currently fashionable curves that only a smart bra can give you.
- You want your bra to keep on giving you the uplift you want too, no matter how often you wash it and wear it.
- That's why you'll get a real thrill with your new "Perma-lift"* Bra.
- The famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups make the difference—gently lift your bust from below—never lose their uplift thru countless washings and wear.
- For smart lines, for beauty, for comfort beyond belief, ask for a "Perma-lift" Bra—America's Favorite—of all fine stores—most styles \$1.25 to \$2.50.
- You'll also enjoy wearing a new "Perma-lift" Girdle—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.
- It won't wrinkle, won't roll over, yet it will stay up.

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line has a long-waisted tight bodice and a full shirred skirt. It's very broad shoulders and tiny short sleeves are plastered solidly with gold paillettes that splash over the shoulder seam and up toward her neck in a leafy design. With this dress Paulette wears no jewelry—just a huge bag of gold kid.

Loretta Young is going in heavily for sets of heavy Mexican silver jewelry. One layout, complete from earrings through necklace, heavy bracelets and ring is made of the heavily carved silver in a very ornate, chunky design, studded here and there with dark green jade.

One of Dotty Lamour's new fall dinner gowns is ballerina length in front and dips to the floor in the back. The tremendously full skirt, of deep rose tulle, has small black velvet bows scattered across it. The long-waisted bodice is black velvet—and its off-the-shoulder neckline has a cuff of the black velvet which stands out a little from the tight bodice. With this gown Dotty wears high-heeled black velvet slippers and carries a black velvet pouch bag.



Betty Hutton is wearing light-colored smocks over dark skirts during her pregnancy. Her smocks are square shouldered and tailored with box pleats that are sewn down only to a point just below the bust-line. A right breast pocket, completely covered with a huge brightly colored monogram is the only trimming. Her skirts, of course, are full and adjustable. Her daytime smocks are gabardine. But for evening, she wears silk smocks over a long skirt.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write the manufacturers listed below:

Plaid poncho

Aquatogs
250 West 39th St.
N. Y. C.

Blue wool suit

Junior Deb
512 Seventh Ave.
N. Y. C.

Black dress with diamond sleeves

NanTucket Natural
498 Seventh Ave.
N. Y. C.

Jersey blouse and skirt

Caltex
2126 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

One-piece dress with taffeta skirt

Twentieth Century Frocks
719 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Calif.



ALLURA brings you GLITTER—studding the shoulder line of this new coat with bright metallic flashes. Its lines are artfully simple—accented by a tie belt that cinches in your neat little waistline. Its fabric is luxurious too—Suede-y Pebblora, in rich colors, loomed exclusively for us by the AMERICAN WOOLEN CO. Sizes 9 to 15. Around \$50.

Consult with your Local Retailer, or write LOU SCHNEIDER, 512 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

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Time never hangs heavy for the girl with the "Cupid Look", the ballerina-like girdle that brings out your endearing young charms.

S-t-r-e-t-c-h-y neoprene elastic, woven in one circular piece, makes this young feather-light girdle, that molds you into a picture of lithesome loveliness.

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"Your Closest Friend"

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Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

This fall clothes definitely are dramatic, definitely more "dressed-up looking" than they have been for too long. Here are a few simple accessories that will give last year's wardrobe a this-year's look. . . .

Wear a big gold kid belt on bright wools or evening dresses.

Don't forget how effectively a sequined scarf serves as a dickie with basic suits and dresses.

Lace insets will give new life to a peplum or the neckline of a simple black costume.

Make a wreath of velvet flowers or bows to wear around the crown of your soft untrimmed black felt hat. And remember how wonderful touches of pale pink or blue can be with black velvet.

Sew gold braid, scroll effect, HIGH on the left shoulder of that simple dress that needs a pick-up. Or, if you're extra clever with a needle, form your monogram in gold braid.

Sleeve interest is the thing this year (see the dress Elizabeth Scott wears with colored diamonds accentuating sleeves). So—sew colored grosgrain bands on the sleeves of a simple dress. Start your band at the shoulder line and bring it "barber-pole" style down to the wrist. Brown bands on a beige dress; black on a green dress; and on a black dress, bands of a bright color.

If you have any of those beautiful lace collars and cuffs that were so popular when mother was a girl count yourself lucky! For lace, so right this year, is forever romantic and flattering.

Sweaters are really going glamorous this fall. Watch for the new dressier weaves—so smart with simple skirts. The low oval neckline is still just about the most flattering and perfect with your choker or pearls.

For Indian summer days the smartest costume we can think of is a long-sleeved dress with a sleeveless tunic-length coat. Make one of wonderful supple jersey and cinch in your waist with a dark leather belt. This type of costume can be worn all winter, too, under a heavy coat. It could also be dressed up or down to suit any occasion.

Now that fresh flower-boutonnieres are a little difficult (and expensive) to buy, why not pin fake flowers on your shoulder with a regular long florist's pin. Even your best friend will run up and want to smell them—they look that real!

Buy gold braid and sew it on heavy grosgrain ribbon for an extra special belt. Team this with a matching wristlet (tied tight around the smallest part of your wrist). A conversation piece, these!

Tall crowns on soft squashy bats (suede, wool or fabric) are a big winter item this year. Push the crown of your hat around any way that's most becoming and anchor it with your best pin. Medallions or crests are fine pins for this and also can be worn at your belt for variety.

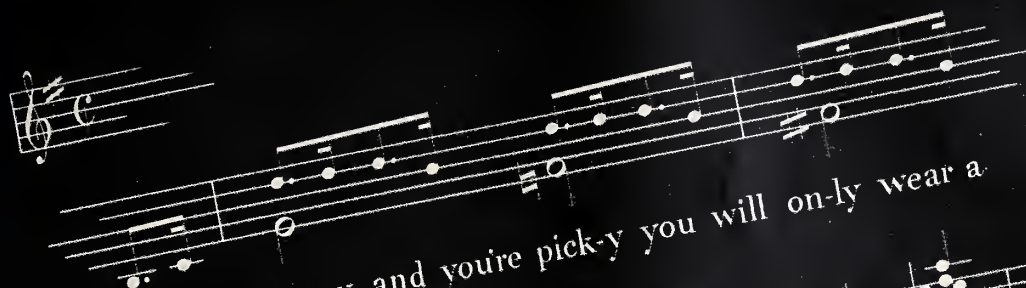
If you want to set the world on fire (and who doesn't) have the time of your life selecting just the right color in suit, dress or slacks. Fabric colors never have been so bright or becoming. And if you're the type that shines in fire engine red or vibrant blue or lemon yellow—well, it's definitely your year.

Casual sport skirts take on a new look by the addition of soft unpressed pleats, all around, giving an easy-fitting air. Such a skirt in plaid with a black jersey pull-over and a black wool hat on your curls will see you through almost any kind of an engagement.

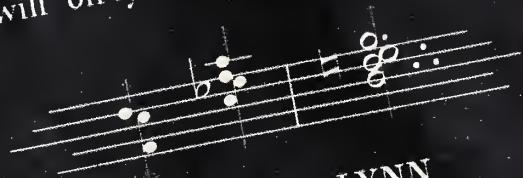
When you buy your new suit concentrate on a tunic or a cutaway jacket. Tunics are so right if you're tall. If you're petite you'll be wonderful in a cutaway. Pencil-slim skirts with both of these jackets will do things for your "figger"—tall or short.

Vestees are most exciting in fur. A welcome addition to a basic dress they also add such a dash of glamour when worn with skirts, slacks or under suits. They're attractive when knitted or made from stiff fabrics too.

Did you know that girdles and panties now come in the most delicious pastel shades? Our favorite girdle is of pale, pale yellow with painted forget-me-nots scattered here and there. Oh yes, we asked, it washes like a dream.



If you're choos-y and you're pick-y you will on-ly wear a



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Vicki Lynn



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*From the song, Pretty Vicki Lynn, by Charlie Tobias



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†Fabric shrinkage less than 1%

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Date-BAIT

(Continued from page 43) simply not true. Consider Vic Mature alone! What stories I'd heard about him! Well, I'll tell you about the real Vic—but first I think I'd better take these nice people in the order of their appearance.

The first film colony man I dated was David Rose and was I thrilled! Dave is still one of my very best friends and he often spends the evening with my family.

Actually, the first time he and I met was my first night in California, when I was singing in Ted Fio Rito's band and Dave was married to Judy Garland. I had just finished a number and had gone backstage when Dave and Judy came back and Dave, such a brilliant composer, said to me, "You're good." Imagine how I treasured that compliment coming from someone like him.

So when I'd been in pictures about six months, and he was divorced from Judy, you know I was quite surprised when he phoned and asked if I'd go out dancing with him. He came by for me right on time and took me to the Palladium. I suppose he thought he had to take me there because that was a jitterbug place and he knew I was only seventeen. At first he was a bit formal until I got very casual and began talking about food and church and the fun our family has. Dave began to smile then. "I love to cook," he said.

"Oh, I do, too," I said. "Particularly sweet potato delight and a very special salad with lots and lots of garlic and anchovies mixed into the 'dressing.'" That did it. Almost the next night I went with some friends to Dave's house and he broiled some big thick steaks while I fixed the salad and the vegetables and the sweet potato delight. After our wonderful meal, I didn't know what was coming off, for he brought out a huge Army kite, the kind used as a practice target, and what did that sophisticated Mr. Rose want to do but teach me how to fly it. I thought it a little odd until I tried—and then I discovered it was as exciting as deep sea fishing. The kite would sail away from you. You'd tug and pull it back. Then it would yank you nearly off your stance. I got a big kick out of it.

That kite—and the evenings we sat around just playing records—or talking to my mother and sisters—or fixing more home dinners—taught me that David Rose is like his music—full of simplicity and sweetness and hidden depth.

THE way I met Victor Mature could only happen to a picture actress. It was September and the studio had me posing for Christmas photographs. I was dressed in mittens and a coat and hat with jingle bells on it and I'd been making snow men out of white cornflakes when suddenly they told me to go, just as I was, over to another stage to kiss one of their stars just returned from service.

That was Vic and that's how we got together—two complete strangers exchanging warm salutations while cameras ground. From that moment on it was a mad rush that Mr. Mature gave me. He called. He sent flowers. He wrote me notes. Vic sends the cutest flowers. Every day I'd get a bowl of pink and white roses and hidden among them would be some sort of a toy bearing the craziest message. The day after we'd spent an evening hearing the Slim Gaillard trio—you know those three who do "Cement Mixer"—he had to send me a cement mixer toy. Stuff like that.

But where Davie Rose is a silken dancer, Vic doesn't like to dance at all. That wolf exterior of Vic's is all a great big act. What he most liked to do was to come to our house, raid the icebox, sit on the living-room floor and talk.

Bob Hutton likes little things—not necessarily meaning me. He makes miniature houses and furnishes them, complete with miniature furniture. He even sends miniature flowers—dozens of baby sweetheart roses.

Bob's really glamor dating. He's so sharp himself, and he wants you to be sharp.

Right there comes in one of my own date rules. A girl in a small town knows what the boy who is calling for her likes. She can tell by the way he lives and the girls she knows he's been out with before. But Hollywood is too big for that sort of information to be picked up easily. So what I do when a new man invites me out is to study up on



Vic Mature said it with flowers and gay little hidden gifts, June Haver soon found



It was dress up and go dancing at a gala night spot when Junie's date was Bob Hutton



Martha Vickers

featured in

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*Once Chosen—
Always Treasured*

him beforehand. If he's had interviews in the fan magazines, I read every one of them—I dress in the way he says he prefers, even to the color. If I know he likes to play golf, I brush up on my golf. If he goes for tennis, so do I.

Bob Stack, for instance. He's mad about polo. That means horses. So these days, when I'm seeing a lot of him, I'm also seeing a lot of horses—with an instructor, I assure you, at hours when Bob isn't around.

Some friends invited me to meet him "because he has just got out of uniform." After Vic Mature that made me feel like a one-girl rehabilitating committee—but on our first date I felt more worldly than Dietrich, for Bob had sent me baby green orchids which I love.

This Bob goes in for all the sports. He dances divinely. He skis, he shoots, he swims, he plays tennis and polo. Because of him I'm learning to skeet shoot and trying to limber up my tennis form.

Rory Calhoun is what I call a lumberjack kind of boy, very casual, very sweet and, like Vic Mature, he is not the wolf he looks to be. But Frank Latimore is what he appears, a relaxed, charming fellow, who likes to go for beach picnics but also wants to take in the fights Friday nights. I had to read up on fights like crazy before we had that kind of a date. I think a girl should let the man do most of the talking—but should really understand what he is discussing and be able to keep him going with intelligent questions. You learn a lot that way—and have fun too.

Another thing I do is to have one special perfume for each man I go out with. For instance, for Vic Mature I had a perfume that smelled the way I imagine a tiger lily would smell—if it had a fragrance. I figured he'd like something like that and he did. For Bob Hutton I have an elegant incense-type perfume. I never change perfumes with them, so that whenever I smell that particular scent I think of that one fellow and the fine times I've had with him—and I hope when he sniffs that perfume somewhere he thinks of me, too.

I haven't yet found the man I want to marry—but I've got my wedding planned. I hope it will take place in the spring—because I think the spring colors are most becoming and I've already engaged Bonnie Cashin of my studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, to design my dress. I don't care so much what the man I marry looks like. Of course I wouldn't want him to be fat or bald but I wouldn't want a pretty boy either. I don't care what his profession or work is, but he would have to have a sense of humor and love his home and want a big family. The only thing I'll want him to be very, very serious about is music and me and I'll have to be very serious about him because with my religion I can only marry once.

P.S. I'm busy working in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," but meanwhile I'd like to go out with Peter Lawford some evening soon. You see, I've studied up on him and I know all his likes and dislikes and I've bought a perfume that I think he might like too.

THE END

Photoplay Answers

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PETER LAWFORD

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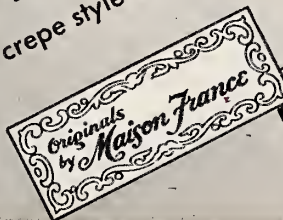
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HOSIERY

**MILLER-SMITH HOSIERY MILLS
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.**

(Continued from page 41) was in the fertile Valley of Virginia, guarded on one side by the Blue Ridge Mountains, on the other by the Alleghenies. Four hundred acres of rich farm land threaded by sluices, canals and the winding Roanoke River.

Today it was the property of John's father, George Washington Payne, wealthy farm-owner and real estate man. But folks still referred to it as "Fort Lewis" because it once belonged to Col. Andrew Lewis, famous frontier fighter and Virginia patriot.

It had served as a fort against the Indians in frontier days. There was a block house in the back with walls two feet and seven inches thick. There was a secret passageway too . . . now caved in. John and his friends liked to dig around the ruins of the secret passageway. To make up stories about the tomahawks and arrowheads. Sometimes at night when the moonlight cast eerie shadows around the place, the imaginative boy could almost see the Indians with their feathers and painted faces riding in frenzy across the fields.

HISTORY was made here. This was his home. He would carry on the colors of Fort Lewis. Make Virginia—and his father—very proud of him.

Gradually the collection of arrowheads was moved out of his "workroom" on the third floor to make space for the growing number of model planes. The elder Payne watched the mounting number with interest. He'd inspect the flight lines of some sixty-two rubber-driven and compressed-air models that John proudly showed him . . . "and they'll all fly too."

George Washington Payne didn't try to influence his sons' futures. He wanted to give them a good education, then let them follow their own inclinations. He was of the opinion that life is like an apple grading machine. You might wander around a lot, but eventually you'd land in the chute where you belonged. Secretly, he was very proud of John's interest in aviation. He often accompanied him when he took them out to the field to stretch their wings. As they watched them go, John would go into big plans about becoming an aeronautical engineer. "And I'll be a good one, too, Dad," he promised. "I know you will, John," smiled his father. Looked to him as if this son was already headed toward the right "chute."

At fourteen John Payne stretched his own wings. He was going to Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Virginia, about three miles from a field where a tall, lanky six-footer of the last war named Slim had started a flying school. John thought this Slim must have been flying by the "seat of his pants" a long time. They looked pretty worn. The Jenny was worn in spots too. When the flier wasn't too busy with customers he'd talk with him about thermals and air currents and altitudes.

"Want to go up?" the lanky birdman said one day.

Payne got into the cockpit slowly. Sat there frozen to the seat. This was it. He felt a little guilty about his mother . . . but . . . well, he was older now. Would he be sick? He couldn't in front of Slim.

The Jenny taxied off down the field, then the pilot gave her the throttle and they lifted from the ground, weaving and wobbling. Upstairs Slim opened her up to seventy miles an hour. The ship rolled and banged and the motor sounded like a thousand giant firecrackers going off at once. It was more exciting than he'd even dreamed . . . going through clouds like white feather blankets, looking 1,000 feet down below at the crazy green and brown patchwork quilt of fields, little white doll

houses where grown-up people lived and worked and worried while he thundered along hundreds of feet above them. He felt strangely superior and a little sorry for the little human ants who thought they were so important down there.

From then on John took his three-dollar weekly allowance out to Slim every week for a half-hour lesson in the air. He was soloing after three hours.

THEN when he was seventeen the whole world cracked up. It was as though Fate said, "Here's one we've never touched. Let's let him have it in one solid dose."

First came the crash of '29 when the Paynes lost most of what they had. Then early one morning in January, 1930, his father was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage and died, leaving a stunned family. John couldn't realize that his father, the pillar of his world, was gone. He wandered grief-stricken around the place.

"Fort Lewis," with its family heirlooms, its handsome hand-carved fireplaces, its boyhood memories, was going to have to be sold to some stranger who probably wouldn't know or care about black flint dart-heads or secret passageways.

One thing still remained and nothing was going to lick him on that—his pledge to make his own contribution to the future. To be a good aeronautical engineer. He was impatient to get going on it. To take the entrance examinations for Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

And late that summer he did take the examinations for M.I.T. But Fate was still calling the signals for him. He failed the mathematics exam.

He couldn't go to their school. Couldn't be an aeronautical engineer. That's what they said in the letter. "We regret to inform you . . ." They regretted! Spectacled college professors who did their flying with figures on paper. You didn't have to be hep to hypotenuses to kick her out up there in the open sky. That was strictly a combine deal between you and God and the ship.

He knew he could build them and make them fly. But the letter said no. He felt ill. Lost. He was glad his father couldn't know. For he'd failed him . . . but bad.

What to do next? What to make of his life? He was eighteen now.

He took the letter and his dark future over to the Episcopal parsonage to the large, kindly, intelligent minister, Doctor Block, who could always be counted on to be capable and understanding.

All good things would come to him in time, the minister said. Life wasn't lost. He could sing, write, act—any of them. What was best for him would be.

And back at the flying field at Alexandria, his old pal Slim told him pretty much the same things. Only in more Slim-like words. The lanky flier unwound himself out of the cockpit, threw a leg over Jenny's side, and began . . .

A guy had to make a lot of take-offs in his life. They couldn't all be good. Some were bound to be rough. But a guy needed to barnstorm around a bit. Find out what the best flight pattern was for him.

Now take him, Slim, he used to think about being a doctor. Maybe he'd have been a good one. He'd never know. For he'd just strung along with Jenny and hadn't even tried. John had a lot of flying time ahead of him. He could always take a rain check upstairs. What he needed to do now was to make another take-off. . . .

John Payne took off—for Broadway and Hollywood.

THE END

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Act As If You're Beautiful

(Continued from page 48) Even on the telephone—and this is where too many people let down—Shirley is pleasant and poised, aware of the charm of a voice with a smile.

When I first started to work with Shirley, David O. Selznick, our boss, said, "Anita, remember Shirley isn't any average teenager but a very sweet and intelligent young lady. You'll discover she has taken the trouble to learn a great deal about our motion-picture business and a lot of other things too."

Shirley, of course, wouldn't be satisfied to be an average anything. If she had been I wouldn't be writing about her because you wouldn't be interested in reading about her.

Above all, Shirley has learned that you cannot be anything better than a lady. Not in a stuffy or prissy sense, but in the broad meaning of the word. She's always beautifully groomed. And also in other ways she has too much pride to be seen at a disadvantage. She walks with an erect grace. She never sits with her legs curled around the chair rungs or spread apart with her ankles lying on the floor. And at table she sees to it her lip rouge doesn't smear the table appointments. Her human relationships also are splendid. When she was at Westlake School for Girls, for instance, she never tried out for the school plays; but made up the other girls. And before her marriage to John Agar, while she was most cooperative with the press, she also insisted, pleasantly, that no one see her wedding dress before she wore it, or intrude upon the privacy of John's family.

She's a smartie, that Shirley. She knows beauty is a combination of things, that it's the way you act as well as the way you look.

THE time has come, I think, for all of us to be smarties. Now that we've welcomed the boys home again there's going to be a change. We're again aware that we are women. We want to look beautiful. And irrespective of whether or not we are beautiful in any orthodox sense, we will, if we're wise, act as if we were—and thereby become more beautiful, inevitably.

The new lines in clothes, the new trends in make-up and hair styles and the gaiety in the air everywhere promise a romantic winter. The time has come, definitely, for a general toning-up process, for a personal fall cleaning.

All right! The summer sun has dried our skin and our hair. Our skin at this time of the year is likely to have the faintly jaundiced look that fading tan induces; even to be a little leathery in spots like knees and elbows. If we took proper care of our hair through July, August and September, it won't look like an old broom but it probably will still lack the soft gleam that reflects in men's eyes.

To reclaim our skin we need a cleansing cream that isn't drying, an unmedicated baby oil and lemon juice.

Lemon juice applied daily with a little cotton swab will bleach those remnants of tan that give a mottled look. Use it on your back and shoulders, too, if you're dreaming about a dance dress with a heart-shaped decolletage or an off-the-shoulder line designed to make you look like a belle in a daguerreotype. Follow the bleach with great gobs of cleansing cream and watch your skin turn soft, satiny and camellia-like.

Elbows, heels and knuckles scream for oil. And oil will do the rest of your body no harm. Oil yourself well and sit in a hot bath. It's pleasant. So are the results.



A neat little Vee divides the turtle neck. The same precise division is repeated in the wide belt. It's these inspired touches that make Americana Sportswear top favorites with all of young America! Security Mills wool jersey. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$15.

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I do this, by the way, whenever I've been in the sun all day. It's one of the many tricks I've learned in Hollywood.

The stars, incidentally, have a wonderful remedy for dry and sunburned hair, my next item on our fall cleaning program. They brush their hair. And brush it and brush it! However, they do this as they lie over the corner of a bed with their hair hanging towards the floor. Don't dismiss this as too simple and decide in favor of two or three post-summer oil shampoos instead. Have the oil shampoos by all means. They're excellent. But also brush your hair the Hollywood way.

And to make your hair behave as you wish it would and give it a lovely texture and sheen, use pomade. Following a shampoo, while your hair is still wet, rub a fingertipful of pomade on your palm and smooth it all over every last strand.

NOW for our figures! Because of the new clothes lines watch your waistline and shoulder line. Jennifer Jones, the star of David O. Selznick's "Duel in the Sun," recommends the following exercise to whittle your waistline down to something approaching those measurements Grandma boasts she had when she was a bride:

Stand on tiptoe. Reach toward the ceiling with both arms. Raise the right arm higher, higher, higher! Bring the right arm back to its first upright position. Raise the left arm higher, higher, higher! After stretching several times with each arm, stretching so high that all your muscles pull, bring your arms down at your sides and drop to your heels. Repeat.

My next Hollywood exercise gives you a double take; serving bust and shoulder line at the same time.

Bring your arms up at shoulder level. Touch fingers. Clench your hands. Pull your elbows back toward your spine, keeping them level with your shoulders. Pull back as far as you can, further than you think you can, really. Repeat.

Dieting, let's face it, is an unfailling way to reduce. *Oh, the pity of it!* Diets come and go, but the stars go right on counting calories. Needing to look well and function at top efficiency at all times, the stars find a diet based on calories allows them sufficient food of a sufficient variety.

Usually, however, Hollywood begins a dessertless stretch with one day on fruit juices or a diet of fruit juice for twenty-four hours every week.

However other things are as important to a diet as the diet itself:

1. **SLEEP.** Too little sleep is as bad as too much sleep. You need eight hours sleep a day. Our bodies are complicated

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mechanisms. Insufficient sleep causes nervous tension and fatigue. Nervous tension and fatigue react upon our glands. And any glandular disturbance may result in the food we eat being assimilated as more fat than energy.

2. **LIQUIDS.** They're conducive to fat if taken during meals or one hour before or after meals.

3. **SELF-DISCIPLINE.** No one enjoys dieting. However, our mental attitude can make dieting a horrible trial or a comparatively simple matter.

Self-discipline, incidentally, is one of the things I've come to respect as an essential ingredient of beauty and happiness. To teach myself self-discipline I do three things a day that I positively abhor. Like answering my mail. I attend to my mail first thing every morning and it has ceased to be the dreaded chore it used to be. A great liberator, self-discipline. For only when we've done what we know we should can we have that most valuable of all assets—personal freedom.

GOOD mental form, good health and good looks are synonymous. When we're at odds with ourselves—and we are when we let ourselves down—we're discontented. Whereas contentment is the best powder any woman—sixteen or sixty—can wear on her face.

Which brings me to make-up. The things I've learned about make-up from the stars! It will take me months to tell you about them. Here, however, are a few make-up tricks to serve you well this year as we turn back to femininity and, I hope, to romance.

Before applying a make-up base use a little cream on your face.

Don't try to match your make-up foundation to your skin. It's positively old-fashioned to do this! Do as the stars do for technicolor—choose a make-up base of the tint which your skin needs for perfection. My skin, for instance, is olive toned. To lighten and brighten it I use a pink cast. Experiment until you discover the most flattering cast for your own coloring.

If your eyes disappear into your face in a way you wish they wouldn't, outline your top lid with an eyebrow pencil and just beyond the end of your natural eye line curve this line lightly upward. Acting as a shadow, this will give the appearance of heavy lashes. Also, give your outside lashes plenty of mascara, lightening the application as you come to your center lashes.

To encourage the growth of eyelashes, eliminate old ones. Use your thumb and index finger—but gently, please! And give your eyelashes vaseline to grow on. And add a touch of vaseline to your eyelids—for sparkle.

I dye my eyelashes—as many of the stars do—for a more natural look. Surely it need not be said that make-up never should be apparent. There are a few individuals, however, who have an allergy to this dye. Find out for yourself, of course, before you try it.

There's no end to the transformations we can work in our own appearance with Hollywood's beauty geniuses as our guides.

We'll still do a complete fadeout, however, if our attitude isn't right. If we do not experiment until we find just the right clothes, make-up and hair styles. If we do not guard against slouching and being either rude or dreary. If we do not find life good and glamorous, simple though it be. If we don't, in our own way, live graciously. If we aren't like Shirley—a smartie. If we do not act as if we were beautiful!

THE END

New! Sensational!



**TWICE THE SPARKLE
TWICE THE WEAR**

for Your Nail Polish

To make your nails gleam like jewels—to give them extra days of brilliant, chip-free beauty—brush on fast drying Lustre-Coat *before* and *after* applying nail polish. This new magic fluid will amaze you.

At Drug and
Dept. Stores 39¢

**TATTOO
LUSTRE-
COAT**

1. DOUBLES WEAR 2. CHECKS CHIPPING 3. DOUBLES SPARKLE



PLAY-MOX

For Freetime Feet!



\$4.50
PER PAIR
POSTPAID

Worn with collar up or collar down, you'll enjoy foot freedom and footlight drama. You'll loaf in 'em, play in 'em, and pack 'em for travel. Made of soft, supple leather, they're cunningly and deftly crafted like Navajo moccasins. Concealed platform and ankle tie for perfect fit. Order your shoe size in Dovegrey, Adobe Beige, Desert Gold or Midnight Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

TRES HERMANOS
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Si Senores: send me pairs of Play-Mox.

My shoe size....., Colors.....

Name.....

Address.....

Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Mr. and Mrs. Mariner

(Continued from page 45) the archer, and Ted Stauffer, Swiss composer, and Jim Fleming, Errol's best pal.

But when asked whether Nora was going along, Errol hedged.

"This is no pleasure cruise," he said. "Everybody on my boat is going to work, and work hard. And don't call my boat a yacht! Call her a work boat."

However, reporters have been known to possess a persistence of a sort. Under the repeated hammering of "Is Nora going?" Flynn began to show signs of wear. And then a thought flashed across his mind:

"This story won't appear until after we've sailed from Balboa, will it?" Flynn asked. "No."

"Good, then I'll talk about it."

And out it came!

"I've been planning this trip for a long time, as you know," Flynn started, "and Nora has always been a very important part—even though a somewhat secret part—of the plan. Only our closest friends were in on the secret—the gang that's coming, Nora's folks and Jack Warner."

"The outdoor picture we're going to make, in color, needs a beautiful woman star. Who, then, more beautiful than Nora?"

The handsome, sun-bronzed Flynn then got off on another tangent.

"We're going to touch Panama, Barbados, Trinidad, the West Coast of Africa and perhaps Southern France. And let me point out that the trip is strictly a business venture—to make a top-notch, first-class motion picture."

"Jack Warner was thoroughly sympathetic with our plans, and very willingly granted me a leave of absence. As a matter of fact, Warner Brothers very likely will release the picture when it is completed."

TALK about dinghies, motor launches, radio compasses, harpoons and such was all very well but there was the vastly more intriguing human equation to be probed. What was Nora going to do aboard ship?

He passed that off by saying that she probably wouldn't cook, and she couldn't help haul sail or tend one of the twin diesel motors. Then he added that her job when not shooting film was probably just to look beautiful and not get underfoot in rough weather.

"This is something a man plans all his life," Flynn rambled on with a sort of deep-sea look in his eye. "Most fellows seldom get a chance to do something like this in a lifetime. Now, under full speed the Zaca does 10½ knots, and in addition to the two dorries we're carrying two—"

What was Nora going to wear aboard ship? Would she take along dungarees or natty yachting clothes? And what about costumes for the picture?

On all this Errol seemed a little vague, even embarrassed. And finally he confessed he hadn't given much thought to that.

"But I'm sure Nora has, so I don't have to worry about it."

While this pensive little moment was passing, the phone rang. It was Humphrey Bogart, telephoning over from Columbia Studios. Their conversation was brief, and from Flynn's end merely a series of "uh huh" and "I see."

Errol replaced the phone on the hook.

"That Bogart!" he exclaimed. "For almost a year we've been planning for him to come along on this trip. Now he can't come! Says he has to work! For years he's been on suspension and now, when we're ready to leave, he has to work!"

Blue Swan UNDIES



Pretty . . . pretty . . . Blue Swan
Undies . . . in flattering cuff, band and
Hollywood brief styles . . . in a
variety of rinsable rayons . . . so
smartly tailored . . . so delightfully
comfortable.

Be sure to look for the famous
Blue Swan label . . . fashion-wise
women always do.





TIERED PEPLUM 8.30

FOR YOU WHO ARE 5' 5" OR UNDER

Your petite figure will be shown to best advantage in this rayon crepe frock with double diagonal peplum . . . shoulder shirring . . . slim skirt. Black, American blue, American red . . . sizes 12 to 20.

Budget Dresses—Fourth Floor

Oppenheim Collins

Also at other Oppenheim Collins Stores

Mail and phone orders filled while quantities last. WI. 7-8200
(Please state size and second color choice.)

Add 2% City Sales Tax on prepaid orders for N. Y. C.

33 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

With some effort the subject of the cook on the junket was introduced.

"Whoever cooks has got to make pancakes," Errol declared. "Exquisite pancakes which will melt in the mouth and not the kind you'd use to patch a rubber boot."

"Well, does Nora cook pancakes like—"

"We will be gone a minimum of ninety days, probably considerably longer. And we won't come back until we've got the blankety-blank best outdoor picture in color that you've ever seen!"

"Errol," your reporter interposed, "isn't it true that you were practically born on a cruise similar to this one?"

"Yes," said Flynn. "My parents were on a marine research cruise for Queen's University and the voyage was temporarily interrupted while I was being born at Hobart, in Tasmania."

"Well, inasmuch as you were born on a cruise like this, is there any possibility that Nora—"

At this point your reporter left Flynn's room in some haste.

Nora herself was more explicit later in her press announcement. She said they were expecting a child in March and that they'd take a physician on the cruise, just in case.

THE END

Svengali of Scot

(Continued from page 57) Danny through, what's the matter with you?" bawled the bob-sox, shoving the cops.

"Thank you, kids," said the old wiz, prancing between cordons of kids as cops struggled pitifully for autographs.

It's a topsy-turvy world Danny sponsors but who'll say it's not a better one?

On the stage his magnetism is so terrific that during the worst of the butter shortage he drew two pounds out of a New York audience, a feat of magic that tops rabbits from a hat. Other priceless gifts such as bacon, layer cakes, canned goods were heaped on stage, not to mention little mementos like diamond rings. These free-will offerings are also made at his radio broadcasts. No one knows how he does it, least of all Daniel.

Like all spellbinders of stage and platform, Daniel is endowed with electrification. When he steps before a crowd he is instantly charged and he charges the crowd. "It's not me hypnotizing them," says he. "They hypnotize me." A juiced-up genius he's in seventh heaven, so delirious at times he can't stop. Twenty-minute benefits have stretched two hours, Danny knocking himself prostrate. Twice in a year hospitals have yawned for his debilitated remains. But before death could yawn he was up to antics for the doctors and nurses. His ability to recharge himself is something doctors do not explain. Danny explains it by his ability to relax. He hits high and hits low and when he's low he is completely out, a theater without lights.

This skyrocketing Svengali has soared in seven years from \$00.00 per week to \$25,000 for stage appearances and \$150,000 for each picture. Quite a melon, this, to grow from a little watermelon seed which Danny played at the age of five in a Brooklyn kindergarten show.

Figures fatigue Danny save as symbols of a fruitful life. There is the story of how as a dentist's assistant he tried to improve his mathematics by figuring on the woodwork with the dental drill during lunch hour. When the dentist returned our Daniel was in the dentist's den. His escape was narrow.

When he married Sylvia Fine, writer, pianist, composer of lyrics, she had thirty

What's she got that you can't have?



Her hair is alive! And Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo is the answer. Rich, pure olive oil is its principal ingredient. To rich olive oil, so beneficial for hair and scalp, are added coconut and castor oils. The result is Laco Castile Shampoo's famous triple-action! Your hair is cleansed gloriously, left so lustrous . . . so silky soft and easy to manage! For alluring hair that makes them look twice, use the triple-action shampoo — Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo. At drug counters everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Dept. FWG 10-46, Baltimore 24, Md.



LACO GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo

Lustrite

THE ROMANTIC

LIPSTICK

GLAMORIZE AND
CONDITION YOUR LIPS!

25¢

At Leading Chain
and Variety Stores

LUSTRITE COSMETICS, INC., FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 17

TURN
SPARE
HOURS
INTO
CASH!

TAKE EASY ORDERS
for New
**CHRISTMAS
CARDS**

This is money-making time! Just call on friends, others — during spare hours or full time. Folks buy charming new Artistic Christmas greetings on sight. New Personal Christmas cards with sender's name 25¢ for \$1 and up, retail.

BIG VARIETY OF MONEY-MAKERS

Sensational box assortments boost profits—21 card "Feature" \$1 assortment pays up to 60¢ profit. Other \$1.00 money-makers: "Oilette", Religious, Everyday cards, Water color Etchings, Gift Wrappings, many others. Also big values in PERSONAL Stationery. START EARNING NOW. Get samples on approval. WRITE TODAY.
ARTISTIC CARD CO.
768 Way Street, Elmira, N. Y.

LOVELY
21 CARD
CHRISTMAS
ASSORTMENT
sells for \$1

dollars and he told her he had forty. Now he says sotto voce that he found that the forty was a debit not an asset. Thus the opulent career of Mr. and Mrs. David Daniel Kaye of Park Avenue and Beverly Hills began ten bucks in the hole.

Danny's on a dole now from his lawyer. It started at fifty a week spending money. Dizzy with sudden wealth he squandered two dollars for socks, for which he never paid over four bits in his frugal life. They achieved holes on second wearing. But he was not embittered. He did not plunge back into bargain basements. Today he wears monogrammed shirts and custom-tailored suits, sleeps in striped pajamas in a canopied bed and smells hypnotically of toilet water. "Good taste" is a sensitive point, but hats he rejects and overcoats he loathes.

He drove a Cadillac roadster until it burned, possibly overmagnetized by his contact. In hope of melting the sales manager into selling him another Danny slyly requests that we say he always has been true to Cads and would never make eyes at another make. So far, the sales manager has avoided Danny's shows lest he be mesmerized into driving a new car onto the stage amid the testimonial rain of butter and other comestibles.

AMBITIOUS to prove himself an actor and make people forget he's a "scat" siren, Danny dramatically sings "Molly Malone" in the new opus and in a dream sequence enacts a whole bouquet of characters including a gun-totin' Texan, riverboat gambler, schooner captain, fashionable surgeon. In leaping from character to character he finds no trouble. He was protean from birth. He bowed into the world with the Brooklyn-Russian name Kominski, hair the color of an Irishman's that got him called "Red," and grew up to resemble a midwest Scandinavian—lank, loose and jaunty as a six foot cornstalk, tassel topped cornflower-eyed, scattling Swedish as one weaned on smorgasbord.

Little wonder he preaches tolerance of all colors and nationalities and makes speeches like his friend Sinatra who presented him with a medal he wears: St. Christopher on one side, Star of David on the other. As a preacher he is effective, pointing out that in show business a man's a man on his merits be he Russian, Irishman, Swede, Jew or Ethiopian.

He's cosmopolitan in matter of food too. He favors Chinese and Hawaiian dishes when eating out, with French and Italian close seconds. At home Danny always was a good boy, eating whatever is set before him except steak. He does not crave meat, lucky boy. He has an allergy only to people who make fuss at table, shout at waiters and talk down to servants. For his own servants he conjures his best and most terrifying didoes. All his best stuff is conceived in spur-of-the-moment flashes. He is stimulated by people, the closer the better, and feels at his best in crowded night club or home parties. But if asked to perform at social affairs before the mood sparks him he folds himself up and shrivels away.

At first he thought he could not act in a studio with only the eyes of gadgets glaring at him. His kitchen cabinet was hastily convened to form an audience.

His kitchen cabinet consists of his wife and three old friends: Louis Mandel (not to be confused with Lady Mendl, also a friend) who serves as his lawyer; Max Liebman who has written much of his material; Eddie Dukoff, the press agent who joined him when he made his first hit in a night club. He refers to them as "the organization." There are no written contracts. They have the old-fashioned faith in a friend's word being the best bond.



FEEL HEAVENLY
IN A
Starlight
REG. **BRA**

Skillful designing and quality fabrics combine to enhance your figure and give you that heavenly feeling of freedom from restraint.

There is a Starlight Bra for every figure type including a specially cut and sized group for teen-age figures.

At leading stores everywhere from 79¢ to \$2.25

L. & W. BRASSIERE CO., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Victoria simulated pearls are perfection in quality: they come to you in the attractive utility Jewel Box.

VICTORIA
reg. trade mark

VICTORIA PEARL CO., LTD.
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

at better jewelers everywhere

BESTFORM

Girdles

Brassieres

All-in-ones



*no finer fit
at any price*

*Behind Every
Perfect Hair-do...*



...is a Perfect Shampoo!

For a hair-do that's radiant, flattering and altogether lovely—and stays so—start right with a TRELLIS Lanolated Cream Shampoo (soapless, filmless, fast sudsing). It's so quick and easy . . . just a matter of minutes . . . and your hair falls so naturally into place. You'll get 20 to 40 truly wonderful shampoos out of the economical \$1.00 jar.

ROYCEMORE TOILETRIES, INC., 180 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6

Perhaps Danny's best gift is an instinct for choosing friends and converting them into working disciples. They say, dewy-eyed, they adore him. He never fails them. When Louis Mandel's mother died in Brooklyn, Danny quit the theater and spent twenty-four hours with his friend. When Sinatra lost his voice Danny volunteered to take his place in the Wedgewood Room. On acquiring a twelve-room apartment his first thought was to call in old friend Lillian Waldman Schary to do the decorating. He wanted it all early American and the feat he assigned was no light one—a Cape Cod cottage on Park Avenue. He always wants writers to tell the world the fine job Miss Schary did.

Shy, almost inarticulate in talking of himself, Kaye is an eloquent press agent for his friends. So are they for him. When Jack Benny saw him first in a basement cabaret he bounced back to California as a volunteer herald for what he declared the greatest comic genius of the age. Today he is Danny's best audience, sitting on the floor so he will not hurt himself when rolling with laughter. Danny auctioned off Jack's famous violin in Gimbel's basement for a hot million in war bonds. The two are elated that their pappies, meeting up in Florida last winter, became pals.

Leo Durocher is the closest crony outside "the organization." Danny made an actor of him in a vaudeville skit with which they entertained Army camps. Now he is scheming to put "The Lip" in films.

BUT it is significant that most of the people at the parties given by Sylvia and Danny are not celebrities. They garner friends in the byways and shadows. One of the most precious is a little girl they saw in a crowd clamoring for autographs outside a theater. Danny with his acute ear for vocal intonations caught her strange whispering pleas. He asked her why she whispered. She said she couldn't speak louder. They learned she was an orphan, one of a family of thirteen, who had been pushed around by people until she felt so unwanted she could not speak. Danny oozed tears, which come quickly to him. Left motherless himself when very young, reared in a tough tenement section, he warmed up to the child. She became a Kaye protege and, outfitted with clothes, treated by doctors, given affection, she began to regain voice and personality.

The only threat to Danny is a Kaye cult, the cobra embrace of that animal called "intelligentsia." Now British producer Pascal wants Danny to do *Macbeth*. Edward Johnson, Metropolitan Opera director, proclaims him the ideal *Figaro*. But protecting Daniel is the firm belief that it's not the individual that matters so much as the ensemble. In acting as in business it's "the organization" which makes success. He has no favorite performers, only favorite performances.

He used to worry about his own affairs; now he stewes about humanity at large. He believes it is a man's duty to speak his mind once he is convinced and he has followed Sinatra in making a fight to remedy juvenile delinquency, create a spirit of tolerance and brotherhood.

From the tenements where Danny was born there have come some mobsters with different ideas about society. Criminals mushroom in the dark alleys of poverty. Men who can grow up in such dank regions among shadowy characters and yet love their fellow men have proved great humanitarians, even evangelical. Poverty is ground for weedy growths but it likewise has produced great talent and character. From our little watermelon seed there appears to have sprung a plant bearing these.

THE END



"Mind if I get in this ad, too?"
said FRANK SINATRA

"Come on in, Frank!" said Dinah Shore.
"It wouldn't be a Columbia
Record ad without you!"



"Greetings Gate!" said Harry James.
"Welcome to Columbia's
strictly
solid set!"



"Join the mad mob!" said
Benny Goodman. "We're showing the
folks out front that
Columbia Records
are the hottest
table in the
U. S. A.!"



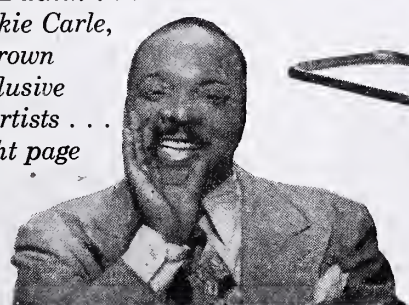
"Look, gang!" said Woody Herman.
"We sound best on Columbia
Records . . . you hear it every-
where!"



HEAR THE GREAT ARTISTS AT THEIR BEST

Columbia
Records 

"Hey, there," said Count Basie,
Kay Kyser, Eddy Duchin . . .
Xavier Cugat, Frankie Carle,
Gene Krupa, Les Brown
and the 24 other exclusive
Columbia popular artists . . .
get on this nice bright page
. . . It's a Columbia
Record ad!"



Tune in to these Columbia stars on the "Columbia
Record Shop" radio program, with Martin Block.
See your local paper for time and station.

Trade Marks "Columbia," and  Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Columbia Recording Corporation  A subsidiary of Columbia
Broadcasting System, Inc.

The fit is magic...the feel is magic...
the way these Raschel-knit two-
way-stretch-Lastex girdles give
sublime comfort with control
is a brand of magic that's
Real-form's specialty.
Won't run, roll
or crawl up.

Illustrated:
Style #0347.
Also available in
girdle, style #347.
Each \$4.50. Other
styles with zippers.
At your favorite store.



Write for booklet, Dept. 2P Real-form Girdle Company • 358 Fifth Avenue, New York 1



RENO BROWNE . . . Lovely leading
body of John Mack Brown's new action
western for Monogram, "Code of the Drifter."

Golden Glint keeps my hair bright and shining for films."

Have Beautiful Hair Today

"Why is my hair so dull and lifeless?" Have you ever asked yourself that question? You know it cannot be failure to wash it frequently. Of course not! Clean hair is brighter than dirty hair but no soap or soapless shampooing can alone bring out the full sparkling, natural beauty hidden in your hair.

To do that, you must add a little hint of color—a "tiny tint" of just the right contrasting shade to emphasize the natural color, as bluing, which is definitely blue, makes dingy grayish linen snowy white. The right Golden Glint rinse will bring out the full vivid beauty of your hair—without changing its color. Applied quickly—just as easily removed. Why not select the right rinse for your hair from the twelve shades Golden Glint offers and have truly beautiful hair today? 10c and 25c at variety and drug stores or send for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle 14, Wash., Box 3366C-67
Please send free sample for shade marked "X."

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Black | 5. Nut Brown | 9. Topaz Blonde |
| 2. Dark Copper | 6. Silver | 10. Dark Auburn |
| 3. Sable Brown | 7. Titian Blonde | 11. Light Auburn |
| 4. Golden Brown | 8. Golden Blonde | 12. Lustre Gint |

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

GOLDEN GLINT



It's the Fit in the Cup that Counts

There's new beauty in BIAS-CUP*
... the bra whose patented
construction "locks" your breasts
gently but firmly in their proper
place. Individualized cup
depths for every figure type.

Write for NEW Beauty Hint Booklet

Made by **MODEL** Brassieres
Dept. 2P-358 Fifth Ave., New York 1

*Shape-retaining features perfected by U. S. Pat. No. 2267595

Beachcomber DeLuxe

(Continued from page 66) over to San Pedro. I waited outside while he went into a secondhand store. Soon he came running out. They had just what I wanted, Price \$17. I told Ray to grab it. Being a good business man he talked the proprietor down to \$10! I felt as if I had saved a fortune."

Then followed lazy, leisurely days. Ray made the rounds of the marine hardware stores. He talked to the boat captains and the boat-yard workers. They swapped yarns, exchanged a few local jokes. They treated Ray like a crony, regarded him as one of them. He felt easy, relaxed. Having developed a great interest in fishing, he'd sit for hours on the little pier adjoining their house. Out of old driftwood Ray made a crate. He tied it to the pier and allowed it to float. Every time he'd bring in a croaker, bass or yellowtail, he'd deposit it in the crate, still alive. By this process, fresh fish dinners were always the main feature of the house.

EACH day at sunset Ray took the local paper and sat on the porch. Kitchen noises drifted out from inside. Before him graceful sails on parade bowed pleasantly to the sky. Ray found himself looking forward to the peace and quiet of these evenings. Suddenly he knew how to get happiness, realized what happiness really was. The realization that he had found something—something he had sought far and wide—filled his heart with appreciation. But for one small flaw, it would have been complete.

"Danny wasn't afraid of the water," Ray explains. "But we couldn't get him to swim without his life belt. He reminded me of myself, the way I was at his age. I wanted to do things. I knew I could. But I was shy in trying in front of other people. We didn't want to force Danny. Yet we knew it would be so good for his development, for his self-confidence."

"One day I was sitting by the window. Outside in the bay I saw Danny slowly remove his life belt. I ran quickly and called Mal. We hid behind the curtain, peeking. We just stood and watched and held our breaths. He looked so little out there in that great body of water! Just for a moment he floundered. Then we saw his arms strike out! He had done it entirely himself. I felt a great relief inside myself, just as I knew Danny felt one too. He had proven himself to be an individual—a very important step. I was very touched and thrilled."

Long before their vacation ended, Ray knew their present life was to become a definite part of their future. Once again it all seemed to be planned out by some stronger force. Taking a walk one evening, they found a house for sale. Such a "thing" was a rarity in those popular parts. So they lost no time in getting to the real estate broker. The minute they were admitted into the knotty pine, red brick-floored living room, they knew they were going to buy it.

"We'll knock out the front wall and put in a large window that commands a full view of the bay," Ray enthused.

"Bright colored chintzes, green wrought-iron table and chairs in front of the fireplace," Mal answered.

Upstairs were four small bedrooms, a connecting bath between each pair. Mal and Ray didn't have to exchange thoughts.

"We'll knock out the walls and have two large bedrooms, instead of four small ones," he said with a knowing look. Future Milland droppers-inners, please note!

When Hollywood heard, every decorator

in town started bidding for the job. The Millands, who have never hired a decorator for any of the homes they've bought and sold, wanted the fun and the feeling that this was a home they had made themselves. The first night they slept there, the glass was still missing from the downstairs bay window. Except for the beds, which were included, there wasn't another stick of furniture in the house. By the time he finishes "Gold Earrings" the house will be complete and Ray will have his new twin-engine cruiser.

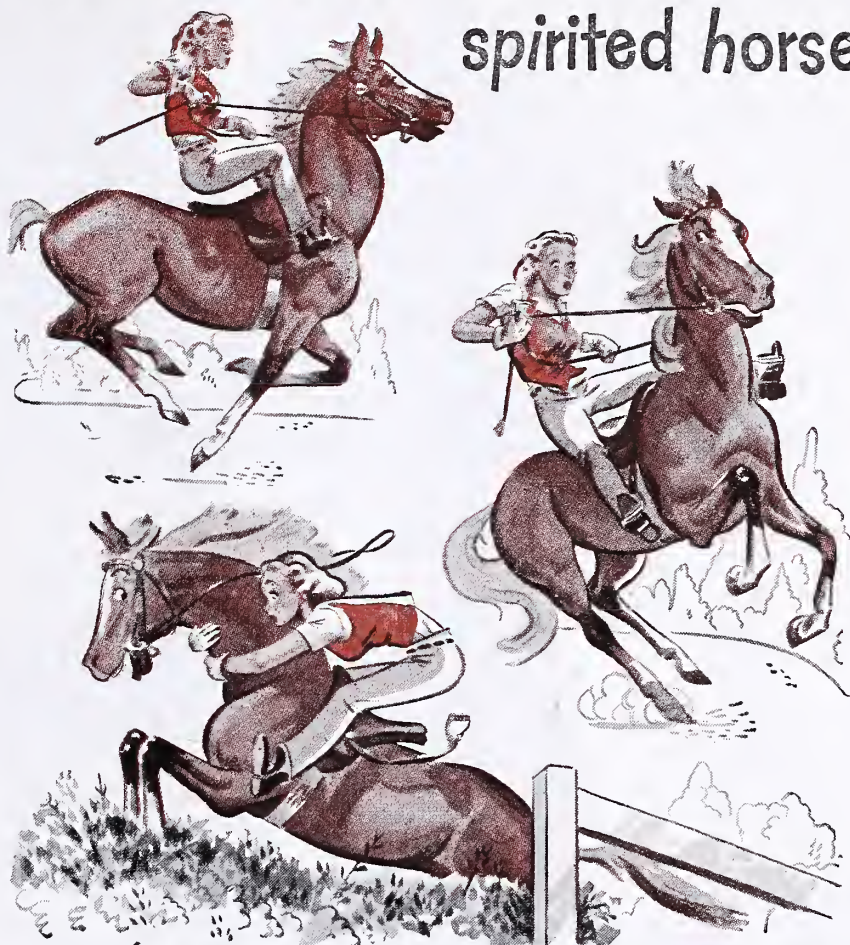
"We can live here at least ten months out of twelve," he beams. "When I'm working in Hollywood, there are always weekends to look forward to. I've planned wonderful excursions around the bay. I bought a portable stove. We'll catch lobsters, boil them and have picnic lunches on the islands nearby. If we have business in Beverly Hills, we can be there in two hours. Danny loves it. Both Mal and I feel that the parties we used to attend, seeing lots of people, isn't important to us any more. Our friends will understand. The others don't matter. This is our life from now on, Mal, Danny, and me."

Like his nautical neighbors, the Bogarts and the Flynns, Ray's phone will work for outgoing calls only. Hollywood will have to wire if it wants to get in touch.

Recently Mal suddenly decided she wanted to sculpt. Amazingly enough, she displayed unusual talent and has just completed her first statue, a reclining nude. For sentiment's sake, she's modeling all the cigarette boxes and ash trays for their new house. Danny's right in there swimming and Ray has never "sat" better in his life. It's a mighty fine world.

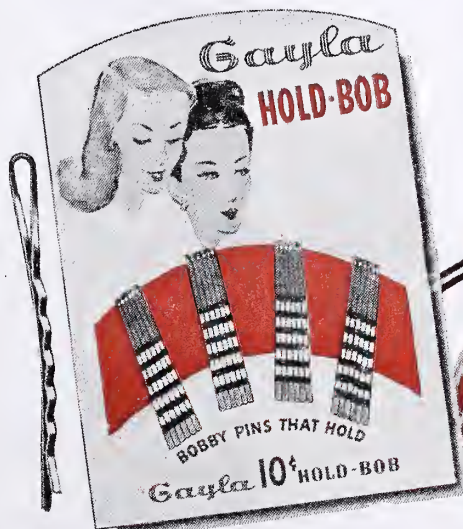
It has been a fine world, in fact, since Ray won his Oscar in the memorable "The Lost Weekend." Right after that the Millands went to New York. It was their twenty-seventh trip and yet, Ray insists it was the first time he actually felt like a movie star. True, there had been tributes before. But at long last he harbored the little feeling that he had earned the right. He found that the sen-

Rita rode off on a spirited horse



... but **HOLD-BOB** pins kept her hair lovely of course!

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.



Gayla
HOLD-BOB
BOBBY PINS THAT HOLD

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For a half-hour of real thrills, listen every Sunday afternoon to "True Detective Mysteries." Action-packed fact stories dramatized from the pages of True Detective magazine. Tune in this Sunday and every Sunday afternoon.

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**TRUE DETECTIVE
MYSTERIES**
**ON ALL MUTUAL
NETWORK STATIONS**



How to make Hair-Dos last longer... look softer!

No matter how you wear your hair — no matter if it's coarse- or fine-textured, see how much *longer* your curls last, how much softer they look set with delightfully fragrant Jo-Cuř!

Just comb Jo-Cuř through your hair and set. See how quickly it dries, how exquisitely shining and lustrous your hair looks, how long your curls last! Get Jo-Cuř at any drug counter and try it today! 25¢ and 49¢ plus tax.



Jo-Cuř WAVE SET

Send for our FREE new booklet. It's full of helpful tips on how-to-set smart new hair styles. Affiliated Products, Dept. D-1, 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

sation was both pleasant and gratifying. Theater managers offered house seats for hit shows. It had never happened before, evidence that Ray was a better man in their estimation too. Dinner invitations, cocktail parties, gifts of books, records, radios. The finest distillers sent him their finest products, with merry little quips about his "not having a lost weekend at their expense." Cops "hiccupped" at him in friendly fashion. A pink elephant concoction was named in his honor.

Most amusing of all was the American Custom Tailors Guild naming Ray number two on their list of the ten best-dressed men. Ray was flattered, because—

"I had three suits with me, an oxford gray, a dark blue and a brown pin stripe. With these I took three ties and enough shirts to last three weeks. That was the extent of my New York wardrobe!"

THE night he went to see "Born Yesterday," he and his party went out for a cigarette between the acts. The warning call of curtain sent them scurrying back to their seats. As they edged their way into the center of their row, Ray noticed that half the house was on its feet.

"Churchill left town yesterday. I wonder who's here tonight?" he whispered.

"Why don't you look around and see," was the rejoinder.

Ray looked. It started in the balcony. At first he was sure he was hearing things. Then their cries swept to the main floor. "Ray Milland... Bravo." Then the entire theater roared with applause.

"I can't tell you what that did for my morale," Ray said. Tenderness was in his voice when he spoke. "You see, up to now I've never been terribly sure of myself as an actor. I still think I have a long way to go but now I'm not afraid. I've been criticized because I've done so many pictures. People have argued with me for playing opposite unimportant leading ladies in unimportant productions. I've been advised to take suspensions but I never could."

"I've always felt that I was living on borrowed time. Getting well paid for getting away with murder—on the screen. Another thing, I've never been particularly relaxed or happy at Hollywood parties. If I found myself in a room with Cary Grant, Franchot Tone, Gary Cooper—any of our good actors—I felt embarrassed, as if I had no right to be there. I even felt they recognized the fact that I wasn't as good as they. I don't mean they showed it in their attitude, or their behavior. I mean—in their personal estimation."

"Winning that Academy Award meant everything to me. I wish I could have said what I felt that night when I stood up there on the stage of Grauman's Chinese Theater. I couldn't say anything. My heart kept pounding. I felt the weight of that Oscar in my hand. I knew it was mine—that I had won it. I couldn't think of anything else. I just couldn't think. Period. This may sound corny but I have never been more sincere. I've found confidence at last. I am very grateful."

Quite obvious too is the change confidence automatically brings. Gone is all that zany business, trying to make himself out to be a "character," those Milland stories, told by Milland at Milland's expense. No longer is there need for any kind of an "act" to cover up shyness. Today Ray is completely predictable. What becoming contrast to the unhappy, unpredictable introvert of so many years standing! All of which has great effect and influence on his domestic life. Plans for the future are particularly pleasant.

Pleasant because Ray has lived a lot and learned a lot and now he knows exactly what he wants from life, which is simple to define—it is just what he has?

THE END

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Finger Tips

by Helen
Neushaefer

Your hands reveal
your age. Keep yours
young longer. Shake
the hands vigorously
from a relaxed wrist;
trill the fingers up
and down as on an
imaginary piano.

I Have Learned ...

(Continued from page 46) You think—at seventeen, at twenty, and you still go on thinking at thirty—that if you can meet just the right man, or woman, have just the right clothes and just enough money, either earned or given to you, then you will be happy, because that wonderful mate plus those wonderful clothes and all that beautiful cash will bring ecstasy to you. I have learned, through tears and loneliness that that is definitely not true.

Only recently have I learned that. Some people learn it earlier. I hope you will.

Get this through your bewildered head and frightened heart. You—no matter who you are or where you live or how you look—are a multi-millionaire. God gave you your very own self, which is like no other person's self on this earth. You can make that self into anything you desire—a sensitive, beautiful, happy personality or something that chills others like a drizzling day. It is up to you, and you alone, whether you live every day or die every day. Those days come to you—God-given, like your personality—whether you will them or not. Whether you turn them into happiness or throw them to nothingness is up to you.

But you insist you want to be happy? That you'll learn the rules that I've got the nerve—and I do mean nerve—to give you? Well, all right. Here I go, leading with my heart again, as the song says.

I think that's rule one. Learn to lead with your heart. I mean learn to be emotional. Did you think I was going to say, first of all, to use your brains? No. That one thing I've learned. The heart tells us the most. It's our head that puts the brakes on. But in your teens you haven't much to put the brakes onto, have you?

"PICKFAIR" was what put the brakes on me first. You remember "Pickfair," that beautiful, correct, luxurious estate belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. I was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and I was so in love and so utterly stupid.

I was doing fine until I hit "Pickfair." I was out to tear up the world—in the fastest, brashiest, quickest way possible. Then I saw myself through the "Pickfair eyes"—and every last bit of my self-confidence dropped away from me. Shyness overwhelmed me—a shyness I've lost only recently. I got a terrific inferiority complex which I have lost only recently, too. Immediately I set out to change myself in every way.

I had always known what I wanted and that was beauty. People have often talked about how ambitious I am. I assure you my ambition has always been toward beauty in every form—toward a more beautiful home, a more beautiful life, a more beautiful relationship with my friends. I want to make a distinction from acquiring the mere luxuries of life. Those are rarely of lasting satisfaction—but beauty is. I was ambitious to get the money which would attain it for me. I was ambitious to acquire knowledge that would let me appreciate it more fully. My own love of beauty made me reduce my weight, learn how to dress and to make up. When I saw myself on the screen—saw how I looked to other people—I knew what I must do. Personal beauty became more important to me than the taste of desserts, for example. You are on one of the paths to permanent happiness when you can give up little things—like sweets—for big things, like self-improvement.

Actually I am grateful to "Pickfair" and the hurts it gave me. For without them I might never have started on my "culture" program. I got so laughed at because I

began going about with my nose in big books. I discovered classical music and talked it. I studied it, too. I probably did go overboard for awhile because, being an actress, I'm always mentally extravagant. When I get a new enthusiasm, I don't know enough to hide it or temper it a little.

But I learned this. If you stuff your stomach, you get fat, but if you stuff your mind, with facts, with impressions, with moods—you begin to get free. It's like climbing a mountain. You seem to be getting nowhere and then suddenly you reach a summit. You see the far horizons.

In other words, you are beginning to acquire something you can put the brakes on. You don't have to be all-emotional because you are beginning to be mental. You are beginning to be yourself.

I've learned that feuds are an awful waste of time and energy. I used to go in for them in a big way. Now I direct my energies toward something constructive. I don't dislike a human being in this world. It isn't healthy to carry hatreds around in you. If you can't lick it, then go to the person involved and have it out.

I've discovered we're all too prone to go to our friends when we are in trouble and not when we are happy. Happiness shared triples in value—and it isn't fair to burden your friends only with your sorrows.

Naturally many of my so-called "sorrows" have been trivial. When I was in my teens and twenties every moment in my life was a dramatic moment, I thought. Now I know they weren't. I only made them dramatic. I had no sense of humor at all. Only the other day I went through a blue spell. I was driving home, with my French poodle, Tonic, on the seat beside me. Suddenly, in a passing car, he saw a wire-haired terrier. They both tried to get at one another. As the windows in my car and the other car were closed, they both banged their heads and yapped angrily at one another. I burst out laughing. I said to myself, "You don't laugh enough." It's so healthy to laugh in the tough spots.

I've learned to make more and more friends. In a way, I think we all have as many personalities as we have friends,



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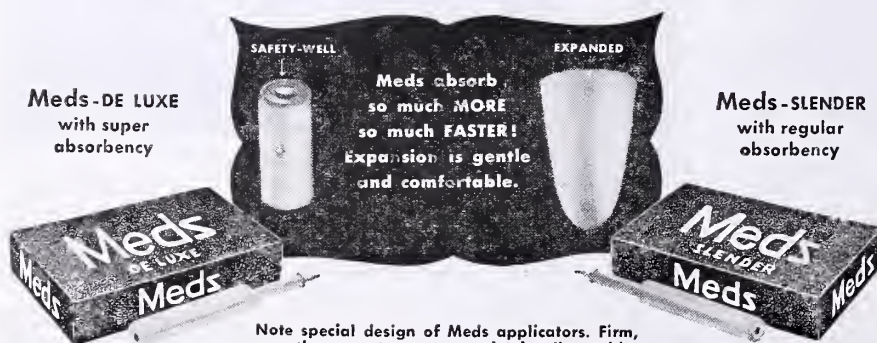
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as each brings out another side of us. But when you discover you are making friends more easily, you may be sure that you are losing your fear. I used to be afraid of everyone, afraid of what columnists wrote about me. Now I say—"Here it is. It is the best I can do." I know that people will talk, regardless.

I've learned not to expect too much from my children, to let them be children, not little adults. I've always played with them and loved them dearly but I know now I expected too much of them, originally, and was too strict with them. Now that I've relaxed with them, everybody in our house is happy and relaxed, too.

Finally, I have learned it is more blessed to give than to receive, whether it is a matter of concrete gifts, or even love. But weakly, femininely, I'd like to receive, too, once in a while. Still, I know the fault there must be mine. I have some final lessons to learn. I must learn to cope more with the vanity of men—to learn how quickly they are hurt, how much they must be assured. I'm still too honest when I'm in love. I proclaim my love to the world. I am too dramatic in my love, too extravagant, and perhaps too demanding.

So I must learn to be more thrifty in love, more careful, more reserved. For I am still seeking for love.

I know that if I let the blues get me it is my own fault. If I forget to laugh, that is my fault. If I get lonely, I'm to blame.

None of those things need be, for the rules for avoiding them are now apparent to me. Because I do know them I wake each morning with the exhilarating sense that a wonderful new day is before me in which I can earn myself new happiness.

THE END

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Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars receiving the most votes will appear in Photoplay.

They're Human, Too

(Continued from page 33) new low in crowd frenzy.

Mark recently had a serious operation. A few days after he was out of the hospital he was on his way to a radio rehearsal. "Hey, look," someone in the crowd outside the station yelled, "there's another movie actor. I know I saw him on the screen the other night." The screaming mob descended on Mark tripping him and landing him prone on the floor.

The press agent, who had seen Mark go down, was petrified with horror at what this attack might do to the actor who was still weak from his operation. Unable to get to Mark's side, he called the police to aid the fallen victim.

And, ironically enough, in the midst of this disturbance a voice in the crowd yelled, "Who is this guy anyway? Say Mister, how about an autograph?"

Do you call that sincere admiration? Nonsense. They didn't even know poor Mark's name. He was so unnerved and shaken by his experience that he was scarcely able to appear on the broadcast.

Nor was it sincere admiration that caused a sixteen-year-old girl to keep up a running tattoo on Errol Flynn's door in a hotel in the middle of the night, whispering "Let me in Errol, please let me in."

There's another name for such a disgusting performance and it comes close to juvenile delinquency. The parents must share some of the blame for such behavior. It's difficult to visualize a well-bred girl putting herself in such a position.

Because the case of Cary Grant received so much unfavorable publicity I made it a point to ask Cary about his turning on those pigtail enthusiasts in New York and refusing to give them autographs.

"Pigtail enthusiasts indeed," retorted Cary. "Why, there were men and women in that crowd old enough to be the parents of the bobby-soxers."

Then he told me how old and young alike had practically torn his clothes off his back on other similar occasions. "I didn't feel," he said, "that this element represented my sincere fans and friends. There were the same faces in the pushing crowd and I knew most of them already had my signature."

IF I hadn't seen the exhibition myself one Sunday when I was at Bebe Daniels' beach house, I couldn't have believed the lengths to which some will go to annoy our stars. That Sunday Van Johnson, who had long admired Bebe, was a luncheon guest. After lunch he, Bebe and Ben Lyon and the rest of us went out to sit on the sand. But Van couldn't sit there for long. Over the wall came a persistent young lady followed by her own coterie of teenagers who made Van so miserable he had to go into the house and spend his afternoon in the upstairs playroom.

I must say for Van he is one of the most agreeable young men I have ever met and it's seldom that these badly behaved youngsters ever disturb him. It's only when they try to pull off his tie or his coat or cut a lock from his head, as one young miss did, that he flees for his very life.

Van was in the Good Samaritan hospital the first week of my stay there and he ingratiated himself with nurses, internes and doctors alike. I must give the hospital credit for protecting him as well as myself. No one was allowed near his room without an order from Van himself.

Another horrible example of destructive fans happened to Alan Ladd. I dislike calling such people fans because the original word fan was applied to someone who loved and revered the stars. During the



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years when material was hard to get Alan had a difficult time keeping a top on his convertible coupe. Twice it was destroyed; once by an older person who cut the top into ribbons and then poured water on the upholstery, another time by some youngster who marked the light canvas top with lipstick, putting down telephone numbers and initials.

Bing Crosby's white-topped coupe also bears 300 signatures or more of names written there when Bing went on a location trip to Canada. These defacers of personal property did more; they carved hearts and initials on the upholstery, ruining the interior of Bing's fine car.

And tragic and really sad as this is, it's not the kids who are the worst offenders. The worst are the half-tipsy grown-ups and smart alecks who yell insulting remarks. Humphrey Bogart seldom goes into a cafe outside Hollywood that some drunken customer doesn't offer to fight him. "Come on you big brave he-man." Bogie, who is one of the nicest guys in the world, tries to calm the heckler but it has often spoiled the evening for him and Lauren Bacall.

I REALLY believe the greatest offenders live in New York, Chicago and the East, although of late there certainly has been plenty of reason to list my own home town as having certain people who should visit a psychiatrist. Almost every one of our stars who have looked forward to a holiday in the East have been unable to shop, go to the theater or take a sight-seeing tour because once discovered they are hounded night and day by this same group.

Betty Hutton, visiting in New York, saw a hysterical youngster jump on the running board of her cab and then to Betty's horror fall down in the crowded street in a dead faint. Frantic with fear that the girl was hurt, Betty, who was on her way to a matinee, had to return to her hotel as she was too unstrung to enjoy a play. Unfair of course after she had come to New York to rest after weeks of making a picture which was meant for the enjoyment of this girl and others.

Ingrid Bergman who loves to walk for exercise can never venture outside of her hotel room in Chicago or New York. Once while shopping in a New York store she turned around and found two hundred or more eyes turned on her. Crowding close to her they pulled her hair, tore her dress and were so unmannerly that the management had to call the police.

Little Diana Powell, gay and happy and loved by everyone who knows her, was in tears one day when she and her Bill went to "21" for luncheon. The same sidewalk standees who seem to delight in being rude and crude called out as Mousie (Bill's pet name for his wife) stepped from the car, "Look at the bum jewelry she's wearing! He used to give Carole Lombard better looking stuff than that."

"Those kids," said Bill, "cannot be real movie fans."

Never was a truer word spoken. That's the sad part. They are not real movie fans. And our boys and girls who make up the true admirers of the stars and who love them and respect them and their work on the screen suffer as much from these badly-bred uncouth mobs as do the stars. A shame that men and women, boys and girls who are sincere in their deep regard for our reigning favorites and their screen performances should have to suffer because of the actions of the delinquents who haven't learned to respect other people's rights.

And now this is the end of my scolding. Let's hope some of those who have made our stars so miserable will read this and change their ways.

THE END

Beauty Spots



Autumn beauty:
Lynne Baggett,
an International
Pictures starlet

By Mary Jane Fulton

A Lovely Doll

LYNNE BAGGETT, newly signed International Pictures feature player, has that rare combination of sophistication and naivete which is charmingly disarming. Dressed in a short-sleeved red turtle-neck sweater, gray flannel skirt, Lynne is a lovely doll, with her brown eyes and hair, which the sun kisses to reddish tints when she is outdoors a lot.

Her De-Tanning Tactics

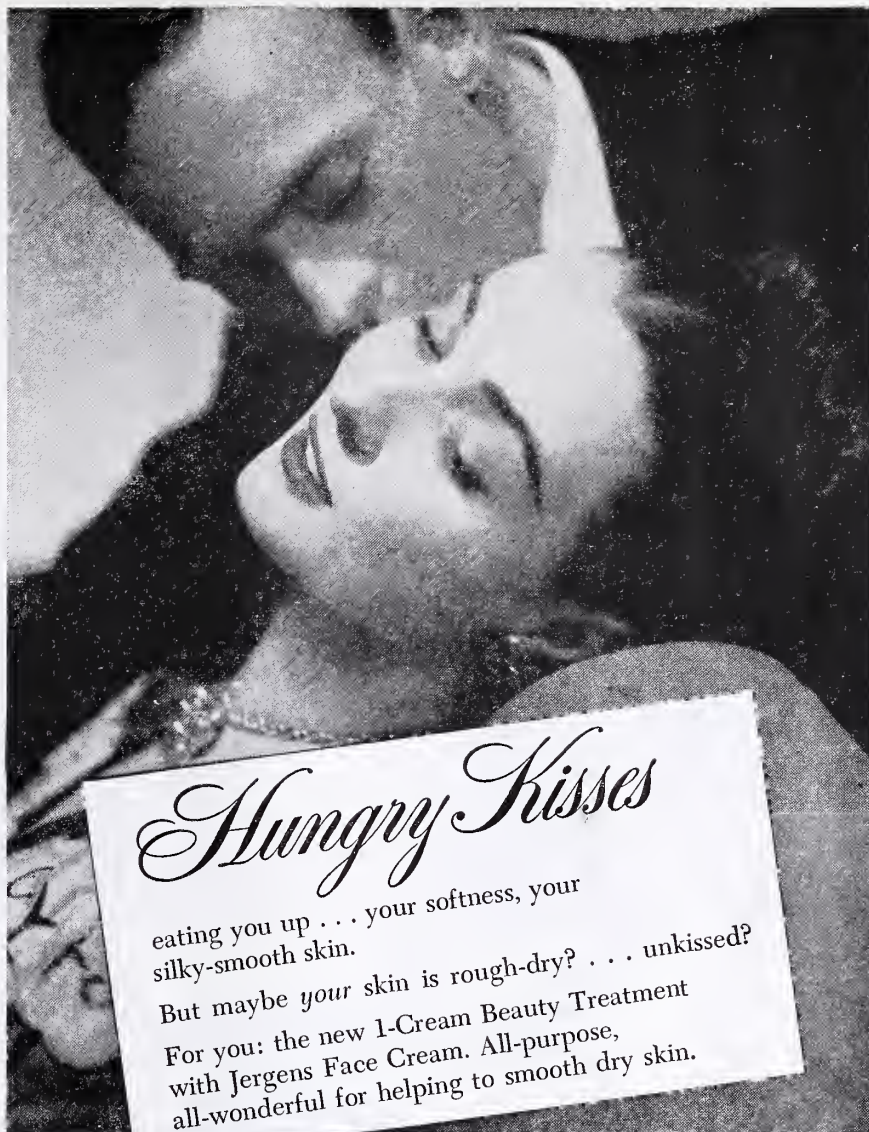
When interviewed in New York's Sherry Netherlands Hotel, she had a rich golden tan. But she said when it commences to fade she'll help Nature get it back to its pre-summer look. This she'll do by first cleansing her face and then applying hot compresses. Next, she'll use one of the good mealy cleansers on the market that not only flakes off dead skin, but also helps dissolve and remove pore dirt and leaves her complexion clean and soft.

She Has Know-How

Lynne believes the eyes are the most attractive facial feature—a view shared by women already familiar with the beautifying effect of knowingly applied eye make-up, plus lots of shut-eye. As a reward for their usefulness, Lynne cleanses and refreshes her eyes by using an eyewash in the morning, before a date, and upon retiring . . . To keep her loose, shoulder-length bob casual but neat looking, she conceals bobby pins in it . . . As her mother is an artist, Lynne's first lip brush was a paint brush. For sentimental reasons, she still uses this brush when at home, but carries a regular lipstick brush in her purse . . . Her way of applying lipstick is a little different. After putting on lipstick, she then uses the brush to make a clear outline. When the coloring is finger-smoothed and excess removed by biting on a lip tissue, the result is neat and pretty.

Men Notice

Lynne says men dislike seeing an untidy, overstuffed purse, and suggests when you clean out yours you ask yourself, "Is this gadget necessary?"



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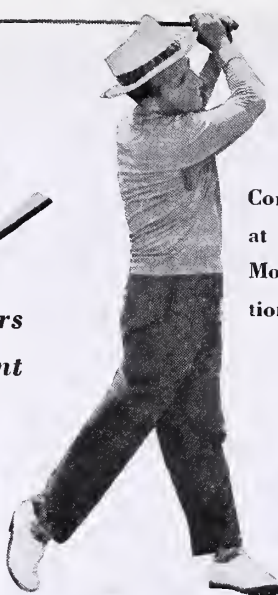
FORE!

Fun on the fairways as the stars tee off in a charity tournament

Concentration by Crosby
at the Frank Borzage
Motion Picture Invita-
tion Golf Tournament



Bob Hope's wise crack-
ing was in better form
than his golf. Here his
"club" victim is Ed Pessis



Myrna Dell is the
blondesomescorekee-
er tallying up for com-
peting Bill Lundigan

More side-showing with
clown Red Skelton do-
ing a camera closeup
of Marguerite Chapman

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
—Lux Girls are Lovelier!

Hale to Williams

(Continued from page 59) responsibilities, but when I've forced myself to come out and face them, I've found the thunder far away and the experience fun."

Barbara still has this practical theory. Yet, when you look at this girl who appeared in "Higher and Higher," "First Yank Into Tokyo" and now "Lady Luck," you think that anyone with a discerning eye must see that touch of something special about her. She had it even in the early days in Illinois when she sold frocks at the town drygoods store. There was the touch of magic then—there still is. Certainly it was through no plan or thought of hers that she finds herself in Hollywood today on the brink of motion-picture stardom. After all, she started to be a commercial artist enrolling at the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts and working at Marshall Field's to pay expenses. Other students insisted she model for them. Later, Al Seaman, head of the Chicago Models Bureau, sent her photograph to an RKO executive. He stopped in Chicago to see her—and two weeks later, through no plan of her own, she was Hollywood bound—complete with contract. Nor was it any scheme of hers to land a role in "West of the Pecos." That was strictly RKO's doing for which they later paid off handsomely with an exquisite wedding dress. For it was in that picture that Barbara met Bill Williams. Bill had to die in the picture and Barbie, watching him from the sidelines, burst into violent sobs over his make-believe demise, although she scarcely knew him. This called for a celebration. So Bill bought her a soda "to cheer her up" and the next day he bought her another and then he persuaded her to have dinner with him and after that everyone on the lot "knew about them."

THEY get along so well! Only points of difference are her light-hearted lack of punctuality and untidiness and Bill's trying to break her of them. She is trying to teach Bill economy. "If you've ever been short of groceries," she says, "you'll know how important a dollar can be!"

But she's not dismayed about it. Nothing dismays Barbie for very long and you have a feeling that nothing ever will. Perhaps "blithe" is the word that best describes her. Certainly she was blithe over her wedding, even to the planning.

Rockford was as loyally excited as any other smallish mid-western town would be if one of its favorite daughters, having become famous, chose to return there for her wedding.

Bill, who has no living relatives of his own (his father died when he was six and a few years later his mother died), was amazed that anyone could have so many. He stood up pretty well under all the concerted scrutiny and the relatives, the friends all seemed to approve of him.

The Day came, two thousand or more people assembled around the church... little boys climbed trees and fell out of them... people aimed cameras... they crowded, gossiped, smiled. Barbie was late. She "just couldn't quite get into her dress on time." Bill mislaid the ring (natch), hunted frantically, produced a small silver number he had brought along for just such a crisis—and then found the ring again.

But Barbie arrived, the hush settled over the little church, the soft music sounded and, in what seemed like mere moments, the simple ceremony was completed. Probably the most "important" people present were her two little nieces, in their very first "formals," who had been permitted to sing a little song before the ceremony.

There followed a wedding celebration with several hundred guests at "The

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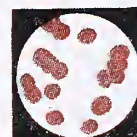
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resulting from a ferro-nutritional
blood deficiency can cause
TIREDDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

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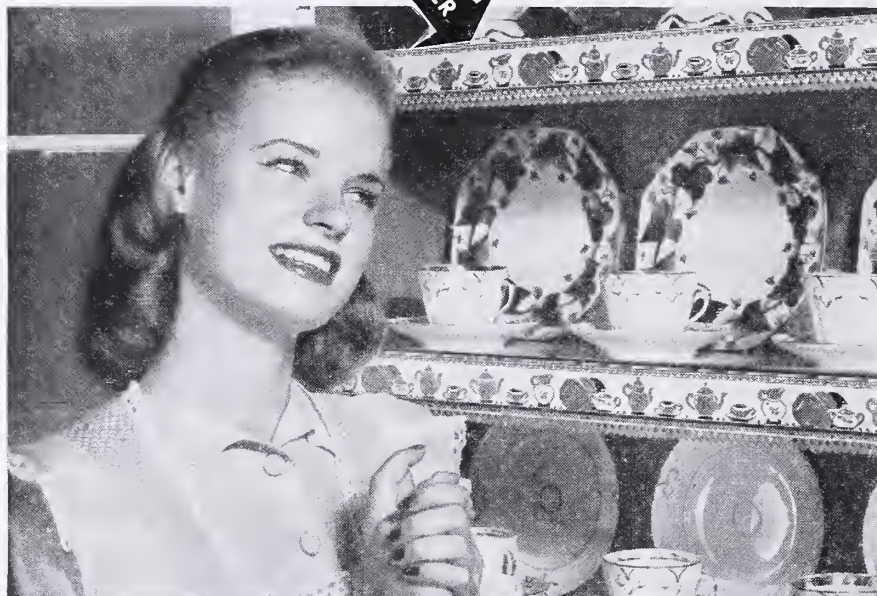
TABLETS



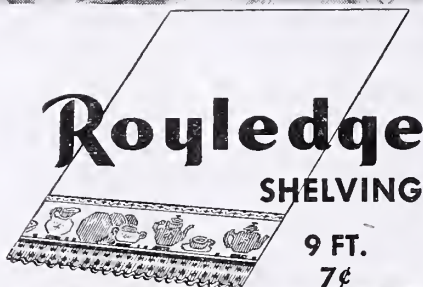
Less than
a penny a day
does all this!

BEFORE

AFTER



Friends will rave about the wonderful "decorated" look of your kitchen when you dress it up with new Royledge Shelving! Gay colors, bright patterns. Costs less than a penny a day to have a new pattern every month. So easy to put up—simply lay Royledge on shelves and fold. At 5-and-10's, neighborhood, department stores.



PATENTS

Randolph & Beavers, 909 Columbian Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Write for information on what steps an inventor should take to secure a Patent.

HEY, MOM! Don't be a Diaper Drudg! Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing my diapers. Just fold a Liner inside diaper next to my skin. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. **BABYPADS:** 200 for \$1. **DOWNEE-SOFT:** 200 for 69¢.

FREE ... To get one full day's supply of Diaper Liners write to Dennison, Dept. K-145, Framingham, Massachusetts.

FOR THE
SEAT
OF YOUR
DIAPER
TROUBLES

Dennison
DIAPER LINERS
Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

EARN MONEY EASILY!

Amazing profits taking orders for Sensational Personal Christmas cards 50 for 51—with name imprinted. Show friends, relatives, business people, others you know. **FREE SAMPLES.** No experience needed. Add to earnings with gorgeous box assortments—Religious, Christmas, Everyday, etc. **SPECIAL PLAN** for Lodges, Clubs, Church Groups. Rush name for quick cash facts and **FREE SAMPLES.** **WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc.,** 749 Monroe Ave., Dept. S-V, Rochester 2, New York

Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS
PERSONAL 50 for 51
CARDS with Name \$1

Quick COME BACK!

All in from lack of sleep, worry or nervous strain? A whiff of invigorating **CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS** will help revive you. Convenient purse-size bottle.



CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At your druggist, OR SEND 25¢ (coin or stamps) to Dept. J-32, Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1794.

Wagon Wheel," a charming, rustic inn near the church and everyone ate the traditional chicken and hot rolls. Barbie showed everyone Bill's present to her—a pair of gold earrings which had belonged to his mother. And Bill was ribbed properly about her present to him—a gold key to their new house in North Hollywood, attached to a wee gold ball and chain! Then something really charming transpired. No less than eight national news services had sent famous photographers and their assistants to cover this event, in addition to the people from the studio. But Barbie, still mindful of her twelve-year-old plans, took the entire wedding party, including parents, in-laws, nieces and so on, to the local "photograph gallery" which is run by an old friend, and there she had wedding pictures made, just like any other local girl.

THEN the hectic honeymoon began. Barbara collapsed momentarily when she went home to change into her pert little black gabardine "going-away outfit." "I felt," she says, "as if every drop of blood had drained from me—as if I simply could not move another inch." But—what she actually did was to pull herself together, get into her clothes—and away they went (part of her relatives accompanying them) to Chicago to another bridal party with another cake at the Palmer House where Stuart Morgan, Bill's erstwhile vaudeville partner, was appearing. Stu had served as best man at the wedding.

They occupied the bridal suite at the Palmer House and then they took off for Newport News by air. They were "bumped off" the plane at Washington, D. C., so they rented a car and drove from ten at night until five the next morning to reach the home of their friends at Newport News. This time the little bride actually did collapse and was put to bed for two whole days and allowed to speak to no one excepting Bill—and only briefly to him.

A week or so later they took to the air again, bound for New York. But Washington seemed to be their jinx city and this time high winds beset them and the plane came within inches of landing smack in the water. So they finished the trip to New York by train and there Bill's dreams began to come true.

One of them was a suite at the Plaza overlooking the Park—he had dreamed of that for years and they had four days of it. Four days of pinching themselves and wondering whether it really could be true—the night clubs they had read about and which glittered just as brightly as they had thought they would—a luncheon for the press, with themselves the bemused centers of attention. They found themselves also the stars-of-honor at an RKO convention taking place in the big city and by this time Barbara's incredulous smile, denoting "How nice can people be?" was becoming as much a fixture on her as Bill's had been on him for a week or two.

Then back they went to Newport News where a new car was awaiting them. As this is written they are probably somewhere between Orlando, Florida, and New Orleans, Louisiana, holding their breaths for fear RKO will be paging Barbara to return to start "Trail Town," opposite Randolph Scott. If that doesn't happen, they hope to visit Rockford again, briefly, in a more relaxed atmosphere which will allow Bill really to become acquainted with his in-laws. And they still hope for a scout up to Yellowstone Park.

Then home to the little house where they'll begin the permanency that Barbara has always wanted—a permanency touched by the miracle which is their deep young love.

THE END

Read what you
get in
**2 GLASSES of
OVALTINE**

MORE VITAMIN C
THAN 4 OUNCES OF
TOMATO JUICE

MORE
PROTEIN THAN
3 EGGS

MORE VITAMIN D
THAN 10 OUNCES OF
BUTTER

MORE FOOD-ENERGY
THAN 2 DISHES OF
ICE-CREAM

MORE VITAMIN A
THAN 2 SERVINGS OF
PEAS

MORE VITAMIN G
THAN 1 POUND OF
SIRLOIN STEAK

MORE NIACIN
THAN 6 SLICES OF
ENRICHED BREAD

MORE IRON
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
SPINACH

MORE VITAMIN B₁
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
OATMEAL

MORE CALCIUM
AND PHOSPHORUS
THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF
AMERICAN CHEESE

Extra Benefits

THIS NEWER WAY

TO TAKE **VITAMINS!**

Take them in fortified food—
the delicious Ovaltine way!

If the vitamins you're taking aren't doing you all the good you'd hoped, this may be the reason! Authorities now agree, vitamins do most good in combination with other food elements, which are absolutely necessary for best results.

For example, Vitamins A and C need protein. Vitamin B₁ needs energy-food. Vitamin D requires Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—and you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk.

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

So why don't you turn to Ovaltine, as so many people are doing? If you're eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra vitamins needed for buoyant health—in a way they can do you more good!



FRAIL, UNDERWEIGHT CHILDREN often pick up surprisingly, lose their jumpy, when Ovaltine is added to each regular meal. It supplies all-round food values—protein for muscle-building, energy-food, precious minerals—as well as every recognized vitamin a child needs!

(Continued from page 70) him a chance to romance with Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs of Susan" and Lizabeth Scott in "You Came Along."

Don crossed his fingers when Mr. Wallis placed him under personal contract and hoped it would be the start of a new era in his career. It was. The fan mail began rolling in and producers wondered where the heck he'd been all their lives.

"It's pretty bewildering," Don said, looking appropriately bewildered. "I used to sit around and wonder where my next part was coming from. Lately, I wonder when I'm going to have time to be with Marion, Penny and David." Meaning his wife and their own little "Stork Club."

Penny Lu is their three-year-old cutiepie. She has hair the color of fresh country butter, incredibly blue eyes, a gay irresistible little face and a line of dialogue that occasionally takes an alarming turn for one so young and dainty. Penny has a playmate who's slightly creepy in the conversation and when little Missy DeFore first introduced Don and Marion to her

chum's chatter they were startled out of their wits. With an engaging grin, Penny said, "I think I'll kill myself." Some sleuthing by the disturbed parents disclosed they weren't going to have to call in a psychiatrist after all, but Marion promptly bundled Penny off to a nursery school where conversation is more on the sunny and less on the homicide.

DAVID ALLEN, the latest DeFore young 'un, was born just three days before his father's birthday, August 25, 1945. According to Don, David is a super kid already. "When he was four weeks old he could hold his head up," Don admitted modestly, his eyes shining with paternal pride. "And he looks just like me."

Which isn't bad at all. If he continues to resemble his dad, young David can look forward to being over six feet, huskily and neatly constructed. He'll have candid, round, light blue eyes, a well-shaped head, brown hair that curls slightly and always stays in place. And if he takes after his old man in other respects, he'll have a

very amiable disposition with a strong determination to get what he wants out of life. He'll probably want to be an actor, too, just like Pop.

"From the time my mother found that the best way to keep us kids out of trouble was to put us in the church plays she directed, I never wanted to be anything but an actor. And I've never been anything else. Except a starving actor," he amplified with that one-sided grin of his.

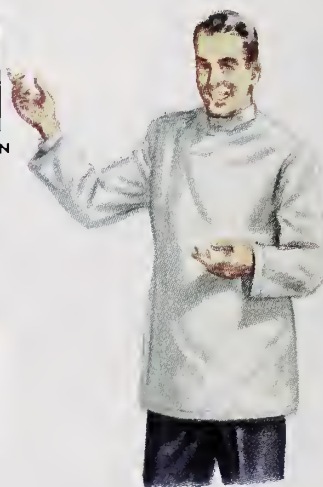
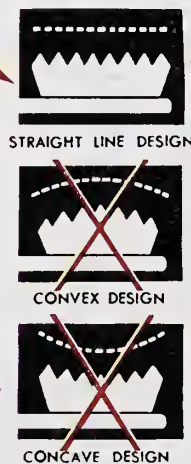
"I'll never forget my first trip to Broadway. Every time I think of it I get a slight pain here," he said, gesturing vaguely toward his midriff. "A bunch of us guys got together in Hollywood and put on a play about fraternity life called 'Stray Greeks.' Dwight Taylor and Oscar Hammerstein decided to produce it in New York under the title 'Where Do We Go from Here?' Brother, were we hot shots! We thought we'd take New York by storm. Instead, New York took us by storm. The worst blizzard in fifty years closed our show in three weeks. By the time we got other jobs we could have

STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

Cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1



Just this one is recommended so overwhelmingly by dentists



There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs found among all leading tooth brushes: straight line, convex and concave. When 30,000 dentists were asked which design cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Most people's teeth are *not* set in curved rows. They lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows that Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits *more* teeth *better* than convex or concave designs—actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every **Pepsodent Brush** has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

written a book on how not to eat and stay alive."

While he sweated out the interval between jobs, Don got athletic and did a daily workout with barbells. He felt just fine, except for those horrible pains that were strictly not from hunger. He was a determined character, though, and stuck to his exercises until one day he collapsed and was rushed to a hospital for a triple major operation. But you can't keep a good actor down and it wasn't long before Don recovered and met up with Elliott Nugent, who cast him in the highly successful play, "The Male Animal."

Following a long run on Broadway, the company hit the road for an extended tour. In Chicago Don met Marion Holmes, who was singing there with Art Kassel's band. Shortly afterward he came to Hollywood with a Warner Brothers contract and lured her out here with glowing descriptions of the scent of orange blossoms.

Don and Marion look enough alike to be brother and sister. They're one of Hollywood's happiest couples but you'd never catch them so much as holding hands in public.

THE DeFore family lives in a small, cozy English house without even one swimming pool. Marion has a flair for decorating and has done most of the work herself. There isn't an ounce of waste space in their eight-room home where the breakfast room doubles for an office; the den, with Don's Indian relics and books on politics and history, serves as a bedroom for Marion's mother and the master bedroom is also the nursery. Don can warm a bottle for his young son in the middle of the night with practiced efficiency and a minimum loss of shut-eye.

There's a solid, substantial quality about this romantic-looking guy who made even the bobby-socks hang limp around the ankles of their swooning owners the first time he got a crack at a glamour-boy part. There's also a charmingly naive side to his nature which manifested itself the first time his newly made fans mobbed him outside the Westwood Village Theater after a sneak preview of "The Affairs of Susan." Four policemen came to his rescue but he lingered across the street to sign autographs and talk to his enthusiastic admirers. He'd waited a long time for the day when anybody would ask for his autograph and, by gum, no policeman was going to spoil his big moment.

Added to his other good qualities he has determination—the sort that made him twice give up the security of stock studio contracts that submerged him in minor parts. Twice he left Hollywood for the stage but Hollywood just wouldn't let go of him. He gambled financial security to gain recognition and you can bet he won't be lost in the Hollywoods again.

He has courage, too. When he learned that Elizabeth Scott was mad at him because of a remark he was supposed to

"I'm tellin ya, honey..."

No Double
Trouble

for us !! "



*Twin Blessings
for Baby*

JACK: Here's a cheerful earful about beeyootiful skin! Mom smooths Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on us daily for these twin blessings—

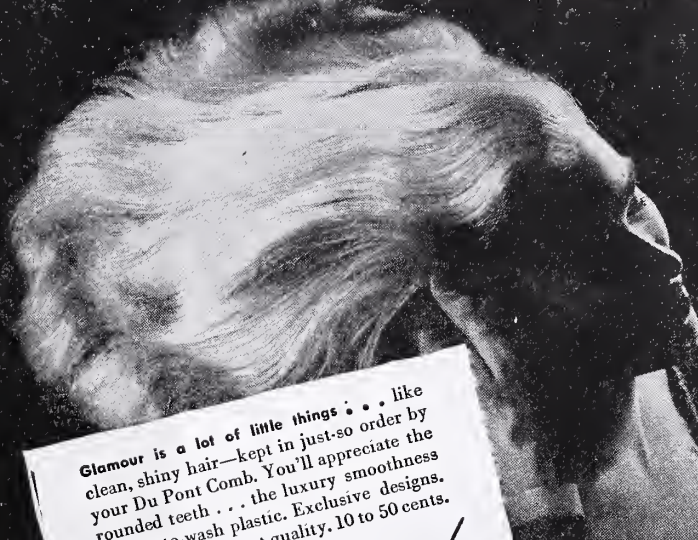
JILL: First, Mennen Baby Oil is better for preventin' diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other troubles, 'cause it's antiseptic. Second, this mild, soothin' oil keeps skin lovelier by preventin' rough, dry skin...

JACK: Most doctors, hospitals, nurses say Mennen is best. Makes us smell sweet, too. Have Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder ready for baby's first day home!



BEST FOR BABY—also, be sure to use **MENNEEN BABY POWDER** to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell sweet and lovely. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other baby powder.

Lovely hair deserves fine care...
use a Du Pont Comb



Glamour is a lot of little things... like clean, shiny hair—kept in just-so order by your Du Pont Comb. You'll appreciate the rounded teeth... the luxury smoothness of easy-to-wash plastic. Exclusive designs. Gay colors. Du Pont quality. 10 to 50 cents.

Du Pont Combs
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Skolsky's Back

With his spicy bits
about the stars!

Watch for
THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU
Next Month

WHAT SUFFERING DO A

Society Girl and Scrub Woman

HAVE IN COMMON?



A daughter of the rich—reared in the lap of luxury—a product of the best finishing schools or colleges. Who would think this lovely creature had a care in the world!

A little slavey—just a drudge from childhood—an object of pity to the passerby.

Yet there is a common ground of suffering where these two types of women often meet. Because many girls—whether rich or poor—by their *very physical nature* are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

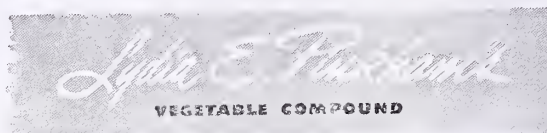
This is something you shouldn't joke about

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you—at such times—to suffer from cramps, headache, backache, nervous distress, and weak, tired out, restless feelings—so cranky no one wants to be near you—*this is nothing to joke about!*

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than just relieve such monthly pain. It ALSO relieves accompanying nervous, restless, highstrung feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such distress—something any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thou-

sands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has *proved* it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit!



have made about her (and didn't) he called her up, took her to lunch and explained the situation. They're good friends now, but might have been enemies if he'd skipped it.

Don's a bit of a dreamer, particularly about wanting to produce a play. He's optioned several but has always listened to good advice before plunging. He dreams about that oil well of his in Montana, which may produce enough oozy brown stuff to buy him a hunting lodge.

His serious side sends him browsing in book shops for authoritative works on history and politics. He cut corners on education in his hurry to be an actor but is making up for lost time now. When he was in Washington he spent all his free time at sessions of Congress.

Don alibis his passion for good-looking clothes by telling himself he needs a big wardrobe for his acting chores.

Around home, Don dresses comfortably in T shirts and slacks. For informal occasions he likes smartly tailored tweeds and gabardines, loud but beautiful, and very expensive Argyle socks, equally loud, and costly ties and soft wool sport shirts which are not loud but are expensive. His more formal attire runs to pin stripes, sharkskins and dark blue flannels.

A broad streak of nostalgia is drawing him back to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and the Sinclair Memorial Church, where he hopes to do another play with one brother and three sisters, under the direction of their mother, Mrs. Joseph DeFore. Just who will direct whom, now that one of the DeFore kids is a famous actor, remains to be seen.

Marion isn't sure she shares Don's enthusiasm for large families. Don has two brothers and four sisters and is a firm believer in plenty of kids, so Marion's apt to look a little alarmed when he drags out the plans for their future home, including at least six bedrooms and plenty of acreage for the kids to play on.

One thing she's holding out for is an office in that new house. How could she possibly keep all those kids out of Don's fan mail if he had it spread all over the breakfast room?

THE END

In Peace As In War



The Salvation Army
is still in there

fighting to—

Aid youth in combatting
juvenile delinquency

Help veterans and
servicemen and their
families

Establish Service Units
in rural areas

Increase emphasis on
religious work

We NEED the Salvation Army and
the Salvation Army NEEDS YOU.

GIVE that they may GIVE

This Is My Wife

(Continued from page 63) Paulette opens a present. It is unwrapped the minute it comes in; is gasped over, exclaimed over with the excitement of an unspoiled child opening his stocking on Christmas morning.

And when she decided, two years ago, to take up French, she took up French. She took up French every single day. We took it up, in fact, but whereas I sort of dropped it, after a bit, skipped lessons, didn't do my "homework," Paulette went straight through. She studied French by day. She, who never utters a one-syllable word in her sleep, talked French in her sleep, at night—so deep was her desire to think in another language, to have this new experience.

PAULETTE is perpetually engaged in passionate projects. They may be pictures she plans or hopes to make; they may be places she wants to go, or people she wants to meet, or a dress to buy or a book to read. But whatever they may be they become, the moment she conceives them, imperative "musts."

When we were in Hollywood, just before we made our recent trip to New York from which Paulette flew to London, there were three such projects up there on the high wire with Paulette: One was the desire to get to our farm in New York State, which Paulette loves because to her, as to me, it is home. Another was her excited anticipation of attending the opening nights of the Old Vic Company in New York and the third was her trip abroad, for the purpose of doing some preliminary work on "The True Story of Carmen," the picture she is to make in London for Sir Alexander Korda.

Into these projects Paulette characteristically threw her heart, her hopes, her inexhaustible energy and her amazing capacity for translating her aims into accomplishment. By way of explaining what I mean, when we arrived in New York, a car met us at the airport (Paulette, not to be detoured for one moment from her plan of getting to the farm, had ordered it well in advance) and without delay drove us to the farm.

When we arrived at the theater for the opening night of the Old Vic's "Henry I," we found excellent seats (Paulette having ordered them, *well* in advance) waiting for us and, whereas most of us would party like mad before taking off for Europe and fall into the plane stupefied, if at all, Paulette turned down parties and went to bed early the two nights before she left. "I want to be rested," she said, "So I'll have a full appreciation of the trip."

The farm, by the way, is a place I'd had for some time before Paulette and I were married, but had never enjoyed to the full until Paulette found it so lovely. Until her enthusiasm for every aspect of the house and land—from the ghost of Captain (Mad Anthony) Wayne, who does his haunting by adroitly waylaying, and making remarkably robust love (so I am told), to every pretty woman who lightens our door, to digging an artesian well, to the birds, the bees and the flowers—enhanced my awareness of the place.

Paulette's only complaint about the farm is that, alone among the women who have lived in or visited it, Captain Wayne has never waylaid *her*. "To be given the brush-off by a ghost gives me," she says, "a frightening inferiority complex."

While digging for an artesian well which we did during our last visit to the farm, so faithful was Paulette's hour-by-hour and day-by-day vigil at the well-site, so feverish was her excitement as we went 100 feet down, 150, 200, 250, 300, and so tense her cries of "Oh, *why* can't we strike water!

The Princess Guy de Polignac

A zealous worker for the French Red Cross, the Princess de Polignac belongs to one of France's most distinguished old families. Her Titian hair and golden brown eyes give her an unusual beauty of coloring.

The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is a favorite with her. "It makes my complexion look clearer and feel so much smoother!" she says.



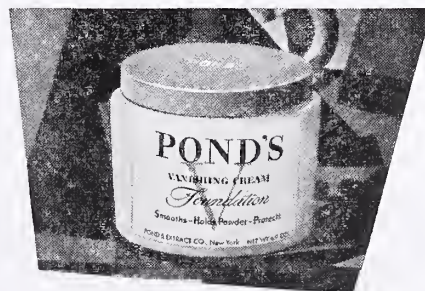
The Princess is devoted to the Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream

"Re-style" your complexion to a clearer, smoother look—in only one minute!

Spread a cool, white luxurious Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes. Leave on for one full minute.

Right away "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream begins! This "keratolytic" action loosens flecks of dead skin and bits of imbedded dirt—*dissolves* them!

Glamorous results! After one minute, tissue off and see your clearer, brighter-looking skin! So much *softer*, too!



"Smooth, lasting powder base"

"Just the lightest possible film of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a long-lasting powder base," says the Princess Guy de Polignac. *Make-up stays fresh!*

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!



"I might as well have hugged a statue!"

It's *true*—a statue couldn't be any more unresponsive than Ben was, to my caresses. Yet he'd been such an affectionate husband! How was I to blame? You see, I thought I understood about feminine hygiene. But

I'd foolishly trusted to *now-and-then* care. My doctor brought home to me the truth that such neglect can kill married happiness. And he stressed using "Lysol" brand disinfectant always, for douching.



"Now our love has come to life!"

Our love, our happiness, have found breath and life again! And I can thank my doctor and his good advice about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" now, in the douche, and find it really *works*! Being a true

germ-killer, of course it's far more thorough than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Then, besides being an effective yet gentle cleanser, it's *easy* and *economical* to use! *Everywife* should know "Lysol"!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 2: NON-CAUSTIC . . . GENTLE . . . "Lysol" douching solution is non-caustic, non-injurious to delicate membrane—not harmful to vaginal

tissue. Try the easy-to-follow "Lysol" way!

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Oh, surely we must strike it *now*!" that you might have supposed we were waiting for the gusher of an oil well. And when at last the water came in at seventy-two gallons a minute, the way she watched and measured it, you would have thought it was something very precious to her.

In New York, for the opening of the Old Vic, Paulette's excitement was of the same high-tension quality.

From the digging of the well to the opening of the Old Vic to the moment of her departure for Europe—it was all like three acts in a stepped-up play, which left me exhausted, but Paulette, who guards against exhaustion lest she lose the sharp awareness of an experience, still furiously elated.

It goes into her work, too, this quickening quality of excitement. In fact, in work as in play, a sense of excitement is a "must" for Mrs. Meredith.

FOR example, she was offered any number of pictures from which to choose the one "outside" picture a year her contract with Paramount permits her. But although any one of them would have meant more money than (with the taxes involved in making pictures abroad) she will make in "The True Story of Carmen," she didn't even read a script—until Korda came to town. The instant he mentioned working in England, and before he had a chance to mention what she would be working *in*, she said, "I'll sign with you, Alex. I want to see what's going on over there. I want to make a picture in a new geographical location, with new people. It will be adventure. . . ."

While we were making "The Diary of a Chambermaid" I in the cast and as co-producer with Benedict Bogeaus (we're going to make "A Miracle Can Happen" next) had a chance to see how Paulette's enthusiasm helps a picture and the people in it. And why Bob Hope, Ray Milland, in fact, everyone who has ever worked with her, talk as they do, about "the fun that surrounds making a picture with Paulette."

This doesn't mean she doesn't raise the roof when something hits her wrong. She raises it. But the costumes, when they please her; the performance of an actor, when it is a stunning job (Ray Milland in "Kitty," for example, Hurd Hatfield and Francis Lederer in "Diary") the sets, when they seem right to her; the hopes, heady and high, with which she begins a picture . . . well it's contagious. Jean Renoir, who directed "Diary," told me that in all his years of directing, he had never worked with an actress who gave him such a sense of spontaneity, such a quickened pulse.

If, however, Paulette lacks this sense of excited anticipation about a place, a picture, a person or an event, you can move hell and high water, but not Paulette.

For example, it is virtually impossible to get Paulette to say either "Yes" or "No" to a routine, "Will you come for dinner Thursday, next week?" invitation. Instead, and invariably, her answer will be, "Is it something about which we can let you know at the last minute?"

It's a sensible attitude towards life, almost Epicurean. It is distinctly enviable.

I'll go to more boring things because so-and-so will be there and he once did me a favor. Or because I promised, weeks before, in a beat-up moment, to show. Paulette just won't do it, Paulette will *not* be bored. She insulates herself against boredom by the ingenious device of making her decisions (and she makes snap decisions about everything, from a house to a husband to a hat) *at the moment*, when she knows what she wants to do, and not a day, a week or a fortnight in advance, when she doesn't.

Quite recently, a woman friend asked

me, "What does Paulette do around the house?" I answered, the literal truth, "Not a thing." Nor does she.

Shortly after we were married, we bought a big house on the beach in Santa Monica. At first Paulette seemed excited about it. Then I found that she didn't particularly get around to fixing it up. There was the problem of servants. They'd come and they'd go. With each new one Paulette would plan the meals, make out the menus (exception: As a menu-maker, she has no equal) for a week in advance. But when the help would ask, "Where do we go to market, Madam?" Paulette said, "I don't know." When a new butler would inquire, "The china, Madame, the silverware—where is it?" Paulette said, "I don't know." She *didn't* know and, lord knows, I didn't.

Suddenly Paulette was glaring at the walls. Suddenly, I was seeing that Paulette's sense of enjoyment—the sharpest of her senses—was, undomesticated as she is, waning. So one afternoon, with guests coming and servants going, we sold the house to Leo McCarey and, presently rented an apartment where servants, hired by the management, swarmed like locusts and where Paulette was herself again.

Isn't it dangerous, I have been asked, this high-tension quality in Paulette, this altitude which is her natural element? Isn't it *very* dangerous since those who are way up there must inevitably come down?

Yes—but only because it is apt to give rise to a certain amount of resentment on the part of people who have ceased to enjoy themselves. You see, this girl just loves every least thing she does, or she doesn't do it, so there's bound to be resentment—and gossip. Paulette gets both. She is the magnet for gossip. "You're always followed by gossip," I told her just before we were married. "If we're married, it will stop that." We were married and, then and there, it hit the columns that we were "breaking up." I feel that Paulette brings this on herself because you cannot be genuinely happy, as she is, cannot really enjoy yourself, as she does, and be left unstoned.

Otherwise, no—it is not dangerous for there is her philosophy. Paulette knows that, come what may, she cannot get the whole cake. She doesn't expect to. I do not think, for instance, that her ambition, ardent as it is, leads her to believe she will be the world's greatest actress but only that she may do better and better things and be as good as she can be. Paulette suspects that a large number of people and events are not good, but her disappointments, though sharp, are quick, sudden, easily forgotten and leave no scars.

I THINK that if Paulette has a fault (and I could surprise you by telling you how long I have sat here, trying to think of one) it is a lack of caring very much what others think of her and of her actions and way of life. She is quick on the trigger, too quick, in my opinion, in condemning things she doesn't like and not caring who knows it. When people don't do their jobs, for example, she says so and, sometimes, could "say so" more tactfully.

I repeat, I like her the way she is. Because of her beauty (naturally, she is beautiful and beauty in a man's eyes does not fade with marriage) but also because of a million and one qualities in her, which are also beautiful.

Due to the joyousness in her she draws back the bow quite a bit and always, where she is, a small hurricane is going on! Sense-of-excitement rather than sense-of-fun is, I amend, the one word for Paulette.

THE END

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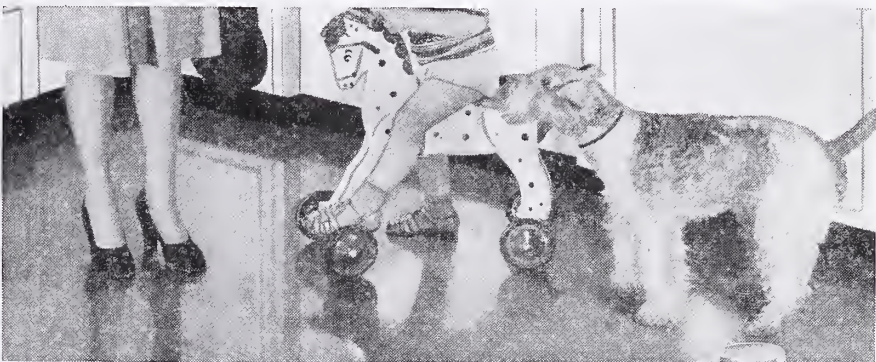
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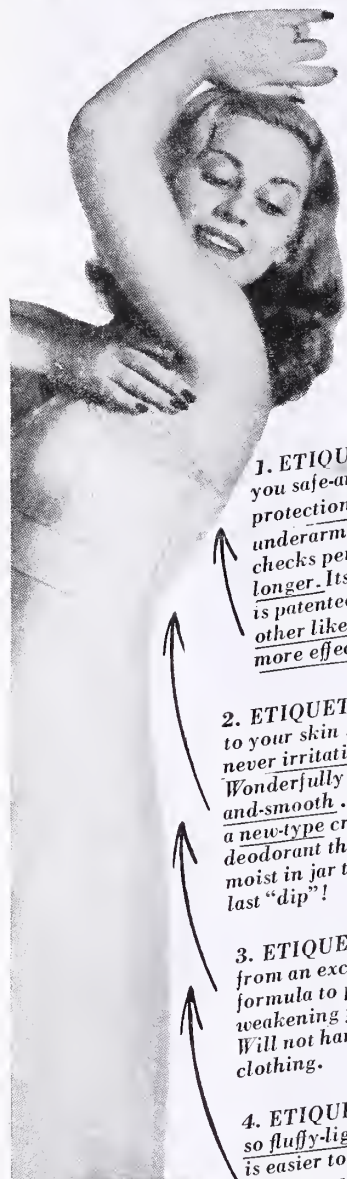
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Hollywood Has Changed

(Continued from page 35) establishment on the ocean at Santa Monica, with so many members the board of directors decided to have two openings—one a preview premiere, with only a couple of klieg lights thrown in, the second the fancy, full-dress opening a week later. As new as the club itself with its ninety-foot swimming pool, terrace, and dancing to Emil Coleman, was the open-to-the-public-gaze date of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford the night of the preview. One reason for the appearance of the couple just might have been that Joan is one of the many stars who have invested in this beach hostelry.

The ocean's the craze, this year—no doubt of it. Look at what's happened to the empty sands of Malibu and points north. Where once, a year ago, only the sea lions and the surf could be heard, the air now is filled with the sounds of prefabricated cottages going up by the seaside. There's not a vacant acre of beach nor an un-sunburned star in the town.

Of course you have to get to the beach and that means by car, and of course you can't drive to your new beach estate in an old pre-war job. So you buy yourself—if you're so lucky—a 1946 model. And of course there is, according to Hollywood, one 1946 model that shines above the others. That, my children, is the town and country model, the half station wagon, half convertible in which you see Peter Lawford shooting about the town.

THOSE nights you aren't driving or beaching or ice creaming, you're eating and the newest restaurant rage is La Rue's. Though the many fine places are as good as ever—Romanoff's, Chasen's, The Players for instance—just now the Goulash at La Rue's is the topic of the hour.

La Rue's to eat, Enterprise to work for. Yes, the newest in corporate film undertakings to have the town agog is the combine presided over by my old friend Charlie Einfeld and one of the most-liked and respected men in Hollywood, David Loew. The reason for the talk is the cooperative spirit of the new company. A profit-sharing plan for all employees, free barber shop, manicurist, steam and massage room.

It's new in filmland too, that newest in slang which has you holding your ears to shut it out after the first hundred times. The slang is an expression that goes like this: "How much in love can you be?" You stand on a street corner waiting for your boy friend and he shows up at nine instead of eight. If you desire to wither him, star style, just snap: "How late can you get?"

Here's another interesting change to be noted. Ten years ago if you went to see Paulette Goddard you called at the imposing Chaplin mansion. Two years ago, you would have found her at her charming Cold Water Canyon home, one year ago at the capacious beach house she and Burgess Meredith bought at Santa Monica. But now Paulette's California roots are a rented apartment.

It's charming, to be sure. Landlord Mitchell Leisen, Paramount's ace director of such pictures as "Frenchman's Creek," "Kitty" and "Suddenly It's Spring," bought The Shoreham so he would have a place to live. Then Mitch, who was a set decorator before he became a director, redecorated the apartments and took in two of Paramount's homeless waifs, Paulette Goddard Meredith and Olivia de Havilland.

The Meredith apartment he re-did with a modern Chinese decor in soft green, yellow and pink as a background for Paulette's valuable collection of paintings.



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Olivia's is a modern classic design in shades of pink and she dotes on it. The living room has squashy custom-built furniture. Livvie's bedroom, in dusty pink and green, has a headboard which reaches the length of the entire room with the twin beds foot to foot against it, instead of jutting into the room, complemented by night stands and green and ivory striped satin chairs.

Olivia, who has no flair for cooking or housekeeping, profits by the fact that the building is staffed for maid and porter service which includes keeping the fireplaces laid with fragrant eucalyptus logs and outside cooks to prepare a trout caught in the mountains that very day or a turkey dinner with all the trimmings. "It's wonderful," she says, "to have a home with no responsibility!"

I heartily subscribe to the sentiment. But not so do a growing group of stars who welcome the work and worries of ranch life. Latest recruit is Alan Ladd who is starting an ambitious project in the Valley. Alan found his new enthusiasm for houses when he started to get himself in trim for "California," the super-Western picture which marked his temporary parting of the ways with Paramount. He didn't make the picture but if it hadn't been for "California," Alan wouldn't be the proud and happy possessor of an embryo stable he is today.

More signs of the 1946 times appear in the wardrobe department. This year there's a notable slackening of slacks for street wear.

AND, although I'm hardly the one to talk, I must say it is refreshing to see pretty hats on pretty girls. The bonnetless vogue seems to have had its day and Hollywood is covering its head again. This year when Walter Florell, creator of chapeaux, showed his collection, the Florentine Gardens at the Beverly Wilshire were crowded almost to the point of suffocation during the invitation luncheon.

Sylvia Sidney ordered eight different hats in a silhouette created for her which Florell called "Go Straight in a Small Way." One hat, a gray felt with black roses and a heavy veil which Florell admits "makes a woman devastatingly beautiful," was ordered by Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Ruth Hussey and Virginia Mayo, although each in turn was told the others to whom it had been sold.

Shirley Temple and Lady Mendl, with more than half a century's difference in their ages, bought the same hat, an off-the-face hat which makes older people look young without looking ridiculous and young people look just the way they should look.

A tiny white mink with a white rose was Gene Tierney's choice. It cost \$550.00 but white mink is as unusual as it is beautiful and for Gene, in the process of establishing herself as one of the outstanding glamour girls of Glamour Town, it will prove an excellent investment. For rarely does a girl get glamorous roles on the screen until movie magnates have been impressed with her glamour.

Cafe hats for dinner dresses and cocktail suits are the rage these days. I love to see the girls wearing these hats as they dance or flirt across a table a deux. There's something romantic about a pretty hat and the girl beneath it.

When I first came to Hollywood I was told that unless pictures were taken my party would be a failure. No more! On a holiday or private party they shy away from talking or posing for publication. It isn't that the stars don't value publicity any more; it's just that now they've moved it over from their private lives to its proper place—the studio.

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which publicity stunts are pulled; like "Canyon Passage" which, telling of Oregon pioneer history and having been partly filmed in Oregon, was given a sensational world premiere at Portland. Of this I can speak with first-hand fervor because I was there as mistress of ceremonies for Walter Wanger, producer of the film.

Walter flew about thirty press representatives from Hollywood to Portland for the two-day celebration. I was supposed to arrive simultaneously by railroad, but the wreck of a freight car held up our train and I arrived twelve hours late making the last three hundred and fifty miles of my journey by a fast motor trip over the mountains.

There were breakfasts, luncheons, banquets and parades. The day of the premiere began with lunch at the Ernest Haycox home. He's the author of "Canyon Passage." There were several Indian chiefs present and they helped me with my Indian headdress.

They dressed me in red pants trimmed with white buckskin fringe, a white satin gaily embroidered jacket, white boots and white Sombrero in which I was a fearsome sight. I stood on a tremendous platform outside of the theater where "Canyon Passage" opened to introduce the stars who came as Walter's guests to the crowd. Joan Bennett, who is, as you know, Mrs. Walter Wanger, Ray Milland, Yvonne De Carlo, Lou Costello, Peggy Ryan, Jess Barker and Hoagy Carmichael. Hoagy, who wrote the music and also sings in the picture, received a great reception. Lou Costello pleased mightily with a little skit and Ray Milland evoked such squeals as I have only heard emitted for Frankie Sinatra.

So there you have Hollywood Scene—1946 style. And I find it as stimulating a style as any Hollywood has had.

THE END

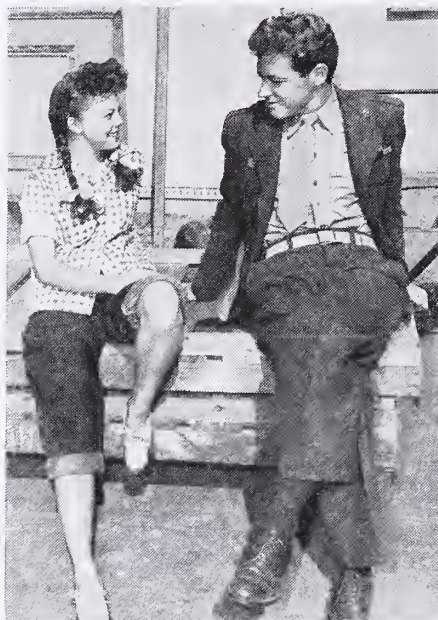
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Bringing up Lana

(Continued from page 55) Connecticut, as you might have supposed. It was Hollywood. Specifically it was the gray and rose dressing room on the M-G-M lot belonging to one of Hollywood's most spectacular stars, Miss Lana Turner.

"She kills me," said Miss Turner, referring to her three-year-old daughter, Cheryl Christine Crane. "She walked in the other day and inspected me from head to foot, then said, 'Hello, Lana Turner.' I think she's found out how I earn my living. Evidently she approves, because that's what she calls me now, except when we're being formal. Then it's 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Crane.' With a British accent no less."

"A born actress," was our comment as we thought of the big step along that line Lana took in her latest and very dramatic role in "The Postman."

"A born ham!" corrected her famous mother. "She picks up everything she hears and mimics everything she sees. Since I've been back from South America, Cheryl has picked up just enough Spanish to use against me when I try to talk French to her. We're both lousy but we have a lot of fun!"

NO doubt of that. The Turner is famous for never doing things by halves. When she puts her heart into something it's an all out gesture. And she's really put it into this motherhood department. There's nothing of the professional mother about her. She is of the active, on the job variety. Cheryl's nurse, Nana, an elderly little Scots woman who has donated her burr to the baby's bag of tricks, was quick to learn that her lovely little charge had a mother. Lana spends her free time with Cheryl, unhampered by the usual rules and regulations imposed by the nursery boss. She gives Cheryl her bath, or her lunch. She goes into the nursery at night to make sure she is covered. Nana is, as Lana puts it, a blessing—but Lana is Cheryl's mother, and both she and Cheryl know it.

Lana has had, since the beginning of her career, that spectacular quality that made everything she did, from what she ate for breakfast to the men she did or did not marry, news. How, then, had the spotlight failed to penetrate to the place where Lana's very warm heart and boundless enthusiasm had found a real home? Perhaps because the picture of her was such perfect casting for a successful movie star that it seemed a shame to disturb it. Perhaps because that life seemed so exciting, so gay and full, people were content to believe there was nothing below that surface layer. But if you are guided by that, you will miss completely the girl herself, the warm, loyal, intensely tender person who is occasionally a little sad and a little lonely; you will miss all these things if you are content with the glimpse you get of her in her playtime.

The other girl has been there right along. The girl who is Cheryl Crane's mother.

The parties for Cheryl, the birthday parties, the rides in Central Park, the excursions to the playground, and on the merry-go-round, the race horse they own together, are more a part of the real Lana than her dancing nights. Her pride in her little girl is immense. Pride and a kind of awed wonder.

"We've done a lot of traveling, we two," says Cheryl's mother. "But no more. We're going to find a home—somehow—and sink roots. Deep ones. The kind I've never been able to have."

"But Cheryl's life must be pretty glamorous as is," we objected. "She probably

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likes it."

"We-e-l-l parts of it," Lana smiled. "It's been glamorous all right. She had a fan club of her own when we were in New York. The kids around the hotel took to following her whether I was with her or not. And did she turn it on! She laughed and waved and flirted." Lana looked thoughtful for a minute, and a little sad. "But no matter where we've been, she's always asking when we're going back to 'baby's other home.' She talks about her favorite tree and the patch of lawn where we used to watch the squirrels and—well, you see, she wants her roots planted somewhere."

"Baby's other home" was a house Lana owned, her first home as well as her daughter's, and neither of them can forget it or what it stood for. Lana has forbidden anyone to tell Cheryl the house has been sold until she has found another to take its place.

"It will give her a sense of permanence just to think it's still ours to go to," she says.

To Cheryl that sense of permanence, of belonging, may be the house with the trees and the squirrels. To her mother it is Cheryl.

LANA will marry again. She will marry because she is all woman, warm and generous and affectionate, and life would be incomplete for her if she did not find the right man. She will marry again because little Cheryl wants a sister, because she says to her mother with tears in her voice, "Baby is so lonely, Mummy." But this time, she says, she will wait until she is sure it is the right man, for Cheryl has an interest in it too.

"You see, for us a third of the pattern is missing. We have a lot. We have each other. She has the exciting business of growing up and discovering so much that is wonderful. I have my work. But the balance is off in a home where a woman is trying to do it all. The full responsibility can be pretty heavy—and there are lots of times when you are awfully lonely—and tired. It isn't easy for any woman alone with a small child."

It's particularly hard if you are as young and beautiful and famous as Lana Turner. There's always the old merry-go-round to climb onto in your lonely hours—and a few off hours is the only ticket you need. It would help if she could plunge into her work, which she loves. But a star can't work when the spirit moves her. She

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must wait on the mysteries of finding 'the right story' and the long task of getting ready the production. Sometimes it's a long wait.

Lana thought of taking some college courses. She was persuaded against it. They might give her A for effort—and mob her. Or write it off as just another publicity stunt.

"But I must be busy, somehow," she told me. So she has turned to her small daughter for help. She will give Nana a vacation. Granny, Lana's mother, who has always lived with her, will go to Central America to visit friends and Lana will assume full charge of Cheryl. They will leave the "cracker box" and go to Carmel—and Lana will wrestle with Cheryl's washing, see that she eats her spinach and takes her nap.

They are great company for each other. Cheryl is little girl to the tips of her lovely fingers. She loves to help Lana dress, to watch her make up. At the age of three she has mastered the art of the lipstick brush, or believes that she has. The effects, according to her mother, are original and weird.

She has a gratifying appreciation of clothes, whether they are the lovely little things her mother dotes on buying for her, or something new Lana has. She's very professional in her approval too. She looks at the seams, rubs the material with her tiny fingers, then she cocks her dark head on one side and says, "My, that's smart!"

CHERYL receives gifts and flowers and U. phone calls from her mother's admirers and she loves it—but she is beginning to consider such things a bit frivolous. She has encountered the word "death" for the first time recently and, as Lana puts it, "She's teaching me how little I really know. However, I don't believe in brushing off her questions with a vague or trite answer, but it's no cinch to put your finger on the right one, let me tell you."

"Take the word 'why,'" said Miss Turner. "They ask it, and it forces you to pause and consider. You take a really good look at the thing or situation, probably for the first time, and you begin to wonder 'why?' yourself."

"It keeps you busy. Every day it's something new—and the things get bigger and bigger. We found out that dark rooms could be frightening the other day—from a little girl who has been taught to be afraid. The same little girl that planted the idea that if you do anything beside sitting perfectly still and prim in a chair you die—the wealth of feeling Cheryl gets into that one scares even me. Well, we dropped that particular little girl from our social list, of course—but now I'm smack up against the problem of teaching her caution—and not filling her with fear."

So the two of them are learning together. With each new problem faced, with each step in Cheryl's development, Lana grows too, and she becomes closer to her beloved little girl. It is a process of unfoldment for them both and it is teaching Lana new and more wonderful meanings for her own life.

Lana Turner is like a highly charged dynamo, literally so full of warmth and generosity and the desire to live fully that it overflows. Before Cheryl appeared on the scene the overflow scattered in all directions. Now the focal point in her life is her daughter. Cheryl Crane is a lucky girl. Lana is lucky too. For she has found one place, at last, where she can rest not only her heart, but her trust and her plans and her dreams.

THE END



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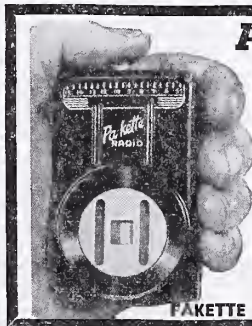
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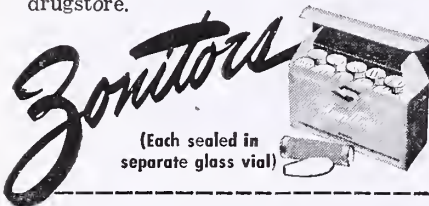
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Diamond On Her Finger

(Continued from page 31) meet this dream personality "casually!"

She was beginning to be allowed to have dates along about then and it was the most tantalizing thing to see her at Mocambo, escorted by Bob Walker or any of a dozen other eligible young men and be able to think of no excuse to ask to be introduced.

Diana recalls, "I began to notice this man who was always looking at me. He looked nice and finally I got so that I'd fix my face in that sort of half-smile you put on when you aren't quite sure whether or not you've met someone and you want to be nice about it. Some evenings I was conscious of a slight face-ache!"

When a magazine wanted a pretty girl to pose for pictures with Henry's own, personal protege, Guy Madison, Willson blushing suggested Diana. When someone had another idea, he gave in without a murmur. You can see the state he was in by that time!

THEN for goodness' sake . . . and how absent-minded can a man in love get? . . . it dawned on him that another of his discoveries, Jim Brown, not only knew Diana but had played opposite her in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" and "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." The time he had wasted. He didn't waste any more. That very evening the Browns were pried protestingly from their three young children and propelled to Mocambo where the introduction was duly accomplished to the relief of everyone . . . even the headwaiters, who sometimes get to brooding over things like that.

And the next evening the Browns were uprooted again to have dinner at Henry's house . . . Diana being a special guest . . . and to go dancing again. But first—and how incredibly appropriate—they dropped in at the wedding reception of a friend of Henry's.

Diana remembers that she wore a pink and black tie silk frock and a big black hat and that Henry liked the hat, adding that he practically, never liked women's hats. This made her feel very nice. "Then," she says, "I discovered that he was the most marvelous dancer. Simply wonderful. And then I began to look at him . . . really look, you know, the way you do when you're beginning to wonder about someone. I thought he looked like a sensitive person, not the sort who would have his feelings hurt easily or anything silly like that, but the sort of person who is sensitive to important things, who knows and understands people. . . ."

The courtship was unconventionally conventional. They did not have a favorite drive-in or quaint Italian restaurant down an alley and they did not go riding on roller coasters or bicycles. They dined and danced at fashionable Hollywood spots and the most sensational thing they did was to park the car and take a walk in Beverly Hills.

On this occasion Diana was rather late returning home and her mother pointed it out to her. "But, Mother," Diana gasped, "I spent this extra time being *proposed to*!" Mother didn't seem a bit surprised. "What did you say?" she inquired mildly, to which Diana, almost as surprised at her mother's attitude as she had been by the proposal, stammered, "Well . . . I . . . I pretended I thought he was kidding . . . and I guess he must have been . . . uh . . . don't you?"

Two dozen roses were delivered to her the next morning with a card which read, "To celebrate my first turn down." Her mother's dry comment was, "He wasn't kidding."

Diana couldn't quite trust herself to de-



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cide something which seemed so terribly important to her. She was still in her teens but she had been working in pictures for a number of years and marriage seemed a precarious business to her. "I think I wanted as much to be certain that I was the right person for him as to be sure he was right for me. When a man is as talented as Henry is . . . and when you know he's going to be more and more important as the years go by . . . it is dreadfully important that his wife be right for him."

A little later she was cast in an important role in "Easy Come, Easy Go," and she was frightened about it. On the first day of shooting more flowers were delivered to her dressing room with a card, saying, "Don't worry about a thing. If the picture is a flop, you can marry me and we'll both go into vaudeville." This struck her as such a completely ludicrous idea that her fears melted. "What an alternative!" she kept telling herself.

HENRY had a ring made to order in New York, a beautiful blue-white diamond in the daintiest of settings. "Thought I'd have it on hand . . . just in case . . ." he explained, when he showed it to Diana. She tried it on . . . for size . . . and "just in case" . . . and, although it was too large and although she hadn't said "Yes," it was so lovely and she was so feminine . . . well, she wore it that evening. "I wanted to see how it would feel to wear anything so enchanting. . . ." The ring went back to the jeweler to be made smaller and, of course, rumor-hungry Hollywood had it that there had been an engagement, complete with ring, and that it had gone phhttt. It hadn't happened. Diana still hadn't said, "Yes," let alone saying, "No!"

Diana, you see, comes from a solid, sound American family which has nothing in common with what one expects from people in show business. Her father is an oil company executive, Louis William Loehr. Her mother, Mrs. Louis Loehr, was at one time considered one of the West's finest pianists. Diana was in demand as a child pianist by local musical organizations before her little feet could reach the pedals. She was discovered by Paramount when that studio was holding auditions for gifted children for a picture called "There's Magic in Music." She has been under contract to that studio ever since. Show business, you see, chose Diana. Her home is in View Park, a suburb of Los Angeles, and she was reared as any suburban girl, despite her accidental encounter with motion pictures.

Henry, on the other hand, chose show business . . . and no mistake about it. His father is H. L. Willson, retired president of the Columbia Phonograph Company. Henry was born in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, attended Eastern private schools and spent his vacations abroad with his parents. Before he was twenty he was invited to spend six weeks with the actor, Tom Brown, and his parents in Hollywood and that really did it! Henry determined to write about Hollywood for magazines . . . and he did, too, despite the fact that he had sixteen rejection slips for his first article about movie personalities before he finally sold it. An actors' agent, impressed with his enthusiasm, hired him to discover and develop young talent. He came through with such personalities as Dawn O'Day (who turned into Anne Shirley), Marie Wilson, Joan Fontaine—and the next thing you knew he was with the Zeppo Marx Agency with the impressive title of vice-president, and everyone in Hollywood remarking about how young he was for such a post. It seemed still more remarkable when, three years ago, he joined Vanguard Films, Inc., as assistant to David O. Selznick.

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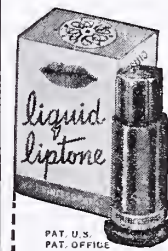
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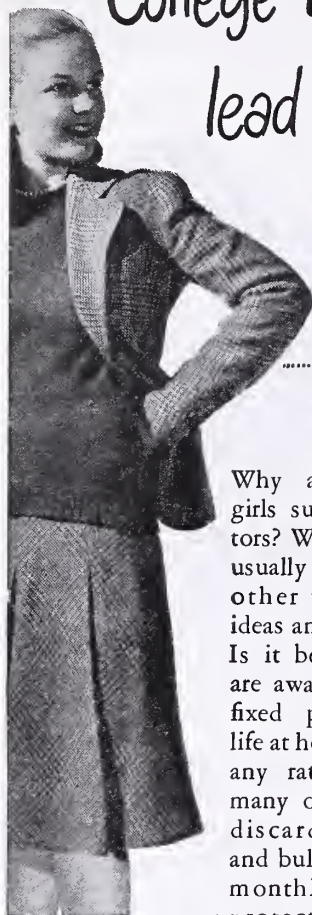
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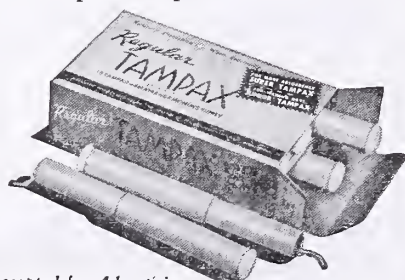
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Why are college girls such originators? Why are they usually ahead of other women in ideas and customs? Is it because they are away from the fixed patterns of life at home? ... At any rate, a great many of them are discarding belts and bulky pads for monthly sanitary protection — and

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So Henry, too, although in show business, was not, in the beginning, of it. Perhaps that explains a little, their attraction.

They had adjustments to make before Diana could make that decision.

"Henry is always on the telephone," she says. "At first it annoyed me. It seemed to me that whenever we were going anywhere ... or even after we arrived there ... he was constantly being called to the phone. It seemed inconsiderate of him to keep me sitting somewhere while he talked on the phone. You see, I hadn't been accustomed to an executive. I guess I'd just gone around with school boys or with actors who, if they weren't actually at work, had nothing to do but improve the suntan and make with the sparkling dialogue. It finally dawned on me that it was because Henry was considerate of other people and their problems that he was constantly interrupting his own relaxation to talk with them. I liked him for it.

"And don't think he didn't have to make allowances for me! I'm moody and I know it. I wish it weren't so. Henry understands just how to take it. He knows when to be sympathetic, when to ignore it and when to try to laugh me out of it. He's nearly always right, too. That takes an understanding person!"

SO, of course, Diana finally said that big, big "Yes!" The beautiful ring gleamed on her finger. Henry was shopping for a new house ... a "married couple house" to replace the ideal bachelor establishment which he now has.

It will be a house just big enough to accommodate two career people, so they won't stumble over one another. Big enough to entertain a variety of friends ... "We must have different kinds of people, so that we shan't get into a rut. ..."

Henry is insisting that Diana "express herself" in the furnishing of this idyllic haven and Diana gasps, "I have so much to learn. All I can tell you that I want is that it shall be simple and—well—native, without being too, too cute. Surely you can have a really American sort of house without having chintz roses leap at you from every wall and nook and cranny!"

Wedding plans are indefinite at this moment because Diana is going into "Little Women" for David O. Selznick and the picture may be long in shooting.

Would you like to know what she said when Henry asked her if she'd like to go to Bermuda on her honeymoon? She wrinkled a brow and said, "But I'm afraid we shouldn't find anyone there we knew. Don't laugh at me, darling ... I know you well enough by now to know that you aren't happy unless there are people around ... at least near enough to telephone you. I want you to enjoy our honeymoon!"

There speaks an understanding heart.
THE END

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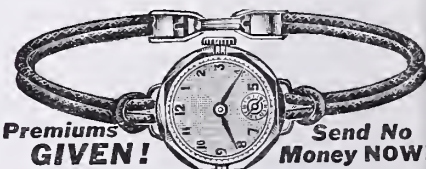
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Second Chance

(Continued from page 39) depths of those green eyes of hers.

Trust her to know that that grin was startling. That's the type of personality Garson is—wily as a white Persian cat, wise as a Chinese philosopher.

"I am receiving a re-education in being glad to be alive," Greer said. "I am suddenly aware that I am living in a golden age in a God-given climate. I can't exaggerate how grateful I am."

The last time we had seen Greer was on the set of "Adventure." There she had been all taut nerves, for she hated her role just as much as Gable hated his.

Before that, when she was making "The Valley of Decision" and "Madame Curie" there had been the war days of worrying over her husband. Prior to that—prior even to her marriage—before "Mrs. Miniver" or "Pride and Prejudice" or any of those hits, Greer had been a lonely, bewildered, intellectual beauty. She wasn't a Photoplay Gold Medal Winner for the most popular actress in America then, no First Lady of Filmland, no Queen of M-G-M.

Around Hollywood they used to wisecrack about Garson at that time. They said, "Garson's idea of a good time is to go to bed with a good book." Of course, that wisecrack got back to her and she was hurt and bewildered. For that was one of her ideas of a good time. It still is.

So, seeing her this late-summer afternoon brought the realization with a pleasant shock that Greer was quietly happy.

"This contentment—this absolute appreciation of life for life's sake that I feel now is the result of my being swept off that rock and into the sea at Carmel a couple of months ago," she said. "The whole accident was perfectly fantastic and I had never expected I'd make newspaper headlines in that manner."

"One moment I was standing there, with my back to the camera, about to be the great artiste, and the next, the ocean had sideswiped me, and I was floundering around in those crashing waves. My legs were being torn against crags, my back was scraping against some monstrous jutting point. For practically the only time in my existence, I realized I must keep my mouth shut. The waves washed in and out over me, and I did not have time, nor any impulse, to review my past life in the way books say one does. I only remember thinking that it was a very silly way to die—to give up my being just for a more exciting shot for a movie—and that, wildly, passionately, I wanted to live."

"Then, like a miracle, I felt an arm around me—a gloriously strong arm—and the next thing I knew I was being lifted out of the water. I heard one of the cameramen crying, 'Did you get the whole action? Did you get it . . . Did you?' I knew, from his voice, that he was in a kind of hysteria. But all I could think of was that I was actually safe. I wasn't dead. It wasn't until next day in the hospital that I began to come back to any sort of well-mannered consciousness and began to wonder who had rescued me."

THE man who had saved her was Vincent Solecito, a member of the Abalone Fisherman's Association up at Carmel. He had been working as a technical adviser on the film for M-G-M and for a little while after the accident he thought he, too, might become an actor.

"Vincent's very handsome," Greer said. "He's got a tremendous personality, and he might very well have been a good actor. Naturally the studio and I were so grateful to him that we would have done anything for him, but I was very happy when

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he finally decided he wanted to go on being just what he was, a fisherman living in a small village with his nice family.

"But as for me—well, look at my legs. They're still all scars and my back really looks like a relief map of India. When we had gone up to Carmel, I was very concerned over Robert Montgomery's walking out of 'Sacred and Profane.' I was a bit worried over Richard Hart replacing Mr. Montgomery—just because he hadn't had any previous picture experience. I was fussed up over bad notices I had received on 'Adventure.'"

Greer shrugged and grinned again. "In the hospital I realized not one bit of that mattered. The moment I came into my own home, I realized how cluttered up with unessentials my life was—and my mind, too. Here it was summer, the first summer of peace. Here was my husband back, absolutely unharmed. His career was hitting on high again. Here was my mother, suddenly assuming a career of her own—in no less than Mr. Montgomery's production—even if he wouldn't be in mine. Well, I suddenly became aware of the very great, good fortune that is mine.

"What's more I knew the things I was wasting energy on didn't matter in the least. What I did first was to go upstairs and read those bad reviews on 'Adventure.' I still didn't like them, and I didn't feel at all saintly about those critics, but nevertheless I came away from those reviews and knew I had learned a thing or two."

Richard Ney and Nina Garson came in at that moment both on their way to dates—Nina to a matinee with a woman friend, Richard to Twentieth Century-Fox and a test.

"In case Lana Turner or Betty Grable call, you know where to get me," Richard said.

His wife gave him a mocking, unruffled look as he went out toward his car.

"One of the things I shall be doing more of in the future," she continued, as though we hadn't been interrupted, "is spending more time up at our place at Pebble Beach. It's such a simple little house, but Richard and I have such fun there. We do our own housework, including cooking. We paint the fences, we put down our own garden walks. And I garden. I've a 'Green Thumb,' you know. There are enough 'names' up around Carmel and the Beach that no one gives us a second look.

"Right now, Metro wants me to sign a new contract—ten years straight, no options. They have been so good to me. It is, of course, the only company I've worked for—but ten years—that's such a long time to think ahead. And I seem to be too completely lazy to think hard. In two or three years, Richard and I want to do a play together on Broadway or possibly London. Richard had very fine stage experience in 'Life with Father' and in London I did all sorts of roles—entirely different from anything I'd done on screen."

Without any questions being asked, Greer has already replied to those rumors of a Garson-Ney split-up, and she was, you may be sure, perfectly aware of that. Beauty and brains can lick the world.

"One thing that ocean dip did to me," she said, "was to make me feel very responsible to try to give other people a sense of happiness. Do you know that when I came home from the hospital, I found a medal here, sent to me from Belgium and another gift, from Tel-Aviv. Think of honors coming to one from troubled lands like those! It is to say 'thank you' for such lovely gestures that makes you want never to make anything but the finest pictures, expressing the most permanent truths, and to see that you, yourself, live up to them—even on a second chance, like mine."

THE END



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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 28) undercover game that goes into the making of a governor, the powers-that-be chose instead to let this degenerate into a second-rater in which politician Sylvia Sidney thinks as much about her hats as about her campaign, more about sitting on a sofa in a sweater with Mr. Ace, George Raft, than about ending up in the governor's chair.

Margaret Wyndam Chase, as played by Sidney given to striking tragic poses, turns into a completely unsympathetic character; with the role of political boss Raft has a chance to employ all his usual gangsterish tricks. The political convention is passed over lightly, as is all the rest of the meatier episodes, in favor of would-be sultry looks between Raft and Sidney.

Your Reviewer Says: Vote the other ticket.

✓ Canyon Passage (Universal)

HERE'S the West again—great but not so glorious, what with Dana Andrews giving the mean Ward Bond a lusty beating-up, Brian Donlevy gambling away miners' gold that has been entrusted to him and Indians burning cabins and scalping settlers with wild abandon.

The Technicolor background is Oregon in the Nineteenth Century. Dana Andrews as the earnest young colonist, Brian Donlevy as a plusher sort of fellow and Susan Hayward as the feminine foil go about their business of making this a colorful, rousing Western story. There is a touch of murder, some bloody fist fights and an Indian raid that will make you thankful you didn't travel in covered wagons. Andy Devine plays a straight role as a pioneer; Hoagy Carmichael strums out some tunes; Ward Bond is the heavy-weight who tries to knock Andrews right out of the picture.

With nothing individual to point it up, the film remains a true-to-form Western.

Your Reviewer Says: Solid stuff for Injun fanciers.

Night Train to Memphis (Republic)

YOU can get aboard this if you're a rooter of Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys; otherwise, let that night train steam right through your station. In this episode, Roy plays the good honest soul with the heart of gold and the bad brother who has to be made to see that the railroad company didn't frame him after all. Since Adele Mara is the railroad president's daughter, brother Allan Lane eventually stops scowling and sees the better side of things—that is, after everyone keeps double-crossing everyone else over a strip of land everyone wants.

Your Reviewer Says: If this is your ticket . . .

✓ The Big Sleep (Warners)

OBVIOUSLY designed as a great big murder mystery, this is full of action, full of Bogart and Bacall. Unfortunately, the vehicle is not big enough to hold everything that goes into it; murders spill over the side until the audience is not sure who is killing off whom and why.

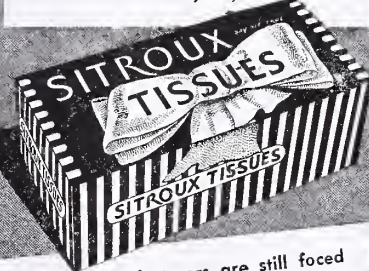
Bogart plays a hard-bitten private detective, hired by old General Sternwood to straighten out his affairs. This turns out to be some assignment, even to a capable two-fister like Humphrey, since the affairs are all mixed up by two daughters—Lauren Bacall who is beautiful but enigmatic and Martha Vickers who has a tendency to throw herself into strange

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men's arms, bite her finger and get involved in murder during a thunderstorm. Bogie does his best to find out everything, dashing about from corpse to corpse, meanwhile taking time off to pass the time of day with Lauren.

It is during these periods that you will begin to feel it's a pity Hollywood thinks the Bacall-Bogart team must talk in double entendres.

The question of the talents of Miss Bacall is still debatable. While she is not miscast in this as she was in "Confidential Agent," her acting power still seems to be her ability to look the way the boys like her to. Whether this is due to the confining nature of this particular role, or her own limitations, is something that may be settled by her next film.

Your Reviewer Says: You won't sleep.

Down Missouri Way (PRC)

SHIRLEY takes the lead in this—Shirley being a mule who's been to college and whose educated mind sometimes seems to be balking at the general proceedings, as well it might. Martha O'Driscoll is Shirley's professor—when she's wearing her horn-rimmed glasses; otherwise, she's a goner for the smooth looks of Hollywood producer William Wright who's come down to her farm in the Ozarks to shoot a motion picture.

John Carradine lets his hair grow long and wavy to be miscast as an artistic Hollywood director; Eddie Dean and Mabel Todd make strictly rustic love; and Roscoe Ates talks hill-billy through his beard and corn cob pipe.

The motion-picture company has quite a bit of trouble convincing Martha that Shirley should act in the picture and convincing Shirley's college associates that all this is really cultural stuff. Every five minutes brings up a song, some sung while the cast is munching turnips, some crooned romantically by Martha into Shirley's twitching ear.

Your Reviewer Says: Not our alfalfa but the corn belt could love it.

Her Sister's Secret (PRC)

"HER Sister's Secret" belongs to the good old nickelodeon days when folks liked their melodrama "meller." It presents Nancy Coleman and Margaret Lindsay as sisters who share—guess what—a secret. The secret is a curlyhead designed to pull at your heartstrings, but whether the design works or not depends upon your mood.

The film opens in New Orleans with Nancy Coleman a masqued Mardi Gras gal who flirts with handsome soldier Philip Reed. Within ten minutes they are attracted to each other; another ten finds them riding beneath the moon fatally in love. The soldier sails away; Nancy turns to her sister for help in keeping her secret. The sister adopts the baby and then the tug begins.

It's PRC's most ambitious effort to date and, as such, it's a step in the right direction even though there's considerable distance to be covered yet.

Your Reviewer Says: For sentimental females only.

✓ Lady Luck (RKO)

WHETHER you are addicted to the gambling tables, the ponies or just the odds on human nature, ten to one you'll get some uninhibited laughs out of this unpretentious little picture.

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rectly at the door of Frank Morgan who plays *Grandpa Audrey* with the incurable gambling corpuscles in his blood. Having lost the family fortune on Wall Street, Grandpa is reduced to a three-dollar weekly allowance from his attractive granddaughter, Barbara Hale, who runs a very conservative book shop in West Los Angeles.

Into this anti-gambling atmosphere barges gambler Bob Young asking for a scratch sheet (horses, not scratch paper). This leads to dinner that night and wedding bells shortly thereafter with Barbara thinking she has reformed Bob until she catches him at the roulette table on their wedding day and serves him with divorce papers on their wedding night. The twist comes when in retaliation Barbara takes to the tables herself with Bob, terrified, trying to reform her.

Bob Young is his always satisfying self and Barbara Hale gives promise for the future. Jimmy Gleason is excellent as one of Bob's cronies and so is Don Rice. But the over-all credit goes to Frank Morgan for the most ingratiating performance of his career.

Your Reviewer Says: Best bet for a blue mood.

Night in Paradise (Wanger-Universal)

IT couldn't be sillier. How an intelligent producer like Walter Wanger and an intelligent actress like Merle Oberon could lend their talents to such a turkey remains one of the unfathomables. The story was undoubtedly meant to be one of those oh-so-clever satires whereby modern conditions are superimposed upon ancient times. The results in this case are not oh-so-clever.

The story has Turhan Bey unhappily playing a juiced-up version of Aesop, the fable teller, who falls in love with the Princess Merle Oberon. Greedy for fine things, the Princess is about to marry Croesus, who in turn is greedy for gold. Aesop throws a monkey wrench into the works by revealing to the Princess that he is a handsome young man, not the hoary graybeard he appears (that's just make-up to fool the world into accepting his wisdom). Well—you get the idea.

Too bad this had to be Turhan Bey's last picture before his long-term service in the peace Army. Even Technicolor couldn't rescue it.

Your Reviewer Says: Paradise lost.



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✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM**—20th Century-Fox: An unusual, fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century. Irene Dunne plays the schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the outside world, and Rex Harrison is excellent as the King. (Aug.)

✓✓ **AVALANCHE**—PRC: Bruce Cabot, sleuth from the Treasury Department, arrives at a ski lodge to discover the gaps in the income tax of a gambler. Then snow slides lock in the guests at the lodge and murder begins. It should have been more exciting, but the creditable cast, including Roscoe Karns, Helen Mowrey and Veda Ann Borg, do their best. (Aug.)

BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO: Randy Scott totes his gun around in the lawless West again. Ann Richards is the pioneer newspaperwoman, and the James boys, the Daltons, and Belle Starr are all present. (Sept.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Monogram: Another of the *Shadow* series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who, with his fiancée Barbara Reed, is out to find the killer of a blackmailing columnist. Why the ubiquitous *Shadow* succeeds in baffling police and criminals alike is beyond us. George Chandler and Dorothea Kent serve to confuse the issue. (July)

BOYS RANCH—M-G-M: We can do without this unentertaining little picture concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents. James Craig, an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug, provides a ranch for boy delinquents. (Sept.)

✓✓ **CENTENNIAL SUMMER**—20th Century-Fox: A round of lighthearted fun set in Philadelphia in 1876. Into the conservative household of Walter Brennan and their two daughters, Linda Darnell and Jeanne Crain, two bombshells arrive—one in the form of Mama's luscious sister from Paris, Constance Bennett, who brings along gallant Frenchman Cornel Wilde, and the second is the Centennial Exposition. (Sept.)

✓✓ **CLUNY BROWN**—20th Century-Fox: An absolute lamb of a movie, with Jennifer delightful as the housemaid with a flair for plumbing who goes to work in the English home of Reginald Owen. Charles Boyer is the refugee with a humorous disdain for England's caste system, Richard Haydn will kill you with his portrayal of the village chemist, and Peter Lawford is Owen's son in love with Helen Walker. (Aug.)

COLORADO SERENADE—PRC: Although too long, this offers all the essentials of the time-proved Western—the stagecoach holdup, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest "Jedge" who, with the help of a couple of handsome heroes, tries to bring law and order to the wide-open frontier town. (Sept.)

✓✓ **COURAGE OF LASSIE**—M-G-M: A Technicolor account of a golden collie whose adventures are many and hectic. Elizabeth Taylor is his young mistress, tense with apprehension when he disappears to eventually see combat as a war dog in the Aleutians and prove himself a canine hero. Frank Morgan and Tom Drake are also in the cast. (Sept.)

✓✓ **DARK CORNER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This doesn't make a lot of sense, but it's so filled with suspense and good acting that you really won't care much. Mark Stevens as the "private eye" makes a sure bid for stardom, Lucille Ball is so right as his secretary, Clifton Webb is sophisticated as the art dealer jealous of Kurt Kreuger and William Bendix is excellent as Webb's dumb gunsels. (July)

DOLL FACE—20th Century-Fox: A film about a burlesque queen, Vivian Blaine, whose publicity manager, Dennis O'Keefe, has a book written about her life. The result is that the ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance With Carmen Miranda, Perry Como. (Sept.)

✓✓ **DO YOU LOVE ME**—20th Century-Fox: If you belong to the swooner set, the answer to the picture's title is yes, as it has Harry James's hot trumpet and Dick Haymes's singing. The fragile plot deals with the metamorphosis of Maureen O'Hara from

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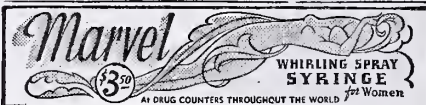


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the dignified dean of a school of classical music into a glamour girl who'll knock your eyes out. With Reginald Gardiner. (Aug.)

✓EASY TO WED—M-G-M: Van Johnson sings, dances, makes love and even shoots ducks in this delightful comedy that begins when Van agrees to help Keenan Wynn out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who's suing. Lucille Ball is Keenan's girl friend and Cecil Kellaway is Esther's father. (July)

✓FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—RKO: A picture with punch, about the marriage on a shoe-string of Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens. Scared by the scrub-brush existence of Joan's sister, they lose courage, then marry anyway. The war comes along and afterward they get a second chance. (Sept.)

✓GREEN YEARS, THE—M-G-M: A long and lavish dramatization of the A. J. Cronin novel about a middle-class Scotch family that is forced to raise a young Irish grandson. Charles Coburn, as the great-grandfather, has the role of the year; Tom Drake is the Irish lad, and Dean Stockwell, Hume Cronyn and Beverly Tyler all contribute fine acting. (July)

✓HER KIND OF MAN—Warners: The possibilities for A-1 entertainment are here, but somehow it doesn't completely come off. Zachary Scott, for no good reason that we could see, inspires a terrific love in Janis Paige who is led by it into all sorts of turmoil. Dane Clark is the columnist who loves her and George Tobias and Faye Emerson are in it. (July)

✓JANIE GETS MARRIED—Warners: Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton get married and set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage. (Sept.)

✓LITTLE MR. JIM—M-G-M: Jackie Jenkins's freckles and histrionic ability make this movie worthwhile. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and is generally endearing. A pleasant "homey" film with a story-book ending. (Sept.)

✓LOVER COME BACK—Universal: Light and frothy romantic stuff with Lucille Ball as the stylist wife who longs for her soldier husband's return after two years. George Brent plays the husband who returns to have his reunion with his wife marred by his meeting up with some of his blonde overseas friends. Vera Zorina's the other woman. (Sept.)

✓MAKE MINE MUSIC—Disney-RKO: You'll love this rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. The ten-part offering, with music and drawing, has no story but is the best screen vaudeville show in a long time. The songs are illustrated with cartoon characters or scenic drawings. (Aug.)

✓MY PAL TRIGGER—Republic: This is a very good Roy Rogers western, with Roy and his horse, Trigger, fighting their way back after Roy's unjustly accused of killing a great and famous horse. With George "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans, and Bob Nolan. (Sept.)

✓OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Warners: Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film this time with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker in the roles originally played by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. Henreid is the medical student who finds himself in inexplicable bondage to the cockney vixen, Miss Parker. (Sept.)

✓ONE MORE TOMORROW—Warners: Ann Sheridan works on millionaire Dennis Morgan's crusading magazine but, despite her love for him, she loses him to Alexis Smith who tries to get husband Dennis's mind off his magazine. Jack Carson is Morgan's alter ego who ambles around the picture rooting for Ann as against Alexis. (Sept.)

✓OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are at it again as charming finishing-school winsomes of the early twenties. In order to further their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls induce bootlegger Brian Donlevy to pretend he's their chaperoning uncle. (July)

✓SCANDAL IN PARIS, A—Pressburger-UA: George Sanders is at his dashing best as the colorful French roger, Vidocq, who, with his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures including stealing Carole Landis's ruby garter and planning to rob the Bank of Paris. Then love in the form of Signe Hasso touches the devastating George. (Aug.)

✓SEARCHING WIND, THE—Paramount: This rustles the history-book pages of events in Europe that led to World War II. It tells how Robert Young as a diplomat shilly-shallied between diplomacy and truth and lost Sylvia Sidney because of it. Dudley Digges provides lively moments. (Aug.)

✓SMOKY—20th Century-Fox: This is a horse-cowboy saga, telling the life story of *Smoky*, a wild horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and his adventures among an odd assortment of humans. Anne Baxter is the female lead, Bruce Cabot is the renegade, and Burl Ives sings cowboy ballads. (Sept.)

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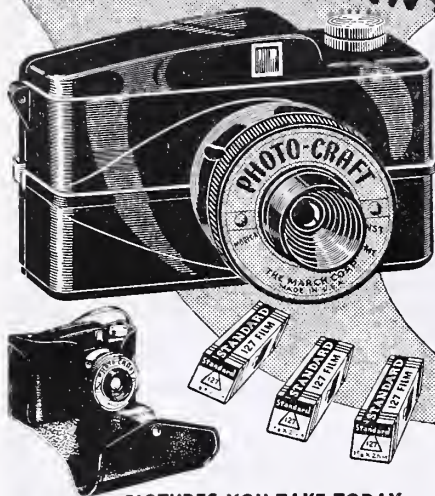
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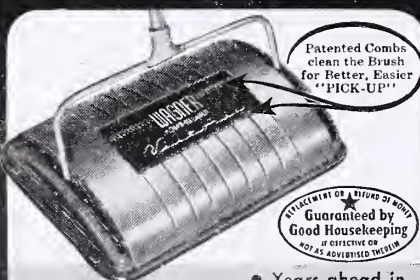
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THE NIGHT—20th Century-Fox: Another mystery thriller with John Hodiak as the amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seems to be a criminal. Newcomer Nancy Guild, as the girl who aids John, is arresting to look at but still needs a lot more lessons in acting. Josephine Hutchinson, Fritz Kortner and Richard Conte are all so good, and so is Lloyd Nolan. (July)

SPECTER OF THE ROSE—Republic: An original, strange love story of the ballet, which will either move you deeply or leave you completely untouched. Despite the fact that Ivan Kirov is suspected of murdering his first wife, ballerina Viola Essen marries him, and they dance to triumph in a new ballet. Both are vivid new personalities. With Judith Anderson and Michael Chekhov. (July)

STOLEN LIFE, A—Warners: Bette Davis has the time of her life playing a dual role of sisters, one good and one bad, and she does both with astute perception. Glenn Ford steps into big-league movie acting as the man who succumbs to the charms of the conniving sister, only to find that the shy one is his real love. Dane Clark as the artist and Charles Ruggles as the cousin are both excellent. (Aug.)

STRANGER, THE—International: Tense and dramatic, this psychological mystery film is adult stuff: Orson Welles is the escaped Nazi biggie who in the disguise of a professor is living in a small Connecticut town; Loretta Young is his American bride slowly forced to realize what her husband is; Edward G. Robinson is the investigator. (Aug.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien as the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold comes from Ireland to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men in this enchanting bit of movie-making. (Sept.)

TILL THE END OF TIME—RKO: A candid picture, rich in sincerity, of the adjustment of three young veterans home from the wars. They are Guy Madison who comes back to a loving mother and father; Bob Mitchum who longs to find roots; Bill Williams, who has lost his legs. It is also the story of Dorothy McGuire, a young widow. (Aug.)

TO EACH HIS OWN—Paramount: A tear jerker all about frustrated motherhood, but women will love it. During World War I, Olivia de Havilland falls in love with doomed flier John Lund, bears him an illegitimate child and faces the tragic necessity for the baby to be reared by her friend, Mary Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Philip Terry. (July)

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE—Warners: A harmless little offering with Dennis Morgan playing a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America as a guy from Milwaukee. Jack Carson, pick-up pal, introduces him to Joan Leslie and the tortuous complications begin. Janis Paige and S. Z. Sakall rate applause. (Sept.)

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS—RKO: Claudette Colbert is the stuffy author who experiences all sorts of emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood. John Wayne is the Marine captain whom she decides to cast in the screen version of her book. Don DeFore plays Cupid to the principals. (July)

Casts of Current Pictures

BIG SLEEP, THE—Warners: Marlowe, Humphrey Bogart; Vivian, Lauren Bacall; Carmen, Martha Vickers; Gen. Sternwood, Charles Waldron; Eddie Mars, John Ridgely; Norris (Butler), Charles D. Brown; Bernie Ohls, Regis Toomey; Joe Brody, Louis Jean Jeyd; Harry Jones, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Canino, Fred Steele; Dist. Atty., Robert Shayne; Agnes, Sonia Darrin; Capt. Cronjager, Peter Whitney; Owen Taylor, Dan Wallace; Arthur Geiger, Theo. Von Eltz; Mona Mars, Pat Clark; Girl Taxi Driver, Joy Barlowe.

BLUE SKIES—Paramount: Johnny Adams, Bing Crosby; Jed Potter, Fred Astaire; Mary O'Hara, Joan Caulfield; Tony, Billy DeWolfe; Nita Nova, Olga San Juan; Francois, Mikhail Rasumny; Mack, Frank Faylen; Martha, Victoria Horne; Mary Elizabeth, Carolyn Grimes.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Pascal-UA: Julius Caesar, Claude Rains; Cleopatra, Vivien Leigh; Apollodorus, Stewart Granger; King Ptolemy, Anthony Harvey; Flataceta, Flora Robson; Iras, Renee Asherson; Pothinus, Francis L. Sullivan; Rufio, Basil Sydney; Britannus, Cecil Parker; Lucius Septimus, Raymond Lovell; Theodotus, Ernest Thesiger; Achilles, Anthony Eufrat.

CANYON PASSAGE—Universal: Logan Stuart, Dana Andrews; George Camrose, Brian Donlevy; Lucy Overmire, Susan Hayward; Caroline Marsh, Patricia Roc; Honey Bragg, Ward Bond; Ben Dance, Andy Devine; Martha Lestrade, Rose Hohart; Clenchfield, Halliwell Hobbes; Johnny Steele, Lloyd Bridges; Jonas Overmire, Standley Ridges; Mrs. Dance, Dorothy Petersen; Vane Blazier, Vic Cutler; Mrs. Overmire, Fay Holden; Asa Dance, Tad Devine; Bushrod Dance, Dennis Devine; Linnet, Hoagy Carmichael.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID—20th Century-Fox: Claudia, Dorothy McGuire; David, Robert Young; Elizabeth Van Doren, Mary Astor; Phil Dexter, John Sutton; Julia Naughton, Gail Patrick; Edith Dexter,

Rose Hobart; *Dr. Harry*, Harry Davenport; *Nancy Riddle*, Florence Bates; *Brian O'Toole*, Jerome Cowan; *Bertha*, Elsa Janssen; *Fritz*, Frank Twedell; *Bobby*, Anthony Sydes; *Hartley Naughton*, Pierre Watkin; *Mr. Riddle*, Henry Mowbray; *Mrs. Mason*, Betty Compson; *Mrs. Barry*, Clara Blandick; *Butler*, Eric Wilton; *Charlie*, Frank Darien.

COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE—M-G-M: *Sam Griggs*, Frank Morgan; *Ben Griggs*, Keenan Wynn; *Tom Carter*, Cecil Kellaway; *Jennifer Griggs*, Audrey Totter; *Howard Bankson*, Richard Quine; *Amy Griggs*, Gladys Cooper; *Jim Griggs*, Marshall Thompson; *Ralph Humphrey*, Leon Ames; *Mrs. Lynne*, Jane Green; *Dr. Wilson*, Morris Ankrum; *Amos Spellman*, Arthur Space.

DOWN MISSOURI WAY—PRC: *Jane*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Mortimer*, Eddie Dean; *Thorndyke Dunning*, John Carradine; *Mike Burton*, William Wright; *Papy*, Roscoe Ates; *Cindy*, Mabel Todd; *Gloria*, Rence Godfrey; *Sam*, Eddie Craven.

HER SISTER'S SECRET—PRC: *Toni*, Nancy Coleman; *Renee*, Margaret Lindsay; *Dick*, Philip Reed; *Pepe*, Felix Bressart; *Bill*, Regis Toomey; *Mr. Dubois*, Henry Stephenson; *Wine Salesman*, Fritz Feld; *Billy*, Winston Severn; *Guy*, George Meeker; *Etta*, Helene Heigh; *Matilda*, Frances Williams; *Birdman*, Rudolph Anders.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE—20th Century-Fox: *Dinah Carstairs*, Peggy Ann Garner; *Lt. Bill Smith*, Randolph Scott; *Marian Carstairs*, Lynn Bari; *Archie Carstairs*, Dean Stockwell; *April Carstairs*, Connie Marshall; *Sergeant O'Hare*, James Gleason; *Polly Walker*, Anabel Shaw; *Jo-Ella Holbrook*, Barbara Whiting; *Mr. Sanford*, John Shepperd; *Mr. Cherrington*, Stanley Logan; *Luke*, Olin Howlin; *Housekeeper*, Marietta Canty; *Policemen*, Pat Flaherty, Phillip Morris.

LADY LUCK—RKO: *Scott*, Robert Young; *Mary*, Barbara Hale; *William Audrey*, Frank Morgan; *Sacramento Sam*, James Gleason; *Eddie*, Don Rice; *Judge Martin*, Harry Davenport; *Little Joe*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Little Guy*, Teddy Hart; *Happy Johnson*, Joseph Vitale; *Dan Morgan*, Douglas Morrow.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Paramount: *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Bob Hope; *Mimi*, Joan Caulfield; *Duc de Chandre*, Patric Knowles; *Princess Maria*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Count D'Armand*, Cecil Kellaway; *Don Francisco*, Joseph Schildkraut; *King Louis XV*, Reginald Owen; *The Queen*, Constance Collier; *Madame Pompadour*, Hillary Brooke; *Don Carlos*, Fortunio Bonanova; *George Washington*, Douglass Dumbrille; *The Ducenna*, Mary Nash; *Rene*, Leonid Kinskey; *King Philip*, Howard Freeman.

MR. ACE—UA: *Eddie Ace*, George Raft; *Margaret Wyndham Chase*, Sylvia Sidney; *Toomey*, Stanley Ridges; *Alma*, Sara Haden; *Peter Craig*, Jerome Cowan; *Pencil*, Sid Silvers; *Chase*, Alan Edwards; *Professor Adams*, Roman Bohnen.

NIGHT IN PARADISE—Universal: *Delera*, Merle Oberon; *Aesop*, Turhan Bey; *Croesus*, Thomas Gomez; *Aloisa*, Gale Sondergaard; *Leonides*, Ray Collins; *Ambassador*, George Dolenz; *Archon*, John Littel; *Scribes*, Ernest Truex; *Jerome Cowan*; *High Priests*, Douglass Dumbrille, Moroni Olsen; *Cloomenes*, Paul Cavanaugh.

NIGHT TRAIN TO MEMPHIS—Republic: *Roy*, Roy Acuff; *Dan Acuff*, Allan Lane; *Constance*, Adele Mara; *Rainbow*, Irving Bacon; *Stevenson*, Joseph Crehan; *Ma Acuff*, Emma Dunn; *Chad Morgan*, Roy Barcroft; *Asa Morgan*, Kenneth Duncan; *Wilson*, LeRoy Mason; *Porter*, Nicodemus Stewart; *Maid*, Nina Mae McKinney; *Doctor*, Francis McDonald.

NOTORIOUS—RKO: *Devlin*, Cary Grant; *Alicia Huberman*, Ingrid Bergman; *Alexander Sebastian*, Claude Rains; *Paul Prescott*, Louis Calhern; *Mme. Sebastian*, Madame Konstantin; *Dr. Anderson*, Reinhold Schunzel; *Walter Beardsley*, Moroni Olsen; *Eric Mathis*, Ivan Triesault; *Joseph*, Alex Minotis; *Mr. Hopkins*, Wally Brown; *Commodore*, Sir Charles Mendl; *Dr. Barboeo*, Ricardo Costa; *Hupha*, Eberhard Krumshmidt; *Ethel*, Fay Baker.

SISTER KENNY—RKO: *Elizabeth Kenny*, Rosalind Russell; *Mr. McDonnell*, Alexander Knox; *Kevin Connors*, Dean Jagger; *Dr. Brack*, Philip Merivale; *Mary Kenny*, Beulah Bondi; *Michael Kenny*, Charles Dingle; *Medical Director*, John Littel; *Dorrie*, Doreen McCann; *Mrs. McIntyre*, Fay Helm; *Mr. McIntyre*, Charles Kemper; *Agnes*, Dorothy Peterson.

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS, THE—Paramount: *Martha Ivers*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Sam Masterson*, Van Heflin; *Toni Marache*, Elizabeth Scott; *Walter O'Neil*, Kirk Douglas; *Mrs. Ivers*, Judith Anderson; *Mr. O'Neil*, Roman Bohnen; *Sam Masterson (as a boy)*, Darryl Hickman; *Martha Ivers (as a girl)*, Janis Wilson; *Secretary*, Ann Doran; *Hotel Clerk*, Frank Orth; *Detective*, James Flavin; *Walter O'Neil (as a boy)*, Mickey Kuhn; *Special Investigator*, Charles D. Brown.

THEY WERE SISTERS—Rank-Universal: *Lucy*, Phyllis Calvert; *Geoffrey*, James Mason; *Terry*, Hugh Sinclair; *Pera*, Anne Crawford; *William*, Peter Murray Hill; *Charlotte*, Dulcie Gray; *Brian*, Barrie Livesey; *Margaret*, Pamela Kellino; *Judith*, Ann Stephens; *Sarah*, Helen Stephens; *Stephen*, John Gilpin; *John*, Brian Nissen; *Mr. Field*, David Horne; *Coroner*, Bredon O'Rourke; *Sir Hamish Nair*, Roland Pertwee; *Mrs. Purley*, Amy Veness; *Channing*, Thorley Walters; *Blakemore*, Joss Ambler; *Lethbridge*, Roy Russell; *Cook*, Edie Martin.



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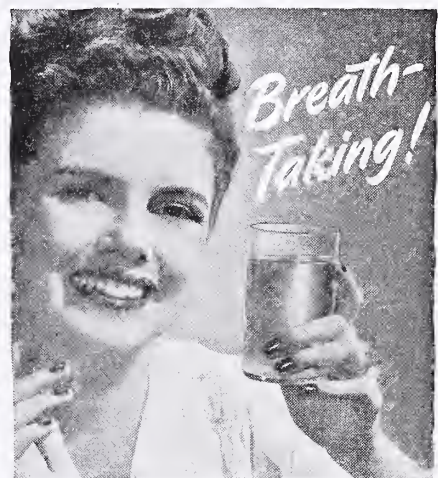
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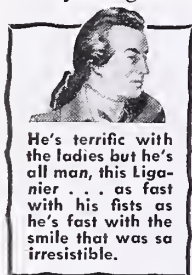
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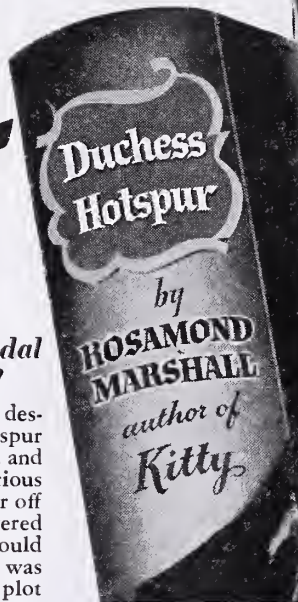
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“You’re
like part of
the family,
Doctor!”

• Doctor, yes—doctor of the science of medicine and surgery, with all the knowledge and skill that his years of training and experience provide.

But your doctor is more than that:

He is a wise counselor to old and young. He is a loyal and understanding friend to all.

He is, indeed, “like part of the family.”



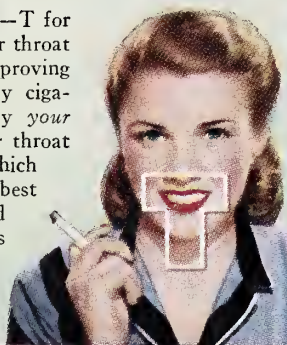
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to a recent
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YOUR “T-ZONE” WILL TELL YOU...

The “T-Zone”—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects *your* throat.



GENERAL physicians, surgeons, specialists, doctors in every branch of medicine... 113,597 doctors in all... were covered in this survey by three independent research organizations. The object of the survey was to determine what cigarette doctors themselves preferred to smoke. The brand named most was Camel.

After all, a doctor smokes for pleasure too. The pleasing mildness of a Camel can be just as welcome to his throat as to yours... the full, rich flavor of Camel’s expertly blended costlier tobaccos just as appealing to his taste. If you are not now smoking Camels, try them. Try them in your “T-Zone” (see left).

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★ PHOTOPLAY

November

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For "Big Game" Glamor

**No other shampoo
leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so
easy to manage.**

First tinge of fall... giddy crowds and gaudy colors... excitement in the air... the season's biggest game, and you, happy in the knowledge that your hair is sparkling and alive with all its natural highlights revealed. No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely. Here Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, shows you two hair-dos created by Drene especially for your football week-end. "I always use Drene with Hair Conditioning action," says Madelon, "because no other shampoo leaves my hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage."



AT SATURDAY'S GAME you'll be the star in his eyes with your radiant Drene-lovely hair! "There's no need to worry about your hair being 'off side' when you shampoo with Drene," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, "for Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair alive with natural highlights, satin-smooth and so-o-o-o easy to manage."

AFTER THE GAME, a quick change, a bite of dinner and then to his fraternity dance, Drene brings out all the beauty of Madelon's lovely hair... reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.



Drene

**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**



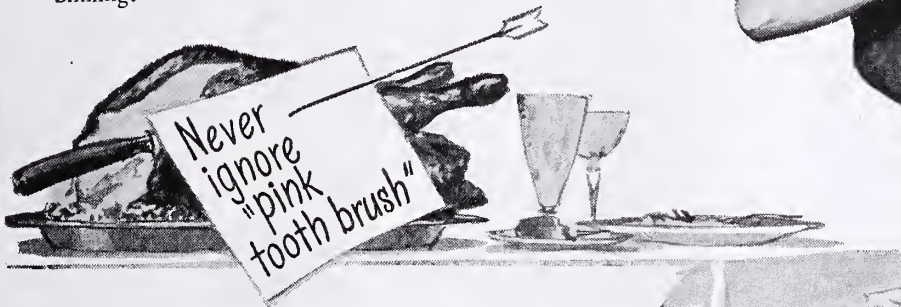
"Can't even get a man
to wish with, huh?"

GIRL: Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants—

CUPID: You do.

GIRL: I? Why I—

CUPID: And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming!* Sparkling! Smiling!



GIRL: Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but—

CUPID: No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

GIRL: "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist!*

He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Is *that* all?

CUPID: Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!



For the Smile of Beauty—
Ipana  and Massage



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The **METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS** **LION'S ROAR**

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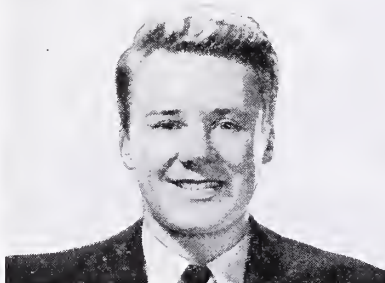


The greatest
star of the
screen!

No excuse, no alibi, no reason for not going to see "No Leave, No Love."

M-G-M, of course, Makes Greater Musicals!

When you see "No Leave, No Love" you'll say a lot of "what-a's".



What a story. What a cast. What a score. What a hit. And what a man...

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: F.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.



Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.



"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

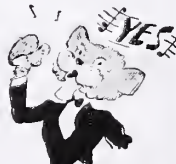
Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all anticipations of good entertainment.

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

"No Leave, No Love"? The answer is very definitely "Yes".

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Cover: Betty Grable, appearing in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"
Miss Grable's outfit by Bonnie Cashin
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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NOVEMBER, 1946

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VOL. 29, No. 6

Yes!

IT'S GOT THAT M-G-M
ZING AND SWING AND
EVERYTHING!

Yes!

IT'S GOT VAN—
KISSING A THRILLING
NEW SWEETHEART!

Yes!

IT'S GOT KEENAN—
THAT HILARIOUS "EASY
TO WED" KIBITZER!

Yes!

IT'S GOT PAT KIRKWOOD—
AND SHE'S A GIRL
THAT'S GOT PUH-LENTY!

Yes!

IT'S GOT CUGAT—
AND HIS RHUMBA BEAT
—AND GUY LOMBARDO
SENDING SWEET!

AN
M-G-M
PICTURE

"No LEAVE No LOVE"

Van Johnson

Song Hits

"All The Time!"
"Love On a Grey-
hound Bus!"
Many More!

with

KEENAN WYNN **PAT KIRKWOOD** • **XAVIER CUGAT** • **GUY LOMBARDO**
New Singing Star and His Orchestra and His Orchestra

and **EDWARD ARNOLD** • **MARIE WILSON** • **LEON AMES**

Original Screen Play by **CHARLES MARTIN** and **LESLIE KARDOS**

Directed by **CHARLES MARTIN** • Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Jolson's hey-days brought back by Larry Parks in this American epic

✓✓✓The Jolson Story (Columbia)

A LIFE story with plenty of life to it, this is going to leave a happy glow all over American audiences. It starts out with Asa Yoelson, played earnestly by Scotty Beckett, as the small son of a Jewish cantor, takes him as an adult, played magnificently by Larry Parks, through a great career—and all to the tune of the well-remembered Jolson songs.

Everything is there in spirited Technicolor—Al's great ambitions, his great troup-ing, his great romance with dancer Evelyn Keyes. It is all bound up in a gold-papered package of good songs and good music. Contrary to most films of this type, it has you hoping the plot won't interrupt the tunes too much. Larry Parks is Jolson; he performs with a punch, a sincere verve

that captures his audience. Furthermore, he does an uncannily good job of reproducing a living man. Even the voice seems to be Jolson's. His supporting players are splendid and right there with him—William Demarest as Steve Martin, Ludwig Donath as the cantor, Tamara Shayne as the mother.

The first half of the film is a masterpiece; it is only in the second half that a slowing-up becomes noticeable. It is doubtful, though, that even this will hinder your complete hand-clapping for a motion picture that gives you everything you want in entertainment—and what's more, gives you Jolson back again.

Your Reviewer Says: Hats in the air!



Comedy to music for Jane Powell and Walter Pidgeon in colorful film

✓✓Holiday in Mexico (M-G-M)

JANE POWELL sings; Jose Iturbi plays; Xavier Cugat directs his orchestra; Roddy McDowall looks very, very British and very very lovesick; Ilona Massey is beautiful; Walter Pidgeon, suave and a competent cast goes about the business of providing real entertainment with an entertaining plot. Net result: One of the best musicals of the year.

Against a storybook Technicolor background of the American Embassy in Mexico, Jane Powell plays the daughter of Ambassador Walter Pidgeon. She aspires to run the embassy and also her hopelessly infatuated swain, Roddy McDowall. In the process of arranging a party, she meets

musicians Iturbi and Cugat, does some truly extraordinary singing herself and gets involved in some droll romantic monkey business. Supposed to be a fifteen-year-old, singer Powell looks and acts a little more, a point that is minimized as soon as her voice takes over.

The plot is light but sufficiently active to support some breath-taking music; a big bow is given to humorous episodes and to their chief progenitor, capable Roddy McDowall; the whole is full of color, full of interest, full of melody, full of fun.

Your Reviewer Says: This hits a high note.



Murderous mood for Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner in crime drama

✓✓The Killers (Universal)

TAKE a murderous mood, add some strictly Hemingway plot and you have this—a strong action picture that's worth queueing up to see. Producer Mark Hellinger has made a neat job of the blend; he turns out a picture that at moments will make strong men quiver.

Two killers come to a little town at night; one man is murdered. Except for big headlines in the local paper and Hemingway's touch of story-telling, this might have been the end, but as it is, insurance investigator Edmond O'Brien starts digging up some shaking facts. The murdered man is "The Swede," played competently by Burt Lancaster; and what's been in his

past life makes this a film with a future. Ava Gardner plays the old-fashioned moll with a modern touch; she proves herself a gal with the makings of a well-rounded little actress.

You won't relax much during the evening—the action is well timed and the cast perfectly ready to play it out to the hilt. Honors among them are evenly divided; while no one stands out, the unit as a whole comes through with even performances. If you're ready for some good old-fashioned gangster play-acting, you can take this straight.

Your Reviewer Says: A killer-thriller.

(Continued on page 6)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 10

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 159

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 156

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

PARAMOUNT proudly presents RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr.'s
Immortal Classic Of The Seven Seas!

66 TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST 99

Thirsting for adventure
red-blooded mutineers
surge from the pages of the
world's best loved story
of men and ships!

STARRING
ALAN LADD
BRIAN DONLEVY
WILLIAM BENDIX
BARRY FITZGERALD

WITH

Howard da SILVA · Esther FERNANDEZ · Albert DEKKER · Luis VAN ROOTEN · Darryl HICKMAN

Produced by SETON I. MILLER · Directed by JOHN FARROW · Screen Play by Seton I. Miller and George Bruce

✓✓✓ Henry V (Two Cities-UA)

WHAT Maurice Evans has done for Shakespeare on the stage, Laurence Olivier now does on the screen—that is, he brings a brilliant living classic to modern life. In doing it, he not only presents a film that spells top-notch entertainment, but he opens the way for a new type of motion picture, one that will move out of the present restricted Hollywood field and into the sphere of high art.

Producer and director Oliver is also actor in this. He plays Henry V with restraint, with humor, with spirit. His cast is his perfect complement; among them, Renee Asherson, as the bonny Princess Katherine, turns into a standout scene-stealer.

The opening is a play within a play, reproducing for the audience a presentation of "Henry V" in the old Globe Theater in London, complete with the gallants of the stalls, the rowdies of the pits, the raising of the flag, the two-tiered stage. Gradually, the Globe is forgotten and the film moves to France, to a direct account of the great battle of Henry at Agincourt, a battle that will be imprinted forever on the minds of audiences as one of the greatest movie scenes.

Against this perfected background of realistic color, more realistic action, Olivier and his co-workers bring the poetry of Shakespeare to life with perfect cadence and finished diction. The cutting has been done with a genius's shears; the scenes move quickly; the speeches become a living part of a twentieth-century film.

Your Reviewer Says: A masterpiece.

WHO has the jeweled heart pin? That's the big question in this murder mystery stewed up by Universal. Dan Duryea, the husband of slain singer Constance Dowling, doesn't know; John Phillips, the poor fellow who walked in on the corpse, says he saw it; but the police are inclined to think there just wasn't any pin. Sometimes the audience thinks they're having hallucinations, too, especially when suspects start piling up.

The plot is simple: Constance gets murdered; John gets convicted; John's faithful wife, June Vincent, starts pitching. With the help of Dan, who has a "Lost Weekend" touch about him, she gets a job singing in the club of her own private suspect, Peter Lorre. Of course no one recognizes her—even though the murder has been front-page news for weeks. Everything goes along dandy, with things getting more involved by the minute. But both the law and Dan were smarter than you thought, so the right man gets done in after everyone else is practically worn out.

Since the picture revolves around June Vincent, it's too bad she does not carry it more successfully.

Your Reviewer Says: Dark clouds around this angel.

No Leave, No Love (M-G-M)

THE name Van Johnson is enough to make the lines start forming to the left, so they say; but unless the Johnson admirers are strong enough to sit through ninety minutes of bad film and still worship their hero, this picture is going to make everyone, including Van, suffer.

Johnson plays a Marine whose pal Keenan Wynn starts out to promote him. After years in the Pacific they're ready for anything. It's a good thing they are because the script writers have stopped at nothing. Van's on his way back home to marry his girl; Keenan gets him on a radio program and in line with radio star Pat Kirkwood. Van's mama asks Pat to keep Van occupied until she can fly West to break the awful news that Van's girl has gone and married another guy. Van is kept occupied all right—he gets involved with radio tycoon Edward Arnold, a phony Russian countess and a million-dollar banquet. Pie-throwing is indulged in; only in this case, it's cheesecake, but you get the general idea. If Van were half the man the film has him (he's won the Congressional Medal of Honor) he would have stood up and thrown everyone at the camera in the middle of the picture.

Music by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra and anyone else who happens to be around adds to the general mix-up. At one point, Van tells Pat he's going to reveal the whole story. "You better sit down for it," says he. So had you.

Your Reviewer Says: For Johnson worshippers only.

The Invisible Informer (Republic)

A DOG growls menacingly, ominous music swells and presto! There's another body in the bayou. The prop men must have had a wonderful time hanging all that ghostly moss about; the purpose was probably to scare the living daylight out of the audience. But as it is, what with insurance investigators Bill Henry and Linda Stirling making a sorry mess of try-

(Continued on page 8)

Character quiz

by **JOAN CRAWFORD**

Winner of 1945 Academy Award

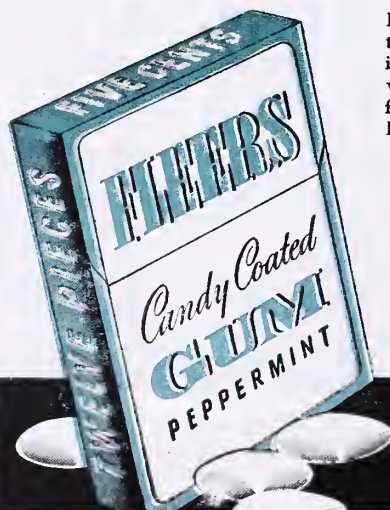


Star of "Humoresque," A Warner Brothers Picture

(1) Do you make snide cracks about folks of other races, creeds or colors? (2) Do you get the facts before you form opinions? (3) Do you give others credit for having good intentions, too? (4) Do you do something to help correct the things you think are wrong with the world?—If your answers are No-Yes-Yes-Yes, you're a solid citizen, and America needs more like you.

Joan's little quiz is one of a series presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.

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ADVENTURE WITHOUT PARALLEL!



THE MOMENT HE
FELL IN LOVE WAS
HIS MOMENT OF
GREATEST DANGER!

Gary Cooper

IN

"CLOAK AND DAGGER"



The Picture that introduces
LILLI PALMER

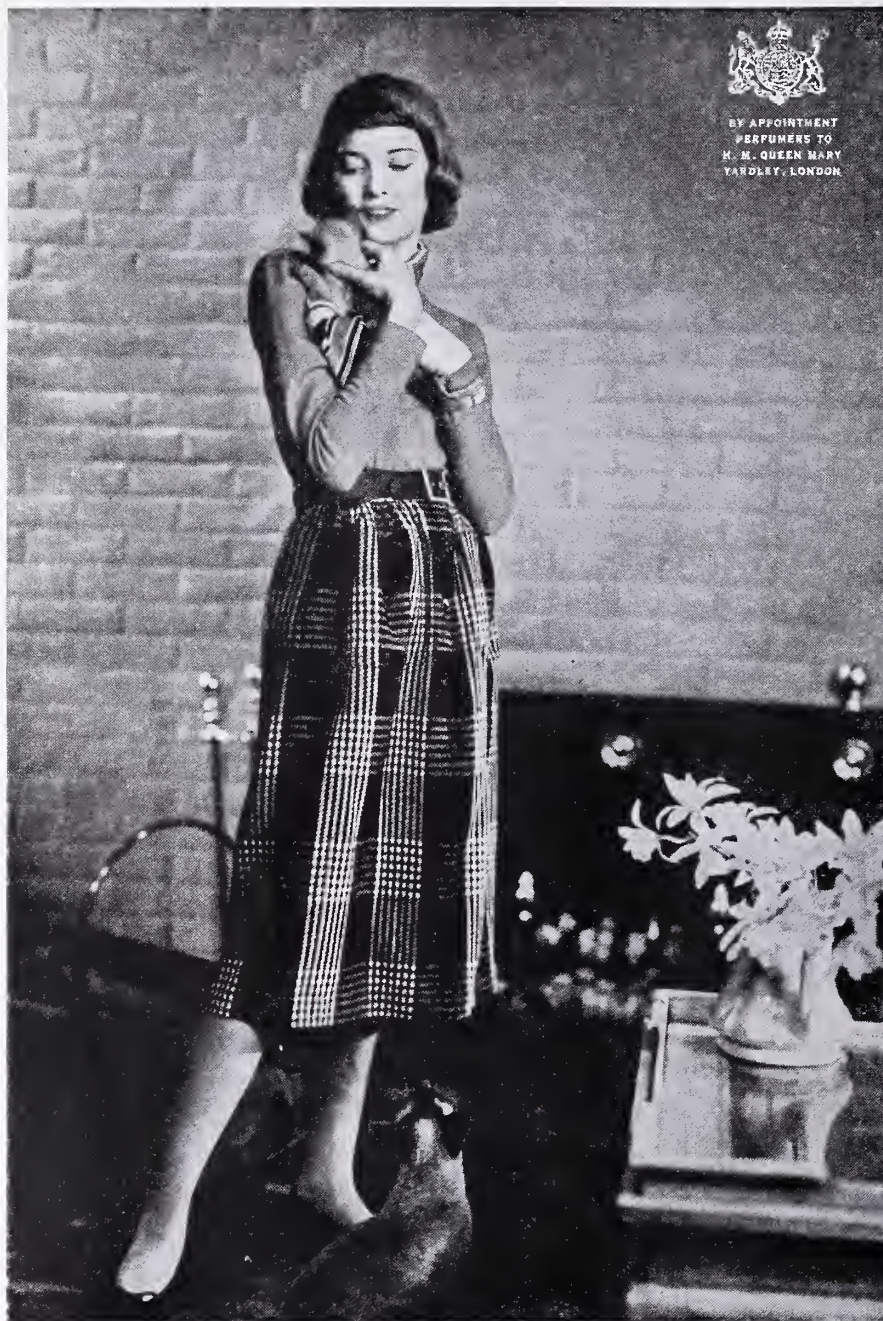
WITH **ROBERT ALDA**

DIRECTED BY **FRITZ LANG** • PRODUCED BY **MILTON SPERLING**

SCREEN PLAY BY ALBERT MALTZ AND RING LARDNER, JR. ORIGINAL STORY BY BORIS INGSTER
AND JOHN LARKIN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

PRODUCED BY UNITED STATES PICTURES FOR WARNER BROS.





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Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets, \$1.



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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

(Continued from page 6)

ing to discover whether the *Baylors'* emerald necklace really was stolen, the gross total of all this is boredom.

The *Baylors* are an old Southern family living on a gloomy old plantation with a bog that's a grand hiding place for bodies and a dog that bares his teeth every few minutes. This, as you can see, is a ready-made setup for villains and the same have a dandy time doing dirty work.

Linda and Bill are just helpless before them; someone else obviously should have been given the job.

Your Reviewer Says: Somebody had a bad dream.

G.I. War Brides (Republic)

THERE is one adjective that is sure to be tagged to this—and that is "timely." The film starts off on a nice fresh angle—British war brides and their babies sail from England to a new life in America. Among them is a stowaway, Anna Lee, anxious to get to San Francisco where a romantic captain, William Henry, waits to marry her—or so she thinks.

Carol Savage is a young lady with handsome husband James Ellison waiting for her in California, too, but she's not quite so anxious to get to him. So she hands over all her credentials to Anna, who sails blissfully off with the brides and babies. Since there's a suspicious reporter trailing her, she puts everything into her reunion with her supposed and somewhat bewildered husband. In fact, she puts so much into it—well, you've guessed what happens.

This is a spotty film—an attention-getter in some parts, a deadhead in others. But you won't feel cheated if you happen to line up to see it.

Your Reviewer Says: All right for a fill-in.

Step by Step (RKO)

STEP by step, this gets more and more implausible. A great big haunted-looking house is the scene for mysterious goings-on, such as the disappearance of a blonde, the impersonation of a senator by a bad man and a corpse on the sofa. Everything is covered with dust, including the plot: Laurence Tierney, driving along the highway, spots the blonde, Anne Jeffreys, taking a swim, traces her to the house, finds her not and, being a most discerning fellow, feels in his handsome bones that something is amiss.

He's right, of course—a gang of crooks is trying to get a list of names important

(Continued on page 10)



Coming your way soon, Paul Muni and Anne Baxter in "Angel on My Shoulder"



EVELYN KEYES

ANN MILLER

KEENAN WYNN

ALLYN JOSLYN

TITO GUIZAR

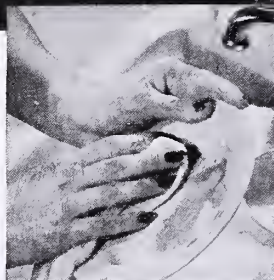
ERIC MADRIGUERA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

ERIC MADRIGUERA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



Screenplay by Allan Kirklin, Harry Clark and Devery Freeman - Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON - Produced by SIDNEY BIDDELL

"Tenderly she touched all things—
with *Soft Hands*, pale
as dove's white wings"

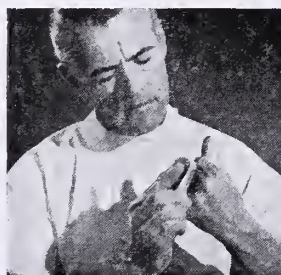


Hands that rule the dishpan can still rule hearts as well!

Is daily dishwashing giving your hands a "scrub-woman" look? Get yourself a jar of Pacquins Hand Cream. This snow-white, fragrant cream helps keep hands happy... softer, whiter.

First made for the special needs of Doctors and Nurses —

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot, soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. So they need more than just an ordinary preparation to help combat dryness and roughness. Pacquins, first formulated for doctors and nurses, is *super-rich* in skin-softening ingredients.



Pacquins
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(Continued from page 8)

to the government and they get very angry when Laurence manages to mix himself up in their evil doings. The law thinks Laurence and Anne are guilty and this is where the pretty pair's big mistake occurs. Instead of going directly to the police and clearing themselves in logical fashion, they evade the law, which lands them in all sorts of exciting trouble.

Your Reviewer Says: Step aside from this.

Blonde for a Day (PRC)

THERE'S a lily-white hand with a big ring; then there's a shot; then there's a murder. Enter *Michael Shayne*, private detective, carrying on with his peanut-chewing and his mystery-solving in whimsical fashion. This time he's looking for a blonde who's methodically killing off some chaps who have won money at the gaming tables.

This search leads him right into a nest of crooked gamblers, tough-talking trigger men and fast-talking blackmailers. Hugh Beaumont, as *Shayne*, is helped along by his *Girl Friday*, Kathryn Adams.

In the end, of course, he finds the blonde and gives her to the police. If you happen to be a *Michael Shayne* addict you may not mind viewing these proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: The least of the Shaynes.

If I'm Lucky (20th Century-Fox)

IF THE trumpet of Harry James and the songs of Perry Como "send" you, you can risk seeing this and probably not have too bad a time. But if you're cold to crooners, just let it pass by.

James plays a bandleader; Vivian Blaine a singer; Como a guy who just wants to be with a band. He gets there via his song, "If I'm Lucky." Not only does he have a hit on his hands, but he finds himself running for governor. His backers are crooked, of course, just using him as the proverbial tool of their organization, but Perry is such a good boy and so in love with Vivian he doesn't catch on until it's too late. But when he does—well, give us more politicians like Perry.

Carmen Miranda struts plenty of her stuff and the music is right there all the while, providing it's for you.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't try your luck too far.

(Continued on page 154)

Best Pictures of the Month

Henry V

Holiday in Mexico

The Jolson Story

The Killers

Cloak and Dagger

Best Performances

Laurence Olivier, Renee Asberson
in "*Henry V*"

Roddy McDowall, Jane Powell
in "*Holiday in Mexico*"

Larry Parks in
"*The Jolson Story*"

This Woman

FOUND WHAT EVERY WOMAN SEEKS!



*... She discovered the secret of true happiness;
found it in bringing hope and help to the helpless!*

Never has the screen known greater,
deeper, more stirring drama than this
TRUE STORY of the nurse who turned
her back on all that most women
hold dear ... to write in glorious
deeds one of the most
moving and exciting
chapters in all human
experience!



ROSALIND RUSSELL · ALEXANDER KNOX

in
Sister Kenny

with

**DEAN JAGGER · PHILIP MERIVALE · BEULAH BONDI
CHARLES DINGLE** · Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

Screenplay by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy





Wheelchair

Wonderful day for wounded vets

All aboard—with beauties Esther Williams, Laraine Day and Bunny Waters steering three vets. Boat took off from Malibu pier, was one of trips sponsored by business men—this one was arranged by Harry Karl, shoe manufacturer

Guest of honor Susan Peters was right there to contribute her share of fishing and fun! Vets are from Birmingham General Hospital, Van Nuys



ALL THE YOUTH AND LOVE, WARMTH AND WONDER OF

*You'll
remember*

MARGIE

THESE WERE THE DAYS! MARGIE IS THE GIRL! THIS IS

Fishermen

with stars, big fish, smooth seas—



Center of attraction—the live bait in the center of the deck. The biggest fish caught—a ten pound halibut—won veteran Frederick Smead a ten-dollar prize donated by the skipper. The boys, Susan, all agreed, it was a day they'll never forget

Chow time is interrupted for Stanley Den Adel by Esther Williams. First halibut caught was fried on board. Mocambo supplied rest of food

AMERICA'S HEY! HEY! DAY!

Darryl F. Zanuck

presents

JEANNE CRAIN

MARGIE

IN TECHNICOLOR

GLENN LYNN ALAN

LANGAN · BARI · YOUNG

BARBARA LAWRENCE · CONRAD JANIS · ESTHER DALE

Directed by

HENRY KING ·

Produced by

WALTER MOROSCO

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by F. Hugh Herbert

Based on Stories by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten

THE PICTURE!



*as long
as you
love!*

Fan fair—Jennifer Jones chats with George Cukor at Gene Tierney's gorgeous party



Hoagy Carmichael (right) tunes in on Rex Harrison's, Sonja Henie's party



Spotted: Rita Hayworth was reported too ill to make a Hollywood Bowl appearance but the real truth is, she was too frightened and nervous to speak before so many people. That very night she startled diners at Romanoff's by appearing on the arm of Orson Welles and this was the first hint the town had of a reconciliation's being in the wind. The hint became a full-blown fact when Rita and Orson told their closest friends that they were going to give their marriage another try. Nobody's taking any bets that this will take, but give them a hand for trying.

A letter to Cal from Turhan Bey reveals the actor is on his way home after an overseas stretch all over the Pacific in the Special Service Division of the Army. And what's more—the actor will report back to Universal for his first post-service picture in November. His heart, incidentally, is free.

Cornel Wilde is so devoted to his Pat, he has taken over the job as his wife's agent. If the elaborate test Cornel arranged and supervised for her at Twentieth does not result in "The Black Rose" lead, Cornel confides he will arrange to have the studio loan his wife out for a picture. After "A Song to Remember" for Columbia, Cornel knows the value of a loan-out deal.

June Allyson's illness that held up "High Barbaree" was due to the fact the little star didn't feel her role in "Green Dolphin Street" big enough and the studio's "high pressure" methods "wore her out." So beauteous Donna Reed may step into one of the best roles of the year—co-starring or no co-starring billing.

Party Parley: This was party month in Hollywood with Cal spinning from one to another like a whirling dervish. Perhaps the most spectacularly beautiful affair was given

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photographs by
Fink and Smith



Tres gay duo—Lana Turner, turning heads with her new brown hair, and Bob Hutton at Cabana Club opening



Night and day gaiety—Alexis Smith and husband Craig Stevens at "Night and Day" premiere

in the enormous gardens of Kay Williams and her husband Adolph Spreckels with stars galore in attendance. Joan Crawford, after another spat with Greg Bautzer, came with Fred de Cordova of Warner Brothers. Bob Hutton staged it, but Lana joined him later after her stint at the Bowl. Van Johnson spent most of the evening with the Gary Coopers. Naturally the Wynns were in attendance.

Dancing under the great green canopy were Tyrone and Annabella; Hoagy Carmichael executing a fandango step with Roz Russell; Joan Fontaine and her groom, Bill Dozier; the John Waynes; and Richard Ney without Greer Garson, dancing every dance. Crawford confided that after a visit to New York, she's taking herself off to South America for a rest. Vision the Latins permitting la Crawford to rest!

Head man Louie B. Mayer of M-G-M again proved

himself the best dancer on the floor and from the way he admired the very lovely Patricia Morison, don't be surprised if she lands an M-G-M contract. Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, both tanned from golf and swimming, had dinner with George Burns and Gracie Allen at one of the beautiful flower-decked tables that surrounded the garden dance floor.

Another important event from the glamour standpoint was Sonja Henie's soiree. Sonja, who has been doing everything in a big way for the past couple of years, took over the Crillon Restaurant, which is strictly for dining—and had a tiny dance floor put down in front of the small bar. The place was jammed—but nobody minded the crush, it was so very gay. Lana Turner, pounds overweight, was "wearing" her new light brown hair out in public for the first time—and it's very becoming and softening to her (Continued on page 16)

MARY ANDERSON

Appearing in
"Ta Each
His Own,"
a Paramount
Production.



How to Make Your Hair Lovelier

GOLDEN GLINT will bring out the true color beauty of your hair without changing the shade by adding a "tiny tint" of contrasting color which overcomes dullness and yet doesn't show. It brings out the full, rich beauty of your natural shade just as a touch of bluing makes dingy linen snowy white.

Your choice of 12 shades, one of which should be just right to emphasize the sparkling highlights and colorful undertones in your individual shade.

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| 2. Dark Copper | 6. Silver | 10. Dark Auburn |
| 3. Sable Brown | 7. Titian Blonde | 11. Light Auburn |
| 4. Golden Brown | 8. Golden Blonde | 12. Lustre Glint |

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Registering happiness:
Newlyweds Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier
at the Cabana Club

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 15) after that mop of white she's been carrying around for so long. Sonja managed to be a perfect hostess and find time to coo all evening with Stuart Barthelme too. These two get off in a corner no matter where they are and seem to be oblivious to the fact that there's even a party going on! Van Johnson and Cary Grant (with Betty Hensel) were there—and both, you know, are ex-beaus of Sonja's. (See the pictures on page 26.) Sonja said this was her "small party." The big one that she gives on the grounds of her home in Holmby Hills will be along in a few weeks. And know what? She and Stu spent the entire afternoon before the party at the restaurant, *tasting* everything that was to be served. That gal really works for fun!

Gene Tierney played hostess to about two hundred for what she said was the first really big formal party she's ever given—and she was so glad to be returning all the hospitality that just about everyone at the soiree had shown her during her years here. Gene had just the top of a tent strung over her

big terrace—because the night was balmy. A big dance floor and a small band kept things hot until about five A.M. Good thing the party was outdoors—because there is practically no furniture in the house yet—the living room, for instance, is absolutely bare except for the wallpaper, an antique mirror and two chairs that Gene's already chosen via her decorator. She takes weeks and weeks to make up her mind about anything she wants to put into her new dream house—and then she changes it! Her mind, we mean!

Lots of people were gossiping Linda Darnell and the Tierney into a big "feud" because Linda snagged the *Amber* role that Gene had her heart set on. But were the gabbers faces red when Linda walked into Gene's party! So that ended that! Linda is about twenty pounds too heavy—and it all showed that night—her gown being white, no less—and trimmed with sequins. But she'll diet before starting *Amber*. There were more stags than we've seen for years—and not enough unattached femmes to go around!

(Continued on page 18)

Also Cabana Clubbing—Ty Power and wife Annabella



Lady with a Lamp (1946 Version)

● The pages of medical history during the last century glow with the names of great women. Florence Nightingale, the "lady with the lamp"...Elizabeth Blackwell, first American woman to be given the proud degree M.D.... Drs. Mary Purnam Jacobi... Jane Viola Meyers... Anna Broomall... the list is long. And brilliant.

In America today, thanks to the spirit of these pioneers, 7,250 women doctors carry the lamps they lighted ever further along the path of human service.



*According
to a recent
Nationwide
survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

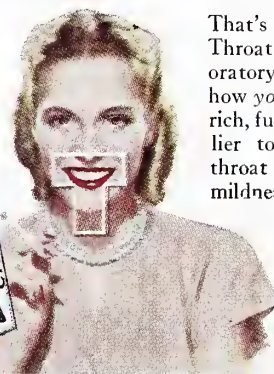
● Men and women in every branch of medicine — 113,597 in all — were queried in this nationwide study of cigarette preference. Three leading research organizations made the survey. The gist of the query was—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

The brand named most was Camel!

The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos seem to have won the same favor in medical circles as with millions of smokers the world around. Try Camels now.



TRY CAMELS ON YOUR "T-ZONE"



That's T for Taste and T for Throat...the most critical "laboratory" for any cigarette. See how *your* taste responds to the rich, full flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. See how *your* throat reacts to Camel's cool mildness. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Powers Models

famous for their glossy-bright hair—
use this amazing hard-water shampoo



Natalie—beautiful Powers Model, whose soft silken hair sets men's hearts aflutter—"glamour-bathes" her hair twice weekly with Kreml Shampoo

Especially developed to bring out all the hair's natural sparkling beauty and rich lustre

Many Powers Models make up to \$25,000 a year. BEAUTY is these girls' business. And Powers Models were among the first to discover the truly remarkably beautifying qualities of Kreml Shampoo.

Marvelous for Shampooing Hair even in hardest water

Kreml Shampoo has been especially developed not only to thoroughly cleanse hair and scalp of dirt, grease and dandruff flakes—but it actually brings out ALL the hair's natural shining highlights and leaves it sparkling with silken-sheen beauty that lasts for days.

Never dries the hair

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess soapy residue. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals to dry the hair. Instead—it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle.

Notice how much softer, silkier your hair is even after the first shampoo—how it glows with glorious natural highlights you never dreamed your hair had. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

The largest-selling shampoo with a beneficial oil base

KREML SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

How to fix the attractive hair-do above



First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo to bring out all its natural glossy lustre. Set hair in pin curls as indicated.



Take down pin curls. Roll hair over finger in separate puffs. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair more pliable—so ready to fall in place.



Finish rolling hair in puffs at side. Secure with bobby pins or hair pins. Kreml Shampoo is unsurpassed for every type, color and texture of hair.

INSIDE STUFF

Blissfully Noted: There is no glass in the upstairs windows and the plumbing in the new bathroom hasn't been connected but John Hodiak and Anne Baxter are just as happy as if John had a place to put his shirts, besides the top shelf in Anne's dressing table.

After their wedding at Anne's parents' home in Burlingame, California, the couple drove to Colorado Springs for a honeymoon. Exploring the mountain roads near the town they sighted a rustic cabin that bore a sign, "Hot Coffee." The woman who served them recognized them instantly and apologized sweetly for her nervousness at serving movie stars. It turned out the server was a writer, Erma Davis, who writes for Redbook and other publications, and her husband a painter of some renown. The Hodiaks and the Davises became such good friends, John and Anne moved into a guest cabin on their place and here far away in the Colorado mountains, Anne cooked John his first meal. It was good, too, John proudly claims.

As a token of friendship Anne gave one of the Davis children her gold bracelet with the little gold hearts attached. And someday when they finally do get glass in their windows and the new plumbing adjusted in their Beverly Hills home, the Hodiaks hope to have the Davises for a visit.

Romance Lane: Dave Rose has become so interested in June Haver's musical talent (as well as her beauty) he's making an orchestration of one of her concertos . . . Clark Gable and the very social Millicent Rogers of New York dining at the swanky spots and keeping the natives agog . . . Lew Ayres beaung about Nan Martin, a lovely Adrian model . . . Bob Stack recovered from Evelyn Keyes's unexpected elopement with John Huston all because socialite Ann Langendorf appeared on the scene at the right moment . . . Van Johnson, who is always in the company of the Keenan Wynns and Peter Lawford, seems not to mind in the least that Sonja Henie is concentrating on young (and we do mean young) Stewart Barthelmess . . . And something tells Cal Georgie Jessel still carries a torch for ex-wife Lois Andrews or why else does he always seek out her company?

Hereabouts: No one in Hollywood knew it but Rita Hayworth's only daughter Rebecca was critically ill for a week. Rita refused to budge from the baby's side until the crisis was past. Hollywood wonders with Orson Welles back in town how Rita's romance with Tony Martin will progress . . . The new drab brown hair shade worn by Lana Turner for "Green Dolphin Street" is so much more becoming than the platinum shade, Lana may continue to wear it. The only catch is the fans fail to recognize Lana at premieres and public places and howl like fury when they discover their dream girl has passed unnoticed.

CUTEX



Red Flannel

**WONDERFUL WINTER SPARKLE
FOR YOUR NAILS**

Young America loves . . . skiing . . . casual clothes . . . and Cutex! Exciting as a downhill run—the new Cutex “Red Flannel.” Clear, brilliant color that brings a sun-on-snow sparkle to your pretty fingertips! And, in winter after dark—wear beautiful, new Cutex “Deep Velvet!” Try these two new fashion shades for easier application and better wear than you ever thought possible! No wonder Young America has a crush on Cutex.

Hollywood's Sensational NEW Lipstick

Introducing a new kind of Lip Make-Up...

so S-M-O-O-T-H it gives your lips a lovely new allure!

FOR YOU, *Max Factor Hollywood* again creates something completely new and utterly different in make-up. Three lipstick reds for your type... Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red... correct for your colorings and correct for fashion. Think of it!... three exciting shades for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. These new exclusive reds are based on a new exclusive formula discovered and perfected by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Note the chart below. See for yourself the shades recommended for your type... then try this new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick today. See and feel the thrilling difference. In a modern-design metal case, \$1.00

New kind of lip make-up...oh! so s-m-o-o-t-h
New original formula does not dry the lips
The color stays on until you take it off

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in
"SINBAD THE SAILOR"
An
RKO-Radio Technicolor Picture

THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE



CLEAR RED



BLUE RED



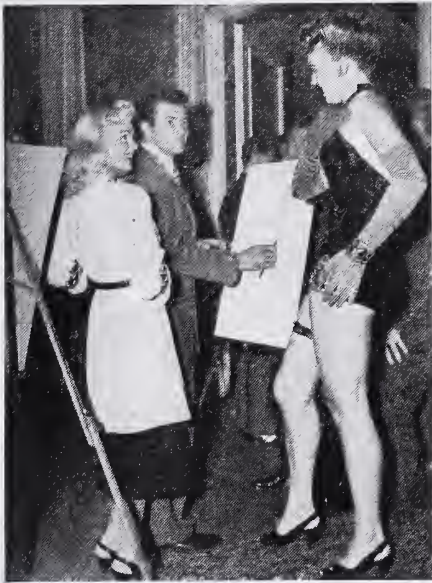
ROSE RED

BLONDES	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

A NEW RAINBOW OF LIPSTICK REDS...

*Max Factor * Hollywood*

INSIDE STUFF



Sketched at the Esquire Artist party—Pat Wilde approves Cornel's model line

(Continued from page 18)

Nuptially Speaking: Diana Lynn returned from New York with some beautiful bits of finery for her trousseau. Diana plans to wed Henry Willson in January after she completes her role in "Little Women." Her best friend Gail Russell may not wait that long to wed Guy Madison. In fact, Gail has confided to friends that she and Guy will elope when they marry, as neither one of them wants a fussy wedding.

Recently Guy presented Gail with a gold bracelet with a gold heart attached. "Have whatever you think would be appropriate engraved on the heart," Guy told her. Gail insisted that the little word "Tiffany" was all the engraving she needed to render the gift a priceless possession. Plus, of course the implication in the attached heart.

Wishing to return the compliment Gail purchased a blond cocker puppy as a gift for Guy. It was several days before Guy could claim the puppy and one look at Gail's face told Guy it was too late—she'd become too attached to the dog. So Guy pretended to "persuade" Gail to keep the pup and she couldn't have been happier. A week later she purchased the mate for her blond boy friend.

Ford Facts: It had been several weeks since we'd heard from our friends Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell so we gave their telephone a quick jingle and heard Glenn's familiar voice on the other end of the wire. "Hi," he said, "I was out in the garden teaching my son to fish." He explained then that he'd rigged up a tiny pole for his fifteen-months-old Peter and was teaching him to cast into the garden pool. "What's Eleanor think of all



But a honey color
won't keep you winter-sweet!

YOU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but—winter or summer—you still

need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

→ better because it's Safe

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

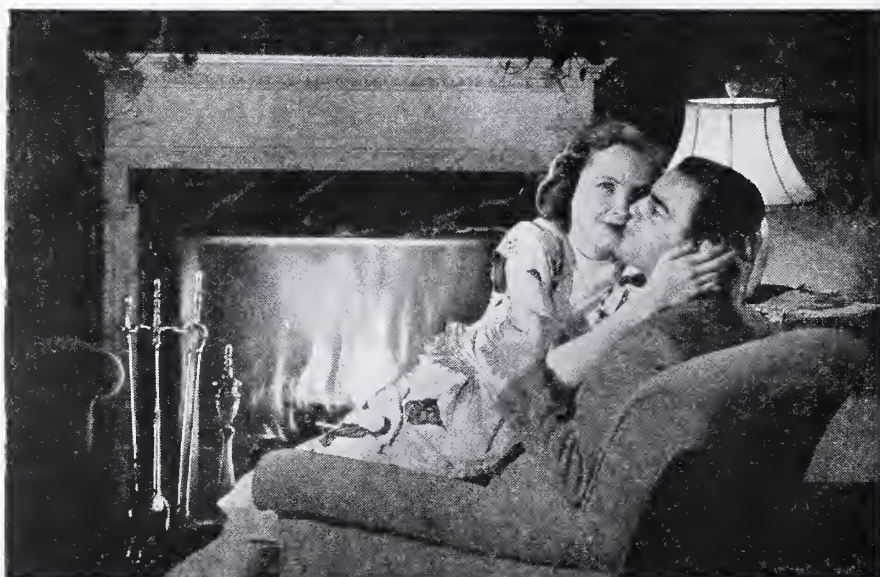
For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



"Romance was flickering out..."

Cinders, ashes and dust—that was the cold, gray feeling in my heart as I saw my married happiness dying out. I didn't know it was *my* fault, with my frequent neglect of femi-

nine hygiene. But my doctor told me that mere *once-in-awhile* care had wrecked many a marriage. He said to get "Lysol" brand disinfectant and use it—always—in the douche.



"I brought the flame to life"

Such warm, glowing happiness in our marriage, since I took my doctor's advice to heart. I never neglect feminine hygiene now... always use "Lysol" for douching. Salt, soda

and other homemade solutions can't compare with this proved *germ killer*! And "Lysol" is so thorough yet gentle. It *really works*—and it's both easy and economical to use!

**Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene
... for 6 reasons**

Reason No. 3: POWERFUL, EFFICIENT CLEANSER ... "Lysol's" great spreading power enables it to reach deeply into folds and crevices, to search out germs.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution ... always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

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300 US PER OZ Brand Disinfectant

INSIDE STUFF



Guest-appearing at "Anna and the King of Siam" premiere—Mark Stevens and wife

this?" we asked. "She doesn't know it," Glenn laughed. "She's out shopping."

Tale of the Hat: Turning the pages of a fashion magazine, Barbara Stanwyck spied a hat that instantly held her interest... Now we all know there is nothing unusual in a woman's falling for a pretty hat but what makes this little episode unusual is that Barbara doesn't like hats, never buys or wears one. Even in pictures Barbara always tries to avoid wearing hats and when she must wear one, she won't even cast a second glance at herself in the mirror before facing the camera. Well, she fell so hard for this chapeau she secretly sent for it and, waiting until the moment arrived to wear it, she told husband Bob Taylor to be prepared for a surprise. Tenderly placing the hat on a chair in the dressing room she went to the bedroom to pat her hair in place and when she returned, there lay the beloved hat on the floor, a tattered wreck. From behind the chair the Stanwyck pooch peeped out guiltily.

"Where's the surprise?" Bob asked a few minutes later.

"I'm not wearing a hat and don't look so confused," Barbara said. "I almost wore one." Bob still looked stumped an hour later.

Tapping a Newcomer: When a lad named Gene Nelson sails on tapping feet through the film, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," remember this story behind the boy. Gene, it seems, was an ice skater in the chorus of Sonja Henie's pictures when he decided to take off his skates and dance minus blades. A mere

(Continued on page 24)

Which is Worse?

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE OR LOVE WITHOUT MARRIAGE?



AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love him.

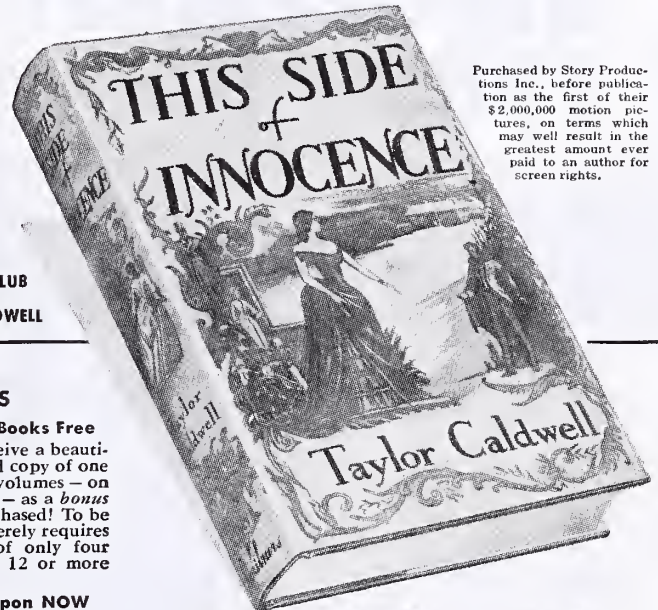
His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." Here is a novel that reached the very top of Best-Seller lists within a month after publication! Price, in the publisher's edition, \$3.00, but now offered FREE to new members of the Literary Guild Book Club.

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**AND NOW...
HIS GREATEST
TRIUMPH!**

PAUL MUNI

... as the great and terrible Eddie Kagle, Killer ...
who was too mean to live — and too tough to die!

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 22)

stock contract at Twentieth was the best he could wangle and so for a year Gene danced in chorus numbers unnoticed by the studio. But one night at a benefit June Haver saw the boy dance and complimented him to such an extent that the youth, about to give up, decided to stick it out.

Several months later June noticed a lad sent over to the set of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" to teach Mark Stevens several dance routines and recognized the dancer she'd praised before. Gene almost wept when June said she did indeed remember him and what's more she spoke so highly of him to the bosses, he now has three featured numbers in the picture.

Young People: Dinner at Kurt Kreuger's hilltop home, with the lights below glittering like diamonds and the azure swimming pool reflecting the moonlight, reminds again that movie sets are not really exaggerated when it comes to beauty. It's found here in Hollywood every day. Dining on Kurt's patio, the conversation of the guests also reminded us that the town is full of eager young working people anxious to make good in their jobs and meeting frustrations like every other group of young hopefuls.

24 Richard Derr, for instance, had re-



Cue-line for laughter. Betty Hensel regales Jimmy Stewart with the latest laugh-yarn at Anita Colby's Conover party, gay get-together at the Beverly Hills Hotel

turned after three years in the Civil Air Transport flying between Brazil and Africa and had just finished a splendid role with Claudette Colbert in "The Secret Heart" when suddenly he was summoned before his draft board for a physical examination. Those three years of hazardous work mean nothing, it seems, and it looks as if Dick

may once more be back in the fold.

Oliver Thorndyke was taken from a successful stage career in New York, signed by De Mille and placed in the role of the blind boy in "Doctor Was-sell." That was two years ago and Oliver has been given nothing since. As he and Buff Cobb said, "How do people in pictures get into pictures?"

INSIDE STUFF

cheerful group of young people determined to stick it out and wait for the clouds to clear.

Shorts: Dotty Lamour will be wearing the last gasp in hats—and a lot of 'em in "My Favorite Brunette." Now that she's only working with Bob Hope, minus Crosby in this one, she only aches half as much from laughing when she gets home nights . . . Bill Eythe writes his pals from London that he's been having a lot of fun with Reggie Gardiner's sister . . . Hurd Hatfield was not so lucky as Bill who is finishing a British picture. Hurd went to France to do a film that was called off after he got there because of production difficulties . . . David Niven cut his vacation in Rhode Island short to come back and play the lead with Barbara Stanwyck in "The Other Love." And his best pal, Bob Coote, always cast as a comic, is having his first sympathetic role in Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s first production, "The Exile" . . . Peggy Cummins went to Atwater Kent's party with Charles Russell—that's pretty steady dating now . . . Marsha Hunt waited for months to get her first swimming pool finished. And the day it was completed, she had to leave for New York to star in "Carnegie Hall" which is being made right on the premises.



mesakes: Model Marle Hayden and actor Sterling Hayden, who have more than
r last names in common, add zest to marriage rumors, dining arm in arm at Ciro's

Andrea King, her blonde hair worn a simple knot, had returned from a New York vacation still on suspension for her disagreement over "Stallion and." "Shadow of a Woman," which made almost two years ago, still awaits release.
handsome Carl Esmond was beginning the fact he plays only un-

realistic villains these days and no one will remember him as a personable leading man. The host had learned only that day his studio had refused to loan him for a Paulette Goddard film and a New York stage play, although his last picture was "Dark Corner," released months ago.
But for all this, you never met a more

ANNE BAXTER
... at her fascinating best as
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ANNE BAXTER
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Gala and glittering—Sonja Henie's Crillon party. (Above) Sonja chats with Van Johnson, ex-beau, while current beau, Stewart Barthelmess, listens . . . and (left) with Ty Power, long-ago heartbeat



Spotlighted — Van Johnson greets Photo-play's beautiful Beauty Editor, Anita Colby

Sophisticated twosome—Count Oleg Cassini and wife Gene Tierney take in Henie event



Jean Pierre Aumont and his exotic Maria Montez, noted. Sonja, famed for her parties, arranged for the perfect menus and for dancing
(Continued on page 28)

Two strikes against her

PRETTY CUTE TRICK, this Emma-Jean. Under ordinary conditions the boys would be tumbling over themselves paying her court.

But tonight she's got two strikes against her. She's getting no place fast. And she, herself, would be the last to guess the reason why.* That's one course they didn't teach her at college.

You Never Know

Unfortunately you, yourself, may not be aware when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).* The very night you think you are at your best you may be at your worst. You've got two strikes against you from the start.

Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution against off-color breath? Isn't it just common sense to be ever on guard?

Before any date where you want to be at your best rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. So many fastidious people, popular people, never, never omit this first-aid to charm.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

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4 Beauty Treatments

THAT SPARE YOU AND
SPARKLE UP YOUR HOME



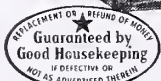
1. Furniture appreciates a facial as much as you do—to keep it beautiful! A daily treatment with famous O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish gives grand results. And it's easy. Just pour a little on a dampened cloth and do your dusting with it. This *triple-acting* polish cleans, shines and *protects*—all at the same time!

2. Give floors a "quickie" by putting a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on your O-Cedar mop. Keeps dust down, cleans with a gleam—whether your floors are painted or varnished or waxed. Cleans, polishes and protects all at the same time, too, just as it does on furniture!



3. Try this same All-Purpose gleamer on water spots and minor scratches. It's grand for sticky smudges, too—leaves a dry, gleaming finish that's a beauty to behold! (For deeper rings and scratches, try O-Cedar Touch-up Polish.) O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish is used in more homes than any other brand.

4. Hint for woodwork: Try adding a little O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to your cleaning water, together with your favorite soap or cleaner. Removes fingerprints and grease like a breeze—leaves a lovely luster which helps protect the paint. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."



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O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

INSIDE STUFF



She's a big girl now! Elizabeth Taylor and parents at a recent premiere

(Continued from page 26)

Lund in Luck: John Lund, the dashing hero of "To Each His Own," was downcast when Paramount suddenly shelved plans to make "The Wayfarers"—it meant a starring break for him with Veronica Lake and Eddie Robinson. But the powers considered the plot too gloomy. But hang on—couple of days later Lund was handed the plum role in "Blaze of Noon," the Ernest Gann novel, which will be a super-special—so not only his future, but his grin, is bright again.

South America—Take It Away: A few days before his take-off for Mexico, Central and South America, Tyrone Power dashed over to pick up Cal for a spot of lunch. Because we were both in old clothes, we stopped at a drive-in for a sandwich and farewell chat.

Just that morning he'd received pictures of the plane he will pilot himself—and very beautiful it is. Ty will pilot the two-motored Beechcraft plane in company with co-pilot and navigator John Jeffreys. Publicist Jim Denton, Ty's secretary Bill Gallagher, and actor friend Cesar Romero will accompany him on his two months' tour.

We both howled over the prospect of Casanova Cesar with those beautiful Chilean girls. "Since Cesar speaks Spanish fluently and I don't know a word of it, I'll never know just what is going on," Ty laughed.

Annabella left for Europe after Ty's departure, but expects to be here to greet him on his return.

(Continued on page 33)

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Walt Disney
presents

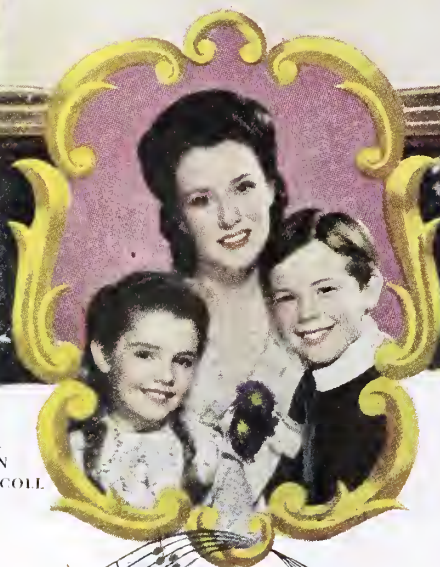
AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

SONG OF THE SOUTH

*His first live-action feature... a great musical drama
in Technicolor including animated tales of*

UNCLE REMUS

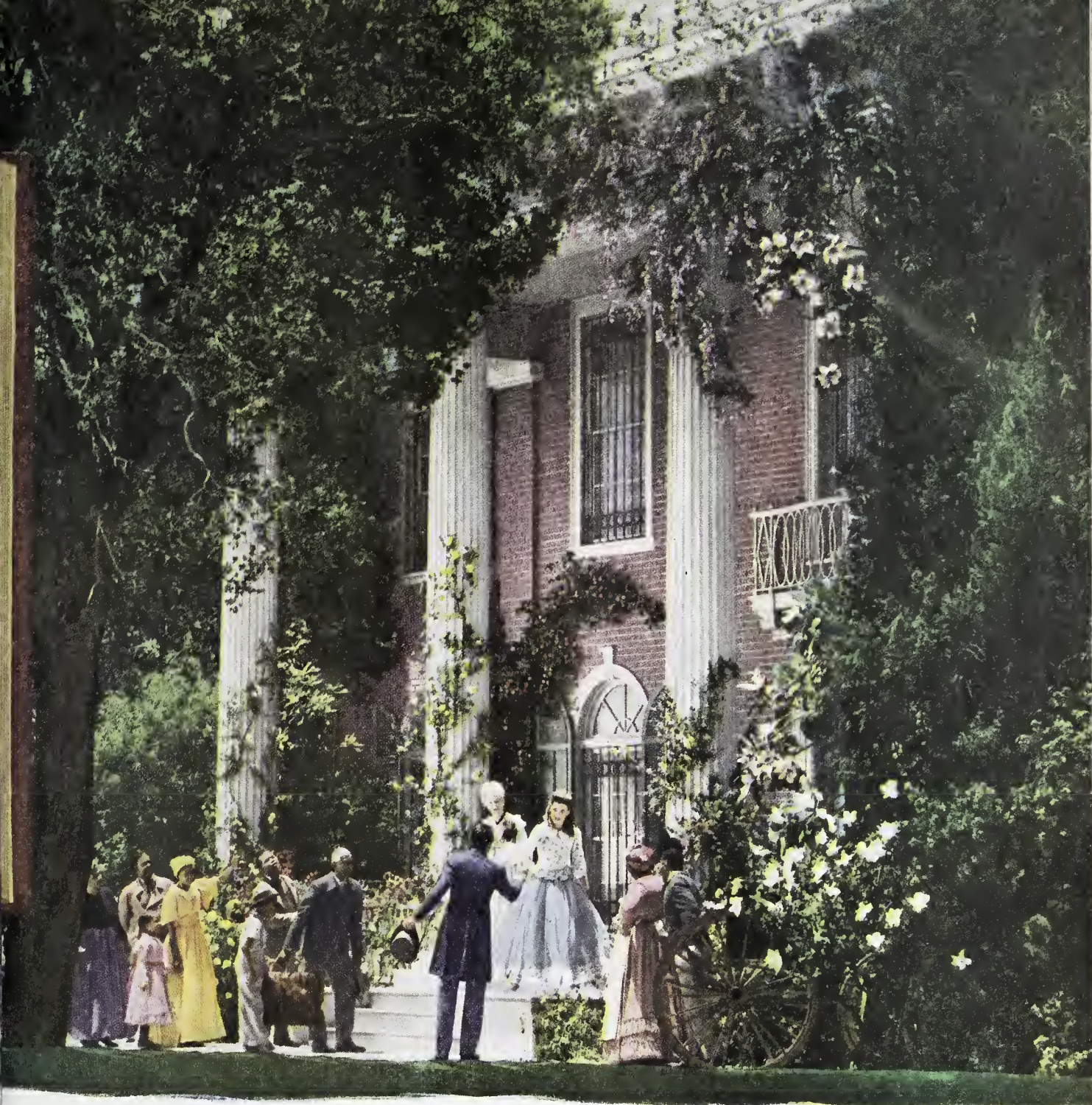
RUTH WARRICK
LUANA PATTEN
BOBBY DRISCOLL



What this new Disney musical drama is like:

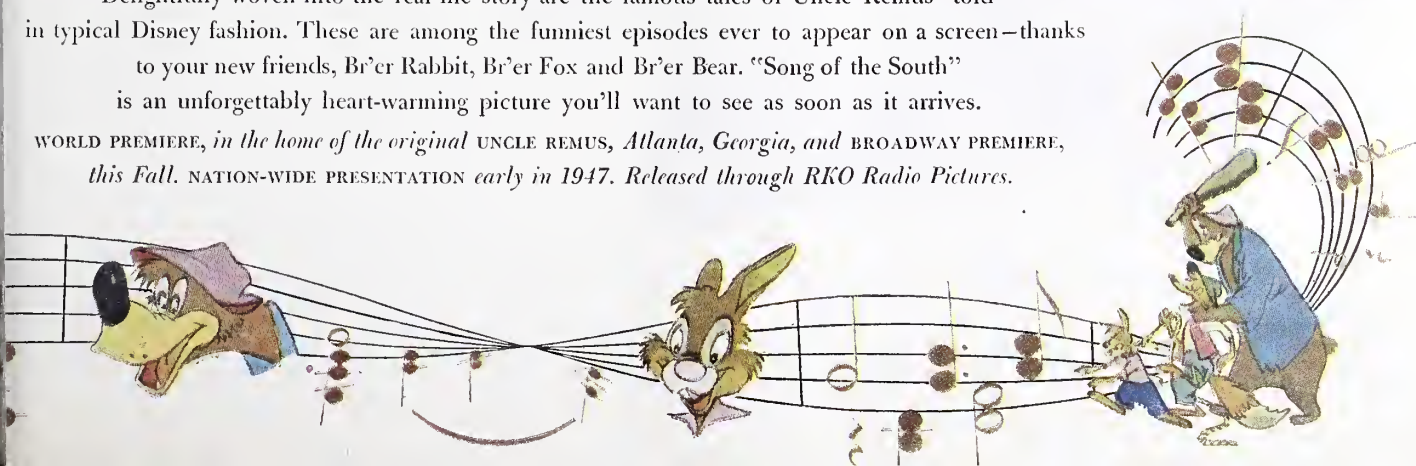
For the first time Walt Disney turns his talents to the creation of a romantic live-action picture. Photographed in Technicolor, it's a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and a host of others—you'll hear 10 new song hits, including "Everybody's Got a Laughing Place."





Delightfully woven into the real-life story are the famous tales of Uncle Remus—told in typical Disney fashion. These are among the funniest episodes ever to appear on a screen—thanks to your new friends, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear. "Song of the South" is an unforgettably heart-warming picture you'll want to see as soon as it arrives.

WORLD PREMIERE, in the home of the original UNCLE REMUS, Atlanta, Georgia, and BROADWAY PREMIERE, this Fall. NATION-WIDE PRESENTATION early in 1947. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.





FOR THAT "NATURAL" LOOK MEN LOOK FOR... *Seventeen*



Men go for the gal with that "natural" look... So... smart gals go for Seventeen... those styled-for-youth cosmetics that give you a dreamy peaches-'n'-creamy complexion... but *naturally!* Basic beauty musts: "Seventeen"

Powder \$1... Lipstick \$1... Powder Pac 75¢
(plus tax)

Young-minded cosmetics for young moderns....

Seventeen
COSMETICS

INSIDE STUFF



Marital by-play: Ann Sothern and husband Bob Sterling at opening of the Cabana Club

(Continued from page 28)

Dinner with Fun: Judy Garland, after a serious illness, seems well and happy again. At Romanoff's, Judy and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, innocently began what they called a progressive dinner and were having an enormous amount of fun out of it. It all started when the two were placed at a small but conspicuous table in the main dining room, where waiters and customers had to pass and repass. "It's like Hollywood and Vine," Judy laughed as they finished their salad and moved into the small room for their entree.

Soon they spotted Don Loper and to keep the progressive dinner going, they moved over with Don for their dessert.

Sight of the Month: Bing Crosby, in white tie and tails (for his role in "The Emperor Waltz") out on the Paramount studio "lawns" at high noon, practicing golf strokes and showering golf balls madly in all directions.

Incidentally, he won his point with the sponsors and will put his new air show on records—so he can have more time to go places and do things. He should be able to do a lot of things with that new salary—they're only going to pay him thirty thousand a week! But of course he pays his company and musicians, etc., out of that. One of the people he'll pay is Skitch Henderson, whose fingers fly over a piano like nobody else's—and whose "heart belongs to Anita Colby." And speaking of Colby—she had dinner with Clark Gable the first night he got back from New York, and they'd never have gotten past the soup course if it hadn't been for Cary Grant. So many people stopped to say a word and tried to stay, that Cary finally "stood guard" over the two—and kept table-hoppers away!



THERE...he sees it

A-O Polaroid* Day Glasses filter blinding, reflected glare... enable him to see details clearly, without strain. These *scientific* glasses also absorb ultra-violet (sunburn) rays, admitting only useful light.



GLARE...she doesn't

Why is she missing so much? It's because she's never discovered how A-O Polaroid Day Glasses cut reflected glare... Ask your dealer for a demonstration and begin to enjoy the world outdoors!



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FILTER REFLECTED GLARE**

A-O Polaroid Day Glasses... \$1.95

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World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Materials

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PLAINSMAN *and the* LADY

the thundering thrill drama
of the pony express!

Starring

WILLIAM
ELLIOTT

VERA
RALSTON

GAIL
PATRICK

JOSEPH
SCHILDKRAUT

with

ANDY CLYDE • DONALD BARRY
RAYMOND WALBURN

Screen Play by RICHARD WORMSER

Original Story by MICHAEL URIS & RALPH SPENCE

Music by GEORGE ANTHEIL

Associate Producer and Director JOSEPH KANE

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

This One Is Truly Great

A GREAT motion picture has been made, so rare in its imagination, so breath-taking in its sweep of camera and so inspiring in its use of language that PHOTOPLAY urges its readers and their families to go to their local theaters as soon as the film is shown there.

The picture is William Shakespeare's "Henry V," produced, directed and starred in by Laurence Olivier. It was made during England's war years—a miracle of production that surmounted all the insurmountable walls of shortages.

Its significance is not, however, in the fact that it was made during the time of crisis, but in what it can mean to those of us whose world of entertainment is centered in motion pictures. It can mean more films that will dare, as "Henry V" does, to break out of the conventionalized prism of Hollywood to follow inspired producers' dreams, though they be through fields of dramatic form entirely new.

Already Hollywood discounts "Henry V," calling it arty, non-commercial, best fitted for showings in high school and college auditoriums. It won't, argue Hollywood's leaders, make money.

PHOTOPLAY predicts that it *will* make money, predicts that movie-goers will be caught up by the film's grandeur and enchanted by Shakespeare's words which, as spoken by Olivier, open new corridors of poetic meaning.

It is important that Hollywood be given such a demonstration of public desire for films that reach out beyond the norm. If "Henry V" becomes box office, as well as the acknowledged critical success it already is, pictures such as the current "Notorious" and "The Green Years," now thought of as Hollywood's finest product, perhaps will be made as truly great films rather than as the conventional slick product they now are.

It is never enough to follow public tastes. Today's film producers are in large measure doing only that, attempting to give us motion pictures they know we'll pay to see because they've already made the same kind before. These makers of movies must do more. They must lead us, educate us to better, finer films. If they fail, we will find another world of amusement where the fountain-head of inspiration runs as fresh as it does in "Henry V."

Fred Sammis



Laurence Olivier as Henry V
(Shadow Stage review on page 6)



Olivier and Renee Asherson
enact dramatic love scene

Return Of



All watched and whispered as Clark and Joan entered new Cabana Club

Romance ?

Everyone wants to know
the truth about the rumors
of a new romance between
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable. Here Photoplay gives
you the answer—for the record

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Clark, by his new convertible, in foreground of his ranch

IT WAS one hour before midnight when the sleek green Cadillac swung up the driveway of the California Cabana Club and stopped at the brightly lighted doorway. Out of it stepped the bronzed man with the silver tipped temples and the woman with copper hair whose gown matched the green of the car.

He was smiling as he helped her to alight. Was he thinking with amusement of his own maroon town and country convertible station wagon parked at her Brentwood home because obviously her new green dress had been designed to complement her car?

She was smiling too. At life, perhaps. For it was odd her new picture, "Possessed," carried the identical title of a film they once had made together with sensational success.

He took her arm and guided her through the throngs of dancers to Emil Coleman's music, all celebrating the christening of Hollywood's latest and most exclusive club, steered her toward the table at which the maitre d' hotel waited to seat them.

Their appearance had an electric effect. The signals started flashing, "Look! Clark's with Joan!" To be sure, the signals would have gone out had Crawford arrived with Cary Grant or (Continued on page 85)



Joan, of "Humoresque," with daughter



LINDA, WOMAN



Seven years of struggle end on a high note—now Linda's new cycle begins

Linda Darnell speaks frankly
—the end of marriage, the
—making her Hollywood's

By LOUELLA

THE girl of the minute, the hour and the year in Hollywood is Linda Darnell who, this time last year, couldn't stir up enough interest to ruffle the edges of the gossip columns.

Almost in one stroke of fate, sultry-eyed, voluptuous Linda parted with her cameraman husband, Peverel Marley, and was handed the most cussed and discussed picture of the day, "Forever Amber." As though this were not enough excitement, busy Hollywood whispered she had said adieu to marriage because of millionaire Howard Hughes. That rumor started perhaps because Linda was one of the few of Howard's women friends who talked privately to his personal physician, Dr. Verne Mason, right after his plane accident.

That all this should happen to a girl who was just another pretty leading lady less than a year ago was meat and drink to Parsons, the type of inside story which I just love to go after.

Obviously the only person who could give me the right answers was



OF THE HOUR

of the two breaks in her life
start of a new career as *Amber*
most discussed woman

O. PARSONS

Linda herself. When I called and said I wanted to talk with her, she came over to my house immediately.

I've always liked this twenty-three-year-old beauty from Texas. I was the first writer to interview her when she came to Hollywood, a gangling Southern belle of sixteen, not particularly polished as an actress and with little more to recommend her to a Hollywood career than a lushly beautiful face.

Seven years later she is still breathtakingly lovely to look at, still honest and direct, but with a new coat of glamour. Her "figger" has filled out—some say too much, but the day I saw her I thought she was just right. She's lost weight since she made "Anna and the King of Siam."

Not one to quibble, I put the most important question straight to her. "Linda," I asked, "are you going to marry Howard Hughes?"

Not one to quibble herself, she came right back with, "He hasn't asked me." And then suddenly she put back her pretty dark head and laughed heartily. "That's the silliest



Linda, with Pev after Constellation flight, denies Hughes figured in their parting

LINDA, WOMAN OF THE HOUR



Linda works at work—sketching between scenes of “My Darling Clementine”

thing in the world. When Howard was so ill, Pev suggested that I go and inquire about him at the hospital. He is a good friend of both of ours—and that’s that.”

My garden made a pretty background for Linda in her cool, white suit. She wore no hat and her skin was not suntanned. Her coloring is a rich amber—which is fitting, you must admit.

“You know, at this moment,” she went on, “I am more in love with Pev than any other man. I’m having cocktails with him tonight. He’s the

best friend I have in the whole world.”

“Come, come, Linda,” I said, “if you feel that way, why did you leave him?”

“We just didn’t have fun together any more,” she answered. “I never saw him. I was away a lot, and he is in such demand at the studios. He is busy all the time.”

“You’re sure the difference in your ages had nothing to do with it?” I queried.

Her eyes flashed. “Please don’t think that for a minute. Pev is as

young as any man I know. It’s true he was married three times before he met me and he is forty-six to my twenty-three—but I was always the one who wanted to settle down and stay home. Often he would say, ‘Come on, let’s get dressed up and go out.’ I would say, ‘What, put on my girdle and high-heeled shoes and go stepping when we are so comfortable at home?’ I don’t like night clubs.”

HOW often have these girls told me their dislike for night spots and how often have I seen them whirling about in one of the much publicized cafes! Yet, it’s true—I haven’t seen Linda lately at any of the favorite Hollywood spots.

“If Pev is still your dream man, let me repeat, why have you parted? Do you want your freedom, is that it?”

“Pev is my good friend, but we never had any time to be alone,” she said, “We never had a real honeymoon. We went to New York after we had been married two years, and then the studio sent for me. Our second trip together was with Howard Hughes on the initial flight of the Constellation, and this time Pev’s studio sent for him. That caused all sorts of rumors and talk and nasty gossip that he had walked out on me in New York when it was nothing more than a hurry-up business call.

“The things people say!” she frowned, shrugging her shoulders. “How unkind they are. Just today I read that when I left Pev he insisted that I leave the furs and jewels he (Continued on page 152)

She’s Amber! Linda, in test for role of lovely courtesan she’ll play in “Forever Amber”





Fraker

The Scott in England: Lizabeth walking down Mall with Buckingham Palace in the background



"My one wish: A little glad-

ness, a little sadness and a

chance someday to be great"

Intensely, Liz Scott

BY KAY CAMPBELL

LIZABETH SCOTT is a girl living on a pendulum. It's not the sort of pendulum that swings gently from side to side; instead it flings itself backwards and forwards, notching its way a little further ahead with each beat.

But until the night she walked on her new mink coat, "just to show it the contempt I felt for it," the throaty-voiced young star had never been aware of the role her likes and dislikes had played in her life.

It was the luxurious coat which brought her to the realization of the strange trait which has swung her to the top rung in the ladder with just two pictures under her belt, "You Came Along" and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

"For years," she said with a deprecatory laugh, "a dark, rich-skinned mink headed my list of wants. To me it spelled success. Without it I should never feel like a movie star. The excitement of buying the one

I wanted was one of the biggest thrills in my life. All day I paraded back and forth before the mirror while I rehearsed the lines for a radio show I was to do the following day. I was so thrilled about the coat that the dialogue I was trying to learn hadn't much meaning for me. Then, suddenly, I got the feel of the play and the words began to come to life. I'd always hated radio broadcasts. They terrorized me. But all at once I was eager to give this performance. Eager! For goodness sakes, and only a week before I'd had to drive around the block a dozen times to get up sufficient courage to go into the broadcasting studio, and when I finally did confront that mike I lost my voice!

"The difference lay in the fact that on the other occasion I'd had to talk about myself in an interview. Now I was to do a play, a good play, and it was up to me to give a fine performance."

It was then that the supreme (Continued on page 76)

Roy Rogers



BUCKEYE

Buckaroo

... Ohio hombre with the

West in his vest—Roy

Rogers, the Saturday Sinatra

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

KEEP a smile on your face, a song in your heart and "just keep pitchin'."

That's the rule he lives by . . . this Buckeye Buckaroo. And it brought Roy Rogers from the farming community of Duckrun, Ohio, where he rode a plough and wrangled with sweet potatoes, to top film fame as the Western star who's so fast on the box-office draw now.

"Used to bury 'em in the ground with straw," he says of the sweet potatoes. "Then in the spring when you got short on food you'd dig 'em out. They're mighty good that way."

Back in Ohio Roy lived in a house he helped his father build on a little knoll overlooking a point where two creeks met. His dad worked in a shoe factory in nearby Portsmouth and Roy was the "man" of the farm, taking care of his invalid mother and three sisters. He cut down big trees, hauled them out of the woods with chains and chopped up wood for the winter. He drove a team of mules cultivating the crops . . . "the doggonedest, orneriest mules . . . although you shouldn't talk about any animal that way."

He attended a little rural (Continued on page 143)

"... and the skies are not cloudy all day."

Trigger and Roy, of "Roll on Texas Moon"

Morris



They'll shoot an arrow into the air. Roy shows "cow girl" daughters, Cheryl Darlene and Linda, how. Below: Cheryl watches Daddy give Linda a boost up their totem pole



Rita Hayworth



Coburn

The girl with her feet in the clouds: Rita Hayworth, starred in "Down to Earth"

Feet That Danced

At sixteen with her
dancing partner,
Eduardo, her father



BY
DOROTHY
DEERE

For generations Cansinos had danced—up to the time of Eduardo and the dark-eyed girl who danced beside him, Marguerita—who was destined to become Rita Hayworth



IN the spotlight a girl was dancing. An exotic bloom of a girl with blue-black hair and full red lips, swaying from a slim, scarlet stem of a dress. A sensuous gust of music swept her now toward, now away from the man who followed her there on the floor. A man who danced with arms outstretched yet with eyes that showed no expectancy of ever holding her. . . .

The tango ended and applause broke from the spectators ringed around the swank Club Agua Caliente's floor for the Dancing Cansinos, Eduardo and Marguerita. The men clapped thunderously, their table partners, with that more reserved tribute women pay to another woman.

'Rita Cansino, even at sixteen, was already long-legged and Latin-eyed and very, very lovely. The measure of that loveliness was in the glances of the customers who watched her. The measure of it, a vastly different measure, was in the eyes of Eduardo—dancing with his daughter for the last time, there in the smoke-filled air of a night club in Tiajuana.

For some twenty-five months now they had been partners. Before that, in Los Angeles, they had been teacher and pupil— (Continued on page 110)



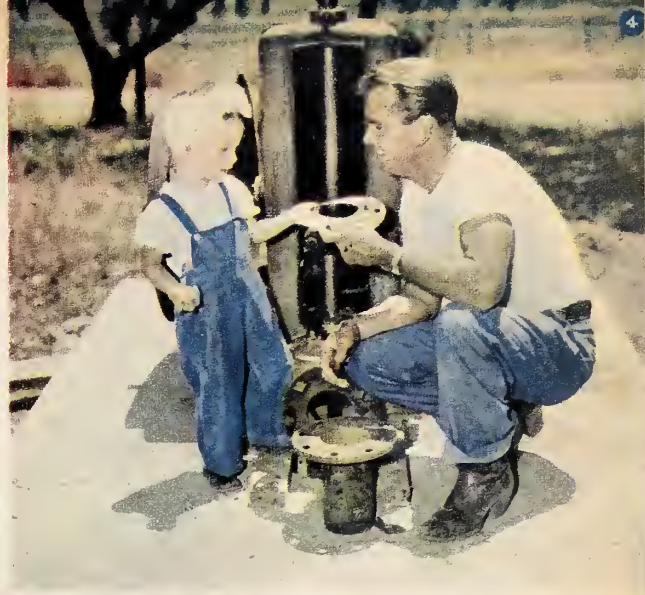
RANCH

Place: Ladd ranch. Time: One bright day.

Cast of Characters:

- ① Sue, Alana, Alan Ladd
- ② Ted Briskin, Bill Demarest, Chet Root, Alan
- ③ The Demarests, Briskins, Dorothy Lamour, Col. Howard, Ladds
- ④ Alana, Alan Ladd
- ⑤ Sue with Alan of "Two Years Before the Mast"
- ⑥ Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Alan, Sue, Bill Demarest
- ⑦ Betty Hutton, Ted Briskin
- ⑧ Sue, Betty Hutton, Bill Demarest, Dorothy Lamour, Alan
- ⑨ Alan and prize mare
- ⑩ Dorothy Lamour, Alan Ladd





WARMING

Result: Unforgettable fun

Color Pictures by Fink and Smith

IT all began on a bright sunny morning when Chet Root said to his pal, Alan Ladd, "I've got to deliver a couch down in Hidden Valley. Want to come along in the truck and help me?" "Any horses down that way?" Alan asked. "Are you kidding? Hidden Valley's the best horse-raising country in Southern California."

Any mention of horseflesh for the past year—or ever since Alan was cast in "California," even though he didn't play it—sets him off. But on this occasion, all might have been well and life might have been much simpler for Mrs. Ladd if the lady who owned the house where Chet was delivering the couch hadn't been so unhep. Item one: She (Continued on page 88)



Two Girls and a Friendship

When two girls put their "Best Foot Forward"—and one of them is

Junie Allyson—this is the rollicking result



Three who were in New York play, "Best Foot Forward,"
June, Vicki Schools (magnolia blossoms) and Nancy

BY NANCY WALKER

As told to Miriam Ghidalia

I STILL remember the very first time I saw Junie. It was at the Y-Ellen-Bornstein Music Publishing Company and she was draped over a water cooler, her big blue eyes going flippity-flippity-flop very fast. And I remember my very first reaction to her: "Golly, she's cute. She'll make me look like a cow!" You'd have thought we were two kindergartners sparring for time the way we blinked and gave sick little smirks. Junie, being five feet two inches, probably felt she had the edge over me and my four feet eleven inches, so she was the first to get talkative.

"I'm June Allyson," she beamed. "I'm here for a song rehearsal for 'Best Foot Forward.'"

"Aah—pleased—swell—um—I'm Nancy Walker. I'm here for 'Best Foot Forward,' too," I shot back.

And that did it. We could hear Gene Kelly, our dance director, stomping around in the next room, and once someone yelled, "Where the blankety, blank are those two kids? Is this a song rehearsal or a sewing bee?" By the time Gene finally got us dragged into rehearsal, I'd heard all about Tommy and the blue convertible she was going to buy when her ship came in and Muffins, her dog, who thought he was a person.

As we were having a last drink, Junie flippity-flopped those lashes a little bit faster and whispered, "You know, I like you." This time I wasn't even ashamed that I couldn't dream up a nifty comeback. Because all I wanted to say, and did, was, "Say, you know—I like you, too!"

It used to make me laugh (Continued on page 129)

June Allyson



Hearthside sunshine: June Allyson, starred in "Till the Clouds Roll By"



It's definite—now.
Gail and Guy will be
married, maybe be-
fore you read this

a GUY named BOB

If you want the true key to Guy Madison, search for the boy from Bakersfield—Bob Moseley

BY HOWARD SHARPE

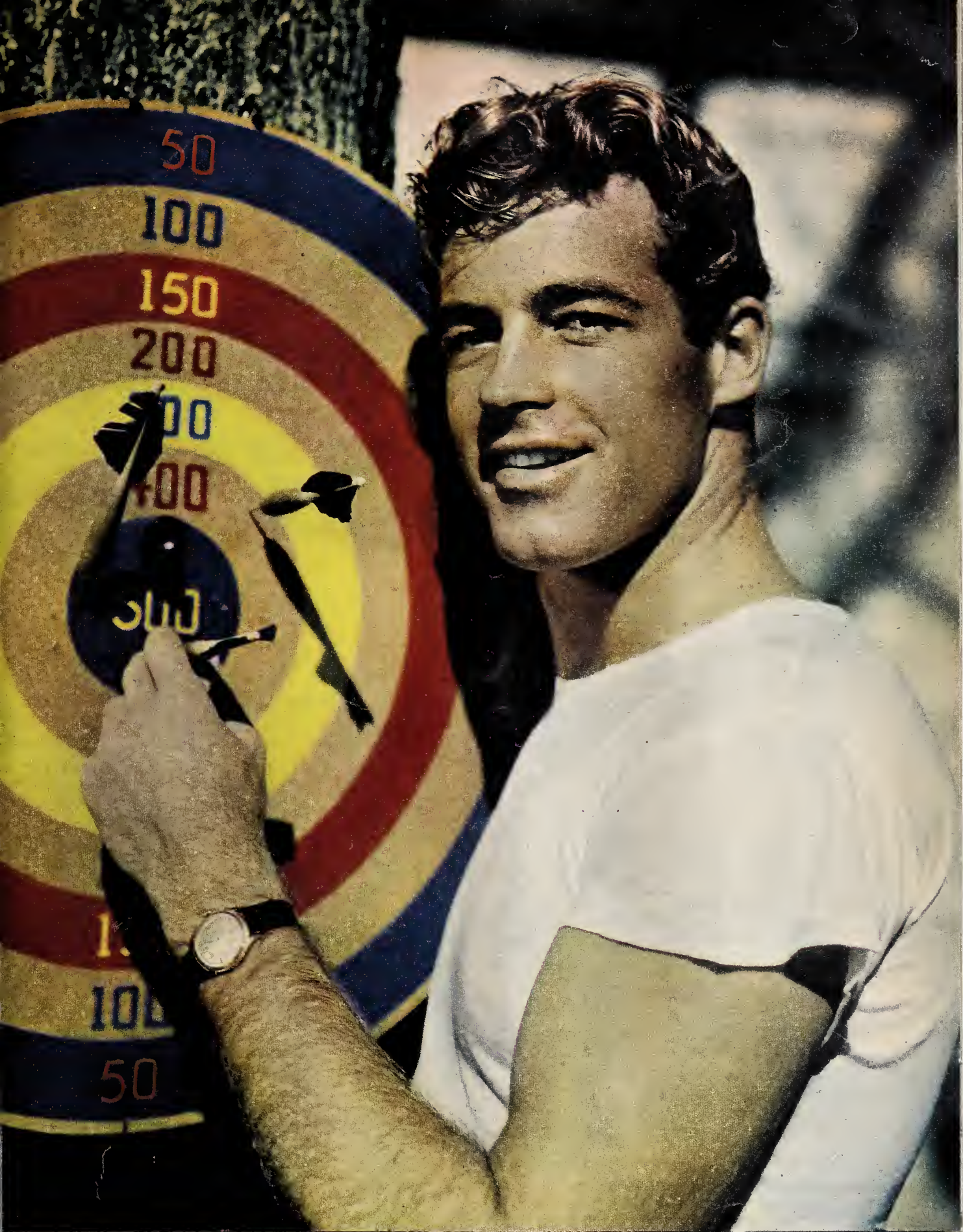
THE point about Guy Madison is that you'll never get a full picture of him from the guy himself. Not that he'll refuse to answer you—he has too much intrinsic courtesy for that. But he can't quite get used to the fact that Madison or what he does is of any importance to people. What's more, he hasn't had much time to know the man, Guy Madison. The one he knows far better is the boy from Bakersfield, Bob Moseley, which was his name before his Hollywood friend and guiding spirit, Henry Willson, changed it for marquee appeal.

So to fill out the missing measurements of the man, you search out those who are close to him. Gail Russell, for instance, the girl who has his heart and practically his hand. In fact, even as you read this, they may be Mr. and Mrs., for an elopement hangs alluringly in the air as soon as their two busy schedules can be

pushed aside in the interests of a little gold ring.

It requires no vast scope of the imagination to understand how these two would be attracted each to the other. They'll make an eye-filling couple, Gail who has been hailed as the new Hedy Lamarr for her dark, brooding beauty, Guy who is the embodiment of strong sunlight. Yet it was not the physical appearance that drew the two together. Says Gail, "It's the way he gives you a straight answer, come what may. You learn not to believe a lot of things you hear around this town but when Guy looks at you in his quiet, square way, that's it—and you know it. It's like coming home to a warm house after you've been out in the rain."

Gail's words about the "square way" are well borne out by a near-catastrophe Guy once had while he was still a life guard at the station (Continued on page 118)



St. Hilaire

... as direct as the dart he shoots so expertly, Guy Madison, of "Honeymoon"

IT'S LIKE THIS WITH

Harry and Me

It's riding the range and
bringing up Vicki. It's being honest
—and truly in love

BY BETTY GRABLE

"WOMAN'S intuition," someone wrote, "is usually just man's transparency. . . ."

Being a woman, I know this to be a nice, simple statement of truth. Being a wife, however, I wonder why no one ever seems to write about *man's* intuition—especially as possessed by husbands? For they have it, you know—at least, some of them. It took me a while to realize that part of the thrill of being Mrs. Harry James was in being one of the best "understood" wives in the world. . . .

I remember, for instance, two years ago when my daughter Vicki was staging her reluctant and torturous entrance into our lives. She was a Caesarian baby. There was a time when I was dimly conscious that the doctors and nurses weren't at all sure Vicki's mom (me) was going to make it. And then I remember Harry bursting into the hospital room and into my half-drugged mind: His face was chalk white but grinning—and in his hands were a dozen crossword puzzle books.

"Of all things—at all times!" I could hear a well-medicated voice in the haze around me protesting as Harry waved them foolishly in front of my face. I'm



Cover Girl

Harry James of "If I'm Lucky," and Betty are lucky ranchers



Pleasant reflection—their rides together at dawn,
which Betty admits she thought she would hate



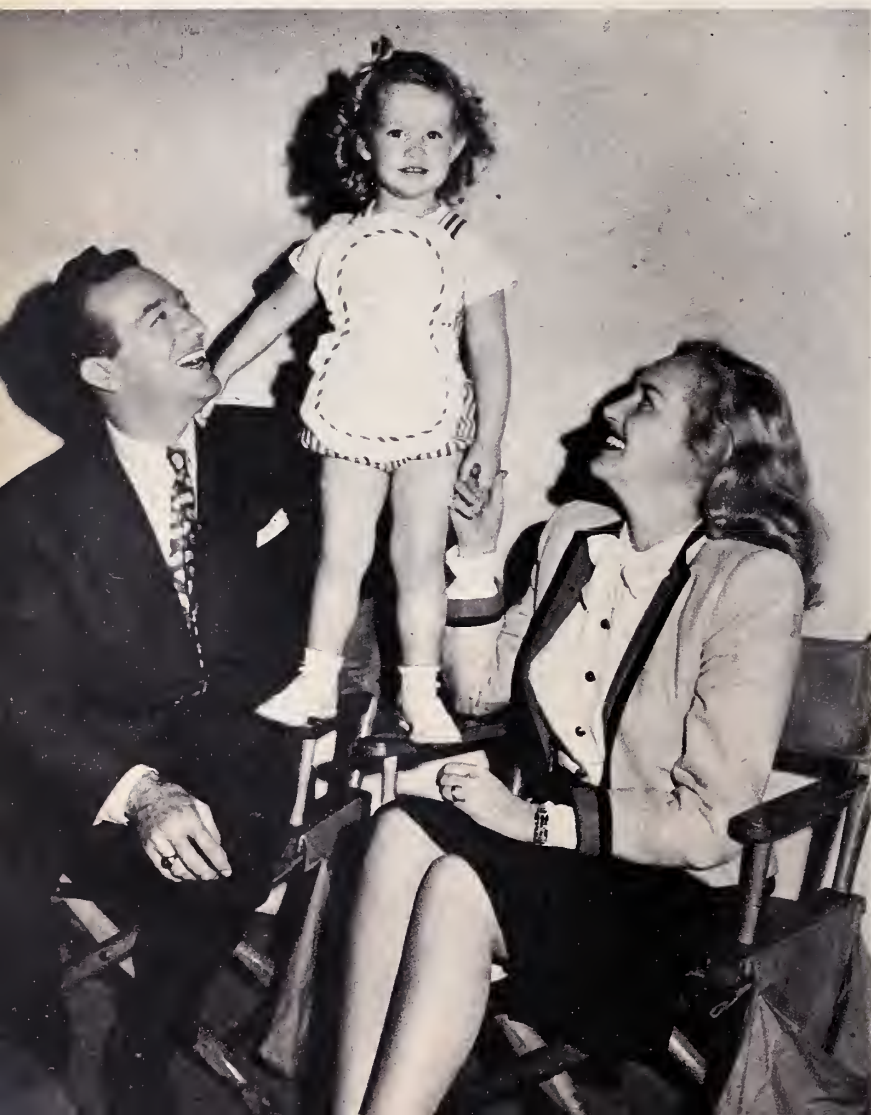
Vicki has an ear for music—goes
into great glee when she hears
one of her daddy's recordings

Color Pictures by Kornman

Vicki, with Mama and her dog, will tell you, "Daddy's on the road blowin' his bwains out!"



Harry planned his schedule a whole year ahead so that the three of them could take a vacation together—just lazing on the sand in the sun



not sure whether I managed to laugh or not. I only know it was a great kick, a brand new surge of strength to know that he thought I'd be able to use them. You can't let a man like that down—which is probably why I'm still around, still unable to resist a crossword.

After I was home again, he liked to brag about how "cooperative" I was, having the baby on Friday instead of Tuesday or Thursday, which would have interfered with his broadcasts. And then one day he quit joshing, gave me a straight look out of those ultra-blue eyes of his and said, "Look, kid, you're getting fat." Until then, I had been fondly considering myself as just a slight bit plump. A lot of men might have come up with something gallant like—"All the more of you to love, my dear," but not Harry. He understands me well enough to know I'd rather hear it from him than from the studio, or maybe from the fans.

I never did appreciate gushy people. One of the first things I noticed about the (Continued on page 140)



Added patio attraction—modern young wife, Miss Grable, whose next picture is "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"

IT'S LIKE THIS WITH
Harry and Me



A strictly between-mother-and-daughter moment
—Vicki's the No. 1 reason for James happiness

HARRISON, REX

Six feet one, slim as lightning . . . Rex Harrison,
the post-war Briton, a prince of a man who's a "king" by inflation

BY HERB HOWE



With Lilli, his actress wife, who is perfumed with the charm called Viennese

REX, the king of Siam, is not Siamese but he is a king.

A few years back it would have been enough to call him a prince but now with inflation we must rate him a king. Besides, "Rex" means "king."

For a decade he has been the far-flung favorite of the British Empire. Indeed the sun never sets on Mr. Harrison. Yet there is no sense of royalty in the man whatsoever. English aristocrats and American mid-westerners are the most democratic folks in the world today. Snobbery has become the property of the proletariat.

At this point Rex dawned without trumpets on the terrace of the Beverly Hills Hotel for the purpose of assuming what is known among crowned heads as the feed bag.

Mr. Harrison is modern, post-war British as distinguished from old guard Hollywood British, whose empire accents were oftentimes thicker than Bea Lillie's doing of a ginned-up duchess. Mr. Harrison has no sense of empire whatever.

"I have been a laboring actor twenty years," he said, sagging chairward cheerfully.

"You still fail to look like one."

"Discouraging, isn't it?" he chortled.

He started barnstorming out of Lancashire at seventeen, so he must be around thirty-eight now according to my fingers. He looks barely out of his twenties. Discouraging, isn't it? (Continued on page 137)



Confession—that he was afraid to enter our paradise, feared mental "puff"

Photographs
by Valeska



The King of Siam, Rex, next seen in "Britannia Mews" and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir." Below: With his two-and-a-half-year-old son Carey, who's interested in the Colman daughter



Not a cloud in her sky—Judy, of “Till the Clouds Roll By,” and her Liza

Million DOLLAR Lullaby

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS



It's a wonderful world for Liza, finding out about fish from Mama

THE girl in the charmingly sophisticated house that terraced down a mountain high above the Sunset Strip was looking anything but sophisticated herself at the moment. Her brown velvet eyes were fastened raptly on the page of an open magazine. The picture that pinioned her attention was of a trained nurse holding a dark-haired baby with big brown eyes and a heavenly toothless smile.

Carefully she clipped the picture from the magazine and that night when her husband came home she showed it to him.

"Vin," she cried, "if only our baby could look like that!"

Vincent Minnelli, the talented young director, regarded his wife with infinite affection and smiled indulgently. He was to smile even more indulgently in the weeks to come as he glimpsed the picture in her bag, saw her take it out now and again to dream over, watched her tuck it up in her mirror at night.

But such was the force of Judy Garland's thinking that the first pictures of Liza Minnelli actually look like Judy's dream baby.

Looks, however, weren't really the important thing with Judy. Her great fear was that she and the baby might not like each other, or that she might not have any maternal instinct.

"You know, you have to realize from the beginning that they're people. Well, Liza and I met in the hospital and—well, everything was all right. We loved each other. She's quite a little person," she said (*Continued on page 161*)

You're a lucky baby, Miss

Minnelli, for who but you could go to

sleep to Judy Garland's songs?

What pretty dresses the pretty baby has!



(2) Peter's "line" is different. He suggests a daytime date, up with the lark for a lark—early Sunday morning. Pete's in "My Brother Talks to Horses"

1



(1) It's a date! The lady is willing, the "for Lawford" perfume is waiting. June gets a "line" on their date plans



Wish-DATE

Last month June Haver talked about her beaus—hoped out loud that she could meet Peter Lawford. Photoplay picked that one up fast—as you can see—and the rest is wish-date history

3



(3) Fixing the picnic lunch is fun. June gets set for outdoor appetites with man-sized sandwiches. Now—what should she wear? Slinky slacks or a dinky dress? June's the star of "Three Little Girls in Blue"

(4) The soft drinks are Peter's problem. So he ices them up in the Haver kitchen, ready to pack away in his new convertible town and country station wagon

4



(5) In gay striped dress, pigtails flying, June's off on her date with Peter. They're going to be explorers—of back-country canyons!



5

Wish-DATE

(7) The kids were hungry but the fish were not! Peter finally lands a big one . . . right in June's lap! This date has everything!



7



8

(8) It's a toss-up! Peter turns cook and gives his catch a crispy brown. June holds her breath. Healthy appetites soon end *that* fish story and so, on with the trek

6



(6) There wasn't time for breakfast! So they stop at Sportsman's Lodge and choose fishing poles—for here you catch and cook your own!



10

(10) Hungry again—and time to try Junie's lunch, which according to Peter was swell. It's late afternoon. So tired and happy . . .



(9) Canyon roads are fun to explore . . . on bicycles or hiking and wading when the feet get tired of their pedal-pushing

11



(11) . . . the explorers return. June had her wish-date and Peter his picnic and both agree, as they say goodbye for now, that daytime dating is tops for two



Maria Montez says
it with Technicolor



Milland's Oscar is
proof he's wrong



Imagine getting Luci
Ball for Christmas!

That's Hollywood For You



Rita Hayworth lights up Sidney

I BELIEVE Jane Russell has, besides other things, a sense of humor, for at a party, commenting on the advertisements for "The Outlaw" she said, "Boys, I'm not quite that good." . . . I never see a photograph of Paulette Goddard but that I remember that she once decorated a Christmas tree with strips of ermine . . . Whenever I see Hedy Lamarr and John Loder acting so lovey-dovey in a restaurant I wonder why they can't be lovers in a motion picture . . . I am of the opinion that James Mason is a good actor with plenty of appeal for the girls, and refuse to believe

he is as conceited as a certain concentrated campaign would have us believe . . . I like Tom Jenks's remark that glamour is something that evaporates when the sweater is a little too large.

* * *

I AM amazed more and more by Ingrid Bergman for, despite her glamour roles and the glamour yarns about her, she always appears as a plain person to me. Which is, you must admit, amazing . . . Cary Grant is one of my favorite actors, and I easily understand his viewpoint about autograph hunters. Often they can be obnoxious or tiring. This does not mean that I do not like or favor autograph hunters, that would be absurd. But they, too, must realize that there are bounds and boundary lines . . . I know he got great notices, but to me, Ralph Bellamy is a piece of mis-



Wilde's "playing"
made Korvin wonder



Gene Tierney needs
further exploiting



Now it's Cary Grant
versus mob scenes



Nix on "Mason is conceited" campaign



Paulette Goddard gave ermine a new use

casting in "State of the Union," for I cannot see him as a colorful politician. Bellamy, to me, is the man who doesn't get the heroine in the movies, which is strictly an indication of what the movies have done to me . . . I generally don't go for slogans but this one for a horror picture amused me—"It scares the hades out of you."

* * *

I THOROUGHLY approve of the clause in Keenan Wynn's contract which states that he can run old movies once a week in a Metro projection room. It is interesting to sit there with Keenan Wynn, Mrs. Wynn, Van Johnson and look at an old film, of say Garbo, and not only enjoy it, but enjoy their enjoying it . . . I can't understand, however, what the rave is concerning Don DeFore for I consider him quite an ordinary leading man who has gotten some wonderful roles . . . A director I like to watch work is William Dieterle mainly because he wears white gloves while directing a scene and this fascinates me. Dieterle could be called a director who handles his people with kid gloves . . . Linda Darnell has surprised everyone by the way she has acquired sex and progressed with her career, which goes to prove what a wonderful thing sex is, as if you had to be told . . . I like Ed Gardner's definition of a movie star—just a plain girl who's beautiful.

* * *

I HAVE often wondered what certain actors and actresses think of themselves when they see themselves on the screen, and I guess you have also. The best way to find out was to ask them and so I put this question to various players and here are some of their answers. Dorothy Lamour replied, "At first it seemed like catching a glimpse of yourself in a mirror when you're wearing underwear. Later, you start wondering what you're doing. Finally, you decide it would be better if you worked harder at your work." . . . Veronica Lake said, "When I see myself on the screen, I am always far removed from that person. (Continued on page 126)"



You may argue the Ingrid Bergman point



Fancy Frankie swooning — over Sinatra!



Is George Sanders really unchivalrous?

Your filmtown fact-finder

is here again,

with intimate star-itemizing

BY

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Caricatures By Julius Kroll



Humor: Jane Russell's "Outlaw" comeback

The man from rising sun



Robert Mitchum, amiable star of M-G-M's "Undercurrent"

It's a town in Delaware, Rising
Sun, and it saw the beginning of Bob Mitchum,
the guy behind the cocked eyebrow

BY DIANE SCOTT

A QUIZZICAL eyebrow, coupled with his aversion to "standing in line," has been miscasting Robert Mitchum since childhood.

Even today in Hollywood, where he is one of the most talked-of personalities of the year, the popular impression of Mitchum slants towards the cynical. The unconventional. One slightly off-beat.

You read a lot about the more colorful chapters in his life. Riding the rods, sipping java with hoboes beside campfires, the occasions when he's been detained as the overnight guest of a city—at the request of the city, that is. Yes, you've heard all this. For Bob brings out all the family skeletons and shakes them a little defiantly in your face.

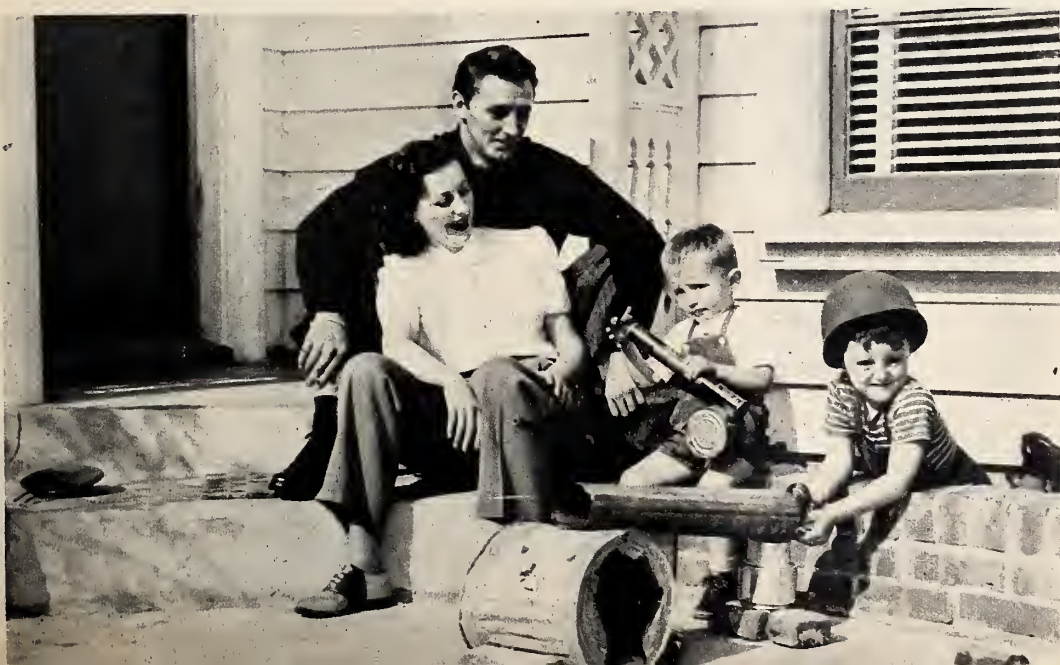
Actually these were but brief stop-overs—in his life travelogue. And just as he himself loves to stick pins in false balloons, we'd like to stick a big one in the common conception of one of the most fabulous fellows in Hollywood.

In some respects Mitchum is a little like his four-year-old son Josh, who tells you that he shot a "huge wildcat up at my house," and then adds hurriedly that he buried it, before you can ask to see it. So does his famous dad say, "I'm a cynic," then sits back daring you to question it.

But any real cynic would curl his lip at making a fraternity brother out of him. He despises regulations, yet lives by his own abridged version of the Golden Rule. He has at times been called a "trouble-maker," because he refuses to kow-tow to anything he (Continued on page 148)



Bedtime for sons Josh and Chris with go-to-sleep stories by imaginative Dad, who appears in RKO's "The Locket"



The garbage pail, pipe and alarm clock, Josh's machine gun. Chris's weapon—the flit gun. Bob and Mrs. Bob are appreciative audience

SHORT-

For Laraine Day of "The Locket" it's sweet,
girlish, but it can be as sophisticated as you are



Laraine parts her curly
hair on the side,
brushes curls out softly
for her all-round hair-do



Photographs by Morris

And Sweet

Headlining your hair! Greet the exciting

winter with this casual, comfortable coiffure, the

alluring answer for your night and day rounds



Expertly lovely: Anita Colby,
Photoplay's Beauty Editor

BY ANITA COLBY

DO YOU have the new post-war look? If not *hurry, hurry, hurry!* It begins with a short hair-cut, this look. And goes on, of course. For breathes there a woman with soul so dead who can have a new hair-do and stop there? The instant we restyle our hair we begin to dream about new hats and new necklines; until our friends insist even our personality has changed. Sheer nonsense, and we know it, but still heavenly fun.

This new post-war hair-cut is reminiscent of the bobbed-hair fad that followed the first World War back in the roaring Twenties. However, offering a halo effect as it shapes softly about the face, it produces a smarter and more graceful look than the Twenties' shingled, spit-curved flapper coiffure ever did.

The new styling requires that your hair be thinned, especially at the lower and center part of the head where it is likely to grow thickest. Then it is cut short all round; from eight to ten inches long, depending upon the size of your head and the length of your neck. But even in the back where the hair remains longer than on the sides it must be at least two and one-half inches above the shoulders.

Because of a popular misconception of our sex that cutting the hair is a step more irrevocable than getting married, I hasten to assure you that this hair-cut does not add up to any "if you don't like it you're stuck with it" routine. Actually it offers the greatest versatility. It can be worn sleekly, in a bang, fluffy, or pulled tightly to one side and fluffed out on the other side. It can be parted in the center, on the side or not at all. It permits you to add braids or a chignon. Actually it is the great adaptability of this coiffure that has influenced so many glamorous members of the movie colony to

have their hair cut this exciting new way.

Among the converts are Ida Lupino, Ingrid Bergman, Maria Montez, Gene Tierney and Laraine Day. . . .

Laraine Day, an exponent of the fresh girlish look, parts her naturally curly hair on the side and brushes her curls out softly at the ends. This, she says, is the ideal all-round coiffure, as perfect with party dresses as it is with the most severely tailored suits.

Ingrid Bergman, the epitome of naturalness and health, arranges her cut simply; in a variation of the old Dutch cut really, except that she pins her golden hair in a fluffy little roll on top and curls the ends under. Thus her hair requires little or no primping yet is always casual and well-groomed.

Maria Montez brushes her hair back from her forehead and ears sleekly, confining all soft curls to the back of her head. And, doing this, she becomes the essence of smooth sophistication.

Ida Lupino's reddish hair is very fine and soft; baby hair really. She brushes the front of it in a soft bang sometimes. At other times the front, too, is brushed upward with the ends loose and fluffy.

Gene Tierney combs her cropped brown locks to one side, holds her hair in place in the back with two combs, and turns up the ends of hair in soft curls that are quite plushy.

My short hair—to which I am so devoted that I hate to think of any new trend ever causing me to wear it longer—I do in what you might call a Janus coiffure. For it makes me as two-faced as a Janus mask; on one side sleek and a little severe, on the other very, very soft and fluffy.

To achieve this coiffure have (Continued on page 147)

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Your Problems

Answered

By Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and have been married for two years. Both my husband and his father work for a construction company, a situation that compels my husband and me and my parents-in-law to live side by side in the same trailer camp. Such a life is difficult at best, but it is made infinitely worse by the nagging of my mother-in-law. She is frantically jealous of my husband; if I pat his hair in her presence, she says I am mussing it up. No matter what I cook, she tells me that it didn't smell as good as her dinner. If she sees me wearing a new blouse, no matter how inexpensive, she says that I am squandering her son's hard-earned money.

Our trailers are so close together, and so thin of wall, that we can practically hear one another's clocks ticking. This all makes me so nervous that I cry at the least little thing. I have tried to persuade my husband to move our trailer, but he says that would hurt his mother's feelings—a thing he doesn't want to do.

(Mrs.) Tay T.

I wish I could be far more comforting, but the only bright light I can throw on the problem is to say that no construction job lasts indefinitely. Eventually, you will move to another location.

When that time comes, if you advance to another job, you should be wise enough to select a parking place between two already established trailers.

Sometimes a dignified distance is the only element which will keep in-laws on speaking terms.

My sympathies are with you. I strongly believe that young people should be allowed to work out their own destinies. However, you must remember that your husband's mother loves him with a devotion which you will understand only when you have children of your own. If you will be patient with her, biting your tongue when your every instinct is to answer her shortly, and see as little of her as is possible under the circumstances, I think her own good sense—if she has any—will come to your assistance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My first marriage was so completely perfect that I am afraid to give myself entirely to my second husband. I was



just twenty when, after a year of marriage, Bob was inducted into the Army. I followed him around the country until he was shipped overseas. It was a continual honeymoon without a single argument. Seven months after he had shipped out our little girl was born, and four months later Bob was killed in action. For several months after his death there was actually some fear for my sanity, but very, very slowly I recovered from the shock. My baby became the very center of my existence. Last September a fellow I had known since kindergarten days came back from service and showed me every attention. We were married in February, but instead of entering on a life of contentment there is serious difficulty between us.

This is not my husband's fault. He is kind, considerate, affectionate and deserves the best in the world. I know that I am surely breaking his heart, but the reason is this: Every time he embraces me I have a stabbing sense of guilt, as though I were "cheating" on my first husband. I have explained this to my mother, and she has said that I am being morbid and should see a psychiatrist.

Jeanette L.

To judge from your mother's reaction to your problem, I would say that she understands you very well and can be of more assistance than I. Someone near at hand who loves you and will counsel you wisely is of great help in unraveling these emotional tangles.

I do not doubt in the least that your love for your first husband was a dynamic and exciting thing. First love, when free from the misunderstandings and personality adjustments that sometimes occur, is the sweetest thing in the world. However, you should regard this experience with gratitude and use it to enhance your stature as an understanding human being. Under no condition should you over-dramatize your loss, or should you allow your first marriage to cast a dark shadow over the rest of your life and remember, too, that your child deserves a balanced life.

Your mother's idea of a psychiatrist is an excellent plan, and if you can afford it I would suggest that it could be helpful.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am engaged to a wonderful girl who is a principal in one of the local grade schools. Although (Continued on page 132)

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 93

HER RING—Five
star-bright diamonds
set with distinctive
beauty in white gold.



Miss Marjorie Carolin

Charming Long Islander, Marjorie Carolin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Carolin, and a great-granddaughter of the famous surgeon Valentine Mott. She is engaged to Lieutenant Richard Russell Galt of the Army Air Corps. Another Pond's bride-to-be, Marjorie's exquisite complexion has a warm translucency—perfect with the pearls she loves to wear.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" Marjorie Carolin uses for her smooth complexion will give your skin

- an instant clean-sweet look
- an instant softer, silkier feel
- and bring up a charming blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face just as Marjorie does.

You rouse your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "cream-cleanse" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's demulcent action gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "cream-rinse" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You tingle your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! . . . "And my face feels so soft, looks smoother, glowier, right away," Marjorie says.

Every night—give your face the complete "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." Every morning—a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's, tissue off, then a cold splash. Dip your fingers deep in a big jar of Pond's night and morning—every day.



"I love this Pond's new Blush-Cleansing," says Marjorie



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The Marchioness of Carisbrooke

Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

The Duchess de Richelieu

Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.

The Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott

Gladys, Countess of Winchilsea

Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle

Yankee Bride



Five days after Olivia de Havilland became Mrs. Goodrich—in a New England garden

It's a lady's privilege to change her heart—as Olivia did—when the man is Marcus Goodrich

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

YOU have bad judgment about men," he told her. He was gentle but firm.

Much that he told her she had heard from friends before. But for the first time she accepted it as truth.

"If you really wish to reorganize yourself, Olivia, to stop making a mess of your life," he continued, "marry a solid, level-headed business man. . . ."

Olivia de Havilland pictured the type of business man he recommended. And shuddered. However, because she was amazed that anyone should understand so much about her and because he, Marcus Goodrich, was the author of a novel like "Delilah" as well as being the most intelligent man she had ever met, she was convinced she should cultivate a business man at once.

They were in his car, returning to Manhattan. He had driven her down Long Island to East Hampton to see the John Drew Theater where she was to play *Maggie* in J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" as soon as

she had completed her engagement at the Country Playhouse in Westport, Connecticut.

The headlights illuminated patches of goldenrod and wild asters. The crickets' chorus increased with the chill that followed midnight. Suddenly the car swerved, with a warning thump.

"It's a flat," said Marcus Goodrich.

Carefully Olivia held the bolts and nuts. Carefully she kept the flashlight aimed at the wheel on which he worked. For a few minutes all went well. Then the Goodrich voice boomed out, "And for God's sake, whatever you do, beware of writers!"

It was after three o'clock when they reached the Hampshire House where Olivia and Phyllis Loughton, director of "What Every Woman Knows," were living during the two weeks the company rehearsed in New York. Marcus Goodrich was an old friend of Phyllis and her husband, George Seaton. On the train coming (*Continued on page 83*)

New Queen of the Reds



YOU'LL LOVE THIS NEW TANGEE CASE... gleaming brass, etched in a delicate floral design... with popular swivel base. Ask for it in your favorite Tangee shade.

Red Majesty

A rare red — a truly royal red! And you'll love what it does for your lips.

READ THE RAVES HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES GIVE RED MAJESTY

"Terrific!"



MRS. RONALD COLMAN

"Stunning!"



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"Exquisite!"



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and see

how beautiful you can be



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of
Tangee and creator of
Tangee Red Majesty
Lipstick and Petal-
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GOLD TASSEL

*a gay soft fragrance
with an evening air*

BY *Whisley*



Shimmering cobweb magic...
the bewitching aura of subtle,
enveloping fragrance.

Exquisite toiletries...
for tip-toe loveliness.

Cologne, Bath Bubbles,
Bath Powder, Talcum,
richly scented Soap.

Precious as gifts—in sets or singly.

Intensely, Liz Scott

(Continued from page 43) desire of her life revealed itself and stood sharply defined before her. The yearning to be a fine actress. This was so all-important that it relegated to the limbo of trivia such material things as a mink coat.

"Then I knew," Lizabeth stated simply, "that this coat was purely a mark of achievement, like an A on a term paper. It had no value of its own. So I laid it on the floor and walked on it, just to show how meaningless it was for me."

In the beginning, Lizabeth had no ambitions concerning the stage or an acting career. It was not until she had worked in summer stock in her home town in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that the instinct was awakened. It was like handing a cup of poison to Borgia. Now, acting is both a vocation and an avocation with this intense young person. She wants to work all the time. No sooner had she finished "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" than she went in to see her film boss Hal Wallis.

"I've heard of a play I'd like to do, this summer," she told him. "I used to love summer stock and it's been years since I've even thought about it."

Wallis, whose concern is to see that his star mixes in a little play with her acting, shook his head, "I don't think you'll have time," he said. "You're going on a long trip, first to New York. Then you'll fly to London for the opening of 'Ivers.'"

That settled it. Lizabeth forgot again about summer stock.

BUT she hasn't forgotten about England, even though she has had a busy time since her return, going into Columbia's "Dead Reckoning" with Humphrey Bogart.

"I thought the trans-Atlantic flight would be very chic," she said. "I thought I would fly with famous names, with statesmen and writers, with movie and theater people and such. There were one or two—but all the other passengers were simple people who worked at trades or in domestic service who were going home on holidays. The airplane companies encourage this travel above all, I understand. They want all people to use the sky lanes."

In London Lizabeth did all the elegant things a visiting movie star is expected to do. Garbed in her Grecian white crepe dress encrusted in gold beads, she went to the great dinner which preceded the premiere of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers." She posed for pictures, in her arms a load of roses, by her side the handsome young British actor, Stewart Granger. She gave interviews to the press. She visited the Shakespeare country and Eton.

But that wasn't all. Intent upon learning what life in England really is like, she shopped for the weekly meat supply for a family she knew. Ration coupons in hand, she stood in the long patient lines at counters, joined in little exchanges with other standees and, impressed with the scant amount of meat her friends had for a week, left the shop humble.

"There are black markets in London," she said, "but they do not flourish." Her speech intensified with the emotion she felt as she added, "No self-respecting Britisher would risk his reputation by having more food or clothes than the current rationing allows. They're a wonderful people! I adore them!"

Again that pattern of intensity!

The design of her intense likes and dislikes and how she's lashed herself back and forth against them is best recognized when you hear her order a meal. "I'd like a salad," she says, "but no dressing."

"No dressing?" Mr. Wallis, who was lunching with her, (Continued on page 78)

Of all leading brands we tested...

NO OTHER deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION and ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY yet so SAFELY!

FUR FASHION NEWS

The smartest fur hats and coats can keep you really warm! Hats cover all your hair. Coats are full length, (first time in years) either enormously full, or fitted trimly. Wearing the extra warmth of fur coats encourages underarm perspiration, which ruins clothes and embarrasses you. Use new, improved Arrid. Stops perspiration better, yet safely... prevents odor. Safe for fabrics. Does not irritate skin!



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Only safe, gentle **ARRID** *gives you this thorough* **5-WAY PROTECTION!**

- 1** No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
- 2** Arrid is safe for fine fabrics. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.
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To PROTECT your precious fall clothes against perspiration... to prevent embarrassing odor... use the new, improved Postwar Arrid! Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes. Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. Get the new, improved Postwar Arrid today.

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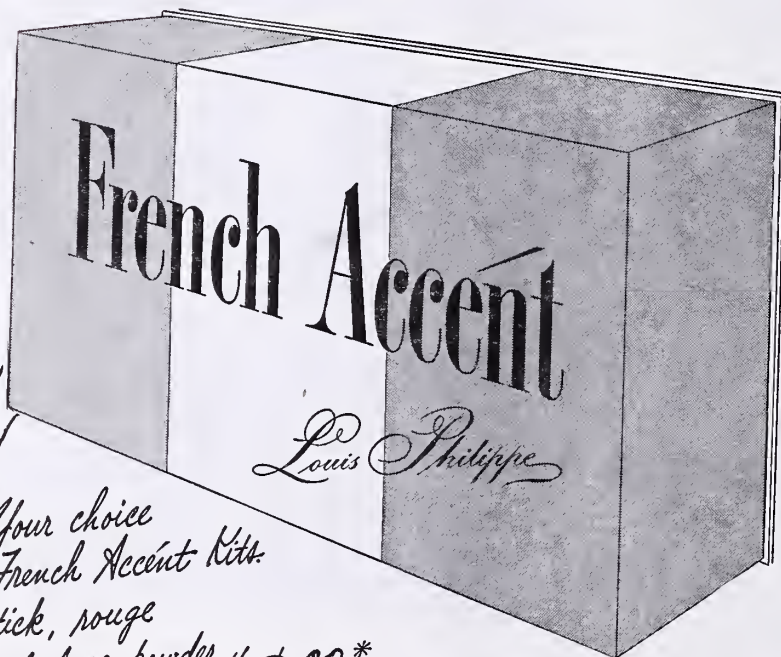
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*A sparkling
new wine shade*

*You'll wear it
with a queenly air...
this luscious new lipstick
.....\$1.00**

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of two French Accent Kits.
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Lipstick and rouge \$1.50
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plus tax

(Continued from page 76) questioned, noting the shadows that lay in the hollows of her cheeks, the cups of her temples, the curve of her chin, "there's no need for you to diet."

Lizabeth shook her head and smiled, "When I was a child, I had to take cod-liver oil. I liked it then. But now I can't bear dressings because they have oil in them. And when I was little, I couldn't get enough fried chicken. Today I never order it."

There are any number of things like these that she loathes today and used to love.

"I should hate to have the same likes and dislikes, now, at twenty-three that I had at fourteen," she admits vehemently. "I used to love pretty clothes so much that it amounted to practically a hunger. Now, I have more blouses than anything else in my wardrobe."

When she was understudying Tallulah Bankhead in "Skin of Our Teeth," and hadn't much money, she used to walk up and down Fifth Avenue, gazing at the beautiful gowns, suits and hats in the shop windows, hoping desperately that some day she would have enough money to buy all the clothes she wanted. Now she doesn't even own a hat, and wears the simplest of suits, or a skirt and blouse wherever she goes.

"When I was in New York last year," she recalled, "I'd been on salary for months, and it no longer was a question of money, but—I never went near a shop. I didn't buy a solitary thing the entire time I was in the East."

IN the early days of her career, B.H. (Before Hollywood), Lizabeth worked as a contract model for a fashion magazine, and one of the reasons she liked this job was because it gave her the chance to wear elegant clothes. Today, her only concern is that the skirts and suits be well fitted; and her lack of interest in fussy frocks and dinner dresses is startling.

During this same period of fashion modeling, she made an endless round of night clubs. "I practically lived in the Stork, El Morocco and '21,'" she acknowledged. "If I wasn't at one I was at another. But I've only visited two night clubs since coming to Hollywood and both of those dates were made (Continued on page 80)



Introducing Jonathan, at age nine days, new son of Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cooper

To glorify your Hair...

**COMBS AND BRUSHES
BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC**

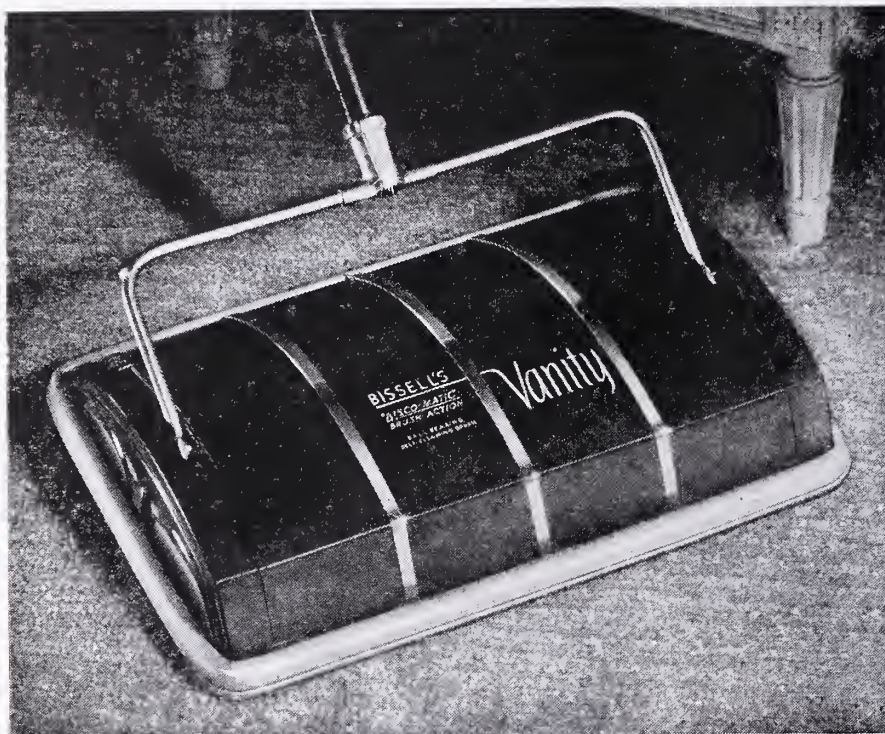
**styled in sparkling JEWELITE and
other lovely plastics**

★ There's beauty magic in the daily use of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Comb—magic that leaves your hair softer, more alluring. Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic are the supreme creation of America's finest brush craftsmen, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Your Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Proton to help stimulate your scalp and bring out every shining highlight of your hair. It's the *aristocrat* of plastics! And to give your hair that final "just right" touch, use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Comb, available in many graceful styles and sparkling colors, scientifically designed for perfect combing. For the sake of your hair, remember... Pro-phy-lac-tic. No other name means so much in a brush or a comb.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.
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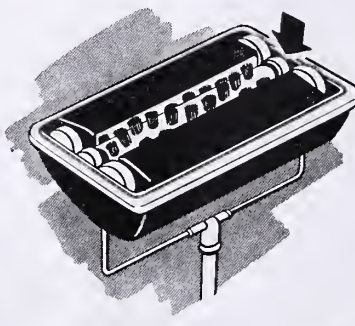
NOW—A GREAT NEW WORK-SAVING FEATURE IN NEW BISSELLS!



Easier, Cleaner Daily Sweep-ups!



**1. JUST HOLD the handle lightly—
don't press down at all!**



**2. "BISCO-MATIC"* Brush Action does
all the pressing down itself!**

YOU'LL BREEZE through "BISSELL"*
sweep-ups *easier than ever.*

And get carpets cleaner under beds
and chairs—always difficult with pre-
vious sweepers—for new Bissells give
the right brush-pressure on the carpet
automatically—anywhere.

If you're called away from your sweep-
ing, Bissell's lifetime STA-UP Handle
stands up straight awaiting your return.

And dumping the dirt is the *easiest*
ever with FLIP-O Empty, for a flick of
your thumb opens the pans; they stay
open till you set your Bissell down.

**Beautiful new Bissell Sweepers with all these work-saving
features—in limited quantities—at Bissell dealers only.**

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-Matic" Brush Action

(Continued from page 78) for me by the studio.

Lizabeth's contralto voice is warm; it dances in the room, grows still at the slightest movement of others. For she never wants to miss a word anyone else is saying—and she has a surprising habit of analyzing everything that's said. Her interest in everyone else, in the problems of others, is as warm as her voice.

To really know this young, half-Russian, half-English, all-American girl you have to know about the four words she uses most frequently. Words which echo the beat of that pendulum . . . adventure . . . color . . . love . . . progress.

Every hour of every day spells adventure to Lizabeth. For there's always something new to interest her. Now it's knitting. Yesterday it was making lamp shades. Someone suggested that she ought to have a hobby, so she started a "glass menagerie," and collected glass animals with all the intensity of feeling that she puts into everything she does. Her two most recent additions are a pair of playful pink elephants. Each new interest is taken up with keen delight, analyzed, and then discarded or kept—according to its value.

She is fascinated by color, and her apartment and clothes echo this fascination. All of her clothes are gay and bright with color, but her ability to combine various hues is an artistic triumph. And the minute you step into her apartment with its gay draperies, the bright prints upon the walls, and the vivid bits of pottery—like a final dash of paprika on creamed chicken—you recognize the hand she's had in decorating it. It's a rented apartment, but it's Lizabeth's because of her use of color.

As for love . . . here's a girl to throw her heart upon the wheel and let it come up odd or even, black or red. "I've always been in love with love," she declared. "I've romanticized every man I've ever gone out with, but I haven't found the right one yet.

"I want to get married," her sincerity made the words tremble a little. "No life is complete for any woman without a man, a home and children. When I fall in love, I want to do so with my whole heart. But, I've never found a man to whom I could open up my heart and soul—yet. I guess I'm still seeking someone to inspire."

NEXT to love, Lizabeth's main hope is for progress. She would hate bitterly to stand still. Never to be a better actress than she is now. Progress. That's the word which slips most frequently into her speech, and that's the mainspring of the pendulous pulsation. All of her life her adorations and abominations have added up to progress.

"When I was a very little girl," she recognized, "I was a very chi-chi little girl. Then, I turned into a tomboy. And I remained a tomboy until my first year at college, when I went into summer stock. Then, when I started work in show-business, I became clothes-conscious. Fine clothes meant more to me than anything in this world. Now, I know that it's ability not clothes that counts."

There is something violent in Lizabeth's yearning for ability.

"Oh, I want to do great things!" she cried out. "I want to have ability. I *have* to be a really fine actress!"

There's no room for half-measures in the tempo of her life. Self-discipline amounts to virtually a mania with her. Again, it's an extreme. If she goes on a bust and eats six bars of candy at dinner time, she denies herself even an ice at luncheon next day. Not in order to diet, purely a matter of (Continued on page 82)

WOMEN! YOU, TOO, CAN CATCH A RICH HUSBAND!



What would you do to own a genuine mink coat . . . with a yacht to match? Just let these four smart girls show you how to meet the kind of men who can buy them.

Andrew Stone presents

Gail Claire Ann Adolphe
RUSSELL • TREVOR • DVORAK • MENJOU

in

THE BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS



with

Jane Wyatt • Billie Burke

and presenting

EUGENE

LIST

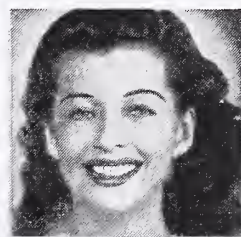
ANDREW STONE

Produced and Directed by

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Ask any of these
thrilled owners
of mink and men



GAIL RUSSELL
(As Eileen)

"It was simple . . . I
just traded a wink
for a mink!"



CLAIRE TREVOR
(As Cynthia)

"I had designs on a
yacht . . . now I have
the yacht!"



ANN DVORAK
(As Terry)

"I found that kisses
can get a girl the most
wonderful career!"



JANE WYATT
(As Marta)

"A cave with him
would be fine . . .
but a penthouse
would be better!"

See them do
what YOU can do!



The Teens are Keen!

F No doubt about it, the teens *are* keen. and when there's a party cookin', the Park Avenue tumbler by Federal, is usually at hand.

F And why not! Everything about the Park Avenue's lustrous, lithe and spirited beauty just naturally appeals to the young in heart (of all ages). It's been given the glad hand by more people than any other tumbler ever made.

F Since the turn of the century, Federal-fashioned tumblers, tableware, beverage sets, occasional and ornamental pieces have graced millions and millions of homes like yours.

F It will pay you to look for the Shield **F** of Federal when you buy glassware. It stands for precision-engineered quality in smartly designed glassware whose matchless color, clarity and brilliance belie its very low cost.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY
COLUMBUS 7, OHIO



UTILITY *Glassware*
Fashioned by **Federal**

ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE.

(Continued from page 80) self-denial. She loves making things difficult for herself.

"If things are simple," she laughingly admitted, "I add the touch to make them tough. Life itself is a struggle. I never coast along the easiest way."

And one of the easiest ways to make Lizabeth mad is to even suggest that she take the middle road. She doesn't drink and someone once suggested that at a party where everyone else was drinking it would be easier to accept a glass of ginger ale than to turn a drink down flatly. "But I don't want ginger ale," she vetoed. "That wouldn't be honest." So she continued to say to her host or hostess, "Thanks, but I don't drink."

THIS terrific belief in honesty and self-castigation may have its roots in her Russian ancestry. Her mother, Marie De-Penok, who was born in Russia and came to these United States as a small child, had some pretty decided ideas on rearing children. And though her mother never intended that it should work out as it did, it was she who started Lizabeth in show business.

"Mother believed that young minds should be active," she related, "and didn't want me to waste my summer vacation. So I tried to get a job as a counselor at a girl's camp. Then, I tried for the position of playground director near home. When I didn't land that, Mother suggested that I might find some sort of work with the summer stock company. This third attempt was the charm, and I worked with them all summer—mostly as a script girl, though I carried a tray across the stage a few times. I was fascinated by the lights and the color of the sets and the costumes. That's when I first knew that I had to be an actress."

"If a fairy godmother had suddenly appeared on the scene, complete with wand, and offered you one wish," someone queried, "would you have asked to be a movie star?"

"If I could have but one wish, at any time," she repeated, "I'd wish to have led exactly the life I've led, to have known a bit of hunger, a bit of feasting, a few moments of exhilaration and moments of longing, to have had a little gladness, a little sadness, and—a chance someday to be great!"

THE END

Listen To Radio's
Most Exciting
Half Hour

*True Detective
Mysteries*

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Everybody is talking about "True Detective Mysteries" . . . the new dramatic radio show that has become an old-time favorite of millions of listeners. If you crave exciting radio entertainment, turn your radio dial to your Mutual Broadcasting station this Sunday and listen to "True Detective Mysteries!"

4:30 EST • 3:30 CST • 2:30 MST
1:30 PST

Yankee Bride

(Continued from page 74) East Phyllis had told Olivia about him. "He's wonderful company. Really knows about life and people."

"I met him about five years ago," Olivia answered, "at a party at Arthur Hornblow's. I liked him very much, I remember. The next night I saw him again dining at Romanoff's."

"Since then," Phyllis said, "he's been fighting in the Pacific. He was a commander—at Salerno and Okinawa."

The first evening they spent with Marcus Goodrich he reminded Olivia that he had been about to take her home from the Hornblow party when her gentleman of the hour had belligerently insisted on his prerogative, "Marcus Goodrich is not to see you home. I will!" He enumerated several telephone calls he had made to her house only to be informed she was not at home when he knew she was; whereupon he had put a pox on whoever had given her a bad report about him. He quoted her exactly the night she came into Romanoff's where he was dining and said, "Oh, there you are!" That could have meant anything, of course. But Olivia is certain now it was a prognostication.

It was on a Friday night that Marcus told Olivia to beware of writers. Four days later, on Tuesday, he arrived at her hotel in a state of great excitement, having decided that what she needed most in the world was a writer, specifically a writer named Marcus Aurelius Goodrich.

"I'm asking Phyllis to dinner," he told her. "You've appointed her your mother while you're here. I'm going to tell her, 'I am in love with this woman and want to marry her.'"

Olivia did not immediately give him his answer. She knew she was being swept off her feet; but none of the men she had ever been "in love" with before had ever meant anything in comparison to Marcus. They were together every waking moment that they were not working; she at rehearsals, he on his new novel about Mexico. They talked about Jung and the atom bomb, about publishers and movie producers, about J. M. Barrie and the superiority of kidneys cooked in red wine. They talked too about life in a big house in California, with walnut trees and a library wing soundproofed so even the noise of five or six young children would not disturb a writer at work. And at long last, two days later to be exact, Olivia gave Marcus his answer.

Rehearsals over, Marcus drove Olivia and Phyllis to Westport, Connecticut, saw them installed at the Inn, arranged to rent a cottage for himself for the week they would be there, then returned to New York to meet George Seaton, who was arriving from California, and to buy Olivia's engagement ring.

"I'd like an old ring," she told him.

He found it at the Hammer Galleries where they specialize in such treasures; two bands of yellow gold set with two heart-shaped Siberian amethysts and tiny diamonds.

"It came to us," the clerk told Marcus, "from the estate of an old lady. She was a very happy person."

They planned to be married in about two months, when Olivia finished her engagements in summer theater and on the radio and he had had his long-planned holiday with his eighteen-year-old daughter.

"What climate do you like best, Marcus?" Olivia asked as, together with Phyllis and George Seaton, they pored over maps.

"A warm climate," he said. "But I work

"RC's best for taste!"

says **JUNE PREISSER**

See **JUNE PREISSER** in
The Teen-Agers Production
"HIGH SCHOOL HERO"
A Monogram Picture



"IT WAS TOPS IN MY TASTE-TEST!"
says June. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and chose Royal Crown Cola best tasting!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test





**Want extra comfort,
Ease of use, too?
Ask for Meds-Slender—
Made just for you!**

Internal protection in a new extra easy-to-use size, with regular absorbency—that's Meds-Slender! Cheering news, for they offer security, comfort and convenience of a kind you never dreamed possible. Free you from pins, belts and pads; from chafing and embarrassing bulges. Give you a new outlook on life!

If you need super absorbency, choose Meds-De Luxe—already so popular with so many women. Both sizes have these Meds' advantages:

- "SAFETY-WELL" for added protection
- COTTON for soft comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

Meds

IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

better where it is cold." Straightaway her hand made its way across the map to the California mountains. "We'll be there for the first snow," she said.

As they looked at the maps, deciding where they would be married and where they would honeymoon, George Seaton burst into loud laughter.

"I can't help thinking," he said, "of the thousands of people in California who are saying, 'Let's go to Westport, Connecticut, to be married. Such an idyllic spot!'"

"How right you are, George," Phyllis said. "A summer wedding here in a country garden!"

It was that precise moment on Saturday night that all Olivia's and Marcus's practical plans went glimmering. On Monday Olivia was opening at the Playhouse. "Could you arrange to have the five-day law waived?" they asked Lawrence Langner, director of the Theater Guild, when they reached him and his wife, Armina, dining at Edna Ferber's. He was sure he could—provided he gave Olivia away and she was married in their garden.

They agreed upon a Church of England ceremony with two rings. "It's so beautiful," Olivia said. "And both Marcus and I come of Episcopalian families."

WHEN Marcus first suggested that Olivia in the traditional manner promise to obey, she thought, certainly not! "A year ago," she says, "I could not have made any such promise and retained my self-respect. With Marcus, however, it was different. He is a man of judgment and great kindness. Therefore if ever we could not agree I would know that I, as the woman, should say, 'Your way will prevail.'"

At six o'clock Sunday night they took their medical tests. Early Monday morning, they went to the next town of Weston, where the Langners live, to get their license. At eleven they returned to the Inn to meet the Reverend Fredric L. Lorentzan who married them at high noon on an island in the Langner garden pool where the Chinese Goddess of Happiness sits beside a little pagoda. Phyllis Loughton was her matron of honor. George Seaton was the best man. Irene Selznick and Armina Langner stood by.

Olivia wore a paisley silk print of bright green and blue with red predominating. The pearls Joan Fontaine gave her years ago furnished something old. A handkerchief from Irene Selznick was new. Phyllis's gloves with a finger cut out for the ring were borrowed. Olivia's big hat was blue. And she used a Roosevelt dime for the sixpence in her shoe.

At five minutes before twelve, while Marcus waited beside the Goddess of Happiness, Olivia put an emergency call through to her mother. "Be thinking of me during the next twenty minutes, Mummy," she said. "I'm being married. Marcus and I decided not to wait."

Armina Langner had brought out a harpist from New York to play the wedding music. "And," says Olivia, "when Phyllis and I walked into the garden we heard 'Lohengrin.' 'That's for me,' I thought. It was most solemn and strange.

"I couldn't keep step. So I just ran across the little bridge to Marcus who was waiting."

Her wedding ring is the old-fashioned gold band she wears in the play. There was no other in Westport to fit her finger. Later Marcus will find her a ring of gold as yellow and soft as her engagement ring. His similar ring came from a village jeweler.

There was a wedding luncheon on the terrace of the Langner century-old house. Everywhere were white gladioli and asters from the garden. There was a wedding cake which the village caterer had stayed up all night to bake and decorate. There

was champagne. There were flowers from Joan Fontaine and her husband, Bill Dozier. Mrs. Goodrich Sr. telegraphed, "Blessings, my children. Mother." Oscar Serlin, the theatrical producer, sent them two feathers to wear in their caps. And there was happy laughter. For everyone there agreed with Nunnally Johnson, the Hollywood producer and a devoted friend of the bride and bridegroom, who wired, "What a wonderful idea!"

Speaking of her theater premiere that evening, Olivia said, "I couldn't have done it without Marcus. I was in a panic. The job seemed too big but he kept me from thinking too far ahead. 'Olivia,' he said, 'now pretend you've just one act to do and no more—like a one-act play.' In the first intermission he said, 'Now you're going to do another act. Just one more one-act play.' In the second intermission he said the same thing. When he came back for the third intermission he said, 'Fifteen minutes more and I'll take you home!'"

"Had he not kept me from thinking too far ahead of the effort as a frightening whole, I don't know what I would have done. As it was I got through!"

SHE did indeed get through. One critic who has seen the greatest actresses as the Barrie character wrote: "Olivia de Havilland is the most understanding and understandable Maggie I have ever seen."

It must be strange for Olivia, who has mothered every man she has ever known—not part of the time, which is fitting, but one hundred percent of the time which can be ruinous—to find herself protected now, even indulged and pleasantly spoiled.

Marcus Goodrich is forty-eight, with four previous marriages. She is thirty and never has been married before. None of which disturbs her. She is convinced Marcus is what she really has been waiting for. And she says, "There's an old-fashioned saying that a husband should be all men to a woman—a father, a brother, a beau. . . . Marcus is all those things. And, being young of heart, he's a child, too."

With a tell-tale glow in her eyes she tells of the night Marcus left to pay the promised visit to his daughter at Olivia's insistence. "When I came back after the theater, I found this under my pillow. Opened so . . ."

In her hands was her wedding certificate. In flowering script it read:

Be it known that
on the 26th day of August
in the Year of Our Lord 1946
Marcus Aurelius Goodrich
and
Olivia Mary de Havilland
were by me
United in Marriage.

"He left me this, too." She picked up a new copy of "Delilah" from the bedside table. It was inscribed, "To Olivia, with all my love, forever. Marcus."

She's rereading it joyfully. "To familiarize myself with his style," she said. "So I can listen intelligently at night when he reads to me what he has done. For I know it is Marcus's work that's important. Not only because it is right that a husband's endeavor must come first if it's to be a good marriage, but also because his work will endure. . . ."

"He left me his laundry, too, with a little note asking it be ready when he returns. He saw to it that I wouldn't forget I was married, even for a moment. As if I would!"

She laughed. And her laughter came from her heart.

Nunnally Johnson was right, it seems, when he wired, "What a wonderful idea!"

THE END

Return of Romance?

(Continued from page 37) had Gable appeared with Rita Hayworth. But there wouldn't have been any such quickening of emotions, such stirring of memories. Because Crawford and Gable had once been Hollywood's greatest potential romance and the town would love to see them together again.

By the time the two reached their table the photographers swooped down upon them. Joan, briefly searching her companion's face, caught the knowing grin, the imperceptible shrug, and straightway invited six of the lens experts to join their table.

The banter between flash bulbs flew thick and fast, Clark interposing good-naturedly whenever there was a lull, "What's the matter, boys, out of film?"

Joan paid him off in kind. When a friend dropped by the besieged table to observe that for two people to be seen together in Hollywood once was to be called a two-some and that Joan had better keep away from Errol Flynn, she countered, "I will. He's much too young for me!"

Gable feigned indignation. "I beg your pardon!"

In this vein the evening rolled merrily along.

BUT the next morning the tongues began wagging, the presses began rolling, the radio began chattering and those who follow Hollywood happenings suddenly sat up and asked, "What's this? A new romance for Crawford and Gable?"

"New" is hardly the word. Joan and Clark have been special to each other from the day some years ago when they met and tested for their first picture, "Dance, Fools, Dance." At that time Hollywood was in a furor over Clark because of the uncompromising gambler he had played in the film version of Adela Rogers St. Johns's novel, "A Free Soul," which starred Norma Shearer. "He comes from the stage," they said in explanation of his instinctive timing.

Stage experience! Joan was impressed. Jittery too at the thought of working with him.

Clark also was impressed and jittery at the thought of working with Joan. On all sides he heard a brilliant career predicted for her.

"Miss Crawford!" He acknowledged the director's introduction with a formal bow.

"Mr. Gable!" She rushed the words together in the fierce little way that then even more than now betokened her refusal to let it be known how shy she really was.

She was wearing a cotton house dress and low-heeled shoes. Clark towered above her, so far above her that, surprised out of her jitters, she cried: "My God, you're big!"

An experienced siren couldn't have conceived four words more likely to make a man remember.

Throughout the picture their friendship grew. Sitting on the sidelines of the set they used each other as a sounding board for all their thoughts. They talked about the theater and books, about the bouquet of wines and all the things they didn't understand about life. No doubt anyone overhearing their conversation would have thought them incredibly corny. But they also would have realized they were wholly sincere.

For in their highly competitive town, with fame and fortune at stake, they dared not seem young or inexperienced or searching. So only with each other could they take off their masks; could Clark appear otherwise than a slightly politer facsimile of the tough guys

'Anything worth doing...'



It's an 'oldie'—of course. But even if you're a very new newlywed, you'll see how true the old proverb is—when you're washing clothes.

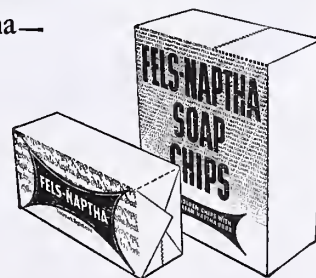
This is one housekeeping chore you can make pleasant and satisfying with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

You don't have to *rub* the dirt out.

Fels-Naptha loosens it—quickly and gently—then it's whisked away, *all of it*, in the mild suds of Fels-Naptha Soap.

Your clothes will be cleaner, brighter, sweeter-smelling.

Your wash days—with Fels-Naptha—will be something to look forward to . . . *well, almost.*



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Arabian Nights

EXCITING FRAGRANCE

A lingering, luring, woody
blend of rare amber and sandalwood... warm and heady
... a perfume so delightfully
subtle, distinctive and exotic.



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PERFUME \$28 to \$1.75 • TOILET WATER \$1.10 • FACE POWDER \$1 (plus tax).
SAME PRICES PREVAIL ON RENAISSANCE AND MYSTICUM FRAGRANCES.

he played on the screen, could Joan appear otherwise than a secure and smoothly sophisticated lady. Discovering each other in a way they also discovered themselves.

Clark was married to Rhea then. Joan was married to Douglas Jr. If they weren't happy in their marriages they didn't know it. So when rumors began to circulate about them they laughed and Joan promptly invited Rhea to lunch and they began visiting back and forth at each other's homes.

However, later on, when Joan and young Doug returned from a holiday in Europe things were different. Joan was trying valiantly—sure death to any marriage—to keep things together. For when she married Douglas Fairbanks Jr., she had made her vows of faithfulness and forbearance with the solemnity of a reformed Hey girl.

Clark and Rhea, too, had changed toward each other.

So, intrinsically unhappy and lonely, Joan and Clark met again to make "Possessed." The first one on the set in the mornings waited for the other to arrive. More and more their chairs stood side by side. More and more they talked of all the things in life they could less and less understand.

"Clark's an old softy!" she said at this time, meaning no doubt, to make an amusing revelation. But her voice went tender, making it a romantic revelation instead. It still does even when she says of some other man, "He's kind of Clark Gable-ish. . . ." And Clark, speaking of Joan, for years has tried to be noncommittal as he's said, "She's quite a gal!"

THE crew on the "Possessed" set were the first to know Joan and Clark were in love. They knew it probably before Joan or Clark did themselves. Then items began appearing in the columns. But where Joan once had laughed down similar rumors she now was enraged and denied everything.

"Can there be no friendship in Hollywood?" she demanded emotionally.

Those who knew Joan and Clark best then insisted they never saw each other except at the studios and at parties. At parties, however, you always found them on the same side of the room, on the same side of a discussion or rushing excitedly to each other to share something amusing; an inevitable sign that a man and a woman are important to each other; more so sometimes than either one of them yet realizes.

This was Joan's and Clark's time, of course. But neither of them was quite ready for the divorce and publicity they both faced later on.

There was, so far as anyone knows, no grand renunciation between them. They simply and gradually moved away from each other, back into the shelter of their marriages.

The romanticists will tell you—and they may be right—that this was a great pity, that Joan and Clark then were made for each other and, had they followed their hearts, would be two different people today, two happier and more fulfilled and secure people. And there is no doubt in the minds of all who have observed them through the years that there never has been a time, even when they have been emotionally involved with others, that they haven't been important to each other, that they haven't paused instantly at the sound of the other's call or voice or even at the casual mention of the other's name.

Joan was in New York when Carole Lombard Gable's plane crashed. For years her path and Clark's had not crossed

except in the most casual manner. Married to Franchot Tone in the meantime, Joan also had become somewhat the smooth sophisticate she once only had pretended to be. Nevertheless, her grief for Clark was something she did not even try to hide.

It was just before Joan married Phil Terry that gossips once more began noticing Clark's car parked in front of her house in Brentwood. But in this story of frustration again the time was not right. Clark was top man on the screen. Joan was in her slump. Above all, she needed to re-establish herself and to be with those who worshipped her blindly and so soothed her ego. All of which is understandable. For it is not in the human pattern not to be hurt and not be determined to prove yourself all over again when you're looked upon as a glamorous queen one day and the next you're kept waiting outside producers' offices while newcomers are given parts you would cherish.

EARLIER, of course, when both Joan's and Clark's positions were dominant and strong, it had been all right for them to confess to each other their underlying sense of insecurity and their sensitive fears. Not now.

So Clark went away. Again, inevitably, the distance between him and Joan widened. She had her greater absorption in her career, her delightful adopted children with their pretty manners, her beautiful white house with its exquisite white drawing room. Clark had his definitely lesser interest in his career and his informal life on his ranch. And when he said farewell to Hollywood to fly in enemy skies and Joan married Phillip Terry the distance was even greater than before.

Not too great, however. For again their paths were destined to cross. It was after Clark returned to civilian life and Joan's marriage to Phillip Terry was on the rocks. This time Louis B. Mayer provided the springboard by seating Joan and Clark next to each other at a dinner party he was giving. That gentleman has been known to foster romance more than once.

For a while it looked as if the friendly hypo might be taking, for thereafter the Gable car was seen on occasions making its way over the hills from the Valley to Brentwood. And Hollywood, frequently hard-boiled over the heart affairs of its fellow citizens, really rooted for this one. Hadn't the right time arrived at last for the big guy who had known tragedy, made a fine record in the war only to return to an empty heart, and the woman who alone won top acclaim for her courageous comeback?

Then came the opening of the California Cabana Club when Joan and Clark created a social climax by attending together. An answer had to be given and Joan gave it. "I'm amazed Clark and I caused such a flurry by appearing together at the Cabana Club. I thought everyone knew we saw each other occasionally."

This could be another one of those evasions out of the mouths of Hollywood stars. It could be—but isn't. Theirs is not the romance Hollywood would like to have it—not as things stand at the moment. Again it's a question of the wrong timing; Gable, fed up with pictures despite the financial success of "Adventure," his future course unclear even to himself; Joan, with her feet firmly on the road to perhaps a second Oscar.

But who is to say that the timing might not one of these days be right?

THE END



A Forget-Everything Kiss

Sweet, heart-thumping . . . the touch of his lips when your skin is smooth and soft.

Don't let dry, rough skin turn him away . . .

New 1-Cream Beauty Treatment . . . with good-and-luscious Jergens Face Cream . . . coaxes dry skin to feel dreamy-smooth!

TRY Jergens 1-Cream Beauty Treatment



Helps smooth away tiny dry-skin lines

Every day cleanse-smooth your skin with Jergens Face Cream. *All-purpose* . . . no other cream needed. Does the work of 4 creams in one. Use Jergens Face Cream regularly for—

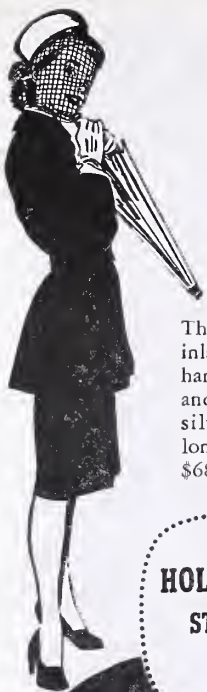
1. **CLEANSING:** Floats out grime, make-up
2. **SOFTENING:** Helps smooth dry skin
3. **POWDER BASE:** For smooth powder-cling
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Famous skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream—the same who make Jergens Lotion. A beauty-giving treat for dry, neglected skin. 10¢ to \$1.25 (plus tax). Give Jergens 1-Cream Treatment a quick 10-day trial—see the kiss-thrilling difference in *your* skin!



JERGENS FACE CREAM

All-Purpose . . . for All Skin Types



Wonderful to



know about!

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 including chest.

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STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE



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Ranch Warming

(Continued from page 49) never doubted for a moment that Alan was anything more than a mere delivery boy. Item two: She obviously didn't know that Chet is an extremely well-heeled gentleman who runs an antique shop for the absolute fun of it. His wife, who used to be pretty little Lois Ransom of the screen, infected her husband with the antique bug, she being an "early American furniture" addict.

Mr. Alan Ladd, the delivery boy, observed the sparkling lake cupped in green mountains with live oaks, sycamore trees and fertile fields dotting their slopes, beheld the splendid brood mares, stallions, foals and yearlings grazing there, and nearly went flat on his famous face. In fact, he would have dropped his end of the priceless old couch if Chet hadn't cautioned, "Watch your step, dope."

Alan quickly addressed the lady customer. "Is there any land you know of for sale around here?"

She turned to Chet. "As a matter of fact," she said, "there is a ranch for sale within a mile or so. There's no house on it. That burned down. But the four-car garage is still there, a very wonderful stable for horses and there's a half-finished swimming pool." Then she laughed at the idea of a delivery boy thinking he could buy such a place.

SO that's just what Alan did. He purchased it that afternoon. That was the beginning of Alsulana Acres. Susie didn't shatter when Alan confessed to her what he'd done. Being Susie, perfect wife, she told him that was wonderful, but being Miss Carol, business woman, she pointed out one or two facts.

"You can't just build a house these days," she said. "You have to wait and wait. And it will be a round trip of more than a hundred miles to the studio when

you're shooting. . . ."

"Tomorrow's Saturday," interrupted Laddie. "We could take our two horses down and have a perfect weekend. All we need is a little straw to bunk them down in the stable. It's such a big stable, Susie, we could even bunk down in the other end of it or maybe the garage."

"I think the garage would be wiser," said Susie, not batting an eyelash—acting, in fact, as though they were discussing something completely sensible.

They were off at the crack of dawn the next morning in their car with the two horses in the horse trailer, and stacks of sandwiches, jugs of coffee and a couple of air-filled mattresses beside them.

That was the first weekend. The next one Alana went along. By the third weekend, they'd hired a stable hand, and they'd decided that the garage, plus a lean-to, could actually be converted into a house. So that weekend they had guests: The Roots. By the fourth weekend they had the Bill Demarests besides the Roots and after that, they just lost count. Life at the ranch was one continual picnic.

Never once did Alan's enthusiasm waver. He moved a mountain—but literally—to improve the view—which was plenty spectacular to begin with. With the help of his groom and a Mexican field hand, he soon had the stables in shape.

Susie, the while, was turning that four-car garage plus lean-to, not into a mere shelter but into an actual little jewel of a house. The first thing she did was to turn the lean-to and the space for two cars into a kitchen-living room. Then from the space for the other two cars, she evolved two bedrooms and a bath—one bedroom for her and Alan, another with four bunks for Alana and guests. In the wet cement of one doorstep, Alan scratched "The Ladds Welcome" in very (Continued on page 90)

Show Your Colors

With the stars you choose

by sending in your vote for your favorites.

Each month Photoplay prints beautiful color portraits of the man and woman star receiving the most votes in

PHOTOPLAY'S COLOR PORTRAIT POLL

Send in your vote today—

Fill in the coupon below and mail to:

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Man _____
Woman _____
My Name _____

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you will receive color portraits of the stars. It does mean pictures in full color of the stars receiving the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)

WORTHY OF YOUR
Brightest Hopes

Let the fine, graceful beauty and faultless workmanship of a West Branch cedar chest add distinction and charm to your future home. Its mothproof construction and natural cedar interior assures utmost protection for your most treasured possessions and your fondest keepsakes. Model 7605AT (shown) equipped with Aeromold lid. WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

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The Present with a Future



North Star "Regal" Pairs in Gold adorn each bed . . . \$45 a pair at fine stores everywhere.

*Setting and accessories
by B. Altman & Co.*

Good things come in pairs . . . books, beds, companions—and North Star Pair Blankets. And make it a pair for each bed if you please! Because two of those soft lovelies (plus North Star's sheer, light Nocturne) make a Blanket Wardrobe from which you dress your bed to match the weather—something no *one* blanket can possibly do. All North Stars are live, resilient virgin wool to the last fluff . . . to give you warmth-without-weight, washability, years of wear-like-new.

Free! "Decorate your Dream Room." Decorating is fun when you follow the friendly advice in this practical little book—quick tricks to make any bedroom gayer, brighter, livable, lovable. Write to North Star Woolen Mill Company, 224D South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.



100% VIRGIN WOOL . . . \$14.95 TO \$145.



Looking at it... *Man To Man*

MEN OF ALL AGES look their best in smart, freshly laundered shirts. Starched with Linit, all shirts take on the beautiful smooth luxury finish of fine linens.

Easy to use, Linit makes a thin *fluid* starch mixture which penetrates evenly. It helps preserve fabrics and keeps them clean longer.

Yes, once you try Linit for starching, you'll use it always—for shirts, dresses, aprons, curtains, tablecloths, Linit makes all cotton look and feel like linen. © Corn Products Sales Co., 1946

Sunny Says: All fabrics are easier to iron when you starch with Linit. Full directions are on every package for using Linit. It's so easy!



LINIT adds the "finishing touch"



and Laddie, January 9th, 1946" which was the first date the doorstep was there at all.

OF COURSE, with Lois and Chet always among those present, it became unthinkable that the ranch house should be furnished with anything less than genuine old pieces. So Susie and Lois went prowling and began coming back with treasures, while back on the ranch Alan and Chet were overseeing the remodeling of the old swimming pool (with a shallow end for Alana and a deep end for the rest of the family). The fan public of Alan's began to get in on it, too, and "Alsulana Acres" was a name suggested by a fan.

But, actually, Alsulana Acres didn't have its formal opening until late this past summer at what Sue called a "picnic." Dottie Lamour came with her brother and sister-in-law. (Dottie's husband, Bill, couldn't get away from his work long enough to be there.) Betty Hutton and her husband, Ted Briskin, were there too, and the Demarests and the Roots and PHOTOPLAY's photographers to catch all this merriment.

Alan showed the men—from horseback—his homegrown apricots and the rifle range he had laid out, all unassisted, and the swimming pool he was helping on. Susie showed the girls every space-saving corner of the house. She was justly proud that, with today's shortages, they hadn't used any new lumber—but had adapted what was at hand—like the pergola they found going nowhere at one end of the ranch, which they forthwith made serve as an outdoor porch.

It was Dottie who told Sue she'd send her slips of all her wonderful geraniums to plant around the ranch and Betty who said she'd make Ted send the Ladds the newest electrical gadgets, which Ted is able to get because of his business connections in Chicago. As for Sue, she had us in giggles describing the latest Ladd gifts.

For example, for this year's wedding anniversary, Sue had given Alan two hundred feet of the best copper piping—which was what he most wanted—to irrigate the ranch. Alan had given her a station wagon, which was most certainly what she needed to get to market some twenty miles away. (But both gifts were a far cry from the usual jeweled splendor that had marked their other anniversaries.) What's more, Susie told how Alan, on her birthday, had given her "Marijuana," which is a mare (who will get her name changed) and she is in the same delicate condition as Susie. Susie was really thrown when "Marijuana," with colt, appeared, for the simple reason that she had already had "So Sad," another mare, bred for Alan for Father's Day. There was nothing to do about that but confess to Alan—so there they were, not with two horses but suddenly with four that were about to become six. It was just like them—living in a four-car garage for the first time in their lives—and increasing the size of their family.

And yet it was all like the Ladds' idea of a "picnic lunch" that wonderful day. The guests expected something like sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. What they got was baked ham and two kinds of potatoes and chicken casserole and corn on the cob and two different kinds of salad and hot biscuits and heavenly homemade hot apple pie. All this was served by the host and hostess out under the trees, overlooking that unbelievable (and improved by Ladd) view.

It just goes to show, you see, what can happen when a man goes to deliver a couch.

THE END

The perfect gift!

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CIGARETTE CASE BY**

Elgin American

Thrill her with the gift of an Elgin American twin compact and cigarette case. These sterling silver twosomes have the exquisite designing, jewel-like finish and fine craftsmanship she'd select for herself.



Above, sterling silver Garden Path set, \$45.
Sterling silver Criss-Cross set, left, \$50.

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Single compacts and cigarette cases, \$5 to \$500 each.

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He's Helpless in your hands with the New Hinds

FOR EVER...EVER...EVER...

You'll hold him with your hands—ravishing, lovely hands that use the beauty-bringing NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* make them feel smoother...lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic—because of this special softening ingredient your skin *eagerly* takes in. Is not sticky.

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*faster
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Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00 plus tax

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West Coast Photographer

JOAN BENNETT . . .

Photographed with her three-year-old daughter, Stephanie, in her Holmby Hills home. Married to Walter Wanger, the producer, and the mother of two older daughters, Diana, eighteen, and Melinda, eleven, Joan is one of the most charming members of the film colony. Watch for her in the RKO mystery, "Woman on the Beach"

Mother and daughter peasant dresses . . . designed by Saba in Rosewood rayon gabardine. In variety of bright colors. Mother's dress, size 9-15, around \$11.00. Child's dress, sizes 3-6, around \$8.00. At De Pinna, New York, N. Y., and Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102

Joan Bennett





Winter Headliners

THAT OFFER
SMOOTH
SOPHISTICATION

DOLORES MORAN

Back in 1941 in Sacramento, California, Dolores went on an Elks picnic—and found herself in the movies! For there was a talent scout at that picnic too. You'll next see Dolores, one of Hollywood's most beautiful and talented youngsters, in the United Artists' release, produced by Benedict Bogeaus and Burgess Meredith, "A Miracle Can Happen," also starring Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda and Charles Laughton



The Coachman's look that everyone is striving for is typified in this back-belted coat with large revers bound in braid.

A Bonnie Lane fashion in American Woolens Duv-bloom suede. In brown and black. Sizes 10-20. Around \$50.00 at The Hub, Baltimore, Md., and Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles, Calif.

Soft wool hat, in all colors, by Madcaps. About \$11.00 at Filene's, Boston, Mass. and Harvey's, Nashville, Tenn.

Left, a magnificently flared shortie coat of American Woolens Duv-down suede with full barrel sleeves so smart this year! Designed by Leeds Ltd. in dark and bright shades. Sizes 10-18. About \$45.00 at Powers Dry Goods Co., Minneapolis, Minn., and John Taylor's, Kansas City, Mo.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102

California Sunshine Colors

TO MAKE YOUR
WINTER GAY

JOAN LESLIE

Her real name is Jean Brodel. She has hazel eyes, auburn hair and weighs exactly 118 pounds. She's been an actress for nineteen years, although she's just twenty-one, having made her debut in vaudeville when she was only two. Her latest picture is Warner Brothers' "Two Guys from Milwaukee"



Engstead

Left, a trim tunic-length jacket that can be worn either with matching slacks or skirt (not shown). By Joseph Zukin of California in Labtex Fabric's "Tegra" rayon. Also in aqua, gray, melon and black. Sizes 10-20, about \$23.00 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and The Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash.

Barrel sleeves plus a barrel skirt make this Lynn Lester two-piece dress a timely flatterer. Of Shirley gabardine in many color combinations. Sizes 10-18, around \$23.00 at Robinson's, Los Angeles, Calif., and The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102



THIS IS, INDEED,
NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! It scores on every point. It
 is surprisingly long-wearing, yet its sheerness is sheer delight. These lovely stockings
 cling to every curve of your leg and ankle—follow your every movement. Superb
 design and full-fashioned knitting assure perfect fit. Ask for hosiery "As You
 Like It" by name at your favorite stocking counter.



NYLON HOSIERY

"As You Like It"

READING, PA.

PHOTOPLAY

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with DOLORES MORAN

By Rena Firth

Everything was in readiness to photograph Dolores Moran for this month's fashions. It was an Indian Summer's day. But the rooms of Ben's New York studios were refreshingly dark and cool. Dolores came in from the hot street gratefully. She was chic and slender in one of the suits she loves to wear—a new cutaway suit, very sleek and hip moulding with a black and white checked attached vest. She's very blonde and blue-eyed, Dolores, with a translucent, flower-petal complexion—strictly for Technicolor. And you're surprised at her five-feet seven-inches; perhaps because it carries only 118 pounds.

She patted powder lightly over her face, added lipstick. Nothing more! Then she combed out her hair which she wears long and loose. The side hair she fastens with tiny combs and lets the top hair fall softly over them.

Her gift of natural friendliness makes conversation fun and easy. Immediately there was talk of clothes and New York, which Dolores was visiting for the first time.

She loved the green swagger coat in which she posed, turning before the long pier glass to admire it from every angle. She seemed as delighted as a child at discovering how becoming this bright color was on her.

"I have to discipline myself," she laughed. "Every time I try on anything I like I want to buy it. I especially can't resist dance dresses. They're so romantic. Besides, I think a girl should look different when she's going to a party than when she's going to the movies. I can't resist suits and colorful blouses either. Or bright accessories."

Dolores found New York exciting, especially at five o'clock in the morning; for over and over she talked of the skyline at dawn as seen from her hotel suite.

She's back in California now with United Artists working on the Benedict Bogeaus-Burgess Meredith picture, "A Miracle Can Happen." Later, however, she hopes to come back East and do a musical. She loves dancing and practises ballet regularly. "It makes you graceful," she says.

Watching her you're sure of it!

c a l i f o r n i a

c a l i f o r n i a



See Koret of California sportswear worn by
star June Preisser and members of the cast
of Monogram's "HIGH SCHOOL HERO."

Koret of California

Life in the open is living the California way, in clothes that are casual experts. For the patio barbecue to a spot in the sun, wear Koret of California's Jack-Shirt made to mix with a variety of separates—skirts, slacks, and these below-the-knee Smarty-Pants. **Jack-Shirt** in Plaid Corduroy; 12-18; about \$9. Corduroy **Smarty-Pants** in muted and bright Golden West colors; 12-18; about \$7. At fashion stores wherever you are.

AT LAST!

The Girdle Miracle you've dreamed of

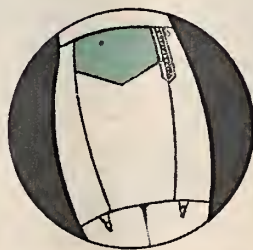
No more uncomfortable bones, no more wrinkling and rolling over — your new "Perma-lift"* Girdle eliminates all that. Here is a thrilling, youthful, lightweight, smartly styled girdle with all the advantages of boning, but With No Bones. The same cushion fabric that you've liked so well in your "Perma-lift" Brassiere is cleverly fashioned in the front panel of this marvelous new girdle. This inset eliminates the need of annoying uncomfortable bones, won't wrinkle, won't bind, will retain its firm comfort for the life of the garment — withstands countless washings and wear. Beautiful, youthful, lightweight "Perma-lift" Girdles, Panties and Foundations — about \$5 to \$10 — at all fine stores. The perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere with "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company. (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

REMEMBER—"PERMA-LIFT" GIRDLES STAY UP WITHOUT STAYS

NO BONES ABOUT IT

STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS



Perma-lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GIRDLES

NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

Another "Hickory" Success

Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

Here are a few highlights of the exciting fall fashions:

Necklines are either high, giving a swathed, wrapped look, or very décolleté (and we really mean low). Sometimes the décolletage is a softly draped cowl with tiny rows of net under the low edge of the neckline—giving a terrifically daring look while the net keeps you the modest little lass that you are.

High riding belts for nipped-in waist are exciting when they glitter with sequins or nailheads. Casual leather belts with important buckles and interesting lines do things for sport dresses. Twisted and hanging chain belts give soft dresses a siren look. . . . In fact, there is practically no costume this winter that doesn't look better for being belted.

Gloves point up the new sleeve silhouettes in many clever ways. Long sweeping gloves worn with a low décolletage gown are the perfect covered-up contrast. Shortie gloves are so right with long-cuffed sleeves, or worn with tailored coats and suits. And the wonderful colors these gloves come in add spice to any wardrobe. For a real dash of glamour try sequin-trimmed gloves; in either the long or shortie length.

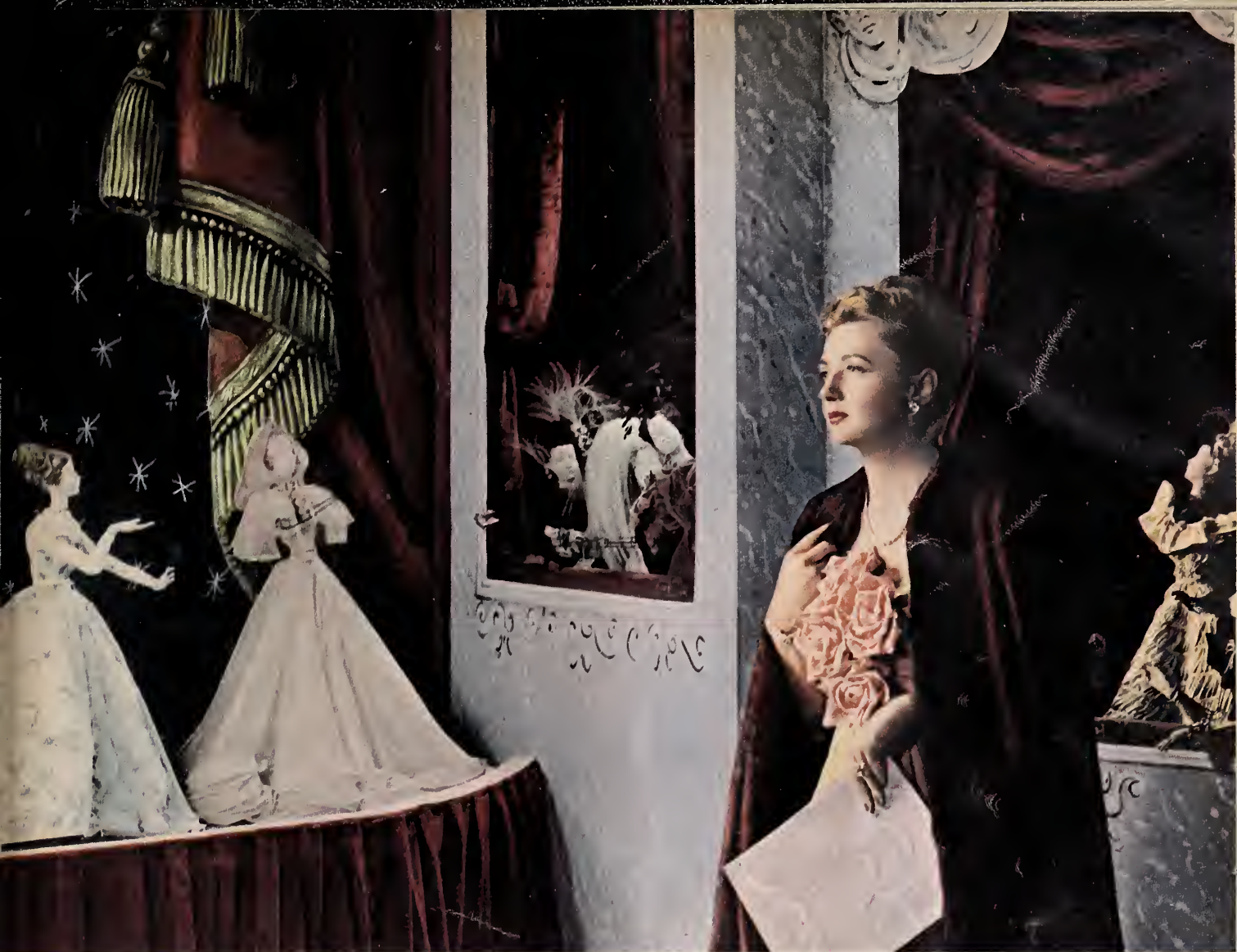
Splash a sequin monogram on a black sweater or blouse. It's easy to sew this on yourself even if it does take a little time to get that perfect handmade look.

This is the year for collars and berthas. Add a pair of matching cuffs—the bigger the better; for big cuffs are not only fashion wise but make your hands look longer and slimmer.

Does your suit jacket have a high round neck? If so be sure to wear the collar of your blouse out and high around your neck. This collar outside your suit lends a very new note. If your suit is a basic color add a black satin bow under the collar.

Our feathered friends are not the only ones to sport feathers this winter. You'll find feathered muffs, scarves and hats lavishly trimmed with multi-colored plumes for this dressed-up season of 1946. Trim a hat with curled feathers lying around the brim. Place a few quills strategically on a beret. Or (this is our favorite) sew a feathered

(Continued on page 102)



Helen Neushaefer at American premiere of La Theatre de la Mode, the miracle miniatures of newest fashions from Paris.

How

Helen Neushaefer

plans today for the brilliant new nail colors
you'll want tomorrow

Color
authority...
stylist

Long before you wear them, Helen Neushaefer previews coming fashions and colors . . . and re-styles her nail colors to make sure your nails are faultlessly, tastefully matched with fashion's latest and best. And to give your nails the dazzling beauty of ovals of rare porcelain, her polishes (and *only* hers) contain Plasteen*. Look for Fashion's smartest nail-do's in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle. 10¢ at all chain store cosmetic counters.

*PLASTEEN—Helen Neushaefer's own miracle ingredient to help shock-proof nails against chipping.



Finger Tips

by *Helen Neushaefer*

For smooth, soft hands he'll love, be your own hand masseuse! Place palm of one hand over back of other: rotate firmly until you feel muscles underneath are moved.



Blend your figure line into

One Glorious Lifeline



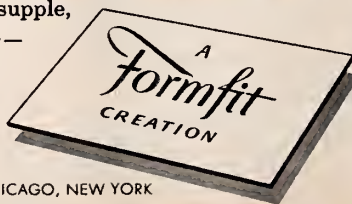
... WITH FORMFIT ABOVE AND BELOW

Life BRA
★
GIRDLE

Above ... Life-Bra lifts, molds, corrects, holds—all at once. \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Below ... Life-Girdle brings new curve—appeal thru elastic comfort and tailored-in material control. \$7.50 up.

Working together, these superb Formfit creations GLAMORIZE every curve... CORRECT every sag and bulge... BLEND your entire figure into one continuous Lifeline of supple, fluid movement! Today—be fitted and see—at any of the better stores. Look for this label. It is your assurance of quality—in fabric, tailoring, fit, long life.



THE FORMFIT COMPANY · CHICAGO, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 100)
ered pom-pom on the side of a small, off-the-face hat.

Have you a dress or suit with a rather full skirt? Then for new interest and that barrel look sew two bands, about three inches apart, around the hips. If the sleeves are full sew two similar bands a little above the cuff. You can achieve wonderful color combinations by doing this. And brighten up your wardrobe too!

What a wonderful exit you just made, my dear! And it's all done by shifting the peplum from front to back. Back interest is the thing and so easy to have by sewing a full ruffle in the middle of a band and then tying the two ends in front. A ruffle should be about eight inches in width. The length, of course, depends on your height. Tall gals can wear longer pep-lums than their shorter sisters.

Wrap your scarf high around your neck and knot the ends on one side. A scarf worn this way is flattering under suits, dresses or open-necked blouses. Also wear your scarf berth effect over the shoulders and anchor it with your favorite pin.

Tuck your gloves under the cuff of your coat or suit and wear your bracelets over the gloves. Jewelry is very important this year so don't hide your bracelets or pins for one minute.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where it is available.

Mother and Daughter Dresses

Saba Co.

860 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Flare Back Shortie Coat

Leeds Ltd.

500 Seventh Ave.

N. Y. C.

Coachman's Coat

Lou Schneider, Inc.

512 Seventh Ave.

N. Y. C.

Wool Hat

Madcaps

28 West 39 St.

N. Y. C.

Jacket and Slacks

Joseph Zukin of Calif.

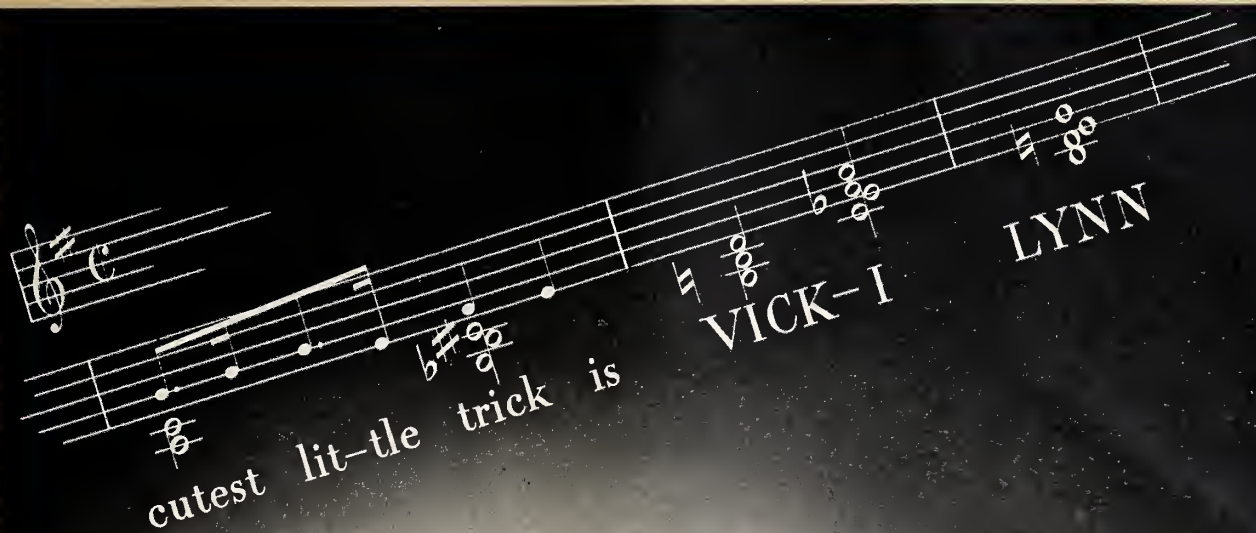
719 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Two-piece Gabardine Dress

Lynn Lester

722 South Los Angeles St.

Los Angeles, Calif.



Vicki Lynn



About \$3.00 at leading department stores. A creation of Vicki Lynn Blouses, Inc., Two Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



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Write for FREE color booklet — "the Saga of *Baranee* Shearling"

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You feel gay
and at ease in a
free-as-air WISPESE
and proud
of a figure
so slickly fashionable.

WISPESE, Inc.

302 Fifth Avenue • New York 1



Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

The Hollywood belles have fallen en masse for the wonderful new fall shade called "Black Tulip." It's a color that does things for any shade of eyes as it varies and shimmers from dubonnet to navy. Lange created a cocktail suit in this new shade for Irene Dunne that's a dream. The slim skirt and the peplumed jacket that dips low in the back combine to give a mermaidish silhouette. The jacket is collarless and long sleeved. The waist is tiny; pinched in for terrific figure flattery. And a bunch of black silk tulips are attached to the back of the peplum to give a bustle effect. With this Irene wears a draped turban of black tulle.

The new hats are bigger, better, and more exciting than ever. Your ma will say they remind her of the early twenties. Alexis Smith, tall enough to carry it, wears an enormously large cartwheel of black felt with long slinky dinner suits and dresses. It's laden with pink ostrich plumes and black glycerine wisps spray out from the crown.

Gail Russell caused a sensation in the new "suit hat" she wore for luncheon at the Brown Derby. It was a bright pink felt bowler draped with a wine-colored jersey band long enough to be brought around the neck as a scarf. Gail's wool suit, of the same wine color as the jersey, made this hat doubly effective.

Something really new, yet as old as the art of Cleopatra, is a striking hat worn by Maria Montez. It has practically no crown but two huge white doves with their beaks crossed at a perky angle and their wings swooshing out on either side to dip over her right eye. Maria can wear this hat with almost any costume and be very fetching.

June Allyson, at the Greek Theatre, wore a short black crepe dress with a very full skirt, a fitted bodice and puffed elbow-length sleeves. Her coat was a black Persian lamb with a flared back. And her braided hair was caught and held with a huge black velvet bow. She looked half-way between a jeune fille and a woman of utter sophistication. In other words, just right for the attractive young matron she is.

Strictly in the glamour department is the gorgeous new white evening dress of Lana Turner's. Her passion for white never wanes. It is moulded to the figure, this dress, with long simple lines and a band of large dead white paillettes about five inches wide borders the neck which is cut low both in the back and the front. With this Lana wears a tiny diamond choker . . . one diamond bracelet, her new diamond cluster ring and, of course, white sandals.

Virginia Mayo's new hip-length double-breasted coat of off-white tweed with navy blue revers is really stunning. She wears it over woolen skirts of dark red or navy blue. Regardless of her skirt color, however, a turtle-neck jersey blouse of navy blue always shows above the coat neckline. Navy pumps, pigskin bag and gloves are her perfect accessories for this striking ensemble.

New gadgets seen around town include the real tiny flowers wired in the shape of a bow that Dotty Lamour wears. Dotty pins these bows on her dress, on her purse or in her hair. It's most alluring.



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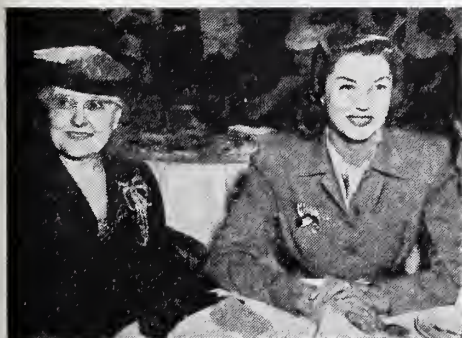
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Slang to the Rescue

How jive talk brought two young lovers back on the beam



BY ESTHER WILLIAMS

Esther Williams, who next stars in "Fiesta," and her mother who turned the trick

IRISE to the defense of slang. There are thousands of people who will take issue with me on the subject, but I insist that it has a unique place in our contemporary life. Even the longhairs must admit that it is often pungent, not just a slipshod substitute for some jaw-breaking, two-bit phrase.

Perhaps I should preface my argument with the admission that I use slang. Often. But I've also heard some very dignified and highly respected persons use it on occasion, to good advantage. I know of one case in which a well-turned slang phrase prevented a divorce.

It happened at the American Institute of Family Relations, an extension branch of the University of California at Los Angeles. The institute does just what you'd think: Tries to salvage broken families, prevent divorces, establish understanding through application of psychology and a liberal sprinkling of sound, old-fashioned advice.

One of the counselors is a tall, matronly woman with a kindly, understanding face that mirrors her kindly, understanding nature. She was in her conference room one day recently when a couple was ushered in. They were nothing more than kids. The husband was twenty, the wife eighteen. They stated their case simply but sullenly. They just couldn't get along and wanted a divorce.

The arbiter started to give them some heartfelt motherly advice. It didn't take her long to notice a total lack of interest from these two young jitterbugs. She was well versed in psychology, knew how to handle people and realized she had to jog them out of thinking she was an old fuddy-duddy and appeal to them on their own grounds. She stopped her lecture and told them bluntly:

"You're not listening. I'm trying to help you and everything I'm saying is going through your minds like water through a sieve. You're wasting my time and yours. Now—*get off the dime and tell me what your problem is, or hit the road!*"

The kids snapped to attention. This was talk they understood.

"Now," continued the arbiter, "you don't seem to have much wrong. Let's talk it out."

An hour later, reconciled and teeming with good intentions, the couple left. The husband's parting remark to the advisor, in most sincere praise, was: "Gee, we're glad you're on the beam!"

"Well I guess I've picked up a little slang from my daughter and sometimes it's useful," she answered.

Who was the counselor? Mrs. Bula Williams. My mother.

THE END



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Feet that Danced

(Continued from page 47) Eduardo the proprietor of a famous dancing school at Marguerita, a pupil whom he must always keep in the back row of the class because she must not be given more attention than the other, paying pupils. And then, one night there had been the prologue at the Cañay Circle Theater in Hollywood with the pupils of the Cansino school performing professionally, and himself in the audience. On the stage Marguerita had danced with her tall young cousin Jack and, watching them, Eduardo had suddenly known two things about that daughter of his.

"Rita is growing up," he told himself. "She is growing into a beauty."

For generations every Cansino had been a dancer. Before vaudeville had breathed its lingering last, Eduardo had headed the greatest Spanish dancing act of its day—four Cansinos, all related. Now, this newest Cansino, with the blood of dancers, gave her fire and with the blood of her mother's forbears, who were dramatists, actors, to give her emotion as well as motion to temper the fire.

"She is part of all of us—and still like none of us. She will, if she is watched and helped, go farther than any of us thought her father."

Later, he had come upon Jack and Rita in the wings. Jack with his black eyes snapping, his feet still nervous from debut he feared was not just right. "You ruined it, you did our spin all wrong," he was saying. And Rita, saying nothing, taking it the way all her life she had taken scoldings or squabbles with her brothers, with the hurt hidden inside and only her red lips trembling.

"He is young and excitable—he is meant for her," decided her father. "I will be her dancing partner from now on."

And so Eduardo and his talented child became a team. In the United States, a girl of fourteen cannot legally perform in a cafe, even if it is as natural to her as breathing. Below the border, in Tiajuana, things were different. The engagement at Agua Caliente, originally for four weeks, had stretched into more than two years.

IN THE meantime, there was the house at Chula Vista with the sun-blistered roof and the flower-drenched garden, and with mother and brothers Vernon and Eduardo Jr. to help fill it. Rehearsals during the day and performances at night, and in between, lessons in diction and stage deportment from her mother whose ancestor, Joseph Haworth, had done Shakespeare with Edwin Booth.

"But it must not all be work. She must have fun," said her mother.

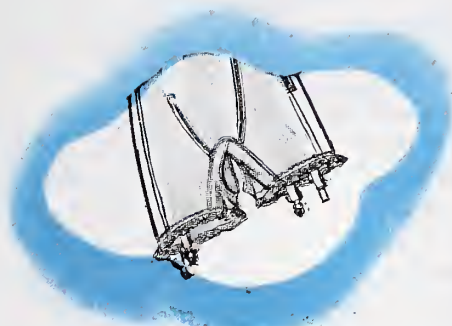
"Yet, she is too young, too pretty, to be left here in a gambling town to have her fun alone," said Eduardo. Heeding the Latin custom of vigilantly chaperoning daughters until they are married, it was he who played tennis with her, swam and rode horseback with her.

Night after night, while he was dancing, Eduardo had scanned the ringside at the Agua Caliente for personages who would be important to Marguerita's future. Agents, producers, the big stars themselves would say they knew just the picture in which his daughter could dance.

"Certainly, she can dance," Eduardo would tell them. "That we knew when she was four years old, dancing around under our feet backstage at the theaters."

"But she will not go to Hollywood unless you are interested to see that she can also act."

And then one evening, to one of the ringside tables had come Winfield Sheehan, who was head of Fox Studios. He wanted her to (Continued on page 112)



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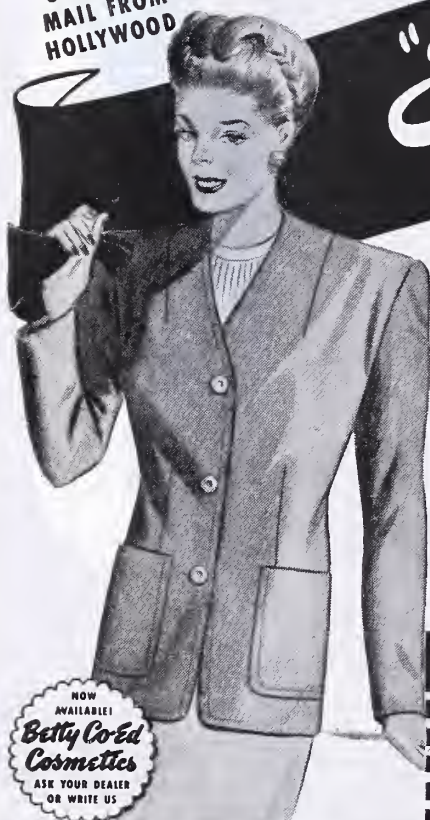


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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

(Continued from page 110) test for the name role of "Ramona," Indian maid classic poignancy.

And so on this night, Eduardo was dancing with his daughter for the last time. Tomorrow night the neons of the Agua Caliente would flash just as blatantly, but they would spell out the name of only one Cansino. Marguerita was going up from the border—155 miles to Hollywood, the road maps called it. Eduardo knew far better than she that there is no way of reckoning the distance one must have to go to reach the movietown.

The house at Chula Vista was sleeping when they reached it, except for one corner of the patio where the breeze had whispered conversation with the Bougainvillea.

"Sit down, Daddy," said Marguerita "just for a minute."

"It is late," said her father. "You have an early start for tomorrow—"

"But I am not going tomorrow. I am not going anywhere that takes me away from you," she said quietly.

"But 'Rita, querida, you are going. It is the chance we have waited for all these months—and now, suddenly, you say something like this. You are tired—tomorrow you will go as we have promised. It is a wonderful thing that you, a newcomer, will play this Indian girl the whole world knows and loves."

"The test will not be right—nothing will be right, because I will be unhappy. I am going to stay."

From necessity, Eduardo made his own tones gruff: "You have outgrown me," he said shortly, as if it were a fault. "Look—I will show you. Stand up against this pepper tree, I will mark the top of your head on the bark. Now, my own head. See? What kind of a dancing partner is that for a man, a girl who is already a full inch taller? It is awkward for me, I tell you—"

Her lips, the soft and tremulous lips showed their hurt but he pretended not to notice it. "Nor do I wish to stop dancing, now that I have started again. I am still young, still famous—why should I stop dancing and grow fat and old? You will go—and I will stay here."

MARGUERITA'S eyes were beginning to be rimmed with what was left of the night's faint purple, but the answer was still the same. "You are going with me—somehow—" she said softly.

Marguerita Cansino—whose name did not become Rita Hayworth until many months later—went to Hollywood the next day, but not alone. Standing ringside when she went before the test cameras, was her father—but with a dance director's contract for Fox in his pocket. The test, it turned out, was a producer's dream—Rita was *Ramona*, and vice versa. But Rita, as it also turned out, was not to be a star in her first picture.

One day the Cansinos were celebrating their happiness—and the next day, Marguerita was sitting on the studio steps, weeping her young heart out. In the interim, Fate (which sometimes disguises itself as studio politics) had lifted Mr. Sheehan from the executive chair and dropped one Mr. Darryl Zanuck into it instead. Mr. Zanuck had never heard of Rita, which was understandable, but he had heard of Loretta Young.

Although, several years later, Mr. Zanuck was to borrow Rita Hayworth from Columbia to star in his super-super "Blood and Sand," there was nothing on the Fox lot for Marguerita Cansino but a bitter succession of B's. And nothing important at Columbia at first, until one evening, while dancing at the Trocadero, she attracted the attention of Harry Cohn and Howard Hawks, (Continued on page 114)

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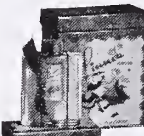
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(Continued from page 112) a couple of gentlemen who turned out to be president and top director of Columbia, respectively. Mr. Hawks had been looking everywhere—except in his own backyard—for a Rita to play second lead with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant in "Only Angels Have Wings."

On the set of "Angels" came that moment when Rita, herself, began to take wings.

The handsome Mr. Grant found himself studying that sensitive face of hers and coming to a decision. "Has anyone ever told you that you have one of the loveliest mouths in the world?" he asked seriously.

"N-no—I can't remember anyone ever saying that—"

"It's because of that white part you wear in the middle of your black hair—" said Cary. "As long as you wear it, it will draw attention away from your face. Why don't you lighten the color of your hair and give that unforgettable mouth of yours a chance? It will make you famous."

And so, Marguerita Cansino of Chula Vista and Agua Caliente was fully metamorphosed at last into Rita Hayworth of Hollywood and the world. The Rita whose hair is now a dancing flame around the white oval of her face, and whose long, slim hands have the grace of waving flowers, and who will shortly be seen as the Goddess of Terpsichore come to life in Columbia's "Down to Earth. . ."

There is still a good measure of the little dancer who refused to entirely outgrow her father left, however. Hayworth pictures—photos, and portraits painted by Petty and Varga and other famous "admirers," adorn the Cansino Dancing Studios from end to end, giving inspiration to the pupils of Eduardo, still slim hipped, sleek haired and still dancing. And during those days when the unhappy ending of Rita's second marriage added a new curve of poignancy to that lovely, vulnerable mouth of hers, they were again very close, these two—Marguerita and Eduardo.

THE END

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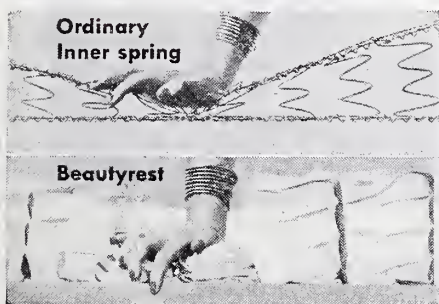
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Dinah Shore

CROSS MY HEART: The new Betty Hutton-Sonny Tufts Paramount pairing gives Dinah Shore the best record she has had in months. The Tennessee thrush warbles the film's love song, "That Little Dream Got Nowhere." Composers Burke and Van Heusen can rack up another hit. For good measure Dinah croons "Two Silhouettes" from Disney's "Make Mine Music" on the reverse (Columbia).

IF I'M LUCKY: Perry Como's next 20th Century-Fox musical, in which he shares stardom with Vivian Blaine,

Carmen Miranda and Harry James, is also responsible for Victor's next Perry Comoditty. He records the picture's two best tunes, "One More Vote" and the title song. The Satisfiers and Russ Case's orchestra supply the customary accompaniments.

CANYON PASSAGE: Walter Wanger's exciting Western differs chiefly from most horse operas because it possesses a brand new Hoagy Carmichael song you'll soon be humming. It's called "Ole Buttermilk Sky." Danny O'Neil has grooved it for Majestic and has teamed it with another movie melody, "Remember Me" from "Never Say Goodbye."

DOWN MISSOURI WAY: From time to time a hillbilly tune has its own peculiar way of developing into a full-fledged hit rivalling Tin Pan Alley's output. The likeliest candidate is this picture's "There's a Rose That Grows in the Ozarks" and Eddie Dean (Majestic) has recorded it.

JIMMY DURANTE: Good news to all is the return to the waxworks of The Great Profile. His first recording (Majestic) has the inevitable Eddie Jackson helping roll out the hilarious "G'Wan Home Your Mother's Calling" and "There Are Two Sides To Every Girl," both performed by the great man in M-G-M's "Two Sisters from Boston."



Jimmy Durante

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE: When a movie has a sure-fire score like the one Myrow and Gordon whipped up on the Steinway for this 20th Century-Fox musical which teams Vivian Blaine, George Montgomery and June Haver, the nation's recording stars are all in there grooving its tuneful wares. Harry James (Columbia) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) are represented with "This Is Always." Jerry Colonna (Capitol) gargles "A Farmer's Life Is a Merry Life" and Frank Sinatra (Columbia) and Martha Tilton (Capitol) turn to the standout Hit Parade nominee, "Somewhere in the Night."

BLUE SKIES: Her Nibbs, Georgia Gibbs, turns out a stand-out version of Irving Berlin's beautiful ballad "You Keep Coming Back Like a Dream" (Majestic) that can well serve as a model for all other distaff side diskers.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Aaron Copland's monumental "Lincoln Portrait" played by The N. Y. Philharmonic with baritone Kenneth Spencer as narrator is a reverential and rich recorded tribute to The Great Emancipator . . . The silver-voiced soprano, Lotte Lehman, has just recorded an interesting album of Schubert's song cycle of the lovely miller maid set to the poems of Wilhelm Muller that run the gamut of emotions . . . In a lighter vein are the shimmering Andre Kostelanetz, Fritz Kreisler and Jerome Kern albums . . . For a stirring collection of dances, including Dvorak's Slavonic Dance and Johann Strauss's gay and lilting "Wine, Women and Song," try The Philadelphia Orchestra's album of dances under the baton of Eugene Ormandy . . . A set of operatic arias, featuring immortal melodies from Faust, Manon, and La Boheme, has just been collected by soprano Bidu Sayao . . . If it's Wagner you want, don't miss the N. Y. Philharmonic's flawless interpretation of the Siegfried Idyll, from the third act of that intense music drama, Artur Rodzinski conducting. All the above musical gifts by Columbia Masterworks.

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RCA VICTOR RECORDS



A Guy Named Bob

(Continued from page 52) pool on San Diego's North Island. The officer of the day, a lieutenant, posted a work order from the senior officer's house. These were usually chances to referee basketball games at \$5.00 a night. Thus Guy said to the Lieutenant, "What's the job, sir?" And the Lieutenant, who was cordially disliked by everyone on the base for his habit of pushing enlisted men around, replied, "Get on over there. And fast."

But when Guy got to the Lieutenant Commander's house there was no refereeing job. The Commander had two children he wanted someone to stay with while he and his wife did the town.

Now Guy has always liked kids, and these particular children were attractive and well behaved, so he didn't mind romping with them for an evening. But he did mind being treated like a servant. More especially he minded the manner in which he was handed the sum of \$1.75.

Guy handed it back. The Commander thrust it into his hand again. "That's an order, Moseley," he said jovially.

So Guy bought some toys for the kids with the money and went fuming to Hollywood on his next liberty. "I'll not take treatment like that again from anyone," he told Henry Willson.

It was obvious that he meant it. Willson, who had sudden and horrifying visions of his new million-dollar discovery languishing in the brig for insubordination, thought fast. He handed Guy a stack of shiny magazines from his desk. "When you go back take these with you," he said, "and I'll tell you how to use them..."

Two days after Guy had returned to his base the same call came through from the Commander's house. Guy snapped at it. When the officer and his wife came home the living room was cluttered with magazines and the children were bright-eyed with excitement. "Look, Daddy," the little boy shouted, "look who Bob Moseley is! Bob Moseley's really Guy Madison and he's a movie star!"

"Perhaps," said Daddy with heavy sarcasm, "Mr. Madison will autograph these things for you." Mr. Madison played it straight. "Certainly," he said and whipped out a fountain pen. . . P.S. The Command-

er stopped using him for a nursemaid.

The stories and photos in those magazines were the opening gun in one of the most spontaneous press campaigns to create a star that ever happened. At that time Guy Madison had appeared in exactly 450 feet of film, and he was already one of the biggest names in the picture industry. By a sort of automatic infusion process you began to learn that he sent checks instead of gifts to his folks in Bakersfield, so they could have the pleasure of buying their own presents, things they really wanted; that he hoped someday to have an Oregon ranch; that he found Hollywood strange and wonderful, but that he disapproved of the Hollywood caste system; that he preferred little places like the Villa Nova to big ones like Ciro's. These were the things that told you how he behaved. They did not tell you why. So, to see for yourself, you ask him to lunch at Lucey's.

Your immediate impression is that he is the most refreshingly good-looking chap you have met in months. He grins, and you know you like him. He is dressed the way Hollywood men are dressing this year, a mixture of quiet reserve in the tweeds and of flamboyance in tie and shoes.

He orders ham and scrambled eggs and milk, explaining that last night there was a whooping party and this is his breakfast. You marvel that he can look so fresh and healthy.

He is surprised at you. Healthy, indeed! Why, just before he got out of the service he misjudged the size of a wave down at San Diego, dived out of a surf dory and went crashing on the hard sand, ripping loose shoulder tendons. There followed a long time in the hospital, during which he lost considerable weight. "It's those tonsils," said the doctors, and removed them; and he went right on losing weight. He is still down to a measly 180 pounds, and has been working so hard he hasn't had time to build himself up again.

You remark that while all this is certainly too bad, it probably seems more rugged to a person who has always enjoyed perfect health. His eyes cloud for a moment, remembering. "That's the point," he says. (Continued on page 120)

REVELATIONS AHEAD!



Louella O. Parsons

in "Untold Story"

unveils some exciting

new facts

about the popular star

Van Johnson —

in the December issue

on sale November 13

or as soon

thereafter as transportation permits

A heritage of traditional beauty and craftsmanship is yours when you select a Seymour Grean fur. Exquisite peltries in the hands of top-flight designers . . . long-skilled craftsmen . . . are malded into masterpieces of the furrier's art . . . to be proudly worn, always admired. Choose your new Seymour Grean fur with confidence in its inherent value, enduring beauty.

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32 page catalogue, lavishly illustrated with authentic fur fashions.



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As Appearing in Newspapers:

The Greatest Discovery since the Bath!



HELEN OF TROY would have launched another thousand ships for it.



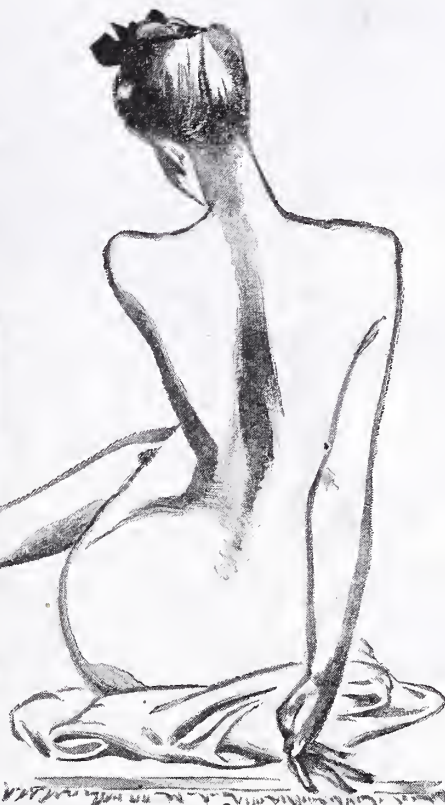
CLEOPATRA would have given her empire for it.



MADAME DE POMPADOUR would have traded Louis XV for it.



LILLIAN RUSSELL would have given her fortune in diamonds for it.



For The Body Beautiful

PARFUM Lodorante

Exquisite Perfumes that stay Perspiration-Proof

*Original and Exclusive
by
L'Orlé*

(PRONOUNCED LORLAY)

The more fastidious the woman, the more she appreciates Par-fum LODORANTE. Original and exclusive these unforget-table perfumes possess the magic plus of effective, refreshing, deodorizing qualities endowed by our sensational Lorzizing

discovery. A dash of L'Orlé Par-fum LODORANTE here and there over the body envelops you in an aura of fragrant fresh-ness even on the hottest day—and protects your social grace because the fragrances stay perspiration proof day and night.

A Choice of Bewitching Fragrances

CAFE SOCIETY
SYNOPSIS
TRESPASS
BEWARE
DARE ME
TUMBLEWEED

\$1.00 to 5.50 (plus tax)

Wherever toiletries are sold.

Also try PARFUM CREAM Lodorante—for underarms only

New! Unique! Whipped cream smooth! An astringent anti-perspirant. Safely checks perspiration and stops underarm odor. Safe for skin and fabrics. Permeated with real perfume. Available in a variety of companion fragrances to match Par-fum LODORANTE. 2-oz. jar \$1.00 (plus tax).



NO OTHER PROTECTION AGAINST PERSPIRATION OFFERS SUCH COMPLETE AND LASTING SCENT SERVICE!

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COLUMBIA FIFTH AVENUE, INC.

Compacts

so-o beautiful!

so bright!

so big!



Bright as a penny — and

good as gold . . . Feather-

light and fashion-right . . . this

treasure of a pleasure of a compact!

For the last word in compacts

that will last and last



— Just — Hail COLUMBIA!

(Continued from page 118) "I haven't always..."

He was just eight, that day, and he had come home from school on his bike as fast as he could pedal, just as he did everything. Bursting into the little frame house he rustled nervously through a closet for a bat and glove and then took off at a trot for a nearby vacant lot. But he had forgotten the ball. He came back, not noisily this time, pausing in the hall to find out who the visitor was. In the living room, from his seat on the mohair sofa, the doctor was raising questioning eyebrows at Mrs. Moseley.

"Is he always like that?"

"Why, yes."

"The reports from the last examination show he's decidedly underweight," the doctor said.

"But he eats what the other children eat. Not as much, perhaps. Still, plenty of meat and vegetables and milk."

"I'd say it would take about a year of controlled diet. There's a place in the hills, a so-called preventorium. We could send him there."

Out in the hall, the little boy stood quietly, waiting. He heard his mother say, "If it's a matter of Bob's health there's no question. He'll go, of course." Then he went to the closet, put his bat and glove away and went to his room. He had never been away from home before and now he was to be sent alone to something awful called a preventorium. For a whole year—or a century. When you're eight, there is no measure of time; but there is of security. When you're eight, security is home, insecurity anywhere away from it.

THAT is the year he will remember for the rest of his life. For the first two weeks he was exquisitely lonely, homesick. He cried all night and believed utterly in his doom. Then, slowly, his adjustment began. He learned the art of making friends. He learned the value of discipline. It was the time and the incident that most profoundly colored everything he would ever do or think afterward because he emerged from it with the conviction that there is nothing better than people. He came home with character, but with not a single additional pound on his thin body—because he had played so hard, there was no time for getting fat.

But he understood now what was the matter. He could resolve that if he had a strike against him he would conquer the situation twice over. He would build up a better body than the one he might have had as his birthright. He would do

whatever he had to do to accomplish this.

It took him the years of his teens to create the kind of physique that would cause the Navy to make him a life guard and swimming instructor, when the time came. There were a couple of things greatly in his favor. He just didn't have the money to spend on indoor amusements, so while his friends played pool or sat in movies, Guy was riding a bike twenty miles into the country, hunting quail on foot, swimming. He lived outdoors, and, because this was California, he could do it twelve months of the year.

When he was ready, when his own sense of superb well-being told him he had succeeded, he began to come out of his shell, to have fun. Bakersfield is an oil town and a rancher's town, built on the floor of the great San Joaquin Valley. You have to drive only a hundred and twenty miles and cross one of the highest passes in the country to get to Los Angeles. You can do that in a couple of hours and go dancing in Hollywood and still be home by 2 A.M., with time out for a milkshake and a hamburger on the way.

Or, your pal with the jalopy can come by for you early, and you can pick up your girls and streak for Santa Monica. You can rent a surfboard there, and put on your water fins and ride the breakers.

Small wonder that oversophisticated, nerve-wracked, disenchanted Hollywood has envisioned him as a kind of perennial Eagle Scout, who drinks nothing but milk, and would rather shoot his bow and arrow than do the night club circuit with the most beautiful women in the world. This, however, is anything but a completely true picture, because you have seen him take a social cocktail as casually as the next fellow. And as for the bow-and-arrow business, it is becoming increasingly the thing in Hollywood.

On this subject Rory Calhoun has a word to say. Rory, as dark as Guy is blond, is a tall, husky chap whom Henry Willson is grooming for stardom, but that isn't all they have in common.

The first time they made an engagement to go hunting together Rory appeared with the usual rifle and a few rounds of ammunition. All that Guy tossed into the car was that famous bow of his and a quiver of arrows.

"What's this, a gag?" Rory asked.

"I can get anything with this that you can pot with that thing," Guy said. "I never could see hunting strictly as slaughter. This way it's more of a game—the animal has a little chance, anyhow."

(Continued on page 122)

How far can you test "true love"?



TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don't miss them!

EVERY MORNING MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

9:00 CST 10:00 EST 10:30 PST 11:30 MST

ALL AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO. STATIONS

Ultra...

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Dinah Shore



DINAH SHORE AND TODAY'S
TOP POPULAR STARS NOW
RECORD EXCLUSIVELY ON

Columbia Records



She's the *First Lady* of Popular Song and the favorite any way you figure... box-office... on the radio and on records. She's got that *ultra* something that makes her tops.

And like Harry James... Frank Sinatra... Woody Herman... Kay Kyser... Xavier Cugat... Count Basie... Les Brown... Gene Krupa... The Modernaires... Elliot Lawrence... like so many of the others who head their fields of popular music, Dinah Shore now records exclusively on Columbia Records.

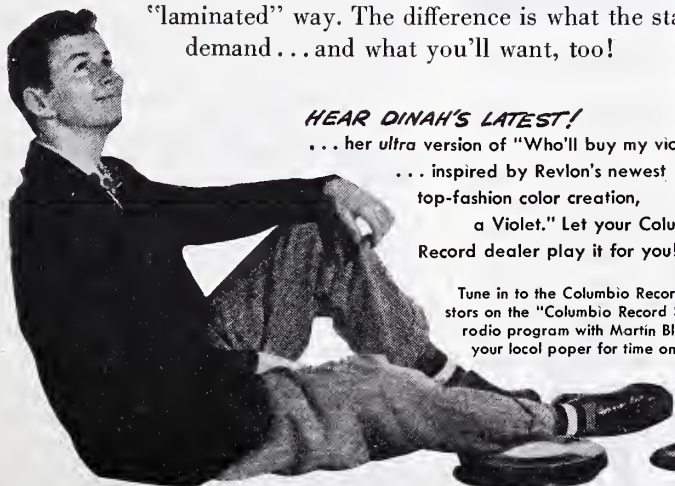
Why do the top stars choose Columbia? Ah... just listen to a Columbia Record, made the exclusive "laminated" way. The difference is what the stars demand... and what you'll want, too!

HEAR DINAH'S LATEST!

... her *ultra* version of "Who'll buy my violets?"

... inspired by Revlon's newest top-fashion color creation, a Violet." Let your Columbia Record dealer play it for you!

Tune in to the Columbia Record stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" radio program with Martin Block. See your local paper for time and station.





"I gotta have a new lock on my door. Those chorines keep snitching my Ex-Lax!"

Tsk...such temperament! Share your Ex-Lax with 'em, Sister! Other people...millions of them...like Ex-Lax, too. They like it for the way it tastes — just like fine chocolate! And for the way it acts — effectively

yet gently. Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative... used by more people than any other brand. As a precaution, use only as directed. In economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at all drug stores.

*Is your mirror
ashamed
of your skin?*



There's help for you in nurses' discovery for facial blemishes (externally caused)



Maybe you're doing the wrong thing for your skin troubles. Covering them up with cosmetics may make them worse. Instead, begin using NOXZEMA Skin Cream today!

Nurses were among the first to discover NOXZEMA's effectiveness for pimples and blemishes. That's because it's a medicated for-

mula. It contains ingredients that not only soothe and smooth rough skin and dry skin, but actually aid in healing blemishes and irritations.

Use it faithfully 10 days as a night cream and powder base. See how much it can help the appearance of your skin. Get NOXZEMA at your drug counter today.

10¢, 35¢, 50¢
plus tax.



NOXZEMA

An Aid to Lovelier Skin

"The animal would have more than a little chance if I were using the bow."

"Suppose you try it?"

So Rory tried it, and now when they head for the hills there are two bows in the car and no rifle.

It was with Rory that Guy went house hunting when he'd got tired of holing in at a beach hotel. They found exactly what he wanted in Beverly Hills, a cottage with one bedroom, a big den, a bar and a patio, furnished with a nautical flavor, which couldn't have suited Guy better. The owner was a sea captain who had been transferred to an eastern station.

IN the first two weeks of running his town household Guy hired a maid to cook his breakfast and swab the decks. Then one evening he and Rory came barging in from a day of deep-sea fishing. They brought with them a number of sea bass and, since they had done a little diving off the Catalina Isthmus, some abalone. "You know what to do with abalone?" Guy asked the girl.

It appeared that she certainly did, for heavens sake. She was left to her kitchen while the fellows had showers. They were ravenous and reached the table with high expectations. Abalone is a gourmet's delicacy, if it's properly done. The trick is to slap the steaks into a very hot pan sizzling with butter and give them just a minute or two on both sides.

What the maid brought in, eventually, was a platter of something that resembled GI shoe soles. After a moment of shocked silence Guy said, "Thanks. We can clear up the table if you want to go home now."

When she had left he took the platter, went into the kitchen and emptied it into the garbage disposal unit. "Now then," he said, "I will make us some abalone."

Later, while they were playing records and digesting the excellent dinner, Rory found a large chair in his way and pushed it aside. Where it had stood was a little pile of ashes, match covers and debris, swept there over a period of days.

"That tears it," Guy said. "I'll take care of this place myself." And he does.

He is an elusive personality, this Madison guy, and you have to do a bit of digging through top soil to get down to the solid stratum of him underneath. Geoffrey Morris, a sensitive photographer who has interpreted Guy in a number of brilliant portraits, has discovered this. Morris wanted more than a well-lighted, well-arranged picture of a handsome young man. He wanted to capture the arrangement of Guy's personality and any inner lighting from whatever mental or spiritual source he could find. He discovered that Guy has built a hard, defensive shell around the character who is still, and will always be, Bob Moseley. Desperate, Morris dressed him in casual sport clothes and drove him far out to where the fields were yellow and the Sierra Madres stood purple against the north sky.

He set up his equipment while Guy wandered silently about, and then Morris began to talk. He talked of the land, of ranching; he talked of hunting; he talked of the pleasure of sailing into an untouched, forgotten inlet along a deserted shoreline and the kind of clean beauty there is sometimes in loneliness like that. He talked easily and well, for he is somewhat of a poet as well as an artist; and presently it happened. Guy Madison disappeared and a straightforward, uninvolved, clean-cut, decent young American named Bob stood before him. This fellow was not from Beverly Hills but from a little cottage in Bakersfield, and for that there was pride in his bearing and even something of vision in his eyes.

Then Morris reached for his camera.

THE END

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

THOUSANDS of women have lost the fresh glow of youth while they're still young in years. Thousands look "washed out" and weary—frequently feel "ready to drop." And so often, a blood condition may be the reason they're listless and worn... a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too pale and puny to release all the energy that they ought to have. They

need to build up their red blood cells—supply line of healthy vigor.

Ironized Yeast Tablets To Help Build Blood, Energy

So if you look and feel "old before your time" due to a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to combat this Borderline Anemia, to help bring red blood cells back to normal size and color and in this way restore the energy and the appearance of health.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused

by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Let them help you build up your red blood cells—win back your natural vitality and attractiveness!

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause

TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

"Just between us girls—
my beauty secret is
STORK CASTILE!"



Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

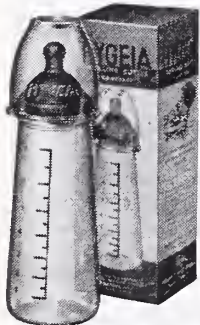
Ask for Stork Baby Oil, and
Stork Baby Powder, too

**BABY
COMING**

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Start right with this improved, easy-to-clean, Hygeia nursing unit. Fewer parts—just nipple, bottle, and cap. Prepare full day's formula at one time. Only necessary to remove cap when feeding. Cap

keeps nipples germ-free. Handy for out-of-home feeding. Useful as container for baby's other foods. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented airvent to reduce "windsucking." Sold at your druggist's complete as illustrated or parts separately.



Hygeia
NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES WITH CAPS

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY



Definition of Durante: A nose that's
news, a heart that's gold, East Side,
West Side Jimmy . . .

He's
COLOSSAL!

BY SARA HAMILTON

THE heart is bigger but the nose gets the publicity. The seven spiral hairs that adorn Jimmy Durante's crown have grayed with the years but the soul has grown younger. The vocabulary has mellowed and the grammar climbed into unbelievable horizons beyond mere split infinitives but Jimmy went marching at the head of Yale class 1913 as proud as Punch and looking not unlike him.

Jimmy, who's the comic glee of "It Happened in Brooklyn," vaguely remembers a third grade somewhere in his life, in spite of which he was chosen for that honor by the president of Yale himself for their annual 1946 reunion because during the thirty years as an entertainer Jimmy never became smutty or off color. Bankers, doctors, lawyers, bricklayers, women, children and bobbysoxers alike adore him. He stands as a symbol of American humor and American democracy. From New York's East Side, where he was born, he climbed to the top by way of a piano that suffered outrageous indignities. Jimmy not only played it but annoyed it, beating the living daylight out of it while scattering the parts to convulsed audiences. "So he ups to him," he says, and off comes the keyboard. "He was walking along mindin' his own business," and the top falls off. The customers love it.

At seventeen he was playing his piano in Diamond Tony's at Coney Island. At eighteen he was accompanying a singing waiter called Eddie Cantor at Terry Walsh's Beach Club. A few years later he organized a five-piece Dixieland combination that moved from Harlem to midtown Broadway. Along the way he gathered up another singing waiter Eddie Jackson and a dancer Lou Clayton. The trio became the sensation of "Ziegfeld's Show Girl," "Roadhouse Nights" and "The New Yorkers." When Jimmy came to Hollywood, the trio broke up but Clayton remains his manager and Jackson his partner at cafe benefits and fellow actor in every picture Jimmy makes. He never forgets.

When the wife to whom he was married for twenty years became ill, Jimmy forgot the stage, the screen, the life he knew—to nurse and care for her. When she died two years later, Jimmy returned to Broadway for "Strike Me Pink" and back to Hollywood for more movies. He re-

calls two fellow actors Ethel Merman and Bob Hope in the Broadway success "Jumbo" but he isn't quite sure "wot become of dem."

He detoured from his own radio show to guest star on Information Please, scattering knowledge like a miser.

SEVERAL months ago the New York show world paid Jimmy a memorable tribute. They reclaimed and redecored the old Silver Slipper Cafe where Jimmy, Lou and Eddie released frustration for so many years to so many "noive-racked" customers who relaxed under Durante's spell like a pre-war garter. For that one night Broadway appeared in droves to pay tribute to a man whose thirty years of show business finds him only beginning and leaves him an example for others to shoot at. "The ting I liked about it," Jimmy says, "nobody made speeches sayin' wot a great guy Durante wuz. Everybody enjoyed each other and had fun. It wuz revivifyin'."

He writes his own songs, composing the music and occasionally asking help on the lyrics. It comes hard to him, he claims. He has to "woik" at the idea of telling a story in every song. Recently he sold his Beverly Hills home and bought another because the first house held too many memories of the wife he loved.

When a contractor took Jimmy to the tune of \$9,000, he felt sorrier for a guy misusing his faith than the money lost. His faith in, his genuine love for his fellow man, his joy in livin' and givin' and doin', finds instant response and everlasting lodging in every heart. It's warmin', that's wot it is.

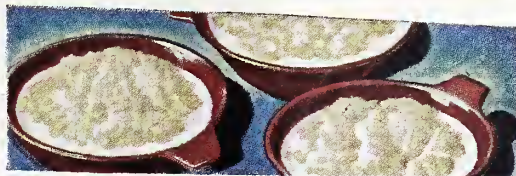
Through steel-rimmed spectacles he's too busy spotting the youngsters scattered about the M-G-M commissary to eat. "Stand up and look this way," he'll say. "Now you can see Gene Kelly's little girl. Ain't that somepin'?"

His table becomes a mecca, an old home week reunion, a clan gathering for high and low, producers, directors, actors, prop men, children and just plain people. Waitresses greet him with outstretched hands. He knows them all by name. He's one of them. He's Jimmy, the "eyetalian" Durante, the Umbriago of America who loves everybody. And friends? He's got a million of 'em. And he ain't kiddin'.

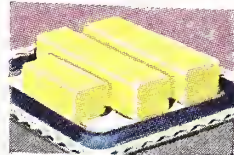
THE END



more **IRON** than
3 servings of Spinach



more **VITAMIN B₁** than 3 servings of Oatmeal



more **VITAMIN D** than
10 ounces of Butter



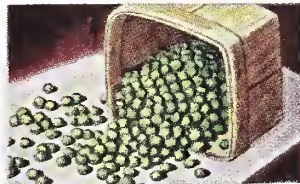
more **NIACIN**
than 6 slices of
Enriched Bread



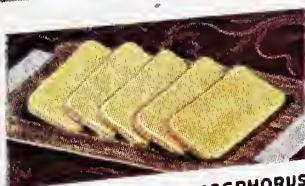
more
FOOD-ENERGY
than 2 dishes
of Ice Cream



more **VITAMIN G** than
1 pound of Sirloin Steak



more **VITAMIN A** than
2 servings of Peas



more **CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS**
than 2½ servings of
American Cheese



more
PROTEIN
than 3 eggs



more **VITAMIN C**
than 4 ounces of
Tomato Juice

READ WHAT
YOU GET IN
**2 GLASSES OF
OVALTINE**



Millions changing Vitamin habits!

FOR BETTER RESULTS THEY NOW TAKE VITAMINS THE NEWER OVALTINE WAY!

Of course, the reason you're taking extra vitamins is for keener vitality, better all-round health!

So why not get your vitamins this *newer way* that can do you more good? Why not get them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way?

The reason is simple—science knows vitamins don't work alone! They work best with other food elements—Vitamin A and Vitamin C with protein, Vitamin B₁ with energy food, Vitamin D with Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—and *you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk!*

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for

robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

And note—when you drink Ovaltine you not only get vitamins a preferred way—you get *much more!* High-quality protein, vital food-minerals, quick-acting energy food—things many people need as much as vitamins for vigorous buoyant health.

So if you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily give you all the extra vitamins and minerals a normal person needs for robust health.

Then why take chances with merely vitamins alone? Why not change to Ovaltine—get your vitamins the way they can do you more good, along with all the other essential food-values Ovaltine supplies!



FOR CLEAR-EYED MORNING FRESHNESS

Sparkling early-morning energy is reported by thousands who drink Ovaltine regularly at bedtime. One reason is—Ovaltine supplies food elements to build vitality—and it's specially processed for easy digestion so you can get the good from it during sleep.

(Continued from page 67) I never think of the girl up there as me, but someone different. That's because I never played myself, Constance Keane. When I wore my hair over my eye, I used to yearn to reach up and push it back out of that poor girl's face." . . . Ray Milland, who has an Oscar for a performance, said, "When I see myself on the screen, boy, I shudder!"

Maria Montez didn't hesitate when asked how she liked herself on the screen. She said, "Mrs. Natalie Kalmus calls me her Technicolor girl because I photograph beautifully. I get so angry with myself I cry sometimes when I see myself act. I say, 'Montez, you have lots to learn. Looking beautiful for the camera is not enough.' So I work harder the next picture to be better. Someday, I will be a good actress, I think." . . . Frank Sinatra's reply was, "I'm not trying to be funny, but this will describe it. When I saw myself on the screen, I swooned."

The first thing Rita Hayworth does on getting up in the morning is to take a shower. But when she wants to relax she

takes a tub, for it is in the bathtub that she reads—and even eats . . . I like B. Kaper's description of Lucille Ball on seeing her with ribbons which she usually wears. He said, "She looks like a wrapped Christmas present."

I can't help wondering if sometimes when Harry James is out for a stroll with Betty Grable, he turns to look at another pair of gams . . . Yvonne De Carlo may be sexy in Technicolor, but if I had my way I'd prefer spending an evening with Gene Tierney, for there is a young lady whose talents haven't been fully exploited yet.

I WOULD like to tell you of some of the things in Hollywood that I like: The view at night from any hilltop house, a drive along Malibu Beach where the rocks slope to the ocean front and a walk about the streets of Beverly Hills, which has a charm all its own . . . And now for a few things on the dislike theme: Actresses who enter Romanoff's or Chasen's making an entrance, revealing how they would act on the screen if they didn't have to

take direction. I hate Eastern celebrities who can't stand Hollywood and don't know how you do either. They stay here for months and months just to make enough so they can return to the East and rap the town and movies while they reside in luxury. I am a little weary of the publicity about George Sanders stating how curt he is to women, for every time I have seen him he has been especially polite to women. I generally don't like so-called handsome actors but an exception is Ty Power, who's a nice guy with ability.

I must tell you of this conversation between Cornel Wilde, who didn't play the piano in "A Song to Remember," and Charles Korvin, who started his movie career by portraying *Arsene Lupin*. Korvin said to Wilde, "As Chopin I thought you were wonderful. Tell me, do you really play the piano?" Wilde replied, "I saw you as *Arsene Lupin*. You know, Korvin, I thought you stole magnificently." And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END

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than all other sanitary napkins

Two Girls and a Friendship

(Continued from page 50) whenever I'd hear Junie wailing all over somebody's living room about "Oh, how I wish I were pretty. Oh, what I'd do for a classic profile or a longer neck or curlier hair!" For Pete's sake, what does she want, diamonds in her teeth? Because if anybody ever had cause to complain, what about me, the original half-man, half-beast? And she complains yet! Like the first rehearsal we had for "Best Foot." Even though we were scared, golly, we were excited. Junie and I had our big moment in a trio we did with Vicki Schools, a magnolia-blossoms-in-the-moonlight, honey-chile, gal. Some competition—and frankly, I was out to give it all I could. So we get onstage, the lights go up, I grab a quick look at Junie—and nearly fall through the floor! "This kid'll never make it," I moan. "She washes out under these lights, she looks like a blob of something." She just stood there, arms linked in mine, and made funny little noises like the um-aah-oooh routine she'd pulled over our water cooler that day. So I pinched her plunk on her pert little fanny to startle her into life. But did she scream? She did not! She stopped right in the middle of a note, gave me a cold glance, snorted "Ha!" and picked up the next line neat as you please. And to cap the climax, what happens? Opening night, everybody who troupes backstage to our dressing room gives me the old back-slapping routine, "Gee, you were swell, Nancy. And, say, by the way, who was the peach in the blue dress?" She stands out like a chewing-gum sign." Well, what the heck, nobody's right all the time.

NOW that I think of it, I suppose I was really the glad-hander, the "hya Joe, whaddya know" gal of the team. Junie, on the other hand, was always with us but never of us. She loves people, sometimes even hero-worships them, but she can never quite get into the act and become one of them. It's just the way she's built, I guess, and on her it looks good. Fact is, one of the few times I ever saw her relax and get into the swing of things was at the Dick Whitings."

Dick wrote hits like "My Ideal," "Japanese Sandman," and "Till We Meet Again." Well, the Whitings, Dad (God rest his soul), and Maggie, the "It Might As Well Be Spring" gal, always kept open house and it was sort of an unwritten rule that no one could just come in or go out. All their visitors had to make a big splash and catch everyone's eye every time they came through the front door, sing a song, dance a dance or pull something a la "the calla lilies are in bloom again" on the exit. Corny, sure, but find me the actor who isn't. And we loved it. Yaa, hams!

Well, this evening, it must have been midnight and June was starting to get sleepy when she heard me bellow, "S'help me, Allyson's the only singer I know who can go flat with a thirty-two piece orchestra behind her!" Heck, she knew I wasn't being catty because here I was kidding about it right under her nose. But it hurt her pride. And when that baby's pride is hurt, what's block busters, what's atomic bombs? The blue eyes snapped wide awake, went flippity-flop, then oozed down into a Bacall bedroom stare. And the wallpaper started curling. Because you haven't lived until you've heard Junie doing "St. Louis Woman," snake hips, wail and slide note complete. But kidding aside, if all this makes Junie sound like a stage-struck little kid in love with the glamour of the theater, I apologize. Because that's all wrong. June is one of the most sincere, most intense and most honest enter-

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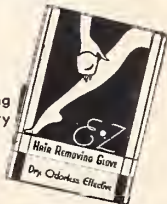
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tainers I've ever known. One of the most honest persons, too. I remember in particular a night we spent together in New Haven. We were touring in "Best Foot" and had taken an apartment for the few days we'd be there. It wasn't a very elegant place, but for three days anyway, it was home. Junie put up her picture of Tommy and laid out her housecoat and nightie. It was raining fiercely and after the evening show, we dragged home some cheese and crackers and a bottle of milk and decided to make a night of it. And may I tell you something? I rediscovered Junie all over again. I found out that her being so quiet and far-away wasn't because she was shy or aloof or disdainful. I found out that because Junie had been so hurt as a child she had no room left in her heart for any more pain. We were sprawled on the rickety double bed, the single hanging bulb swinging crazily with the wind, when she started to talk.

"I want quiet," she whispered, "and love. I must love, I must be loved to feel whole, Nancy. I don't want to sound like a spoiled kid whining for sympathy or a ham trying to grab a spotlight. Oh, I don't suppose that anyone who's never been terribly hurt could know what I mean."

But I knew what she meant because I'd been hurt—terribly. So we talked about life and living and dying, about the wonderful mother I'd lost when I was only eight, who'd died just as quietly and just as bravely as she'd lived, while I stood in the next room and felt the blood slowly ice in my veins. We cried for a minute then, June and I, with the rain making soft, mournful noises against the dirty window. Presently she said, "I want to live and love for all the time I lost when I was a kid with half my body in a plaster cast and my heart crying for something to call my own. I had a dog and when he died I cried for weeks. But when my grandmother passed away, it went much too deep for tears. I still haven't cried for her and it still hurts down inside. I think if ever I become happy enough, I'll be able to cry for her."

AND of course, again I understood what she meant. Funny, in a way. Because compared to us, night and day were identical twins. I like fun, loud fun with plenty of people and noise. Sure I've cried into my pillow. What gal hasn't? But with Junie you always felt that it was the inner she, the spirit or the mind or the soul that reacted. I often used to wonder exactly what made us tick. Not, you understand, that we didn't have our squabbles. And find me two women who don't enjoy a good, violent bicker!

Darling Gene Kelly was in one of our more ambitious productions, beautiful, wonderful Gene Kelly who, along with Betsy and baby Kerry and the Dick Whorfs are about the closest "family" I have today, in theater or out. It was during the run of "Best Foot" and Junie and I used to shop practically every afternoon. One day we'd been out after some casual afternoon dresses and came back to the theater panting, broke, dripping with bundles and deliriously happy. Then I tried on one of my dresses, a dark purple shirtwaist number with long sleeves and an elegant skirt that dissolved hips. Junie grew rigid.

"I didn't see that dress," she gritted.

"Heck, honey, half of New York saw it, it was in the window."

"Salesgirls always bring out the cutest stuff for you," she nearly wept. "Salesgirls love you." And before I had time to either pull her hair or kiss her, she was stamping her feet and insisting, "I want that dress—why didn't they show me that dress—nobody loves me!"

"Well, golly, twerp," I grinned, "go get that dress!"

She got it. Flew into the store, wiggled into it, and dashed back to the theater. "Well?" she demanded.

I looked. "I think it stinks," I reported. Magic. Her eyes crinkled, a grin stretched right across her silly puss and the giggles poured out. "Me, too," she admitted. "Too tailored. I'm a dope."

I didn't dispute the point. But maybe I should've. Because come the evening performance and Junie spots the two dresses hanging side by side and goes into a melancholy mood.

"That dress," she moans, "you shouldn't have let me buy it."

"Oh, great fishes," I exploded, "not again!" And before I could get another word in edgewise, Junie was bawling her fool head off and screaming to Mary, our dresser, "Go on, leave me alone—I wanna be alone!"

By this time I was just jumpy enough myself to decide Junie was picking on the underdog and I lashed out.

Gene heard the rumpus and came flying over to investigate and the dog, know what he did? Heard the whole story and laughed. Threw his head back and roared. I nearly slew him. But the upshot of the whole thing was that Junie explained about a terrific headache and apologized to Mary, I apologized to Gene, we both apologized to each other and everybody was tickled ga-ga. And as we were leaving the theater, Junie drew me aside.

"You know, I like you, Nancy."

"S'funny coincidence—'cause you know, I like you, too, Junie."

ASIDE from that I think the very fact that she and Dick Powell are Mr. and Mrs. would be grounds for friendship. Because to me, Dick is one of the finest, most considerate, and swellest gentlemen I know. Dick and my dad have been friends for a great many years and some of my earliest lessons in good showmanship and good sportsmanship came from them both. Dick and I have always had a sort of Andy Hardy, man-to-man relationship and whenever I needed an extra buck for a splurged allowance or a shoulder to cry on when one of my "fellers" broke my heart, Dick was always there with the buck and the shoulder.

I used to see quite a bit of him in Hollywood and when Junie began to discover the wonderful things about him, everything was just about perfect.

At first, when it was still, "My, he's quite interesting, isn't he?" and "She's rather cute, isn't she?" I didn't mind being the third party. Dick's divorce wasn't final yet and Junie was still hanging on to her head for fear her heart would start yelling, "This is it!" So we'd threesomed it quite often, taking afternoon rides into the country or at Dick's place for long sessions of records and shop talk. But when I saw that love light making halos around her head, I tapered off into a "Sorry, can't make it this evening, kids, why not go along without me?" I'm sure it broke them up into little pieces, having to go on a date with just the two of them.

So that's that. If I haven't given you any high melodrama or deep, deep grief it's just because ordinary people don't spend their lives on peaks or in the depths. They walk and talk and wash their faces and shine their shoes and never notice that time's awastin'. Which, of course, is the way good living is lived. And that's the way I like to feel Junie and I have lived. No peaks, no depths. Just two gals who had fun and couldn't think of any snappy comebacks to:

"You know, Nancy, I like you."

"Well, golly, Junie, I like you, too."

Maybe because that did it!

THE END

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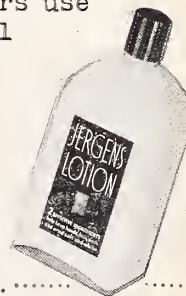
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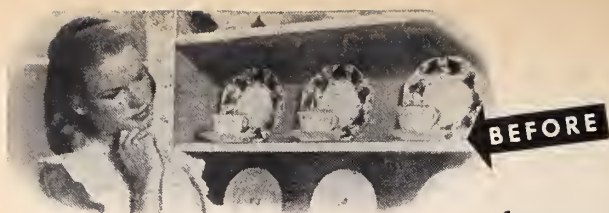
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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 72) she says she loves me, she is not willing to give up her career to be married.

I don't want to marry a career woman. Do you think I'm unfair in wanting a home-loving wife?

Should I try to find happiness with someone else? Or should I marry and try to change her?

Milton R.

It seems to me that for anyone to enter marriage with the intention of changing the habits or viewpoint of the marriage partner, is not only folly, but the epitome of conceit.

Each human being should concede to every other sane, adult human being, the right to certain convictions. One of those convictions is the manner in which the individual wishes to use his talents.

You fell in love with a girl who is a school teacher and who—if I am to judge by her intention to remain in her profession—is a sincere and conscientious instructor. Having fallen in love with her, you now want to alter her entire intellectual life. You aren't thinking of her desire in the matter at all—which makes me wonder if you really understand the nature of love.

Perhaps I feel so strongly that a woman should be permitted to decide for herself whether she wants to work within the home or outside of it because my own career has interlaced comfortably with that of my doctor-husband.

In the final analysis, the truth is this: The success or failure of a double-career marriage rests entirely, not upon outside influences, but upon the character of the marriage partners.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going with a girl named Jeanie for almost three years, most of which time I have been in the Army. About two years ago, when I was home on leave, Jeanie and I and another couple went on a bicycle picnic.

On the way home we stopped at a deserted building to eat lunch. After we had finished we looked the place over and thought what a good wreck it would make.

All we did was to break three or four windows and knock down some doors, kick in some of the plaster, etc. The cops caught us and we had to report to court, but the judge only bawled us out. We didn't really mean any harm—we just did what every American boy or girl would have done. Myself, I think that is part of life.

Jeanie's father blamed me for the whole business and said I could never take Jeanie out again. In spite of that, for two years, whenever I have been home on leave, Jeanie has sneaked out and we have had a date every night. Before I came overseas with the occupation forces, I had a long talk with Jeanie's mother and father, but their answer was still no, I could not write to Jeanie and could not be engaged to her. I saw her every night anyway. When I left I sent all her mail to my mother's house, and she got it there.

I wouldn't give Jeanie up for all the world, so I want to know how to go about making her family see the light. I will be discharged in about three months.

Pfc. Parton S.

Psychologists tell us that the desire to destroy is an innate human failing. This explains the tendency of a child to destroy its toys. But just as a child is educated beyond a great many of its unpleasant early habits, the tendency to destroy things should also be eliminated.

Unless I am misinterpreting your words, you haven't yet developed to the point where you are ashamed of having trespassed upon the property of another person and mistreated it.

It appears to me that you must develop into a far more responsible human being before the cautious parents of this girl will change their attitude toward you. Communicating with her in opposition to their wishes won't help in this respect. I'm afraid it's time for you to grow up.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I began dating at eighteen and I am now twenty-two. In that time I have had my share of male friends but none is more than just a friend. After three or four dates I simply lose interest in a fellow. There is always something about his action or conversation that irritates me to a point where I just can't see him any more.

My sister asked me the other day whether I was waiting for Van Johnson or some Hollywood star to propose to me. She told me that I might as well resign myself to the fact that I am going to marry someone I don't care for and in due time I'll get used to him. Surely, my sister must be wrong. Is there some way to overcome the way I feel?

Alice Y.

Although I am willing to admit that your sister has a right to her opinion, I must disagree entirely with her suggestion for your future.

Under no circumstances should any girl marry a man "and try to get used to him."

All things happen in proper season. When you are emotionally ready to fall in love and marry you will discover that either some boy whom you have known all your life has acquired a glow which you hadn't previously noticed, or you will meet one who will satisfy your ideals.

The important thing is for you not to worry about your emotional attitude, not to criticize yourself nor to consider your reaction different from that of other girls, and to regard your boy-friends in a friendly—not a disparaging—light.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

For almost a year now I have been writing to a fellow whom I have never met. We were introduced through letters by a girl we both know.

I have enjoyed his letters immensely, and he has written that he enjoys mine. He has asked me to spend my fall vacation in his home (he lives with his parents) and I want very much to accept the invitation. However, I don't know if it is proper, as we're not engaged.

Sylvia G.

Wouldn't it be possible for this boy to make the trip to meet you, in preference to the reverse situation? Have you discussed this with your mother?

Certainly you shouldn't accept an invitation to be a house-guest from a boy you have never met personally, and—furthermore—no girl should ever accept

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an invitation for a prolonged visit even with a boy whom she knows very well unless his bid has been validated by a similar invitation from his mother.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here I am sweltering in a South Pacific port, but having a swell time reading "What Should I Do?"

I took particular interest in the American girls' answer to the five smart gunners. I don't claim to be an authority on this kind of thing, but as a guy who has listened to many wolf reports, I do feel for the girls. I honestly think that many of them have just cause for complaint.

The only reason I am writing this letter is to call to your attention that all fellows are not alike. When a girl has a bad experience with one man she should simply shove him overboard and look over the next guy. Confidentially, that's the way I do with girls. I am sort of particular about my company, and it doesn't take me long to weigh anchor when I don't like the port I find I'm in.

Jimmy W. S1/c

Thank you for your letter, which I know will be of greatest comfort to the hundreds of girls who have written to me about the wolf problem.

Hurry home. I think I am quite safe in saying that you could easily be voted "the type of American boy girls most want to date."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Three years ago while I was still in high school, I made a pact with two of my girl friends. We swore to become actresses and made plans to earn and save the thousand dollars you mentioned two years ago as

necessary to launch a course in dramatic study. My girl friends saved a little, but not much. They told me laughingly that a new dress for a party was such a temptation. I went without a new dress and had quite as much fun as they did.

I now have \$600 in the bank. I discussed my plans with our community playhouse director, who said that he considered dramatic schools a waste of time, and that he would advise me to get into a stock company. Inquiry has disclosed the fact that I am living over a thousand miles from the nearest stock company.

My problem is: Should I continue with my plans to go to New York? By mail I have found a cooperative theatrical boarding house, which will furnish meals and a small room for \$3.50 weekly. The woman who runs it has written that most dramatic schools allow their students to work four hours daily. Do you think that this sounds like a good proposition?

I am now nineteen, so I feel that I must get started. Could you name a good dramatic school in the East?

Marion C.

Your letter leaves no doubt in my mind of your seriousness. You have approached your problem in the proper manner and you deserve a good deal of credit.

I am somewhat disquieted by your description of the theatrical boarding house in which you plan to stay. Under present economic circumstances, \$3.50 a week is not enough to pay to secure proper food or lodging. I think you should plan to pay between six and nine dollars.

As to the choice between a stock company and a dramatic school, I believe very strongly in the value of the practical experience given in stock. However, since you are so far away from that opportunity, and since the average stock company has

many more apprentices from whom to draw than it can possibly use, I still believe that your next step should be for the dramatic training.

I suggest you write to the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, outlining your plans and your needs.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In 1938 I was injured in an accident which limited my amusements for almost eight years to reading, the radio and playing cards.

Six months ago a miraculous operation remedied my condition.

I can't begin to tell you how kind everyone was during my illness. Now, however, that I am working, and that I am really quite well, I can't seem to convince my family and friends that I no longer need to be coddled.

My doctor says I am quite strong enough to take such exercise as swimming and dancing. When I suggest that I do any of these things, though, my family expresses its concern to such an extent that I give in and remain at home.

Since my problem in miniature is that of many veterans today, I felt that you might be able to assist all of us in taking our places in the world of healthy people.

Barbara S.

The only method of combating oversolicitousness is patience. You must realize that it is far better that those by whom you are surrounded should show you kindness and consideration than that they should be callous. Try to remember that it is love your friends and family bear you that causes them to unwittingly impede your progress.

I know that it is odd to counsel a person who has been ill to be the wise mem-

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ber of a family. Yet, I have found it to be true in many cases that a person who has suffered, through illness, is much wiser and more able to adapt himself to many personalities and conditions than one who has not known sickness.

So, continue with quiet determination and great patience to show your family that you have recovered and that their care for you may diminish.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two years old. About eight months ago I met Bart, a lieutenant in the RAF, at the canteen where I used to work.

Six months after we met, Bart asked me to marry him. I said "Yes," but told him that he would also have to secure my mother's consent. My father died ten years ago; at that time my uncle and his wife came to the rescue of Mum and me, and my uncle has acted as my guardian since. So when Bart came to Mum with his request, she said that she consented gladly, but that she wanted to consult my uncle.

My uncle had a talk with Bart and refused consent for two reasons: (a) Bart had nothing saved and was dependent upon his job (he is permanent in the RAF with absolutely no chance of being demobbed); (b) before he met me Bart had a reputation for being a Romeo.

My uncle has said that either I must give up my home or give up Bart. I have even suggested our being engaged for a year, but my uncle says the year wait will only be satisfactory if I do not see Bart during that time. How could we stand that, since we are in love?

My mother and my girl friends think I should take my happiness, regardless of my gratitude to my uncle. Bart holds the same opinion.

Sara K.,
Bombay, India

Before making your final decision, why don't you ask the boy you want to marry whether there is anything he told your uncle that might have prejudiced your guardian so greatly. Go over the entire conversation between the two men—as reported by Bart—to determine whether a misunderstanding might have crept in.

Since you love and respect your uncle, and since one would assume that he returns your affection and wants only happiness for you, I think you should proceed carefully. However, after giving your uncle's objections ample investigation, you may decide that—like many fathers in the world—he simply regards you as a saint and far too excellent for any man.

Considering that you already have your mother's approval, and that you should know your own heart and mind at twenty-two, I see no reason why you shouldn't marry the man of your choice.

Claudette Colbert

(Among the many letters received by this department from school teachers throughout the United States, the one printed below sums up the viewpoints of most of them. Thank you so much for your response and your helpfulness. C.C.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

In the May PHOTOPLAY you published a



BUY BART HOUSE BOOKS!

"DEATH IN THE CARDS"
by Ann T. Smith **25c**

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND



**Made specially for babies—
ready-to-serve, rich in added iron
and B complex vitamins**

Back in Grandma's time, a popular food for babies was a gruel made from just plain barley.

Now, after three years experimental work in laboratories and infant clinics, Gerber's brings you this new Barley Cereal with all the improvements that modern nutritional research brings to raising happy, healthy babies. 1. Low in crude fibre, mixes creamy smooth for easy digestion. 2. Rich in added iron and B complex vitamins needed by most babies. 3. Made to taste extra good. 4. Pre-cooked and ready to serve—mix right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula.



Variety That Helps Baby's Appetite

Now that Barley Cereal has joined Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, you can offer your baby more variety. For many mothers will tell you that serving these cereals turnabout has a good effect on baby's appetite. The new Gerber's Barley Cereal comes in the half-pound yellow package with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label.



FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

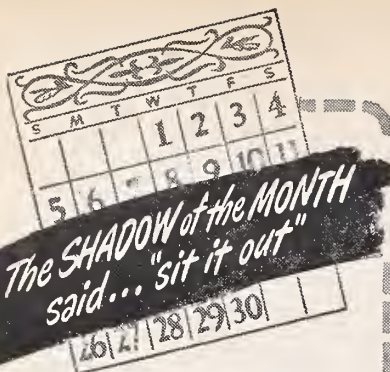
FREE SAMPLES

My baby is now.....months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. F11-6, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. F11-6, 49 Wellington St. E., Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address.....City and State.....



MIDOL said...
"Dance Tonite!"



SHE: It is me dancing tonite! Carefree. Comfortable. And to think of the nites—and days—I wasted because I didn't try Midol sooner! Didn't realize that Midol could relieve the pain and discomfort I accepted as inevitable on certain days each month!

Millions of women and girls know that convenient, easy-to-take Midol tablets can bring quick relief from the cramp-like pain of menstruation, and its attendant headache, backache and "depressed feeling".

Midol was developed especially to meet women's particular need during a particular time of the month. Midol is not harmful, not habit-forming. It contains, besides a pain relieving agent and a mild stimulant, an exclusive ingredient directly effective against the cramp-like pains many women experience during menstruation. Get Midol tablets at any drugstore.

Midol

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-116, Room 1418,

41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS • MENSTRUAL HEADACHE • "BLUES"

letter from Harriet G., a ninth-grade girl whose club had planned to entertain the school's football team. Among its players was a colored boy. The problem involved an embarrassing situation in which an invited chaperone refused to attend the party because of the colored boy.

As a teacher in secondary schools, I feel this man is a self-centered egotist. Since a teacher's profession requires one to live up to the highest ideals of humankind this man is not only living in a cramped concept, but he is also violating the highest responsibility of a teacher.

Here is my suggestion: Let the club appoint a committee consisting of the students with the highest averages. Let the committee write a friendly explanation of the way they feel about the colored boy, and seeking another chaperone. Let one of their number memorize a speech, then let him go to the teacher and deliver it.

If he remains firm on his original decision not to attend the party, he should be told most courteously that another person is to be appointed in his place.

I think I am safe in predicting that this teacher will be shamed into taking no further action and bowing out of the picture.

(Miss) Barta S.

(You probably recall the letter, published in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, written by the girl who complained about her veteran brother's autocratic behavior. I received a great many letters from readers who were stung to action, so I am here-with publishing the one which best summed up those letters. C.C.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

After reading Ann Louise P.'s letter complaining of the actions of her vet brother, I can't keep still.

My only brother was killed in France during the war. I have three sisters, but no other brothers. Personally, I'd be glad to get up at six in the morning for my brother. If I couldn't make his bed the way he wanted it, I'd practice until I learned. I'd make sure the chairs were in perfect order and the magazines the same. I'd hang my clothes (and his, too) exactly as he wanted them. I'd do anything for him . . . if I ever again would have the chance.

Just remember, Ann, whenever you get disgusted with this "post-war" problem, that there are thousands of girls in families like mine who would give anything to be taking orders from a veteran brother, safe at home.

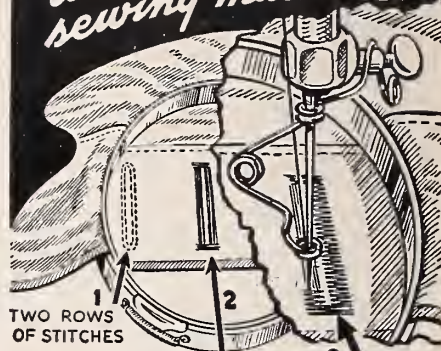
Jerri M.

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

New EASY WAY Makes
BUTTON HOLES
with your own
sewing machine!



Darn Stockings, Mend Tears, Attach Zippers and Sew On Buttons, too!

Once dreaded by every woman, now button hole making becomes as easy as basting a hem with this sensational new invention! You'll get twice as neat results in half the time, too! Fits any sewing machine . . . attaches in a moment. Simple to operate. Comes complete with hoop for darning stockings, a button hole guide and easy directions in picture. Test at our risk now and realize a new thrill in sewing.

FREE NEEDLE THREADER. As a gift for prompt action, you will receive with your order the marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Don't wait but send your name today.

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER NOW. Just send your name and when you receive your button hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C. O. D. charges thru postman. Do this on the guarantee that if you aren't delighted in every way, you may return purchase for full refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage. Special . . . 3 for \$2.50 NOW . . . Mail your name and address to

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AT LAST!

A HAND CREAM

THAT HELPS KEEP

HANDS SOFTER,

SMOOTHER . . . AND

IS NOT STICKY—

NOT GREASY!

Luxor
HAND CREAM



Luxor contains Carbamide, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands look red, feel rough!

Harrison, Rex

(Continued from page 58) Six feet one, slim as lightning, easy yet electric, he models with distinction a gray lounge suit and soft white shirt. His foulard cravat, fine-patterned maroon and gray, is mute beside other gents' neckwear which was designed in a snakepit by a female with profitable neuroses at the cost of ten beautiful dollars.

In keeping with this figure of youth he sports a tanned hide, smooth-textured as a boy's.

But his eyes are the main asset. Sky brilliant, such as you find only in cloud-hung isles, they effervesce humor. At times they threaten to bubble out of their sockets. Then Rex yanks off his sun glasses, if he happens to be wearing them, and lets out a laugh.

Not all dove, however, our Mr. Harrison. He drives a Cadillac of bloody roosterish red. Local psychiatrists, ever alert, credit this to frustration in childhood when he failed to receive a little red sled at Yuletide.

Harrison's personal triumph in our exclusive Beverly salons (politely spell with one "o") into which he cocktailed but a year ago, was instant and unparalleled, say our oldest termites.

Charm is not the word for RH. Charm connotes a certain emanation, like perfume. Mr. H. definitely is not perfumed. He is joyous but relaxed, with contagious amiability. Part of his secret may be sleuthed in a sentence: He listens. Almost no one in Hollywood listens. What passes for listening is simply a brooding silence during which the unwilling auditor is thinking up lines to top the bore who has the floor.

Mr. Harrison is not a negative audience. He's responsive. You feel like giving him a great big hand, just as Russian actors, after several curtain calls, applaud their audience for its fine performance.

Another quite obvious reason for Harrison popularity is his wife, Lilli Palmer. Born Austrian, she definitely is perfumed with the charm called Viennese. An actress of stage and screen in England, she is introduced to us by Gary Cooper in his "Cloak and Dagger."

ACTUALLY, the Harrison triumph is triangular. The third party is gallant Master Carey Esq. of years two and one-half. Recently he was observed in stylish array recalling the ducal Windsor at his top.

"Are you always so well dressed?" fawned an old flaneur, not without envy. "No," said the young Master. "This afternoon I am taking tea with the Ronald Colmans."

The Colmans have a daughter, two. Master Carey is, as columnists say, interested. Master Carey has the knack, it seems, for slipping into the American way and Walter Winchell's column.

The young Master has hair like undulant corn silk, azure eyes, a skin that glows a commercial to scientific upbringing. But more, he has the manners of the god-descended. American parents gape in envious awe at such delightful English children. What is the trick?

"We would like the English formula," said a tormented local parent. "We-all seem to be running to Tobacco Road young'uns and Dead End monsters."

"I should say the English nurses deserve the credit if any is due," said Mr. H., "plus a stern hand by the parents."

Mr. Harrison has no fault to find with our moppets. If their manners are hi-di-ho he is of the opinion that radio and screen set the pattern, and he himself is not exemplary, being a jive addict who

"I'm tellin ya, honey.. No Double Trouble for us !!"



JACK: I'm givin' ya the real lowdown . . . every Mommy who wants her baby to have the smoothest, healthiest skin should be sure to give baby these *twin blessings* of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil . . .

JILL: Works *double!* One: bein' antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, lotsa other skin troubles . . .

JACK: Two: Good-bye roughness an' dryness; Mennen Baby Oil helps keep skin soft an' smooth. Follow the advice of most doctors and hospitals, *double-bless* your baby with Mennen!

JILL: Us Mennen babies *smell so sweet*. Get Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder *now* to have on hand for baby's first day home!

4 TIMES AS MANY
DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN
ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
AS ANY OTHER.*

MORE
DOCTORS PREFER
MENNEN ANTISEPTIC
BABY POWDER THAN
ANY OTHER.*

Twin blessings for Baby—

MENNEN



*Acc. to surveys.

FREE BABY BUNDLE!

SEND THIS COUPON ➤

You'll get the wonderful free Mennen Baby Bundle containing: 1. New book of 2000 names, with meanings. 2. Generous sample of mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil. 3. Famous Baby Care Guide, latest instructions. 4. Perfumed sachet card for baby's layette. 5. Helpful Shopping List of baby needs. If you're expecting a baby, send coupon now.

if you're going to have a baby—

P. O. Box 1133, The Mennen Co., Newark 1, N. J.
PLEASE PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY IN INK (This coupon will be used as your Baby Bundle label.)
Send me the Mennen Baby Bundle free. I expect a baby about:

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NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

"HOW does she keep up her pep and her spirits *all through* the month? Doesn't *she* have those depressing days too?" . . . Of course these smart, modern women have similar problems on "those days" each month, but many of them have discovered *Tampax* as a method of sanitary protection.

The first thing you notice about *Tampax* is its small size which permits it to be worn internally—in contrast to the bulky external pads with their belt-and-pin supports. Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* comes with individual applicators and is made of pure surgical cotton throughout. It is easily disposable and simple to use. No odor forms. No chafing possible. No bulges or lines "show through" under your dress and you need not remove the *Tampax* in tub or shower!

A whole month's average supply of *Tampax* fits into your purse. The drug stores and notion counters sell it in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Buy today—it's good for your peace of mind. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

frequents Slim Gaillard's cafe on Vine Street. His swing collection outweighs Mrs. Harrison's opera file.

For all this waywardness, it is plain that Mr. Harrison had the benefit of a far-seeing nurse, for he grew up to be a good soldier. In the war he was RAF. First a pilot officer, then flying, finally a flight lute in radar section.

Nothing scarifying happened to him, he says, until he married Lilli in 1943. They went to their honeymoon cote in Denham. Rex kissed Lilli and the roof fell in. The Germans were thoughtfully pelting the bower with explosive confetti. A beam bit the Harrison brow nastily; otherwise just good charivari. In 1944 young Carey arrived and, pursuant to Harrison tradition, the roof fell on him—his perambulator roof, that is—due to a V-2 hitting the front lawn.

The royal but roofless Harrisons dropped in on Hollywood at a time when all roofs here were bulging and bouncing with unwanted relatives and eviction notices flew faster than fan mail. They dropped smack into a sumptuous Bel-Air casa from which Clifton Webb cheerfully evicted himself in exchange for the Harrisons' hotel bungalow.

Clifton's sacrificial cheer was explained perhaps by discovery that the place was without a bar, having been conceived with an inconsistency peculiar to our cinema tropics. The Harrisons soon de-roofed themselves. They felt the rent too steep for no bar, three bedrooms and a confused tradition. They purchased a home with a bar, five baths, six bedrooms and kaleidoscopic views of Holmby Park, Bing Crosby's roof, L.A. Country Club, Catalina in the Pacific and Joan Bennett in her pool.

WHEN Rex and Lilli have scrimped away enough from the clutch of the tax collector they want to acquire a Queen Anne house in Hampshire, England—a cozy cot with, say, ten bedrooms, oak panelling, mature gardens and trout streams on twenty wooded acres. All this for around \$50,000, the price presently asked for a six-room bungow in Bev.

After years of monotonous rations in England, Mr. Harrison found himself pelted with juicy steaks by welcoming friends here. To their amazement and his, he failed to leap for them.

"You get used to doing without," he said (let that be a warning to our meat profiteers). "I believe the stomach shrinks."

It's palms up for **Ty Power!**

Hand analyst Margaret Mamlok

reads behind the lines

and reveals

"The Inner Power"

in December Photoplay

on sale November 13 or as soon

thereafter as transportation permits.

Beauty
begins
with a clean skin

The first touch of Ambrosia on your skin—and you can feel the difference! Use Ambrosia to remove stale make-up... free the pores of beauty-marring matter; give your skin a chance to have that youthful appearance!



Send for Generous Sample! Write for Ambrosia Liquid Facial Cleanser. Enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover handling and mailing costs. Address: Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. B, New York, N.Y.

Nothing cleans like a liquid

AMBRŌSIA

Frenchy says:

"HERE'S A TIP...
French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies
12 aids to health and
song for your canary!"



AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED

I cannot eat portions served at dinners here. I found I craved nothing. Fruit? Perhaps a little fruit."

He weighs 154. But wait a little. Lean and elegant Englishmen before this have been seen acquiring the girth and jowls of the successful Californian.

Rex confesses he was afraid of entering our paradise. He had heard on the radio how cereal was shot through a gun over here, coming out puffed. He thought something of the sort happened to actors in Hollywood. It wasn't physical puff he feared so much as mental.

Mr. H. is astonished at the prevailing pessimism and wonders if it is due to the sun. Amid all the gay flora the fauna is glum.

"You hear talk of atomic doom," he says, his eyes bubbling up. "War is considered inevitable. This is not so in Europe. There it is unthinkable. Everyone is too exhausted."

The political heat in our salons tends to make his eyes effervesce.

"People avoid other people's houses because of difference in political views," says Rex, yanking his glasses.

In England Lady Astor would willingly play musical chairs with the opposition and even amid Toried nobility one finds radicals living in comfort.

But Mr. Harrison enjoys it all immensely, especially the idiosyncrasies which relieve him of his apprehension as to the processing of men like cereal.

Mr. Harrison does not get worked up over the atomic future nor does he take stock in The Better World. He is a middle-of-the-road man, walking serenely between the Bomb and Utopia.

His purpose and pleasure are combined in his work. His diversion otherwise is the enticement of fish to a better world, snapping the unwary bi-ped with a miniature camera no bigger than a watch, batting the ball a bit in tennis and golf, and shooting a gentle humorous breeze beside a tall glass.

"HE is a happy man," says Louis Lighton who produced "Anna and the King of Siam," "because he is a well-placed man. He is the born actor and he discovered his vocation without trouble. He is a rare actor and individual. He appears to have all the required gifts: Tremendous concentration, the faculty of creating electric tension that is transmitted, fine perception, imagination, subtlety of feeling and expression and, what seems to me most valuable in this business, eagerness. With all the sophisticated wit of a man of the world, the wisdom of wide experience, Rex has this eager rush of enthusiasm that makes him seem a boy."

"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" is the next Harrison picture. Those who have seen him in "Night Train," "Major Barbara," "Blithe Spirit," know his facility for high comedy which this promises.

Mr. Harrison as eagerly pays tribute to the technical wonders of the American studios and the affable cooperation. He and Lilli are here indefinitely but they want to skip back to England for a picture now and then.

He had words for the accomplishment of his fellow countryman Laurence Olivier who created "Henry V" for the glory of Britain, Olivier and the screen.

"I shouldn't be surprised if Larry got a knighthood," he said.

Recalling that another English actor disappeared after being knighted and has not since been seen we worriedly asked if there was danger of our eager friend becoming Sir Rex Harrison.

"Heavens!" he shouted, yanking off the sun glasses.

THE END

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke

A member of the old Colonial family from whom Rutgers University takes its name, Alice Rutgers Duke is active in the education program for wounded veterans. Busy young Mrs. Duke is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Results show right away," she says. "My skin feels softer... looks clearer and more alive!"

1-Minute Mask

*"My favorite
beauty
treatment!"*



Mrs. Duke has a Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times weekly

Exciting results right away— a smoother, more radiant complexion!

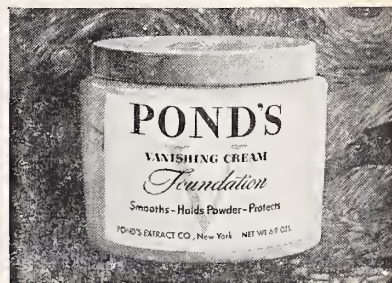
Cover your whole face and throat with a satiny white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave only your eyes unmasked.

Your complexion is being "re-styled"! The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens flecks of dead skin and clinging dirt particles. *Dissolves* them! After one minute, tissue off.

Brighter, clearer, *fresher*—that's the way your skin looks after the 1-Minute Mask! And it feels so much *softer*. Your complexion is ready for beautifully smooth make-up!

A heavenly powder base!

Smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave the Cream on. It helps banish "shine" for hours!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

(Continued from page 56) man I was going to marry (although I didn't even guess it then!) was his way of making the things he doesn't say count for more than the things he does say. He has three degrees of approval—all expressed by the same two words. Something that strikes him as just mediocre gets a hesitant "Pretty good." Something he likes is "Pretty good." When he's really enthused, it's "Pretty good"—but with exclamation points. The only time he has a lot to say is when he doesn't like the thing at all and is trying to be kind about it.

I've become a much kinder person myself, just watching him struggle against hurting people. Recently when we bought our riding horses, he spent a great deal of time looking for a silver-mounted black saddle. Finally, a harness man took a trip 'way past Pasadena to find what we wanted. I knew the minute Harry looked at the saddle he was disappointed in it. I also knew he was going to buy it because he couldn't bear to have the fellow lose out after all his time and trouble. There was a time when I used to pout or yell around when something didn't please me. Nowadays I just sit out such transactions, maintaining an un-Grable-like calm—and thinking up prospective buyers for a "secondhand" saddle.

It would be very romantic if I could say that love came like a trumpet blast to Harry and me—except that it didn't. I first heard him play at the College Inn in Chicago, when I was making a personal appearance at the Chicago Theater. Actually, I'd gone to the Inn to hear Dick Haymes who was singing with him then, and whom I knew. I was going with someone else at the time—and to me, Harry was just a man on the end of a horn—and a married man, at that. It happened to be the sweetest horn I'd ever heard, however, and after that I'd rush over to the Inn every night after my last show, with either my mother or a Chicago "date."

I CAME back to Hollywood a rabid Harry James fan—but musically speaking. He was not yet a name band, so I considered myself quite a Columbus. For a while I was his best publicity agent out here, and when I heard he was to be in "Springtime in the Rockies" I was tickled pink for the picture's sake. We talked some between takes while "Springtime" was in production, but not much more than I talked to all the fellows in the group. I never saw a bunch of boys more loyal to a leader—and it was the first time I'd heard a leader speak not of "my band," but of "our band" or "we." Too, one of the fellows pointed out to me that Harry is one of the few leaders who won't take a picture job unless all his men are included. He'd bring me records on the set—but we wound up just friends, and mutual fans.

Just before shooting finished he asked me very casually to go to an opening at the Palladium with him. I wasn't going so steadily with anyone else at the time, but I said "Oh no, I couldn't do that—" And to tell the truth, he didn't seem too downhearted about the refusal. Shortly afterward, I went to the hospital for an appendicitis operation—and I remember that the first flowers to arrive had Harry's card on them. I was so impressed, I wrote him an immediate "thank you" note—and then we didn't see or hear from each other again for weeks.

It was at the Hollywood Canteen, and Harry's divorce was in process, that romance—although we still didn't recognize it as such—really got going. One Mon-



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1 EASIER TO SET. Just comb fragrant, light JO-CUR Waveset through your hair and set in deep wave, or in pin curls. See how easy it is to manage...how quickly JO-CUR dries!



2 COMBS OUT SOFTER. When dry, comb out your hair. Notice how soft and natural your curls and waves seem... how lustrous your hair looks—shining with sparkling highlights!



3 HAIR-DO'S LAST LONGER. Rain or shine, your waves and curls "stay in" longer because JO-CUR sets them deeper! Get a bottle of JO-CUR at any drug counter. Green or clear, 25¢, 49¢ (plus tax).



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WAVE SET

Send for our **FREE** new booklet. It's full of helpful tips on how-to-set smart hair styles. Affiliated Products, Dept. D-2, 22 E. 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

day night I suddenly realized that just about everyone had left and I didn't have a ride home. I thought of asking Harry—but then I remembered that Palladium turn-down I'd given him. I finally had a girl friend of mine ask him for me. On the way home we stopped at a drive-in for a hamburger with onions—one of the things we suddenly began to discover we both liked.

The rest of it, that realization that we enjoyed being together, talking and laughing at the same things, was still not too glamorous—still just gradual. All I knew is that after awhile, we both felt we were lucky to have found each other—and we still feel the same way. Before we were married, however, there was another Palladium incident—a rather funny one, now that I look back. Someone conceived the bright idea of having a jitterbug contest for band leaders, and Harry asked me to be his partner. I was horrified at the prospect—I could see myself getting out there on my icy-cold feet, tripping and falling flat on my face and disgracing us both for life. Knowing Harry as I do now, I can't ever imagine what possessed him to enter—but he did. He got Nan Wynn, the singer, to be his partner, and jitterbugged against Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, Stan Kenton and others. What's more, he and Nan walked off with the cup—a fact that irked me strangely.

Our wedding day leaves no scent of roses or rustle of tulle in my mind. It was distinguished by nothing but heat, dust and a prize case of heebie-jeebies. I got up at the crack of dawn to catch the train to Las Vegas, and rode for hours in a rickety coach with no air-conditioning. I was already too sick to eat when I got there—and the news that Harry's train was four hours late didn't help much. There may still be two mountains of ciga-

rette stubs by the Las Vegas station—one mine, and one belonging to the driver of the big car in which I waited, cowering from the sight of the citizens and nearly dying from heat and jitters.

We'd planned a quiet afternoon ceremony in a small chapel. It was dusk when the groom got off the train, both of us so relieved to see each other we could hardly speak. Immediately, we sped off to the quiet and cool of the chapel—or so we imagined. We couldn't figure out the traffic tangle until we saw the church, lit up like a Christmas tree. People were lined up for blocks, a spotlight picked out our car and a loudspeaker boomed, "Here they come at last, folks—Betty Grable and Harry James—give the bride and groom a hand, folks!" I saw Harry's face turn white—we got out the wrong side of the car, took hands and ran for our hotel. The minister, in answer to our pleading, performed the ceremony there.

AFTERWARDS, the newspapers ran editorials, the gist of which was that we "ought to be ashamed of ourselves" disappointing people who'd driven for miles to see us. I could see their side of it—both Harry and I have been in show business too long not to appreciate and value such things.

Nevertheless, that unexpected crowd lining the streets for our unpublicized wedding was a terrific shock. The prospect of signing autographs between our "I do's" was something I doubt if our shaking hands could have accomplished.

We still don't care much for mob scenes—mostly because crowds are our business, and getting away from them is our relaxation. Both of us have worked since we were kids—the noise and excitement began for him even earlier than it did for me, because he was literally cradled in

a circus trunk. Both his parents were professionals, his Dad led the circus band and his mother did an "iron jaw" act right up until a month before his birth. We've given up going to big parties because usually we find ourselves gravitating to a corner and spending the whole evening just talking to each other, anyhow.

Luckily, all our enthusiasms are mutual. We get an idea and bang, something has to happen right away. We decided that riding would be healthful and enjoyable for us both, and bought two saddle horses the very next day, fast. That's how it started—we wound up with sixty-two acres of ranch land, and are now in the racing and breeding business up to our ears. If someone had ever told me I'd be getting up at 5:30 in the morning to watch a horse train, I'd have given them what is known as the horse-laugh. Nowadays, it's practically the most fun I can have—and more important, it's something Harry and I can enjoy together.

My husband and I have never had a quarrel. I don't expect anyone to believe this statement. Remembering the "picky" disposition (mom's description) I used to have, I can hardly believe it myself. It's simply that you can't fight with Harry. He can't stand dissension—on the rare occasions he gets angry he just turns a little white and says nothing.

If he has a suggestion to make, it's so right that you don't mind it. I don't wear heavy make-up any more, or all those heavy rats I used to wear in my hair, because it's so true, as he says, that I look better without it. He likes to tease me because I paint my toenails, saying he doesn't mind, because he "doesn't like feet, anyhow." I'm proud to say I've made a few changes, too. I like his hair short and parted, rather than the long sheiky cut he used to wear. He's added thirty-five pounds

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Star of
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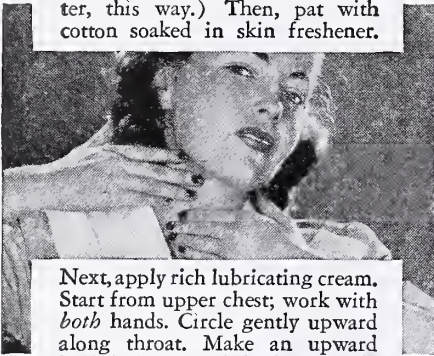
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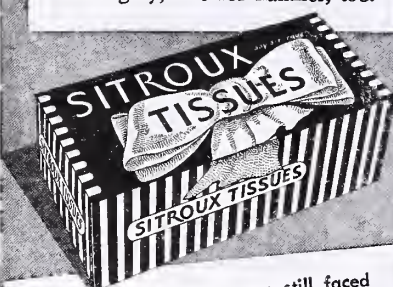
When applying and removing cleansing cream, *always* use upward and outward motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.



Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with *both* hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.



For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.



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SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

since we were married, and I get a great kick out of hearing people say he never looked better in his life.

Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think his taste in clothes is exceptional. He always looks so nice when he starts out for a broadcast, or when he puts on riding clothes—and I think he's simply sensational in navy blue. I like to pick shirts to show off his turquoise eyes, and I'm always proud when he likes the ties I buy. When he's on tour I get a gift from every town he plays in. Right now everything's in the horsy vein—a riding jacket from Texas, spurs from Montana, and so on. We've even gone crazy over Western movies and love to sneak down to the Hitching Post Theater for an evening of rootin', tootin' drama.

There couldn't be a story about Harry and me, of course, unless it listed the No. one reason for our happiness. Vicki is a two-year-old replica of her Daddy—I really don't know how I rated two such dispositions in one family. We haven't any special plans for her—just want her to be healthy and normal and we'll be content to let her find her own happiness, the way we've found ours. She's sure to love music, because already she shows an ear for it. Put a dozen bands on the victrola and she'll sit appreciatively but silent. Put on one of Harry's records and she can pick him out in a minute—"Daddy, Daddy—" she practically turns pink with excitement. Ask her right now where Daddy is, and her stock answer is, "Daddy on road, blowin' his bwains out—" which, if you'll pardon my pride, I claim is pretty cute.

This year the James family actually spent a vacation together. We went to Del Mar and just lazed around in the sun and the sand—for the first time since we've been married. It was a real triumph—the result of Harry's planning his schedule a whole year ahead to coincide with my between-picture intervals. Last time we planned a vacation, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" ran over shooting schedule and Miss Pilgrim had to stay home and work.

Meantime, that's the way things are between Harry and me—sometimes silly, sometimes screwy, but always very, very sweet. He's a softie who gets sick when he has to fire anyone at the office, and tries to get someone else to do it. A fellow you don't have to nag about replacing toothpaste tops because he simply throws the top away the first time he uses it. And a ribber who teases me for days about my fire-red car, then has his own painted to match it. He's the man I married—and it's perfectly swell being his Mrs.!

THE END



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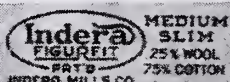
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Buckeye Buckaroo

(Continued from page 45) school where all eight grades were in one room. He had a horse called Babe who "was a very good little horse, coal black, used to race in surrey races at the county fairs. She was my first love."

He rode her four miles to prayer meetings and every Saturday afternoon you'd find Babe hitched out in front of the "Emporium," Duckrun's only store, "where you could get shoes for both you and the horse." He paid the grocery bill on Saturdays and the owner of the Emporium always gave him a little "poke" of striped stick candy "with maybe two or three hard pieces thrown in."

Today . . . his Hollywood "poke" is close to a million dollars a year. Instead of striped candy, there's a new eight-passenger Fairchild AT-21 plane and a turquoise blue Cadillac convertible. He rides in a silver saddle on Trigger, the glamorous Palomino with the taffy-colored bangs worn *a la* Veronica Lake over one eye. He wears custom-made boots, expensive white ten-gallon hats and fine checkered woolen shirts dripping with heavy white doeskin fringe, instead of the patched levis and worn cotton shirt of yore.

INSTEAD of a home-made house, there's a spacious two-story white home, fenced in by walls covered with ivy and honeysuckle vines. Green lines of grapefruit, avocado, orange and lemon trees march up the side of the San Fernando Valley foothills in the rear. There are wide velvety lawns shaded by tall cedars, sycamores and redwood trees. Planted in the middle of the velvety lawns . . . and typical of this boyish buckaroo is a giant red, yellow and green totem pole, with a big green eagle's head stretching out bright red clawy arms. Just as typical, you'll find a saucer of milk on the swanky front door step for "Beauty," the Rogers' cat.

Roy is in fourth place among male stars at the box-offices, stars in eight pictures a year for Republic Studios, and has just been loaned to Walt Disney for a big budget Technicolor called "Pecos Bill." He's the Saturday Sinatra, with teen-age girls applauding when his light baritone voice comes over the screen, and their younger brothers and sisters squealing delightedly when he outwits and outshoots the heavies on every turn.

He has the biggest Western radio show ever on the air, the Saturday night Roy Rogers Show on NBC. His records sell faster than those of any other Western RCA Victor recording artist, and cities and rival theaters make personal issues of battling for his rodeos and personal appearances. Last year he drew 1,250,000 people for a thirty-day rodeo in Madison Square Garden, the largest crowd ever to appear at any sporting event. His fan mail hits over 60,000 letters a month.

He owns a 580-acre ranch in Paradise Valley, a desert oasis seven miles out of Las Vegas, Nevada. And he heads a Hollywood group who've bought 16,000 acres in the desert near Palm Springs, on which they're erecting "Pioneer Town," an old-type western village, to be rented out for resort use and locations for films.

Nobody is more surprised by all this success than Roy himself, who would tell you that he doesn't consider himself a terrific actor, "and I haven't got a voice . . . just cowboy songs." He's always liked Westerns since childhood, when he used to ride the thirteen miles to Portsmouth in the old family Model-T "two or three times a year" to see Tom Mix. But he didn't dream of ever becoming a motion-picture star. "I was always just tryin' to make a livin', that's all."

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AT BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

It's easy to see why fans feel a personal affection for him. And they do. When he was on location near Davis, Oklahoma, for "Home in Oklahoma," a sixty-year-old woman walked seven miles to see him work. Roy invited her to lunch and sent her back home in a studio car. Kids send him their most cherished possessions like pocket-knives and gold locket, saying, "I want you to have this, Roy." A little eight-year-old girl visiting the set of "Heldorado" recently, offered seriously, "I wish you'd adopt me, Roy. I'd like to be your little girl." Which was a little embarrassing, since she was sitting on her own father's lap at the time.

Recently he got a letter from Asbury Park, New Jersey, about a boy suffering from a malignant malady who just wanted one thing . . . "a cowboy gun from Roy Rogers." Roy sent him the gun, called him long distance, and cut special records on which he sang some new songs. "You're the first to hear them, Buster," he said cheerfully. "Keep your chin up. Trigger and I are both pulling for you."

YES, he is Western Americana, this cinema cowboy with the candid blue eyes and the ready smile. And as straight-shooting as the six-shooters girdling his lithe waist. He puts his chips on honesty, hard work and a strong handshake. "You get the truth out of him every second," says his friend and manager, Art Rush.

No tenderfoot in the saddle, Roy could "set" a horse long before he came to Hollywood. During production of "Rainbow over Texas," he made a real-life rescue of his blonde leading lady, Dale Evans, that was as thrilling as any ever filmed. They were out on location on Ray Corrigan's ranch, Dale's horse got frightened at something and suddenly bolted, taking off across the rugged pasture, with Dale hanging wildly on with one arm around the horse's neck, gripping one leg under his stomach, the other over the saddle. Despite which she was slipping on under the horse, and would have been trampled within a few minutes but for Roy, who raced after her, reached out with his left arm and transferred her from the runaway horse to Trigger, then calmly carried her back to where an awe-stricken company stood watching.

He has great respect for hard work, and his own success has followed the law of the West, the survival of the fittest. The years between the ploughing back in Duckrun and Hollywood fame meant struggling. Not for the trimmings, but just for bunk and chow.

He had to quit school his second year in high school to help the family, thus ruling out his ambition of becoming a dentist. He's worked in the innersole department of a shoe factory in Portsmouth, as a ranch helper branding calves and shearing lambs on a New Mexico ranch, and loading and hauling cement in a gravel truck working on the highway between Frisco and L. A. He tells you now, "Four miles of that Highway 99 are mine."

During the gravel truck days he "bached" in a tourist cabin with another truck driver at Costaik, California, and survived mostly on pancakes he made with water, flour and eggs, and which were definitely three-way-stretch. "You could stretch a dime-size cake out as big as a wash tub. Just pull 'em off the griddle, roll 'em up into a ball and bounce 'em. Never seen anything like them. Too bad we didn't mix 'em up with the cement on the highway, it would last longer."

Roy had always liked to sing, and had picked up some guitar chords back home watching his mother and dad play a mandolin guitar. Since he wasn't making a success at anything else, he finally de-



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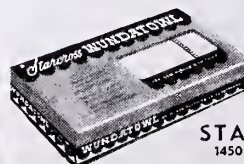


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cided to try his luck at entertainment. His first job was playing an instrumental duet with his cousin in the old Arrow Theater in downtown Los Angeles, for one dollar apiece a night. One evening they played on an amateur radio program in Inglewood—"anybody could get on." An equally broke group of entertainers called "The Rocky Mountaineers" caught Roy's yodelling on the program, called and asked him to join their act.

They all lived together in an old house on 74th Street in Los Angeles, figuring that if they didn't starve together, they would assuredly all starve separately, which they eventually did anyway. All three—Roy, Bob Nolan, who quit a job life-guarding at the beach and joined them, and the bass fiddle player bunked on a couch in the living room. They pulled a chair up against the couch and dove-tailed their six feet into it. For a year and a half they lived mostly on chipped beef and gravy, "the kind you get in packages, thin and salty." They sang at the opening of super markets and at lodge meetings, for maybe \$15 for the whole group. And frequently sang at private weddings and parties just for a square meal.

Roy made a little side money by pulling cars out of water holes on muddy nights. He'd stake his old Maxwell out by "some good deep mud hole" near Culver City.

His first regular money came when he got a job with "The Texas Outlaws" program on KFWB for \$18 a week. He felt he was rolling in clover when, as one of the Pioneers Trio, he was upped to \$35.

His real motion picture break was as simple as the rest of it was tough. He'd had bits in pictures with the trio, singing behind Gene Autry and other Western stars. Then one day he was in a hat store in Glendale waiting to get his ten-gallon out of the cleaners, when a film cowboy rushed in in a big hurry for a hat, saying he had to have it for a test early the next day.

"Where?" said Roy, overhearing him.

"Republic Studios," he said.

The next day found Roy out there too, trying unsuccessfully to crash the gate. When the extras started filing back onto the lot after lunch, he mixed himself in with them and was going on through when he bumped into Sol Siegel, a Republic producer whom Roy had met when he was doing background with the trio on a picture.

"Did you want to see me?" asked Siegel. A surprised Rogers who wanted to see just anybody see-able, found that the producer thought he was there to audition for the opening they had for a new Western star. "We've tested eighteen already," he said, "and frankly you never entered my mind until I saw you coming through the gate. Got your guitar?"

See Motion Pictures' Newest Sensation

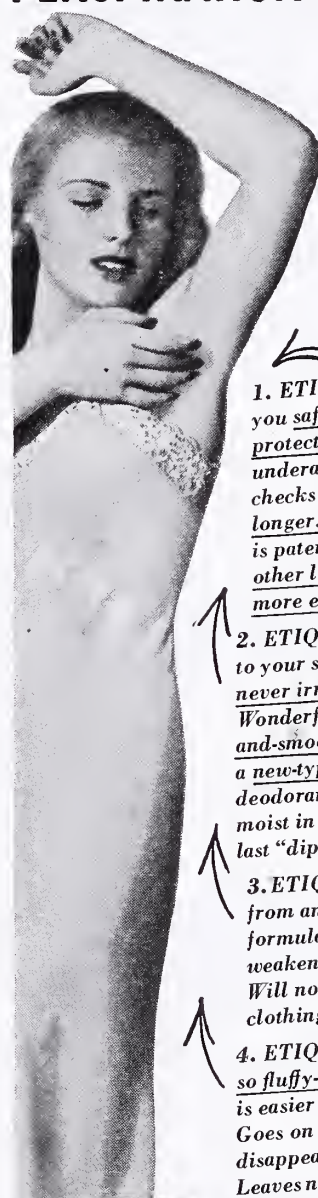
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"Sure," said Roy, and ran all the way out and back to his car to get it.

He got the Republic job, and the first picture he made, "Under Western Skies," was voted the best Western of that year.

Though he didn't ask for fame, he's worked hard getting it, and is working even harder today. He never goes temperamental, never questions his superiors, just goes ahead and gives them all he's got.

ROY is very deeply attached to his family, speaking with a high-reverence of his mother, "who has had so much courage, raised four of us, and never once complained." He's bought his father the little chicken ranch he always wanted. And is making enthusiastic plans now for a college education for a nephew, who just returned from the wars. Roy rode a mule four miles in the middle of the night after a doctor at Duckrun, the night this boy was born. "I've never had an education, but he's sure going to have one," he says fondly. "He's got guts. Makes you want to do something for him."

Roy is always happiest when he's out-of-doors hunting or fishing or taking a hop in the new plane. He likes to go coon hunting with his good pal, "Alfalfa" Switzer, of the "Our Gang" comedies, and to go wild boar hunting and deep sea fishing at Catalina. He's a crack shot, which he brushes off easily with "anybody can shoot a gun," and is a whiz with a bow and arrow, usually being able to spear a half-dollar at fifty feet, when in form.

At home, he likes to read Western magazines, or books like "The Life of Kit Carson," "Firebrand from Burnt Creek," and "Hopalong Cassidy Returns." But he usually spends most of what little time he has listening to Tex Ritter's "Children's Songs," with his six-year-old Cheryl Darlene and three-year-old Linda Lou. Or helping them paste up their scrapbooks on Bill Elliott and Little Beaver.

Roy is very close to the two little Bill Elliott fans and his attractive wife, Arlene, of the blonde, fluffy hair and brown eyes and quiet manner. They live as unaffectedly today as they did in the Hollywood duplex on that \$35 a week, when Mrs. Rogers was whipping away at her celebrated lemon pies.

She still does most of the cooking, but no lemon pies. She's baked so many of them for magazine layouts that the whole family turn their heads when they pass by the lemon trees in the backyard now. "I don't like lemonade, lemon drops, or anything," says Cheryl, wrinkling her nose. Then adds impressively, "Daddy's a corn-eater. He can eat six ears and he still wouldn't be full." Roy does have an enormous appetite, with a special yen for corn, fried chicken, onion and sardine sandwiches and onion sandwiches.

Whenever the Sons of the Pioneers, the Shug Fishers, and other old-time pals of the chipped-beef era get together with them for birthday celebrations or anniversaries now, they group around the cozy den of the house behind the totem pole and give with stirring renditions of their old ones like "Little Joe, the Wrangler," or "The Convict and the Rose," always signing off with Roy's favorite, "Home on the Range."

You'd expect him to want a place "where seldom is heard a discouraging word and the skies are not cloudy all day."

But you feel sure that life . . . wherever he is . . . will never throw Roy Rogers. That whichever way this Buckeye Buckaroo rides into that sunset that cowboys are always talking about, it will always be with a smile on his face and a song in his heart.

THE END

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Short and Sweet (Continued from page 71)



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Last of all, but highly important, you will find shorter hair has a healthful and rejuvenating effect. When the hair is thinned out the scalp can breathe; a beauty and health treatment in one.

I especially recommend this hair-cut to those who begin to find life dull; always a sign that we are becoming a little dull ourselves. Whereupon something new is needed!

The very instant we have our hair cut—and the light shines through it—we realize our hair is lovelier than we thought. Also that it might be lovelier still if we hadn't neglected it, except for regular shampoos and sets. Whereupon we wonder what extra things we can do for our hair.

Brush your hair five minutes every day. Brush it hard for lustre's bright sake. As I've said before and doubtless will say again, lie down while you brush your hair. Throw yourself across a bed. Let your head hang down. This position provides relaxation and improves your circulation.

If you have an oily scalp try to keep the brush away from it. Start hard sweeping strokes an inch away from the scalp line.

Ida Lupino uses beer as a hair lotion. She says it keeps the ends of her hair curled and in place and also gives her hair added body.

THE END



For Gene Tierney
it's chic—has a
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Thinning hair? BE CAREFUL!

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So remember, using Packer's means safe hair care. Whether you use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, you'll be rewarded with rich, creamy lather, lustrous hair, a healthily clean scalp.

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Before After
Left: Dorothy Gebhardt when she started the Success Course two years ago. Center: 5 months later. Right: Dorothy today, slender, lovely, vital.

	Before	After
Weight	160	132
Bust	36"	33½"
Waist	30¾"	25"
Abdomen	36¾"	30¾"
Hips	43"	38"
Height	5'5½"	5'5½"

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The Man from Rising Sun

(Continued from page 68) doesn't believe. But he carries on his shoulder not only his own chips, but all of his fellowman's. That quizzical business is part of the Mitchum smoke-screen hiding the sensitive, vulnerable guy who's seen life smack him down too often and too hard. The trick is to make him turn the other cheek, the one without the tongue in it.

In the little strait-laced crossroads community of Rising Sun, Delaware, he was always considered a worldly character. Born with great imagination and creative ability, he was writing poetry at the age of six. At seven when other kids were out playing Cowboy-and-Indian, Bob was putting out a little "newspaper," writing and peddling it to neighbors who stood back and looked askance at the "peculiar Mitchum boy." They couldn't understand any of Bob's highly individualistic family who took their poverty so lightly, just going along in their own informal way. One of them singing, one dancing, one writing and disappearing from town to learn about life for months at a time, then just as suddenly checking back in.

Bob early outgrew Rising Sun. If the world was going to be his oyster . . . he wanted to start opening it. To meet interesting people. See what they thought . . . and why. He came back to talk of these things when the others were still sipping a wicked soda down at the corner drugstore. None of them understood the sensitive adventure-loving Bob, who seemed much too old for his years. Nobody, that is, except a pretty brown-eyed girl named Dorothy, who respected his intelligence, loved to listen to his experiences and eventually married him. It was only through her insistence that he was invited to any of the local affairs. So far as they were concerned, he just didn't belong.

AND it was the same wherever he went. He was just a little on the outside. Never quite fitting in. Which was okay by the individualist who wanted to find out his own answers anyway . . . but not so fortunate for the other one, the lonely super-conventional guy, who envied others their security in being liked and wanted. Gradually he began casting himself as "Mitchum the Misfit" . . . built a wall inside . . . and affected the semi-smirk and raised eyebrow to show that he didn't care.

It's no wonder that after many years of bad luck Mitchum can hardly believe all the sevens that are coming up now. Regardless of fame and fans, he can't realize his stardom or take it for granted. He's still a little surprised when he's invited to Hollywood's swankiest soirees. He feels somewhat uncomfortable and usually heads quickly for the first familiar face he sees.

Actually, he doesn't care much for parties. Unless it's a poker session with some pals, or having friends drop by the house and join him in a plate of sandwiches, a beer or so and some eloquent floor-side chats in the living room. Floor-side, until the rest of the furniture they've ordered gets here. Which may not make any noticeable difference to Bob, who usually offers his few thousand words while lying flat on his back on the rug anyway.

He's a home-lovin' man, and that's where you'll usually find him when he isn't working. In the white house on the Hollywood hilltop with his attractive wife and two sons—Josh, a miniature of Mitchum, and Chris, aged two. They're a winning combination—four of a kind.

Though he probably would tell you that he rules his house with an iron hand, Mitchum is the kind of father who, when

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baby Chris does anything wrong, says severely, "Christopher! Go into the other room!" Then immediately weakens into, "Well—are you sorry?" Finally gives him a cookie, kisses him and then kicks himself the rest of the day for being such a cad.

Not long ago Bob and Dorothy were speeding down a lonely stretch of highway in the desert when they passed a covered wagon, drawn by an old horse, with an elderly man at the reins and a little boy about four years old walking along beside the wagon, kicking his bare heels into the sand. Miles on down the road, Bob broke the desert stillness abruptly, saying, "Just imagine that little boy going through towns, seeing other children playing together, but he can't stop. He has to go on with his grandfather. The loneliness of it."

Two weeks later he was watching Josh and Chris playing in the living room and said, out of the blue, "Imagine Josh following that wagon on through life down a road. Never being able to stop and play with other kids."

"Maybe the little boy likes it," said Dorothy, trying to lighten his mood. "He probably has fun moving around, going through different towns. . . ."

"No, he doesn't!" said Bob decisively. The child made an indelible impression on him. Possibly struck too near Mitchum's own memories of an exciting but lonely boyhood. And that's what success means chiefly to him. That Josh and Chris will be set. That there'll be no wandering around through life for them, either behind wagons or otherwise.

HE'S an ardent champion of individual rights. Either yours or his own. He's been known to challenge any director or assistant who yells at movie extras or shoves them around. "It just does something to me," he used to say to actor friends who were cautioning him. "I'm not afraid of my job. What can they do? Shoot me maybe," he'd say, cocking an eyebrow and giving his shoulders a size forty-six shrug.

By nature he's amiable and dislikes trouble of any kind. "Won't ever hurt anybody's feelings if he can help it," his friends say. By the time Bob's been provoked far enough to fight anybody, he's so mad he says he gets "a vicious satisfaction out of it. And that's no good." So he ducks whenever he can.

Friends have heard him actually begging somebody not to fight him. For some reason his quizzical face seems to invite trouble. Maybe in a bar or night club. On a train. Just anywhere. Soon somebody's saying, "I don't like you . . . I don't like your face," . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . and Bob's trying to talk them out of it, saying, "Just stay where you are. Don't say anything more. Don't come near me . . ." he warns. Until finally it's forced on him. Then he brings one right up from the basement. Nobody has ever seen him lose a bout.

He seldom loses a listener either. For he talks in Technicolor. With his vivid imagination and rich vocabulary he loves to weave words and build up paragraphs just to see how they sound. You might call him a climactic conversationalist because he leaves you right in the middle of a climax while he goes on ahead to something else that's occurred to him.

One night he awakened his wife in the middle of the night with, "I've got it, honey!"

"Got what?" she said sleepily, but unsurprised.

What he'd "gotten" there around 2:00 A.M., was his own theory of Atomic life. He went into great detail about the beginning and the end of life . . . and all the

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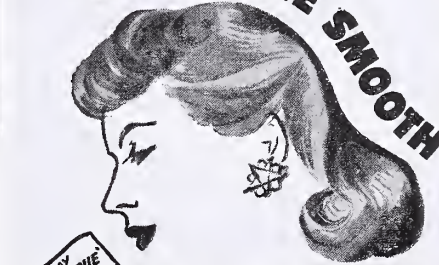
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big things turning into little things... finally getting down to where everything is nothing. Then stopped abruptly. "What happens when there's nothing left?" said Dorothy, by now fully awake. He turned over and went back to sleep. He's never discussed it again.

He can digress immediately from the subject of atom bombs to that of achievement. Goals. How to accomplish them. "There's no limit to what people can do, if they just go about doing it right."

"Me?" he says, dropping the enthusiasm and hoisting the eyebrow. "I don't want to do anything. I just want to watch."

But by now he hasn't a chance of getting away with one like that. You're not fooled. You just file it along with the "wildcats" his imaginative son Josh kills, knowing only too well how highly ambitious he is. That he's one of the smartest actors in the business.

ACTING is his life's blood. He loves it. For acting means portraying people—most of whom he's met personally during his schooling, the ten-minute stops along the line, when he was working on his Ph.D., as a doctor of the philosophy of his fellow-man.

He has no temperament, makes no demands for the fat starring roles, the best lighting, any of the breaks. "Doesn't need 'em," his friends say. "He's too good. Just watch him in any picture. He'll break their backs."

The only demand Bob makes is that a part be believable to him. He liked the role of the returning Marine in "Till the End of Time," because he could believe it. He's met many Macs like him. On the other hand he turned down a much larger starring role in another film because he felt he couldn't sincerely do it. "I couldn't be a piano player," he told the producer. "I'd be laughing at myself all the time. I'd ruin your picture for you."

Mitchum has great admiration for Burgess Meredith, Michael Chekhov, J. Carrol Naish, for Betty Field's versatility, among the actresses, and an almost reverence for Robert Montgomery's remembered performance in "Night Must Fall."

He has always refused to take any credit for his own performance in "G.I. Joe," saying, "I had all the breaks. The flash. The show. They had me coming over the hilltops with a light in my face. How could I have missed?" He couldn't. But that's not the reason.

Part of his refusal to claim credit is his distrust of success. Success draws lines between people and Bob doesn't believe in lines between people. He works overtime rubbing them out. Though he'd deny it, he's been known to park his car and stand aimlessly in front of his old hangout, Schwab's Drugstore, for thirty minutes, whether there's anybody else standing there he knows or not, lest somebody think he's gone Hollywood.

Even a pseudo-cynic wouldn't do a trick like that. It defeats any raised eyebrow. And it's indicative of why Robert Mitchum gets top billing among all the Joes around the studio lots, who'll tell you readily that Bob's the biggest Joe of them all. Which, for our money, is the best kind of living cornerstone.

THE END



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By Mary Jane Fulton

She Causes Excitement

Twin Falls, Idaho, Portland, Oregon, and Pueblo, Colorado, may claim Arleen Whelan as a "famous daughter," even if she was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. For the sparkling, red-haired, blue-green-eyed Arleen's post office address was in each of these places before it became Los Angeles, where she now claims residence, when she is not at New York's Pierre Hotel with her husband . . . The gal gets around. There's a flurry of excitement wherever she goes. It must be her Irish ancestry which makes her one of the screen's most alluring stars. Whatever the reason for her pep and personality, she's a five-foot-four-and-one-half-inch package of charm, and has the rare faculty of flattering her listener by giving one person her undivided attention . . . Weighing only 112 pounds, Arleen admits she doesn't have to watch her diet to keep slim and lovely, because she maintains an active interest in sports.

Make-up For Redheads

A devotee of sunshine and fresh air, Arleen is like most tender-skinned redheads. She freckles. But she doesn't make the mistake so many women do of trying to camouflage her freckles with heavy make-up. What freckles do manage to peep out from beneath a flesh-colored, light powder base, which she finds looks most natural on her fair skin, add interest to her pretty face. She advises redheads to use a pink-toned powder, too, and to stay away from the foundations and powders which are too rosy, or too yellow . . . Incidentally, there are liquid and cream bleaching preparations you may like to try. Follow directions . . . Arleen uses either a pure red, or a bronze or an orange tinted lipstick, never a blue-red one. It is better for women, especially redheads, to apply too little make-up, rather than too much, she says . . . Always, after applying powder, she brushes around the hairline with a tiny eyebrow brush kept for that purpose. Then with a good hairbrush (the attractive, post-war ones are stiff-bristled and have practically no wear-out to them), she brushes her hair to shining brightness. It shows the good care it gets. It's clean, it's soft, it's gorgeous. And so is Arleen!

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Linda, Woman of the Hour

(Continued from page 40) had given me in his possession. That's completely untrue," she sputtered, "Pev begged me to take the platina coat and jewels, but, oh, I couldn't wear them—I just couldn't."

Was that a latent spark of real sentiment—or was she acting? For the life of me, I don't know. Femmes being what they are, it's hard to visualize a gal leaving behind a platina coat. Yet, she says he insisted she keep everything he gave her. "He's that kind," she added.

By this time, I was ready to give up on the Darnell-Marley marriage bust. If he is as much of a plaster saint as she says, why, oh, why did she leave him? Such husbands are hard to get. But I'll bet you, in spite of her sonnets in his defense, there's not a chance of a reconciliation. Methinks the lady doth protest too much in her former husband's favor.

When a girl says, "We never had a fight. He is my best friend. He's wonderful," it means she is supremely indifferent. I would much rather bank on a reconciliation if the lady says, "We fought like cats and dogs and I don't care if I never see him again."

I've always felt that Linda married Pev in the first place because, like many teenage girls, she wanted to get away from home. I remember that her mother, who had come from Dallas with the budding movie star seven years ago, had been very exacting. Linda had to report whatever she did and wherever she went. Pev, I think, was like a big brother. She was flattered by his confidence and belief in her when few others thought she was destined to set the world on fire. Marley, one of the top cameramen at her studio, took the trouble and pains to make wonderful photographic tests of her and to encourage her about her acting talent.

Because she was a "family girl" she needed someone to lean on. For, believe me, a great many people had been "leaning on" Linda. When she came to Hollywood, the whole family including mama, her postman father, her sister and a complete menagerie moved out with her—or moved in with her, is more accurate.

But, in giving her success and polish, Hollywood has also given her confidence in herself. She's living alone now—and loving it.

"It's best for everyone concerned," she explained. "Mama is so busy with my sister, Monte, she can't worry about me. You should see Monte—what a career she has! She has been out with a rodeo—the same show in which Lieutenant Dick Ryan shows Hirohito's white horse. She rides bareback on two horses at once. She's a marvelous horsewoman. Mama loves to travel and she's having much more fun with Monte than she ever did with me."

That's just another thing I like very much about this girl. She's as fiercely loyal to her family as she is to—her ex-husband.

But certainly her recent separation wasn't all we had to talk about, for my lovely guest was completely in a dither about playing Amber.

"Are you excited about Amber?" I asked—knowing full well she was.

"Excited—and worried," she answered. "That story and the first start on the picture has caused so much comment. But with Otto Preminger as my director, I'm not as frightened as I would be with someone with whom I had never worked. He made 'Centennial Summer' and 'Fallen Angel' with me and I'd walk on broken beer bottles barefoot if he said it was the right thing."

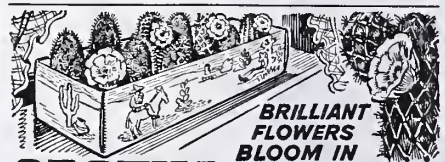
I laughed. "Otto certainly did right by

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you when you stole 'Fallen Angel' right out from under the nose of Alice Faye—and then he let you take Jeanne Crain's boy friend away from her in 'Centennial Summer.' Maybe he's been privately rehearsing you for Amber all the time."

"I doubt that. He didn't know he was going to make it, himself, at that time," she smiled.

She told me that when Darryl Zanuck sent for her to tell her that he had decided to give her "Forever Amber," she said, "Please don't tell me that unless you mean it—it isn't fair."

Of course, no one could be farther removed from the Amber of Kathleen Winsor's book than Linda Darnell. The Winsor heroine is petite and fair. Linda has raven locks and she will never be a small girl. She isn't built that way. However, it's wonderful what every day at a streamlining parlor will do for a girl's figure and her dark hair can become "amber."

"I haven't looked at a foot of the original 'Amber,'" she continued. "I don't want to. I want to make a complete fresh start—just as Mr. Zanuck is doing. He is really the most determined man in the world. Only an executive with his courage would go back and try to rectify a mistake."

OVER \$2,000,000 went down the drain pipe with "Amber," but Mr. Zanuck has made enough money for the Twentieth Century-Fox stockholders in the past to justify scrapping a picture that wasn't right from the start. With Linda, a new script, a different cast and Otto Preminger, he's a cinch to be on the right track this time.

"Just think," she mused, "over \$100,000 was spent on wardrobe and I am not wearing one of those costumes which were made for Peggy Cummins, the original Amber."

Whether Linda is the accepted idea of Amber or not doesn't matter. She'll be vivid and intense and beautiful to look at—which is the essence of the character. As an actress she has steadily improved since she first appeared in "Hotel for Women" and ever since she was borrowed by an independent company, Angelus Pictures, to make "Summer Storm" she's registered plenty of the old sex appeal, another attribute of Amber's.

"Mr. Preminger is a sophisticate," she said. "He will by inference bring out the—er—irregularities in Amber's character without offending good taste."

But somehow I found myself more interested in what will happen to Linda than what would happen to Amber. What will happen to her now that she has come of age mentally and emotionally?

Even if Howard Hughes is interested in her—and perhaps this will be a romance in her life—I don't believe he is a marrying man. Too many Hollywood beauties have been almost at the altar with Howard—but none has made it yet. Nor do I see any chance of a reconciliation with Pev. That's over and done with and they are too all-fired polite about it.

But, Linda, I think, will marry again. She is a home-life girl and she likes to be "settled" in spite of her present enjoyment of her freedom and "living alone and loving it."

The long and difficult production schedule on "Amber" should keep her out of circulation for several months coming up. But soon I expect to hear about her stepping out with first one attentive beau and then another.

Real love doesn't come to a woman on the rebound—and I think Linda is smart enough and wise enough to make sure she has the right man before she tries marriage the second time.

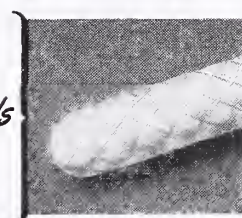
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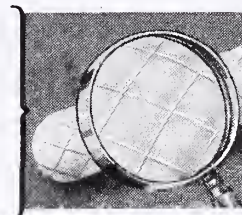
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Shadow Stage (Continued from page 10)

✓Rendezvous with Annie (Republic)

WHO'S Annie? She's the little bride with the dimples and the flair for making chocolate cake whose appeal is so potent Eddie Albert flies home AWOL from England just to see her. He gets away with it too—for the time being—but what happens afterwards is what makes this slim little picture a pleasant pastime.

Laid during the war, it offers a frivolous look at a soldier's life with Eddie Albert playing the homesick husband and Faye Marlowe the bride he left behind. His secret rendezvous with her leads to a great big tempest in a teapot—but the climax over the teacups makes everybody happy.

There are some big laughs over little incidents; the laughs would have been longer if the picture had been shorter. As it is, it drags heavily here and there, but in between there's plenty to keep your mind on the screen. All the players seem to have a good time doing their stint—Eddie, Faye, Gail Patrick, Philip Reed and C. Aubrey Smith.

Your Reviewer Says: A light little farce.

Under Nevada Skies (Republic)

THIS is an "as usual," featuring Roy Rogers and pal Trigger, but in this case Roy takes over and Trigger is just his faithful prop. Not that he needs one much—practically singlehanded he solves the mystery of the missing emerald crest. Everyone is after the crest, of course, and for it some brave men die. Even Dale Evans is in there poking around the murdered man's house and getting in Roy's way. Gabby Hayes as an impromptu sheriff mixes things up, too, but at last there's the crest and Roy can rest on his laurels until the next episode.

The big point of this is that the atom bomb is really here to stay—it has finally caught up with the Roy Rogers series!

Your Reviewer Says: Rough stuff plus Roy

The Show-Off (M-G-M)

SOMEHOW "The Show-Off" has never been as successful in its various film versions as George Kelly's satiric play was on Broadway. Perhaps because Hollywood has kept trying to make a hero out of Aubrey Piper, the show-off, instead of letting him be the insufferable, if pathetic, bore he was.

This is equally true of Red Skelton's current starrer. You keep thinking you either ought to like Red better or think he's funnier—whereas Aubrey was neither likable nor funny per se, and shouldn't be built from that angle. The rich humor of Kelly's Pulitzer Prize play was in the ironic reaction to him of the other members of the simple Philadelphia family.

Red marries Marilyn Maxwell; she loves him, but her family doesn't. Nobody blames them, either, after watching him operate on Mom, Pop, sister Jacqueline White and brother Marshall Thompson.

With the key figure off key, even the capable Marjorie Main, who plays the great part of Mom, seems uncomfortable; the rest of the cast ditto.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't blame Red—he tries hard.

✓Brief Encounter (Noel Coward —Cineguild)

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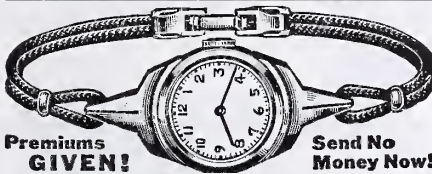


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ers of this British production, done in a muted style and dealing with an emotional crisis in the life of an English matron. Celia Johnson plays the woman, Trevor Howard the man who cuts into the even tenor of her country existence to give her a "brief encounter" with the romance of the storybooks and force her to make the hardest decision of her routine life.

The theme is a woman's and the story is told through the woman's eyes; it is direct and at times forceful. But the most interesting point of the film is its quiet presentation, a direct contrast to Hollywood's lavish emotional treatment of the same topic. By way of illustration—the heroine wears the same dowdy hat twice; her home is an everyday one with no velvet touches; her husband is a quiet, likable chap who works his crossword puzzle here and there in the picture; her great love is a hard-working doctor, no Adonis, but a faithful replica of the Englishman in the street.

If you happen to be "thoughtful, critical or adult," you will probably enjoy this quietly and thoroughly; otherwise, if your celluloid diet has been strong emotion, you may find it too bland.

Your Reviewer Says: It all depends.

Earl Carroll Sketchbook (Republic)

THIS is a minor musical that's supposed to be right in the groove but is right in a rut instead.

A talented young musician, William Marshall, sinks to writing radio jingles, is beloved by his secretary Constance Moore, can't see her for a row of pins and starts playing a romantic tune to Hillary Brooke instead. Naturally, this burns Constance up; but we still can't see why she goes to such lengths as pretended amnesia and tune-stealing for the "Sketchbook" revue just to get her man.

Vera Vague gets a few chuckles with her manhunting routine and Edward Everett Horton does his best.

Your Reviewer Says: Draw another picture.

✓✓Cloak and Dagger (Warners)

THE action takes the prize in this expose of American secret service in World War II. With Max Steiner's music playing a mystery tune that triples the natural suspense, the film presents a chilling panorama of intelligence agents landing behind mist-shrouded enemy lines, daggers flashing in the darkness, partisans co-ordinating with masquerading spies.

Gary Cooper is Dr. Jesper, American chemist who joins the "cloak and dagger" Office of Strategic Services and ends up doing some super gutter fighting as well as some super spying in German-occupied Italy. Everyone wants to know what the Germans are doing with pitchblende, specifically if they're working on an atom bomb; it's Gary's job to find out. In the course of this, he has some pretty tense moments; the audience shares them. His pace is electric until he meets up with blonde courier Lilli Palmer; then he takes time off for a bit of romancing. Opinion on the value of this will be divided: The ladies will probably relish the close-ups; the gentlemen will wish they could be watching more fast OSS action, especially when things start off with some fabulous hold-your-breath scenes.

This is a "now it can be told" film, nicely plotted and nicely played. See it for some real suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh-So-Secret.

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM**—20th Century-Fox: An unusual, fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century. Irene Dunne plays the schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the outside world, and Rex Harrison is excellent as the king. (Aug.)

✓✓ **AVALANCHE**—PRC: Bruce Cabot, sleuth from the Treasury Department, arrives at a ski lodge to discover the gaps in the income tax of a gambler. Then snow slides lock in the guests at the lodge and murder begins. It should have been more exciting, but the creditable cast, including Koscoe Karns, Helen Mowrey and Veda Ann Borg, do their best. (Aug.)

BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO: Randy Scott totes his gun around in the lawless West again. Ann Richards is the pioneer newspaperwoman, and the James boys, the Daltons, and Belle Starr are all present. (Sept.)

✓ **BIG SLEEP**, *THE*—Warner: This is full of action, full of Bogart and Bacall and full of murders. Bogart is the hard-bitten private detective hired to straighten out an old general's affairs, which are all mixed up by two daughters, Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers. Bogie does his best to find out everything, dashing about from corpse to corpse and taking time off to give Lauren the eye. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BLUE SKIES**—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing reaches its peak in this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring Irving Berlin's haunting melodies. Bing Crosby as the restless night club owner was never in better voice, and Joan Caulfield as heart interest for Fred and Bing is beautifully decorative. Olga San Juan is Fred's dancing partner and Billy De Wolfe is the funny funnyman. (Oct.)

BOYS RANCH—M-G-M: We can do without this unentertaining little picture concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents. James Craig, an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug, provides a ranch for boy delinquents. (Sept.)

✓ **CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**—Pascal-UA: This is strictly in the limited-appeal category, although the settings are perfection and every detail of the period is meticulously observed. Claude Rains plays Caesar the conqueror, given to dashing off philosophic remarks, and Vivian Leigh is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen. Unfortunately, the picture is almost entirely static. (Oct.)

✓ **CANYON PASSAGE**—Universal: A true-to-form Western done in Technicolor, with Dana Andrews as the earnest young colonist, Brian Donlevy as a gambler and Susan Hayward as the feminine foil. There's a touch of murder, some bloody fist fights, and an Indian raid executed with wild abandon. Andy Devine is a pioneer, Ward Bond the heavyweight villain. (Oct.)

✓✓ **CENTENNIAL SUMMER**—20th Century-Fox: A round of lighthearted fun set in Philadelphia in 1876. Into the conservative household of Walter Brennan and their two daughters, Linda Darnell and Jeanne Crain, two bombshells arrive—one in the form of Mama's luscious sister from Paris, Constance Bennett, who brings along gallant Frenchman Cornel Wilde, and the second is the Centennial Exposition. (Sept.)

✓✓ **CLAUDIA AND DAVID**—20th Century-Fox: A cozy little picture is this new episode in the lives of *Claudia* and *David*, the young suburban couple played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. Dorothy becomes jealous of Young and his business client, Mary Astor, and Young in turn gets jealous of Dorothy and her new-found friend, John Sutton. (Oct.)

✓✓ **CLUNY BROWN**—20th Century-Fox: An absolute lamb of a movie, with Jennifer delightful as the housemaid with a flair for plumbing who goes to work in the English home of Reginald Owen. Charles Boyer is the refugee with a humorous disdain for England's caste system, Richard Haydn will kill you with his portrayal of the village chemist, and Peter Lawford is Owen's son in love with Helen Walker. (Aug.)

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✓✓✓**COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE**—M-G-M: Executed with a light touch and in the finest of taste, this has Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn as two spirits who have a fine time observing their human counterparts. Morgan, Keenan's son, has a few earthly matters to clear up—his financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, with Richard Quine. It's gay and fantastic. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**COLORADO SERENADE**—PRC: Although too long, this offers all the essentials of the time-proved Western—the stagecoach holdup, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest "Jedge" who tries to bring law and order to the frontier town. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**COURAGE OF LASSIE**—M-G-M: A Technicolor account of a golden collie whose adventures are many and hectic. Elizabeth Taylor is his young mistress, tense with apprehension when he disappears to eventually see combat as a war dog in the Aleutians and prove himself a canine hero. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**DO YOU LOVE ME**—20th Century-Fox: If you belong to the swooner set, the answer to the picture's title is yes, as it has Harry James's hot trumpet and Dick Haymes's singing. The fragile plot deals with the metamorphosis of Maureen O'Hara from the dignified dean of a school of classical music into a glamour girl. (Aug.)

✓✓✓**DOLL FACE**—20th Century-Fox: A film about a burlesque queen, Vivian Blaine, whose publicity manager, Dennis O'Keefe, has a book written about her life. The result is that the ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**DOWN MISSOURI WAY**—PRC: A college-educated mule takes the lead in this, which should give you an idea of the type of picture it is. William Wright is a producer who comes to the Ozarks to shoot a motion picture on Martha O'Driscoll's farm. John Carradine, Roscoe Ates, Eddie Dean and Mabel Todd are all around the place. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**FROM THIS DAY FORWARD**—RKO: A picture with punch, about the marriage on a shoe-string of Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens. Scared by the scrub-brush existence of Joan's sister, they lose courage, then marry anyway. The war comes along and afterward they get a second chance. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**HER SISTER'S SECRET**—PRC: Pure melodrama this, with Nancy Coleman falling in love with handsome soldier Philip Reed. After Reed sails away, Nancy turns to her sister, Margaret Lindsay, for help in keeping her secret. So Margaret adopts Nancy's baby, and then the tug between the two sisters begins. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**HOME SWEET HOMICIDE**—20th Century-Fox: This screen mystery constitutes a fresh slant on the usual whodunits, since it gives you a look at three little hellions—Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell, and Connie Marshall—as they try to solve a murder. Lynn Bari is their mystery-writer mother, Randolph Scott and James Gleason detectives. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**JANIE GETS MARRIED**—Warners: Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton get married and set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**LADY LUCK**—RKO: You'll get some uninhibited laughs at Frank Morgan's antics as the incurable gambler who's reduced to a three-dollar-a-week allowance from his granddaughter Barbara Hale. Robert Young's another gambler whom Barbara marries thinking he's reformed until she catches him at the roulette table. Barbara's retaliation is a funny twist. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**LITTLE MR. JIM**—M-G-M: Jackie Jenkins's freckles and histrionic ability make this movie worthwhile. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and is generally endearing. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**LOVER COME BACK**—Universal: Light and frothy romantic stuff with Lucille Ball as the stylist wife who longs for her soldier husband's return after two years. George Brent plays the husband who returns to have his reunion with his wife marred by his meeting up with some of his blonde overseas friends. Vera Zorina's the other woman. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**MAKE MINE MUSIC**—Disney-RKO: You'll love this rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. The ten-part offering, with music and drawing, has no story but is the best screen vaudeville show in a long time. The songs are illustrated with cartoon characters or scenic drawings. (Aug.)

✓✓✓**MR. ACE**—UA: A second-rate movie in which politician Sylvia Sidney, running for governor, seems to worry more about her hats and her love affairs than about her campaign. As the political boss, George Raft has a chance to employ all his usual gangsterish tricks, which after all these years seem a little tiresome. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE**—Paramount: A Bob Hope comedy special, in which he plays a barber from the court of Louis XV of France who's forced to impersonate the gay court playboy, Patric Knowles. This device gives him unlimited scope for his unrestrained buffoonery, and if you like Hope, you'll love it. Joan Caulfield is a pretty French wench and Marjorie Reynolds the Spanish Infanta. (Oct.)

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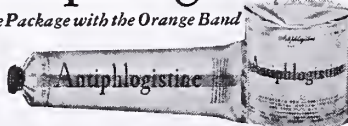
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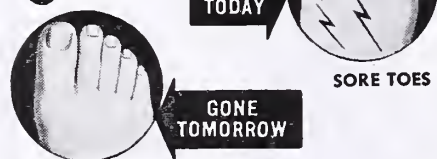
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✓**MY PAL TRIGGER**—Republic: This is a very good Roy Rogers Western, with Roy and his horse, Trigger, fighting their way back after Roy's unjustly accused of killing a famous horse. With George "Gahby" Hayes, Dale Evans, and Bob Nolan. (Sept.)

✓**NIGHT IN PARADISE**—Wanger-Universal: This ridiculous story has Turhan Bey unhappily playing a juiced-up version of *Aesop*, the fable teller, who falls in love with Princess Merle Oberon. The princess is about to marry *Croesus* when Turhan reveals that he's really a handsome young man. (Oct.)

✓**NIGHT TRAIN TO MEMPHIS**—Republic: Get aboard this if you're a rooter of Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys; otherwise ignore it. Roy plays the good honest soul with the heart of gold, and Allan Lane is his had brother who thinks he was framed by the railroad company. (Oct.)

✓✓**NOTORIOUS**—RKO: Intrigue south of the border, beautifully packaged by Alfred Hitchcock and delivered by competent Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains. Secret agents Cary and Ingrid set off for Rio where they meet intrigue and danger and high suspense. (Oct.)

✓**OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—Warners: Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film this time with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker in the roles originally played by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. (Sept.)

✓**ONE MORE TOMORROW**—Warners: Ann Sheridan works on millionaire Dennis Morgan's crusading magazine hut, despite her love for him, she loses him to Alexis Smith who tries to get husband Dennis's mind off his magazine. Jack Carson is Morgan's alter ego who ambles around the picture rooting for Ann as against Alexis. (Sept.)

✓**SCANDAL IN PARIS**, A—Pressburger-UA: George Sanders is at his dashing best as the colorful French rogue, Vidocq, who, with his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures including stealing Carole Landis's ruby garter and planning to rob the Bank of Paris. Then love in the form of Signe Hasso touches the devastating George. (Aug.)

✓**SEARCHING WIND, THE**—Paramount: This rustles the history-book pages of events in Europe that led to World War II. It tells how Robert Young as a diplomat shilly-shallied between diplomacy and truth and lost Sylvia Sidney because of it. Dudley Digges provides lively moments. (Aug.)

✓✓**SISTER KENNY**—RKO: This is the story of Sister Kenny's discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized. It's a remarkable film, carrying the power of simplicity, the dramatic punch of realism, and excellent acting by Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox, and Dean Jagger. (Oct.)

✓**SMOKY**—20th Century-Fox: This is a horse-cowboy saga, telling the life story of *Smoky*, a wild horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and his adventures among an odd assortment of humans. Anne Baxter is the female lead, Bruce Cabot is the renegade, and Burl Ives sings cowboy ballads. (Sept.)

✓**STOLEN LIFE**, A—Warners: Bette Davis has the time of her life playing a dual role of sisters, one good and one bad, and she does both with astute perception. Glenn Ford steps into big-league movie acting as the man who succumbs to the charms of the conniving sister, only to find that the sly one is his real love. (Aug.)

✓**STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS**, THE—Wallis-Paramount: This is powerful dramatic fare, with Van Heflin as a hardened veteran who picks up probationer Elizabeth Scott, gets heated up by thugs and comes back for more in order to discover why his childhood girl, Barbara Stanwyck, and her politician husband, Kirk Douglas, want to get him out of town. (Oct.)

✓**STRANGER, THE**—International: Tense and dramatic, this psychological mystery film is adult stuff: Orson Welles is the escaped Nazi biggie who in the disguise of a professor is living in a small Connecticut town; Loretta Young is his American bride, Edward G. Robinson the investigator. (Aug.)

✓**THREE WISE FOOLS**—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien as the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold comes from Ireland to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men in this enchanting hit of movie-making. (Sept.)

✓**THEY WERE SISTERS**—Rank - Universal: James Mason is at his sadistic best as the man whose dark moods leave a sinister effect on the lives of three sisters. The dialogue has sparkle and the story high suspense. (Oct.)

✓**TILL THE END OF TIME**—RKO: A candid picture, rich in sincerity, of the adjustment of three young veterans home from the wars, Guy Madison, Bob Mitchum and Bill Williams. It is also the story of Dorothy McGuire, a young widow. (Aug.)

✓**TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE**—Warners: A harmless little offering with Dennis Morgan playing a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America as a guy from Milwaukee. Jack Carson, pick-up pal, introduces him to Joan Leslie and complications begin. Janis Paige and S. Z. Sakall rate applause. (Sept.)

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Casts of Current Pictures

BLACK ANGEL—Universal: Martin Blair, Dan Duryea; Catherine, June Vincent; Trevor Lorrre; Captain Flood, Broderick Crawford; Joe, Wallace Ford; Jake, Hobart Cavanaugh; Marvis Marlowe, Constance Dowling; Lucky, Freddie Steele; Bartender, Ben Bard; Kirk Bennett, John Phillips; Dr. Courtney, Junius Matthews; Partner of Dance Team, Maurice St. Clair; Partner of Dance Team, Vilova; Tap Dancer, Pat Starling.

BLONDE FOR A DAY—PRC: Michael Shayne, Hugh Beaumont; Phyllis Hamilton, Kathryn Adams; Pete Rafferty, Cy Kendall; Helen Porter, Marjorie Hoshelle; Dilly Smith, Richard Fraser; Tim Rourke, Paul Bryar; Brenner, Mauritz Hugo; Henty, Charles Wilson; Muriel Bronson, Sonia Sorel; Bronson, Frank Ferguson; Minerva, Claire Rochelle.

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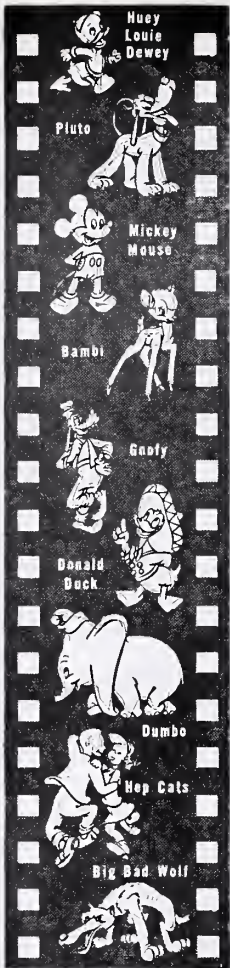


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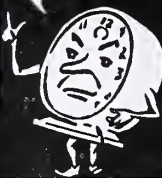
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Million Dollar Lullaby

(Continued from page 61) most proudly.

Did the discovery bring a change? Does she feel any different now that Liza has come to stay? "Not different," she smiles softly. "Just happier."

It all happened very simply. Judy knew from the seventh month that she would have a Caesarean delivery. So, on the appointed morning, she and her husband drove alone to the hospital. They knew that today was the big day. Judy wasn't afraid. She was happy and excited.

Fear came for the first time when she was left alone with her baby. Little Liza was seized with a fit of sneezing. If you have seen a new baby you can understand a mother's fear that one large sneeze might make it disappear. Judy kept her hand on the bell until a nurse came to the rescue. Of course, it was lint in her nose. But whatever may befall Miss Minnelli her mother will probably never know the same degree of panic. "A little baby is so little," she says.

Judy Garland was deluged with flowers in the hospital. But there was a daily offering, a white arrangement accompanied by a note for the mother and a nosegay for the new arrival. Liza's father, with affectionate understanding, didn't want his daughter to feel that a movie star's child might ever be neglected.

"You should see her father handle her," says Mrs. Minnelli. "He has the deftness of a veteran. He was better than I was at first." She grins and adds, "And does she ever wave her fan at him! She's the biggest flirt!"

Father might have been better "at first," but he'd better look to his laurels, for Judy is energetically and definitely the mother of that small elegant bundle.

"I refuse," says Liza's mother, "to be treated like a wonder child for nine months and then suddenly have everyone behave as if I were a moron." Thus you see she is not a passive mother. She spends a great deal of time with her baby and is impatiently awaiting the time when she's up to that first whole day alone with her.

"I want to be at my best then," she says. "I don't see much point in getting so tired by night that I can't keep my chin out of the mashed potatoes."

ALREADY Liza has a favorite piece of jewelry. It is a tiny mesh coin purse sent by a dear friend in New York. It contains a lucky penny and it will be made into a clip for her.

Altogether you might look at Liza Minnelli lying in her dainty basinette, her father's big brown eyes looking at you from her mother's piquant little face, and predict confidently that here "a star is born." Her personality is enchanting and she loves company and excitement. If the nurse weren't so proud of her that she enjoys showing her off there might be friction in the Minnelli menage.

"She was strict at first," says Judy. "But Liza won her over all by herself."

Suggest that the baby seems to have all the qualifications for a star, including temperament, and watch that strange definite look come into Judy's eyes. "She might want to be a stenographer," she says flatly. "I don't want any plans made for Liza. Children should be what they want to be. Parents haven't any right to expect them to follow a pattern of their design." She thought a moment and then a smile softened her face. "That doesn't mean you can't have dreams about them. I'd love her to want to be an actress. I think it's the best, the most thrilling life in the world."

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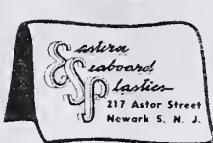


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suddenly disappeared. There is the smell of grease paint in the air and the lovely voice of Judy Garland singing hauntingly. In the twinkling of an eye she has become the actress to her finger tips. And Judy Garland should know what being an actress means. It's a great thing to hear a girl who has been in the business since she was a child, who has known the rough as well as the smooth side of it, boosting an industry often maligned by the people within it.

It is great to catch the fever of enthusiasm which has made her a star. That think-it-through, work-hard kind of love for her work. A songstress who became a great dramatic actress in spite of that label and yet insists that even now she will not cease to sing because music is her great love.

"And," says Judy, subtly becoming again Liza's mother, "if she should want to be an actress, I hope she'll marry into the industry. Separate interests may be the solution for some people but, if you love your profession, it's a blessing when 'shop talk' isn't a bore."

You could almost hear her add, "And I hope he's someone like Vincente."

It's easy to see her point. June is a big month for Judy. In the month of June are her birthday, her anniversary and Fathers Day. This year her husband wanted something very special for her. Judy's passion is antique jewelry. Vincente had seen some very lovely old coral pieces, but couldn't quite make up his mind about them.

At the very last moment he decided that, along with the other things he had for her, she must also have the coral.

He called the man who owned the coral. The man was out. He would not be in until late. As a matter of fact he was out riding horseback "somewhere in the hills" behind Hollywood. Vincente Minnelli took his car and a stout pair of boots and started combing the canyons, the high-ways and the byways. He never counted the miles or the hours. The point was, he got his man and Judy got her coral. So, you can see, it isn't all "shop talk" with the Minnellis.

THERE'S no question, however, that as Liza grows older she'll hear a lot about her parents' business. Vincente has directed Judy in what she considers her best pictures, "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "The Clock." She has implicit faith in him and is willing to let him direct their private life along certain lines. Hence the hilltop house which Vincente created for his star wife. Her knowledge of music has developed under his direction. Her love and taste for books, too. They know and understand each other's problems. They take each other's advice. According to Judy, her husband understands her better than anyone in this world. At work and at home!

"We went to Laguna alone for a holiday after Liza was born," she said reflectively. "We were only to be gone four days. I didn't want to be a spoil sport but I just sort of dropped, I guess. Without a word Vincente just packed up and brought me home. He knew how much I missed the baby before I did. Now he's faced the fact for both of us that any traveling we do in the future will have to include the 'whole family.'"

There will be more to the "whole family" as time goes by, she hopes. Lucky little still-to-comers! For Judy and Vincente have more to share than just the stability and security they have won for themselves.

The Minnellis have talent—great talent—and a boundless affection. Ask Liza—she knows!

THE END

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ADVICE FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 78, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent. (Advertisement)

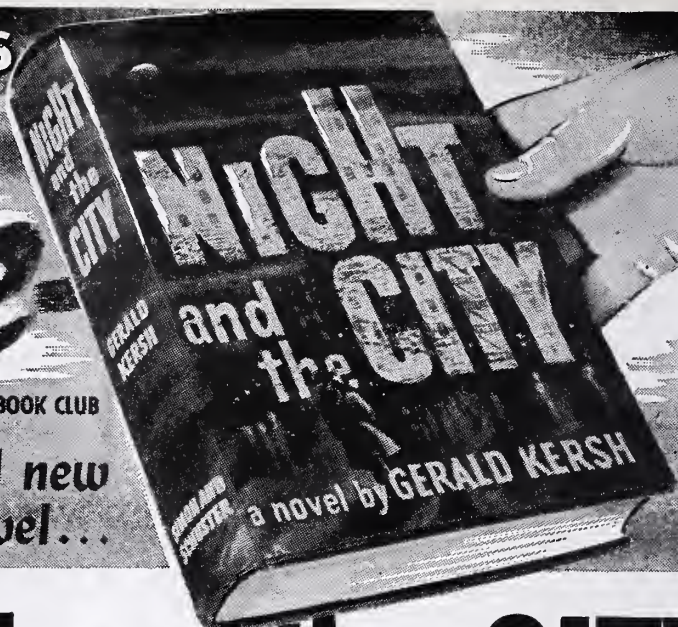


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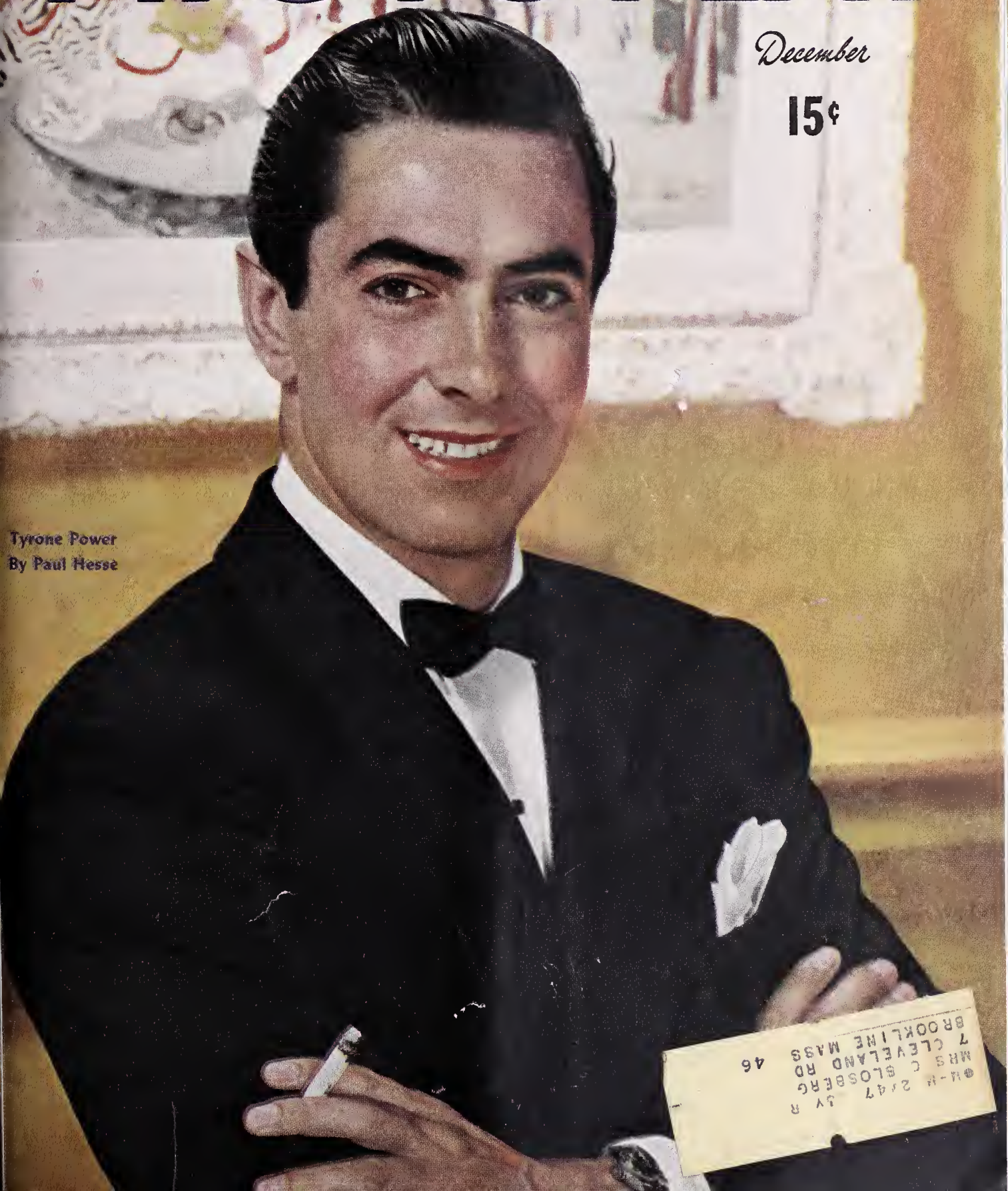
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CUPID: Are you kidding?

GIRL: Aren't you?

CUPID: Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

GIRL: *He says!* ... look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

CUPID: *Maybe, Baby, maybe.* Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

CUPID: Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning *to see your dentist?* Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Massage. Gums again. I said it was my *teeth*. Teeth, Cupid. Teeth!

CUPID: Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth ... *go to it*, Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!



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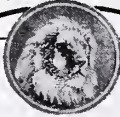
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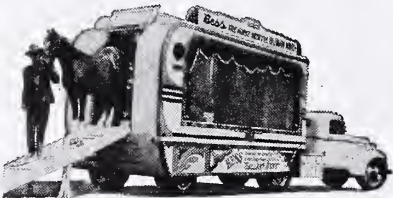


The greatest
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From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit...

The whole town's in love with a horse!

So are Detroit and Toledo, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, Buffalo and Binghamton. So are more than 30 other cities that she's visited in her palatial trailer.



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No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.



Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess", in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction.

With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.



—Lea

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Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good, three checks, outstanding



June Haver as the "heiress" on the hunt and George Montgomery in gay musical

✓✓ Three Little Girls in Blue (20th Century-Fox)

"DELIGHTFUL" is the word for this Technicolor treat set to music, starring the talented trio, June Haver, Vivian Blaine and Vera-Ellen. With *Atlantic City* of 1908 as its background, the story is the familiar one of the gal who poses as an heiress and sets off on a matrimonial fishing expedition. This time she is aided and abetted by her two sisters who go along as the hired help.

Lovely June Haver, as Pam the "heiress," lends youthful exuberance and a decidedly decorative note to the role of husband hunter. Vera-Ellen, of the round, merry face and the twinkling toes, masquerades as June's maid Myra to good advantage, and Vivian Blaine plays sister

June's wistful secretary. George Montgomery and Frank Latimore portray a couple of pleasure-bent playboys vying for the favor of the fair June. The magnetic Montgomery is very much at home in this first film since his stint in the Army. Frank Latimore, with only two previous pictures to his credit ("The Dolly Sisters" and "Shock"), offers good looks plus an engaging manner. Celeste Holm plays to the hilt a sophisticated Southern belle with a Parisian touch. A gal with a terrific personality, Celeste should be given more to do. From start to finish, "Three Little Girls in Blue" bounces along briskly.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly on the beam.



Alan Ladd and Barry Fitzgerald in dramatic saga of another era of the sea

✓✓ Two Years Before the Mast (Paramount)

ONE woman—a Spanish passenger on the good ship *Pilgrim*—figures in this; she could have been omitted and never been missed, since this is straight male fare that needs no help from petticoats. Richard Henry Dana's famous saga of men and sailing ships comes to the screen in strong-armed fashion with Brian Donlevy playing Richard Henry Dana with effective restraint, William Bendix cracking the merciless whip over the seamen with an effective heavy hand. Alan Ladd is the ship owner's son who is shanghaied aboard his father's own vessel where he discovers at what price the laces he wears are bought.

The book was a brief for the fate of

America's merchant seamen; the picture is a graphic portrayal of that brief. The plot runs true to its course, never losing sight of the fact that it is presenting a bitter period in America's sea history, except for the few romantic moments between Esther Fernandez and Ladd which merely serve to slow the action. Cruelty and famine stalk the ship as does the merciless captain, Howard da Silva; and men are driven to hatred and murder.

The final scene has a cut-off feeling; the curtain comes down just a bit too abruptly, but otherwise the picture is robust sea fare.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the weak in heart.



Catherine McLeod and Philip Dorn in nostalgic film for lovers of music

✓✓ I've Always Loved You (Republic)

IF you thrill to the works of the Three B's (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms), this will be right up your musical alley. But if you prefer Irving Berlin and Richard Rodgers to the long-haired boys, then it's not for you. This Technicolor picture introduces a lovely new star—Catherine McLeod. As Myra, a gifted young musician with a hero-worship complex, she makes an auspicious beginning to her screen career.

Philip Dorn gives a brilliant portrayal of an egotistic genius whose mistress is music. Upon realizing this, Myra takes refuge in the arms of her childhood sweetheart, a farm lad, personally, if not convincingly, played by William Carter. Their marriage is marred by the question: Does Myra still love the Maestro? So the boy

with the plow (now beginning to gray) puts Myra to the test—all to the accompaniment of Rachmaninoff's majestic music.

A false note is struck when, after neglecting her scales for years on end, Myra blithely gives a flawless performance at Carnegie Hall. Equally unbelievable is the assumption that her teen-age daughter (Vanessa Brown) could be ready to make her debut in that same venerable mecca of music in such record-breaking time. These weaknesses are offset by the teamwork of Dorn and McLeod. And with the celebrated pianist Artur Schnabel to interpret them in off-screen recordings, The Masters can rest in peace.

Your Reviewer Says: Tops for music lovers.

(Continued on page 6)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 8

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 138

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 133



Paramount's
King-Size Musical—
It's The Nearest Thing
To Heaven

Bing Crosby
Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
in
Irving Berlin's

"BLUE SKIES"

in Technicolor

with Billy De Wolfe • Olga San Juan

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Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Allan Scott



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LIKE A MELODY
WHITE CHRISTMAS
HEAT WAVE
PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
RUSSIAN LULLABY
THIS IS THE ARMY,
MR. JONES
HOW DEEP IS
THE OCEAN
ALL BY MYSELF
I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN
WORKING FOR ME NOW
I'LL SEE YOU IN CUBA
EVERYBODY STEP
SOME SUNNY DAY
YOU'D BE SURPRISED:
A COUPLE OF SONG
AND DANCE MEN
YOU KEEP COMING
BACK LIKE A SONG (new)
GETTING NOWHERE (new)
A SERENADE TO AN
OLD-FASHIONED GIRL
(new)



(Continued from page 4)

✓✓ The Dark Mirror (Universal-International)

RECIPE for a whodunit: One part crime, one part psychology, one part love; mix well and serve with a dash of humor. Then, to make it genuinely absorbing, let Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres play the leads. These two manage to make the old idea of twin sisters—one good, the other bad—seem fairly fresh and believable.

Both girls are suspected when a doctor-acquaintance is found fatally stabbed. Since they're identical in appearance if opposite in character, there's no way of pinning the murder on either one. That's where Lew Ayres comes into the case, for he's a psychologist who knows the whys and wherefores of human behavior. In his scientific endeavors to shed some light on a dark situation, he's encouraged by detective Thomas Mitchell, who's determined to catch the real culprit. The story's one glaring weakness is that the good twin, supposedly a very bright gal, is remarkably naive about her sister's evil potentialities despite their lifelong association.

In portraying nice, wholesome *Ruth* as well as clever, abnormal *Terry*, Olivia turns in a fine acting job. (We wish, however, she'd try a more flattering hair-do next time.) The much matured Ayres oozes charm all over the place, and it's predicted his popularity will greatly increase with this performance. Reliable trouper that he is, Thomas Mitchell's detective is to the manner born. It all adds up to sure-fire entertainment, especially if melodrama's your movie meat.

Your Reviewer Says: A guessing game you'll enjoy.

✓✓ The Man I Love (Warners)

PAGING all Lupino fans: Your favorite star is in fine fettle in this one! She never looked more glamorous or packed a bigger punch with every word and gesture than she does here. In this tense tale, adapted from a novel by Maritta Wolf, the role of night club canary *Petey Brown*, who always knows what the score is, fits Ida like the well-known glove.

On a visit to her family in California, she discovers that her sister *Sally* (sympathetically handled by Andrea King) needs her help as does her weakling brother *Joe* (Warren Douglas). So she unpacks and tackles her first problem: Night club Owner *Nickey Toresca*, a wolf on the prowl convincingly played by smooth-as-silk Robert Alda. *Petey* turns a deaf ear to *Nickey's* persistent yowling, then meets *San Thomas*, a world-weary piano player. She carries a torch for him but, as luck would have it, he's still half in love with his ex-wife.

In the midst of the complications, Lupino tosses off a couple of Gershwin and Kern song hits like a veteran warbler. As "The Man I Love," Bruce Bennett is plenty attractive in a rugged sort of way but this is primarily La Lupino's picture, and she squeezes the last ounce of drama out of every situation.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll have a wonderful time.

✓ The Time, the Place and the Girl (Warners)

DESPITE the lavish sets, the eye-catching cuties and the swing music played by Carmen Cavallaro and Orchestra (all done up in Technicolor), this turns out to be a commonplace affair. Chief stumbling-

(Continued on page 8)



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Great ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page 6)

block is the trite story, whipped up by four writers, about rich young Martha Vickers who studies for the opera and longs for excitement in her sheltered life.

Martha's discerning grandpappy (S. Z. Sakall), recognizing that the handsome night club entertainer next door (Dennis Morgan) is the very man to provide the aforesaid excitement, promptly tries to promote a romance. Martha is more than willing to cooperate, but Dennis shies away because she's "such a nice girl," as he quaintly puts it. A famous conductor of highbrow opera, the old man offers to finance a lowbrow musical for Dennis and his pals, Jack Carson and Janis Paige. But they must give Martha the leading role and keep it a secret from Grandma Florence Bates and Manager Donald Woods. There's a lot more along these lines with everyone present and accounted for when the curtain goes up on opening night.

Dennis Morgan is oh, so relaxed through it all; Jack Carson, the kid with the good-time Charlie personality, is right at home; Janis Paige really tries to be helpful; Martha Vickers flashes a sparkling smile; Sakall, as usual, murders the King's English; Florence Bates is alternately coy and shrewish and Donald Woods plays a stereotyped part.

Your Reviewer Says: A splashy, flashy musical.

The Bachelor's Daughters (Stone-UA)

HERE'S still another version of the old game of make-believe where everyone pretends to be someone else and gets into all kinds of jams. Yearning to shed their humdrum existence and have themselves a time, the bunch at the *Royal Department Store* chip in and rent a mansion on swanky Long Island. Gail Russell, a sweet young thing, conveniently falls in love with a young man of means (John Whitney) only to have Claire Trevor, in the part of a hard-boiled femme, throw a monkey-wrench into the romance. Ann Dvorak is a gal who determines to become a popular singer come what may, and Jane Wyatt—by one of those happy coincidences of reel life—forms an attachment for the son of the department store owner.

Billie Burke of the tremulous voice and fluttery manner, and Adolphe Menjou, a crabby character with a heart of gold,

Best Pictures of the Month

Two Years Before the Mast
Three Little Girls in Blue
The Raider

Best Performances

Brian Donlevy, William Bendix in
"Two Years Before the Mast"

Ida Lupino in
"The Man I Love"

Catherine McLeod, Phillip Dorn in
"I've Always Loved You"

Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres,
Thomas Mitchell in
"The Dark Mirror"

complete the phony "family." Incidentally, Menjou's role is the juiciest one or the lot but everyone's in there pitching, the net result being a passable picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Some tears, a few chuckles.

✓ **Angel on My Shoulder**
(Rogers-UA)

THE angels are not in evidence in this, but their chief adversary certainly is. In the person of Claude Rains, who acts as though he's thoroughly enjoying himself, old Beelzebub himself wanders around for two hours in company with a murdered gangster, Paul Muni.

Which all goes to show that this is another experiment in the realm of phantasy and the afterworld, an experiment that may have enthusiastic followers on the one hand and just as enthusiastic thumb-downers on the other. Eddie Kagle, a released convict, is shot and killed by his pal; he wakes up in hell. What he finds there has him tugging at his collar; the audience will probably react likewise. Old Nick thinks Eddie's a good bet for some unfinished business in the world, so back go the two to earth. The rustle of wings now becomes apparent with the entrance of Anne Baxter, fiancée of the Judge into whose body the naughty soul of Muni is infused. From there on in, it's a fight of good versus evil, punctuated by some wonderfully dramatic lines.

Muni takes Eddie Kagle and twists him around his little finger. Since Rains does the magnificent same with his "just call me Nick" role, the picture is made. It will take you an hour to get into the swing of things; after that, unless you're a sworn rebel against this type film, you'll find yourself wondering what's going to happen next. One thing is certain—when "The End" flashes on the screen, you'll promise to be a good boy from now on!

Your Reviewer Says: You'll page the angels!

✓ **White Tie and Tails**
(Universal-International)

WHAT happens when a "gentleman's gentleman" steps out of his class is amusingly told in this bright little comedy. Dan Duryea, featured as a bad boy in past pictures, plays a good guy here—but not too good to withstand temptation. Weary of being the perfect butler-valet, he takes advantage of his employer's absence to have what starts out as a harmless fling, making use of the boss's car and chauffeur, and his white tie and tails.

It's no trick at all for the clever fellow to impersonate a gentleman who knows all the niceties and can mix a mean Martini. But in seeking to impress that very chic socialite Ella Raines, he overplays his hand. She's a lady in distress and he's the gallant Gallahad eager to help her; so before long they're both in a tight spot.

Many of the laughs are provided by William Bendix in the roughneck role of a big shot out to acquire polish and Frank Jenks as the crap-shooting chauffeur. Dan Duryea's creditable acting, Ella Raines's glamorous get-up, and the combined efforts of Messrs. Bendix and Jenks make for a diverting, if not important, film.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun for the whole family.

✓✓ **The Raider** (English Films)

FACT and fiction are deftly blended in this Technicolor English import derived from the story "Western Approaches." There isn't the slightest attempt to introduce a romantic note in this stark saga of

and it happens to you in

"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

a truly great motion picture

Produced by **SAMUEL GOLDWYN**

Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER**

Screenplay by **ROBERT E. SHERWOOD**

From the Novel by **MACKINLAY KANTOR**

Released thru **RKO Radio Pictures**

DANA ANDREWS

TERESA WRIGHT

IN THE *Goldwyn* MANNER!



For the joy and brightness he brings to your home, a canary needs but little care. Keep him healthy and happy, and he'll reward you with his cheeriest singing. Always feed him French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—a carefully measured, thoroughly tested blend of *twelve* proven aids to health and song. Millions of *singing* canaries have made French's "Tested Twelve" the most popular bird diet in America!

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PROPORTIONED WITH A PURPOSE!**

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Red Millet Seed	Poppy Seed
Yellow Millet Seed	Corn Syrup
Rape Seed	Cuttlebone
Soy Bean Grits	Charcoal
Yeast	Wheat Germ



the seas. Nevertheless, there's suspense aplenty with dramatic interest heightened by the knowledge that all the actors are non-professionals, formerly attached to the allied navies and merchant marine. And an impressive, true-to-life portrayal they give us, cussing included!

In its opening scene, we see a lifeboat adrift in the Atlantic and learn that the twenty-one occupants are survivors of a torpedoed merchantman, the "Jason." For fourteen days and nights, these men bravely endure the tortures of thirst, hunger and exposure; then their hopes are aroused as they sight the "Leander," which has picked up their distress signal. Almost simultaneously, they discover that a German U-boat is lurking nearby, waiting to sink the big ship. Although they flash a warning to their would-be rescuers, the fight is already on—a desperate life-or-death struggle which is graphically presented.

Although "The Raider" forcefully brings home the ugly business of modern warfare, it is a question whether post-war audiences will find it as effective today as a year or two ago.

Your Reviewer Says: No cream-puff stuff!

**✓ Abie's Irish Rose
(Bing Crosby-UA)**

ONLY moderately funny is this screen version of Anne Nichols's laugh hit of yesteryear. To hear the oldsters tell it, that record-breaking play about the Murphys and the Levys was simply sensational. Well, maybe too much water has gone under the bridge since then, and what used to be greeted with such hearty guffaws now merely evokes an occasional titter.

The high spot of this slow-paced comedy is the film debut of Joanne Dru (Dick Haymes's missus). She plays Rosemary with marked sincerity and assurance, and you'd never guess it's her first bout with the klieg lights. Richard Morris makes a likable, straightforward Abie so that you're not surprised when he sweeps the little colleen off her feet. The meeting of these two in London on V-E day begins promisingly enough but the story starts to sag when, frowning upon their children's marriage, stubborn Papa Levy (Michael Chekhov) and equally stubborn Father Murphy (J. M. Kerrigan) hurl insults at each other in characteristic brogue and accent, typical of bygone vaudeville days. Although their grandchildren finally bring the old boys together, you have a feeling that their relationship is

never going to be a very cordial one. In this tepid revival of a one-time favorite, George E. Stone and Vera Gordon are a friendly couple who fully realize that love and intolerance simply will not mix.

Your Reviewer Soys: No harm done.

Black Beauty (20th Century-Fox)

AGIRL'S all-consuming passion for her horse and the adventures that befall them both comprise the theme of this one. Derived from the children's classic of the same title by Anna Sewell, this hoss opera of Victorian vintage takes place in rural England.

Mona Freeman is the ideal choice for the lithesome lassie who goes into positive raptures over *Black Beauty*. To be sure, it's a pleasure to watch the graceful cavortings of the magnificent animal. As a visiting American, Richard Denning thinks so too, and it's their mutual admiration for *Black Beauty* that throws these young people together.

Evelyn Ankers—the other girl in Richard's life—isn't the out-of-doors type like Mona; still she wears her riding habit with an air. J. M. Kerrigan turns in a finished performance as a faithful groom and, in case it matters, the horse's real name is Highland Dale.

Your Reviewer Soys: For the small fry.

The Last Bomb (Warners)

THIS twenty-minute Technicolor short, made in cooperation with U. S. Army Air Forces and supervised by Army Coordinator Frank Lloyd, is an awe-inspiring spectacle of the huge striking force used against Japan early in 1945. At that time, full-scale operations were at their peak at Saipan, Tinian and Guam under General Curtis LeMay.

It's a truly stirring sight to see those impressive B-29s start off for their target: Tokyo.

You'll watch breathlessly as they wing their way through heavy fighter opposition, intensive flak and bad weather. Then comes the return trip with the P-51's bombing specific objectives along the coast. Some of the planes get back to their bases at Iwo, others fail to make it.

As a permanent record of how our Air Forces accomplished their great mission this outdoes any fiction the screen writers can devise.

Your Reviewer Soys: First-rate documentary film.

Romantic teammates in "Notorious Gentleman": Margaret Johnson and Rex Harrison



IF A MAN CAN'T HAVE ALL OF A WOMAN'S LOVE,
HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE NONE!

Can a woman give her lips to one man and her longing to another? This was the question that tormented her soul...A stirring emotional experience enriched by the magic of music and Technicolor.

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I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

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WILLIAM

CARTER

MME. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Felix Bressart • Fritz Feld

Elizabeth Patterson • Vanessa Brown

Lewis Howard

Directed by

FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by
Borden Chase
Adapted from his
American Magazine
Story "Concerto"
Piano Recordings by
Artur Rubinstein,
World's Greatest
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TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!



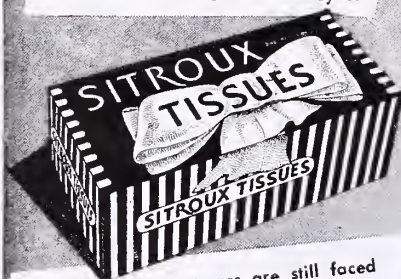
After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch away from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.



With cotton pad, firmly press powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with downward strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—pat entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue® to remove excess around eyes.



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

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TISSUES

By Lana Turner



Salute TO SUZANNE

Hollywood High was so big and the Carnahan girl was so scared

HOLLYWOOD

High School is a remarkable institution. Its buildings, covering a city block, and its student body are as large as those of many small colleges, but it is best known throughout the country because many of its alumni have won fame in motion pictures.

You've heard stories about graduates of my alma mater who have become film celebrities but I'd like to tell you one such tale, little known outside our town although it has become school legend. It's about a girl named Suzanne, gray eyed, brown haired, slim. A plucky girl. I had left Hollywood High before the episode of Suzanne in Senior Drama 13, but I know the story well. . . .

Suzanne was a serious student; she wanted to be a doctor and felt keenly her responsibility toward her mother and younger brother. Her schedule was heavy but she needed a few extra points for graduation. She elected that drama course, thinking it might be easy. Soon she realized her mistake.

"It wasn't the teacher's fault, Lana," she has told me subsequently. "He was patient and kind. I don't think it was my fault, either. I worked hard, but I wasn't an actress. I knew I was heading for a big fat flunk and that meant I would not graduate. I needed those points. I was confident of passing my other courses."

At the end of the term Suzanne was worried, for the final exam was to be oral. The dreaded day arrived. Suzanne's palms seemed to have kinship



The Carnahan girl

with the clams, her tongue felt as fuzzy as a woolen mitten when her turn to emote arrived. To make matters worse there was a stranger at the back of the classroom.

"I must pass. I must," she told herself and never did any actress put more of her heart into a role, but still she

thought she failed.

Class was dismissed. The teacher and the stranger started a whispered conversation just as a dejected Suzanne reached the door. She was called back.

"This is it. I've flunked and I'm going to be told privately, just to make it easier," she thought.

"Suzanne, this is Mr. Blank," the teacher started.

"Why doesn't he get it over with?" Suzanne thought miserably.

"Mr. Blank is a talent scout and he considers you the *only* possible screen material in the class, on the basis of today's readings. He'd like to arrange a screen test," the girl heard hazily.

Suzanne took her test and was signed, then fought through two years of bitter disappointments during which she did nothing but more tests. She switched studios, finally by hard work and sheer ability became a star, only to suffer another setback and near death in a tragic accident. Suzanne is fighting back to health now and we all hope she'll be back on the screen soon. She more than deserves success and happiness.

Oh, yes. At Hollywood High she was Suzanne—Suzanne Carnahan, to be exact. You know her as Susan Peters.

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loved ...attuned

to the

heartbeat

of our

time!

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I COME

SWANEE

YOU MADE ME
LOVE YOU

MAMMY

WAITING FOR
THE ROBERT E. LEE

APRIL SHOWERS

I WANT A GIRL

RAINBOW 'ROUND
MY SHOULDER

LIZA

ROCKABYE YOUR
BABY

BY THE LIGHT OF
THE SILV'RY MOON

ABOUT A
QUARTER TO NINE

I'M SITTING
ON TOP OF THE WORLD

TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE

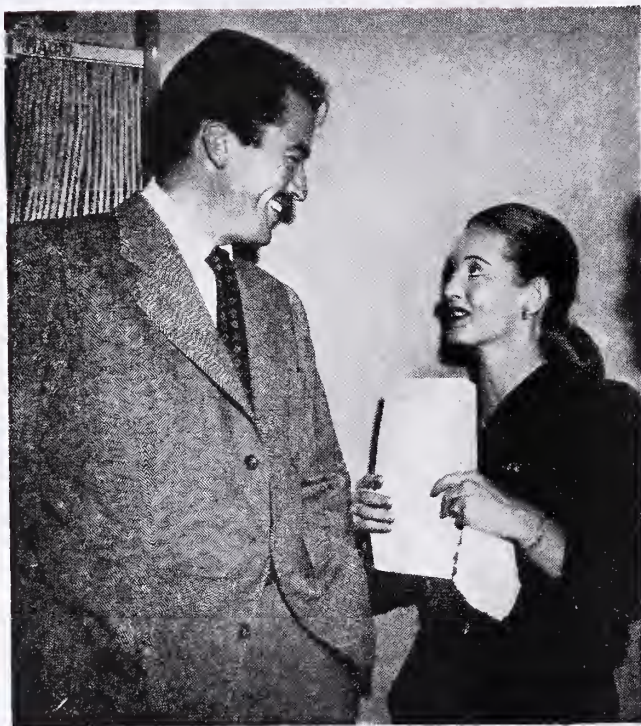


WITH

LARRY PARKS • EVELYN KEYES • WILLIAM DEMAREST • BILL GOODWIN • Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet
Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY • Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN • A COLUMBIA PICTURE



INSIDE STUFF



Big broadcast! Gregory Peck (note mustache), Bette Davis on CBS "Hollywood Players"

Jolson and Skolsky: Sidney Skolsky, the diminutive columnist who writes bright pieces for *PHOTOPLAY*, has been nagging studios for years to permit him to produce for them the life story of Al Jolson. Even Warner Brothers, for whom Jolson made the first full talking picture, "The Jazz Singer," turned him down. Finally Columbia bent an interested ear, and after several years of work, worry and preparation, Sidney's completed film emerged a heart-warming success.

But that wasn't all. The Schwab brothers, whose corner drugstore has been publicized for years by Sidney as the Schwarbadero, invited literally hundreds of Sidney's friends, as well as stars who patronize their store, to a reception. To the accompaniment of the usual sweeping arc lights and crowding spectators, they jammed the drugstore. In a back room a broadcasting mike was set up with Bill Powell, Ed (Archie) Gardner, Dane Clark, Bette Davis, Celeste Holm and a dozen others paying tribute to Sidney. Bill Demarest, who plays an important role in the film, vied with Laraine Day in blowing the biggest bubbles from their bubble gum which

Photographs by



A date with Mom! Dion, Barbara Stanwyck's son, smiles happily as he helps his beautiful mother from car for an evening of doing the town

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

was part of the refreshments. Ice-cream sodas, candy, cokes and cakes flew from hand to hand with tiny Sidney going from group to group happier than he's been in ages; a happiness truly deserved.

Hearts and Flowers: It took a lot of wooing and courting on Bob Hutton's part to re-win Cleatus Caldwell whom he once jilted for Lana Turner. Now the two are happily married . . . A handsome in-love couple are Richard Derr and Audrey Totter, a gal who can act as well as look beautiful . . . Now that that comedian and his wife have finally separated, look for sensational rumors to follow. They might even prove true . . . June Haver would say "yes" much more quickly to Dave Rose than anyone else . . . The love Jennifer Jones has for David Selznick is so obvious it glows in her eyes . . . And speaking of lovers, Hollywood is planning a royal welcome for Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier who arrive soon.

Of David Niven: That David Niven is adjusting himself to the tragedy (Continued on page 16)

Fink and Smith



Sentimental celebration! Exclusive of Shirley Temple and John Agar on first anniversary



The Wit, The Beauty, The Voice! Keenan Wynn, Lana Turner and Frank Sinatra put accent on fun in a trio at the Xavier Cugat party

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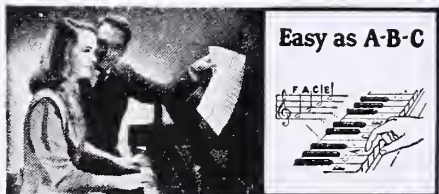
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INSIDE STUFF

Two off the ice: Lloyd Nolan and Nancy Guild provide side-line interest for the fans at the Ice Follies



Study in expression: Paul Henreid and his missus take a serious view of the Ice Follies while the John Garfields concentrate on the comic's corner

(Continued from page 15) that befell his beloved wife is a report only by those who mistake British reserve for acquiescence. The actor is, as his close friends know, literally heartbroken.

A friend tells of being at the home of Douglas Fairbanks when David telephoned from New York where he'd been vacationing. He yearned to see his children but actually hadn't the heart to return to Hollywood. Fairbanks assured him the children were well and to remain where he was. Doug and his lovely wife Mary Lee are caring for them personally.

David has confided that never again will he be contented in Hollywood. All during those years away, in the midst of war's destruction, he longed for Hollywood, the place he loved. He expressed that when he first returned,

waiting so happily for his wife to join him. But now his heart and mind have gone back home to England where she lived and after his next picture, David will return there with his two children who will remain in England. He will make as many pictures as he can in England and after the completion of each film in Hollywood, he'll leave. That's just how deeply the wound that will never quite heal has gone.

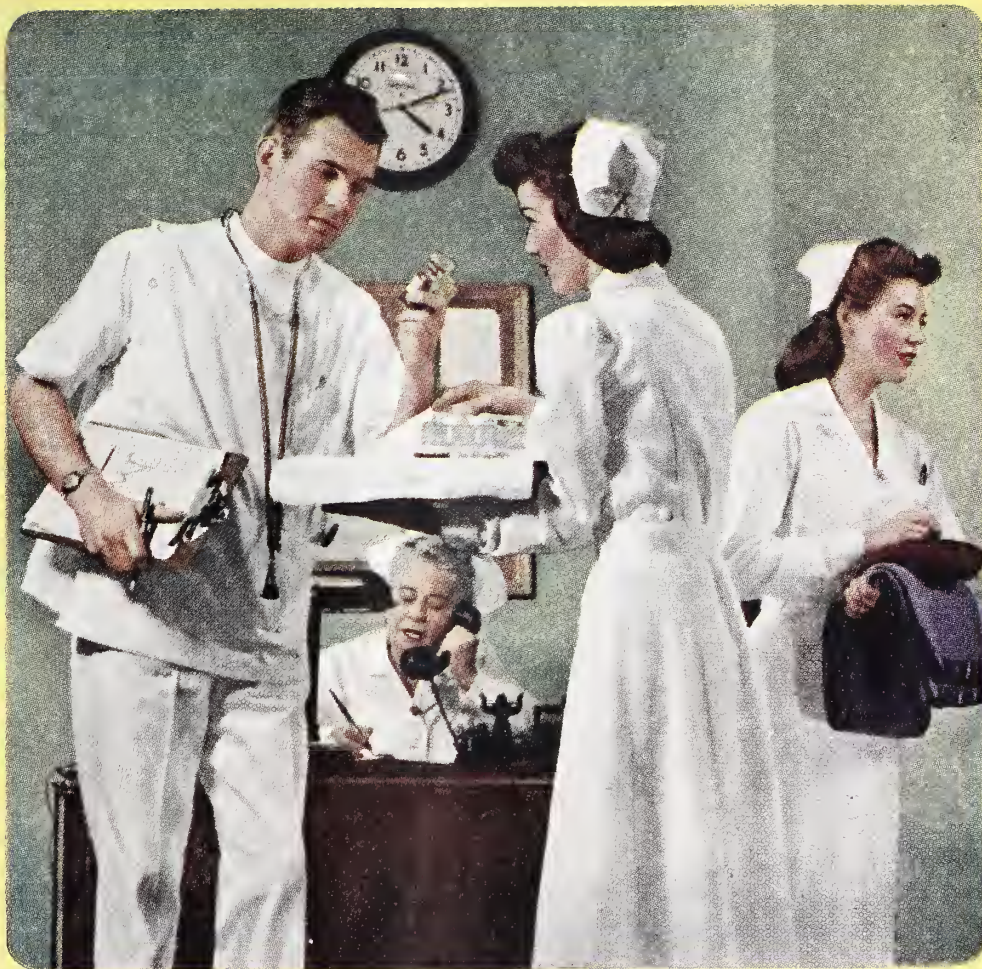
Deanna Up-to-Date: One hears disquieting tales concerning Deanna Durbin's unhappiness these days—all kinds of unhappiness. First there was the disapproval of her family toward her marriage to a much older man—Felix Jackson. That unhappiness, we hear, caused her parents to return to Canada—at least for a (Continued on page 19)

Young Man in White

You may call him an "interne," but in name and in fact he's every inch a doctor.

He has his textbook education . . . his doctor's degree. But, in return for the privilege of working side by side with the masters of his profession, he will spend a year—more likely two—as an active member of a hospital staff.

His hours are long and arduous . . . his duties exacting. But when he finally hangs out his coveted shingle in private practice he will be a *doctor with experience!*



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

**T for Taste . . .
T for Throat**

...that's your
proving ground
for any cigarette.
See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone" to
a "T."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



● The makers of Camels take an understandable pride in the results of a nationwide survey among 113,597 doctors by three leading independent research organizations.

When queried about the cigarette they themselves smoked, the brand named most by the doctors was . . . Camel.

Like you, doctors smoke for pleasure. The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camels are just as appealing to them as to you.

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

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New York to Hollywood

**No other shampoo leaves your hair
more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

**TONIGHT IN
HOLLYWOOD...**

after a 10-hour cross-country flight, glamorous Jackie Michel looks her loveliest. "Even this hair-do of formal curls is no trick to arrange," she says, "for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves my hair so smooth and manageable."

Breakfast in New York... dinner in Hollywood. dancing among the stars... your lovely, lustrous Drene-clean hair gleaming in all its glory! Let Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jackie Michel, preview the travel thrills of the new air-age... and the beauty thrills that can be yours when you use Drene Shampoo.

"I'm a Drene Girl," Jackie says, "because Drene leaves my hair radiant — alive with *all* its natural highlights — yet always beautifully behaved!" Yes, Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. No other shampoo leaves hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

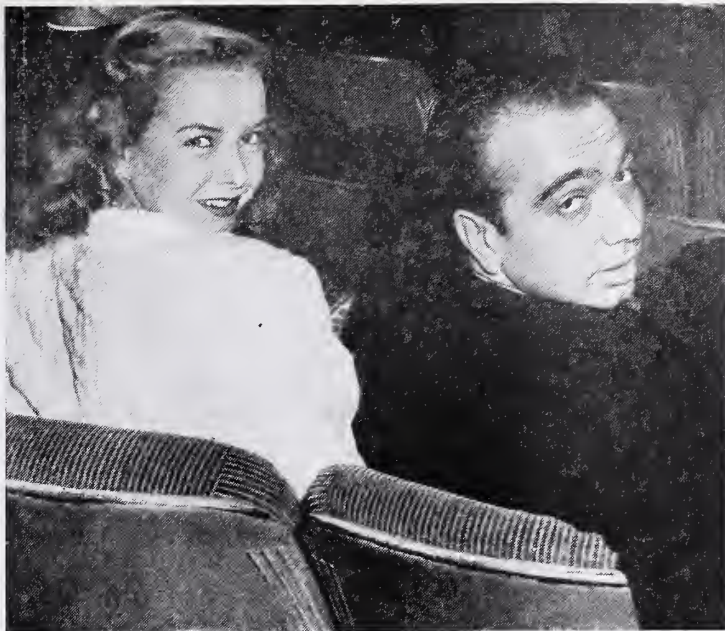


Drene
**Shampoo with
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**THIS
MORNING
IN NEW YORK**

... Jackie rolled her hair into a bun for travel convenience. "I depend on Drene," she says, "to bring out the lively sparkle of my hair." Drene is not a soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do... removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.





Here's looking at you! Over-the-shoulder view of Diana Lynn and Henry Willson, who have broken their engagement

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) time. And then newspapers carried the story of Deanna's suit against the sister and brother-in-law she had adored. Regardless of who was at fault, a strong family tie and family devotion was badly strained.

Since the departure of producer Joe Pasternak from Universal, Deanna's career has also come in for its share of grief. Her pictures failed to touch her earlier efforts and the result was criticism where only praise existed before. And now Deanna confides to close friends her marital life is not as happy as it should be. And regardless of the denials that may be made, Deanna did make such confidences, we're told. Let's all hope things grow brighter for Deanna in the future. Perhaps she'll have a change of luck with her new picture, "I'll Be Yours," in

which she co-stars with Tom Drake. Reports are she's thinner and more like her old self in it.

Inside the Inside: It isn't often that even we of the press get a real behind-the-scenes peep at a movie being born, so let Cal tell you just what goes on. To begin with, Lana Turner picked up Cal in her robin's egg blue Packard around mid-morning and we took off for M-G-M Studios where Lana was preparing for her role of *Marianne* in "Green Dolphin Street." First we went to wardrobe where Walter Plunkett and Irene, M-G-M's top designers, were busy with the period gowns. But what was this? Instead of the luscious, soft velvets and satins, Lana emerged wearing a heavy blue woolen frock, torn and shredded in both skirt and bodice. Fuller's earth had been sprayed over it to achieve age and wear. This was the gown Lana was to wear while



Stop-light: Joan Crawford matches one for studio cop on the set



Dale Evans

beautiful motion picture actress, co-starring in "Shine on Texas Moon," a Republic production.

Instantly...

make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere \$1...

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- ☐ **Regal**—real excitement with brown eyes, medium skin.
- ☐ **English Tint**—precious inviting coral, new glamor for blonds.
- ☐ **Orchid**—exotic pink, lovely with lavenders, or pastel gowns.
- ☐ **Gay Plum**—enchancing with fuchsia, plum or purple costumes.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—does wonders for dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
- ☐ **Medium**—natural true red, flattering to every type.



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There's an hour in Manhattan which is tingly with anticipation like the moment at Belmont before the horse-players shout, "They're OFF!" It's that magic sixty minutes when the ladies and gents are putting on their trappings, scraping off their whiskers, girdling up their loins for that "Big Evening on the town."



"Mr. Peabody? It says in the paper to stay out of crowds to avoid cold, so I'm not coming to work this month."

That's when this frowzy old Bagdad of a city starts to thrum like Fritz Kreisler on the tremolo passages of "Hora Staccato".

White-coated bartenders slice lemon peel with surgeon's hands. Messenger boys ring Milady's bell and slip her a twelve dollar orchid in a transparent box. Taxi drivers drain the last mug of jamoke and settle down in their hacks for an evening of fender scraping.



To make HIM say —
"Ah-h-h, it feels so nice!"
Man of Manhattan's
Aftershave Lotion —

The Miss of Manhattan, of course, spends the hour face to face with her face, sticking together a thing of beauty out of "skatey-eight" jars, pots and tubes. And the Man of Manhattan, if he's a real toff, is doing right by himself too. A dash of Man of Manhattan's Aftershave Lotion to make the face sing — a *soupeon* of Man of



To make HER say —
"Oo-o-h! How nice!"
Man of Manhattan's
Men's Cologne —

Manhattan's Cologne to make him extra fascinatin' in those "close-in moments". It's just such little touches which rate a fellow a promising twinkle

in that all-important second when he says, "Good evening, Duchess. Shall we be up and away?"

If he's a really civilized chap, you'll spot those Man of Manhattan toiletries on his bathroom shelves—and the fellow with know-how *always* slips the Man of Manhattan Stratoliner Travel Kit into his luggage when he flits around the nation.

Yours,



Three little girls on the blue: Dinah Shore, June Haver and Gloria De Haven on Armed Forces Radio Xmas Show

INSIDE STUFF

escaping the New Zealand savage natives.

Later we sat in a projection room, the two of us, and watched a scene with Lana wearing the same frock plus a soiled and sooted face. Every mark on that beautiful pan was analyzed as to authenticity and realism. Then eyelash tests were run. Yes, even the length, sweep and curl of a lash is photographed and tested on the screen.

After lunch in the dressing room (Lana ate while the hairdresser worked) we adjourned to stage nine where more tests—this time an old-fashioned nightgown test—were photographed in order to be run the following day. And after considering the hours spent just in make-up and wardrobe testing before a camera is even turned on the actual shooting, one begins to feel the ache of fatigue of our stars who diet, work, stand for fittings for endless hours on end. It's

a life, we decided on the way home, they can have. We're happier just writing about it.

Miraculous News: You'll be happy to know that Dickie Moore, former child star, has learned to walk again. Dickie contracted an uncommon virus disease of the nervous system which paralyzed both legs. Things really looked dark for the twenty-year-old ex-sergeant who spent twenty-one months as a forward area Stars and Stripes correspondent in Saipan. Then he entered the Veteran Administration West Los Angeles Medical and Surgical Hospital in July and the treatments were started. In two months he was walking without help of any kind. V. A. doctors credit the miraculous recovery to a combination of modern therapy treatments and Dickie's fine constitution.

You'll remember him for his starring roles in "Oliver" (Continued on page 22)

It's a gag! cried Bob Hope, pairing off to a good start with Marlene Dietrich on the same air show



Your Cold...the part germs play . . .

and precautions against them

**Can you avoid catching cold?
And if you do catch one is it
possible to reduce its severity?
Oftentimes—YES.**

IT is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of

the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



"Secondary Invaders" which cause much of the misery of a cold



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Pin-up Girl



It's as easy as fluttering your lashes, thanks to DeLong Bob Pins.

Just dampen your ends and roll into flat curls, fastening each one snugly with a DeLong Bob Pin. These dreamy Bob Pins make the task quick and easy—and their *Stronger Grip* keeps them from slipping out. Besides, DeLong Bob Pins are so comfy they won't disturb your beauty sleep.

When your hair is dry and brushed out it's as flattering as a halo and you look like a photographer's delight.

Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Gallant gesture: Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell oblige with autographs during San Diego premiere of "Gallant Journey"

INSIDE STUFF



Field day: Glenn Ford with James Montgomery, brother of the first man to fly, whom Glenn portrays in "Gallant Journey"

(Continued from page 20) Twist," "Sergeant York," "My Bill," "Heaven Can Wait" and "Sweet and Lowdown." He hasn't decided what he'll do—whether he'll return to pictures, follow journalism or go to school, but he's thankful that whatever he does he can do it on his two feet.

Bob Hope Comes Home: His children couldn't believe it. Every once in a while they'd tiptoe to the bedroom door and look in at Bob Hope ensconced in bed. "Is daddy really at home and in bed?" they'd ask Mrs. Hope who could hardly believe it herself.

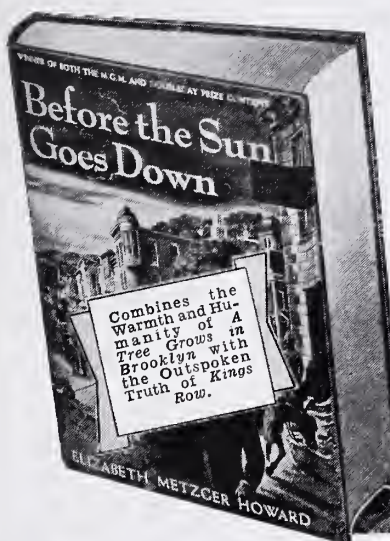
"It's the longest I've been home in eight years," Bob said, "and it took a sore throat to do it." Ordered to bed over the weekend, Bob forgot his be-

loved weekend of golfing and gadding about in order to be well enough to complete his picture on schedule. Even during location shooting at Monterey, he'd manage nine holes of golf a day and thirty-six on Sunday.

A friend tells of seeing Bob viewing some sequences of his picture "My Favorite Brunette" on the sound stage movieola. "You know," he said in all sincerity, "this is a very funny picture. Gosh, I can hardly wait to see it."

Big Set Scrap: Miracles in Hollywood are everyday occurrences but the one that goes on daily inside the sound stage that houses "The Big Haircut" set beats them all. An acre of real wheat growing in its own soil stretches and melts into an enormous blue backdrop of painted (Continued on page 24)

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by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

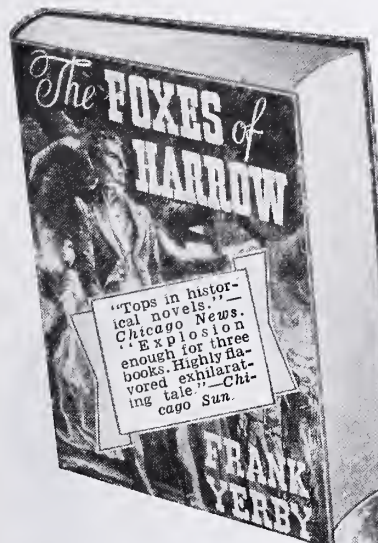
He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets—Yet Hid a Burning Secret of His Own!



DOCTOR DAN FIELD knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the scandals and the love affairs, the hopes and sordid regrets. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks in Mudtown—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together to learn the facts of life first-hand. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had

ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man!

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by Frank Yerby

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FROM disgrace and the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city" in the world—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue, and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore his son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurora, who offered him a love which he spurned at first—then braved disgrace and ruin to

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*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

(Continued from page 22) grain. Atop a combine, actually cutting and reaping the grain, sits Alan Ladd for all the world a farmer born. Each night the ripe wheat is lifted, soil and all, and transplanted onto the Paramount set.

"This is the happiest I've ever been in pictures," Alan told us, "and the best film since 'This Gun for Hire.'"

The first shooting was done in actual wheat fields with Alan and the whole troupe tramping upstate where they harvested grain—and on time because the ranchers knew that it couldn't wait, not even for movie making.

So Alan has become very ranch-conscious, but his real reason for happiness was the friendly camaraderie spread around by director Tay Garnett. "The fellows just don't want to leave when we're through shooting," Alan said. "Lloyd Nolan and I finished our scenes at three yesterday afternoon and at six we were still here." The several unhappy experiences Alan has had with directors make Mr. Garnett's friendliness seem a perpetual Christmas holiday.

Sue Ladd, a visitor on the set, could hardly tear herself away. "Got to do my Christmas shopping," she said. "I

INSIDE STUFF



Two on the beam: David Street and Marilyn Maxwell, looking like a cream puff for the premiere of "Holiday in Mexico"

hope to have a new son by the holidays so I'll have to get all my shopping done now."

We noticed how tenderly and unself-consciously Alan and Sue kissed when she left. The couple, who hope for a boy, are now living in their Los Feliz house until the picture is over. Commuting to their ranch was too strenuous. "And wait until you see the new Dottie Lamour in this," Alan cautioned: "Tell everyone to prepare for a surprise. She's wonderful."

Flynn Facts: It was eight-thirty in the morning when Mrs. Edgington, Nora Flynn's mother, rang up to ask if we'd go with her to the airport to meet Professor Theodore Flynn, Errol's father, who was coming in from Mexico

City. We agreed and en route stopped at Errol's mountain-top home to talk to the cook about the dog, Errol's favorite, that had wandered off or been stolen. The big house with its pool and tennis court seemed strangely still and quiet now with Errol gone. We strolled from room to room remembering the laughter and fun that had filled its rooms.

The plane was an hour late and the customs slow so it was a weary Dr. Flynn who finally sat (Continued on page 26)

"How to handle teen-agers"

by **BING CROSBY**

starring in Paramount's new hit film "BLUE SKIES"
in technicolor



"Teensters are *positively* people! Remember, they have a lotta problems...mainly parents. When their jive talk gives you the heebie-jeebies, and their rootin'-tootin' clothes (Look who's talking!) make you despair for 'civilization'... better bear up and shut up. They'll get over it, even as you and I.

"Scratch most teen-agers and you'll find a solid citizen. And when they sound off with ideas for improving the world we made... well, maybe us parents could learn sumpin if we'd stop snooting the kids and listen."

Bing's tip to parents is one of a series presented by Fleeer's to promote understanding among families, friends, nations.

Teen-agers and parents both agree Fleeer's Gum is mighty fine gum. There's a trend to candy-coated... and Fleeer's leads the trend. Extra flavor. Delicious! Enjoy it today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

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The Book that was talked of in *Whispers*

now comes to shocking, fascinating life on
the screen...striking like lightning with the
searing story of the strange woman
whose beauty was as strong as sin...
and twice as deadly!

*There was some-
thing strange in
her that many
men sensed...
and it set them
burning...*

The Strange Woman

Ben Ames Williams

HUNT STROMBERG *presents*

HEDY LAMARR

The Strange Woman

Co-starring
GEORGE SANDERS · LOUIS HAYWARD

with HILLARY BROOKE · GENE LOCKHART · JUNE STOREY · RHYS WILLIAMS
Produced by JACK CHERTOK · Directed by EDGAR ULMER · Screenplay by HERB MEADOW

Based on the novel "The Strange Woman" by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

A *Hunt Stromberg* production · Released thru United Artists



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EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?
YOU NEED **SHINOLA**

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Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. So it *pays* to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



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EXCEPTIONAL VALUE!



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Give ring size. Wrap strip of paper around finger.

GUARANTEE: Examine ring—if not delighted return same day and get your money back.

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Family fun: Jane Powell and mother smile the while daddy is button-holed at the premiere of "Holiday in Mexico"

Bit of heaven: Lauritz Melchior and his lovely wife enjoy a Danish dinner at the "Bit of Sweden" cafe



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 24) in an empty room at the airport and posed for photographers and answered reporters' questions concerning the scientific expedition he and Professor Hobbs had taken aboard Errol's yacht in Mexican waters. It was highly successful, he told them, while quietly blasting rumors that Nora Flynn had taken command of the yacht.

When it was over, we drove Dr. Flynn home and the following night Cal and Errol's father, who is Professor of Zoology at Belfast University in Ireland, had a quiet dinner at the Edgingtons'. A charming, natural and understanding man, we discovered. Above all else, he wants most that Errol and Nora, whom he adores, be happy together. "If only Hollywood will let them," he says.

And to see the kindly professor with his little granddaughter, Dierdre, is really a treat. He regretted returning to Ireland without her.

Last Minute Round-up: Stirling Hayden, who displayed his preference for older, sophisticated women when he married Madeleine Carroll, has been showing interest in Ida Lupino, who seems to grow younger and prettier every day... Bette Davis will do no more screen work until after her baby is born in May. In fact, Hollywood will see very

little of the actress who expects to make New Hampshire her residence for the next year... It was her serious illness due to nerves and overwork that prompted John Payne to insist his wife Gloria De Haven give up the screen—a request that led to a separation. But it didn't last long. They've been back together again for another try... Why Columbia will seek a dramatic story for Rita Hayworth with her own life a living drama all made for screening, is beyond us... Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gargan are two happy-in-marriage people who take off for San Francisco or points east when Hollywood begins to wear thin. Saves their marriage and their tempers, they claim, and keeps alive that honeymoon feeling... Van Johnson gave up his cozy room with the fireplace and comfortable lounges at the Bel-Air Hotel to move downstairs. Annoying persons had grown too familiar with the location of his room and made life too uncomfortable for the actor—even throwing bottles at the windows... When Sylvia Sydney marries Carleton Alsop, she weds one of the town's wits and best-liked persons... The friends of Rex Harrison frowned on his sophisticated nonchalance in housing two wives at once—the ex-Mrs. Harrison and the present one, Lilli Palmer. So the ex has gone home to England.

Walt Disney
presents

AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

SONG OF THE SOUTH

*This first live-action feature... a great musical drama
in Technicolor including animated tales of*

UNCLE REMUS



What this heart-warming musical drama is like:

For the first time Walt Disney creates a romantic live-action picture... a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and others! You'll hear 10 new song hits! And you'll roar with laughter at Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear—in the famous Uncle Remus tales that are delightfully woven into the real-life story. It's a picture you'll want to see again and again. Watch for "Song of the South" at your favorite theatre. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.



Br'er Bear Br'er Fox Br'er Rabbit



He's Helpless
in your hands
with the New Hinds

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YOURS FOR KEEPS because you hold his love with your hands—these ravishing, lovable hands that use the beauty-bringing NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* make them feel smoother...lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic—because your skin *eagerly* takes in this special softening ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00 plus tax.

Word from Abroad: Tyrone Power writes that a heavy storm encountered between Panama and South America brought him incredible luck. In an emergency, he landed at Medellin, Colombia, which Tyrone claims to be one of the most beautiful sights of the trip. And you should hear him rave over the modern hotel and the food.

The buzzing roaring noise faded in and out carrying with it snatches of Turhan Bey's voice which was coming over the telephone wires from Honolulu. Outside of the fact that he sounded happy to be within telephoning distance we heard little, because of the bad connection, except that he'd be home soon. Perhaps Turhan and Lana may resume their old friendship but our bet is it will be just that—friendship.

A card from Joe, the headwaiter at Romanoff's, tells Cal to look for him back at his old beat soon. Joe has been in Genoa, Italy, visiting his father. It will be a pleasure to see his friendly smile and feel his warm greeting at Hollywood's favorite restaurant, once again.

Cocktails for Six: In a checked gingham dress, for all the world like those worn by cute third graders, Jane Russell entered the Beverly Hills cocktail lounge with five sailors in tow.

The three Tudela boys, Gabriel, Miguel and Alyandro of the famous Peruvian family, sat in an opposite booth with Cal and kept stealing glances at the group. We noticed they also stole peeks at Jane's rather plump figure (everyone has grown plump in Hollywood these days).

When they asked politely if she, this Miss Jane Russell, were happy, we could only shake our head no, for Jane is having marital difficulties with her husband Bob Waterfield. Jane is busy now trying to do something about the career Howard Hughes started and, incidentally, almost finished.

INSIDE STUFF



Latin serenaders for Margaret O'Brien at "Holiday in Mexico" picture premiere

EVELYN KEYES
Star of Columbia Pictures'
"THE JOLSON STORY"



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in a new

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3 Shades for You... Clear Red, Blue Red,
Rose Red... correct for your type...
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BLONDES.....	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1
BRUNETTES....	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES..	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
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Lipstick today. See and feel the thrilling difference.

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RKO
PRESENTS



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
MAUREEN O'HARA • WALTER SLEZAK

in
SINBAD THE SAILOR

with **ANTHONY QUINN • GEORGE TOBIAS**

JANE GREER • MIKE MAZURKI

Produced by STEPHEN AMES • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE • Screen Play by JOHN TWIST

in Glorious Technicolor

Sinbad

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ROVER!
ROGUE!**

He told the world's
tallest stories...and
made them come true!

He stormed a veiled
beauty's boudoir...
and made her love it!

Fabulous loves, daring
exploits...told against
the splendor of Arabian
Nights, Persian palaces,
harems, uncharted seas
...strange, exotic lands!

*Cast of
Thousands*



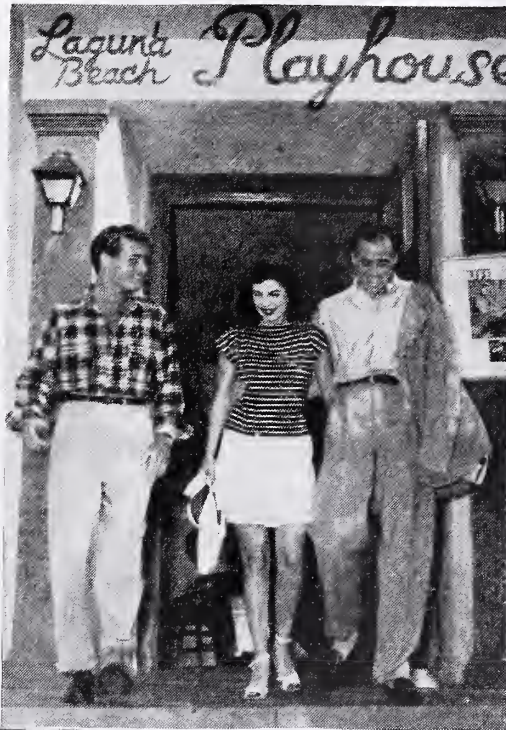
YOUR CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAY ATTRACTION



Holiday for GUY

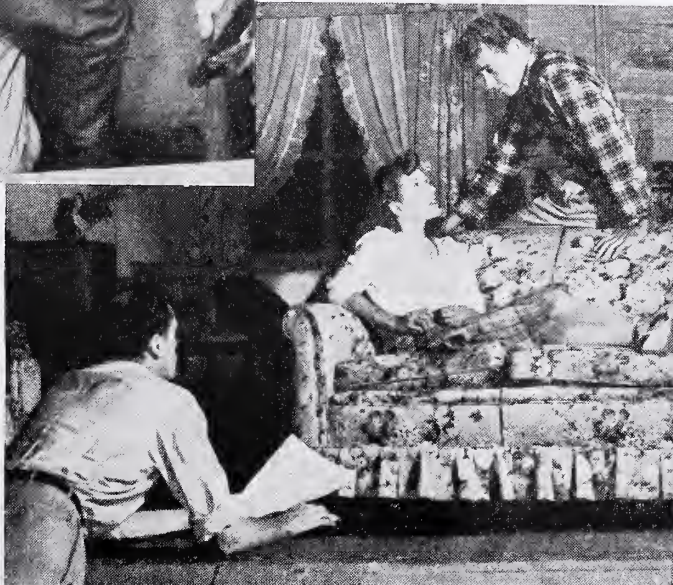
And a busman's holiday it is with Guy taking to the boards at Laguna in "Dear Ruth"

Rehearsal's over for Guy Madison (who just finished "Honeymoon" with Shirley Temple), leading lady Natalie Thompson, director Mel Ferrer



This is coming up the easy way! Guy worked hard and learned a lot during his first experience as the star of a legitimate stage play

Rehearsals were fun for Guy, Mel and Natalie (Bob Hutton's ex-wife) —and afterwards there was the beach and the swimming Guy loves



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To set it loving — harder . . .

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For she was everything

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**OUT OF
THE WEST
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Darryl F. Zanuck
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**MY DARLING
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Starring

**HENRY LINDA VICTOR
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20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
**WALTER BRENNAN
TIM HOLT
CATHY DOWNS**

Directed by
JOHN FORD
Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL

Screen Play by Samuel G. Engel and Winston Miller • Based on a
Story by Sam Hellman • From a Book by Stuart N. Lake



'Round And 'Round They Go

The merry-go-round breaks down—but Hollywood heart-

pairing keeps right on going in circles

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Then it was Tony
Martin and Rita

Orson and Rita
parted ways

Orson Welles and
Dolores Del Rio

THEY were way off guard in Cupid's Hollywood office as the weekend of September sixth to ninth, 1946, approached.

There was nothing about that weekend to forecast the unusual. A round of parties was in the making, naturally. Elsa Maxwell was hostessing the largest of them, also naturally. The right people were all invited to the right places and the wrong people, presumably, to the wrong places and it looked as though a terrific time would be had by all.

Yet by Monday, the ninth, Cupid had sustained the worst beating he has ever taken in the film colony. And as for Tony Martin, who's got that throb in his voice and that sweetness in his disposition and that rugged appeal in his profile—well, what happened to Tony was brutal. He absorbed two awful blows—but the (Continued on page 105)

And no longer
Lana and Bob

Bob Hutton and
Cleatus Caldwell

While Tony Martin
dated Lana Turner

A wizard hostess, guests on their wits—with five-and-ten-cent trappings for million-dollar laughs

I Give A

A princess in copper pot cleaners, Loretta Young does original oriental turn for Elsa and Felix Ferry



Bergen had a hand in making Claudette Colbert a musketeer—in shelving paper and moustachio



HOLLYWOOD loves a party. And I love to give parties in Hollywood. Best of all, however, I love the party I gave last month at Jack Warner's where the big house and gardens crown one of the Beverly Hills and are out of this world.

It was a costume party really, but with a new twist. Instead of coming in fancy dress the stars had to create their costumes before everyone's eyes. Most of them were designed strictly for laughs—and got them. A new manner of party, this. And one that anyone can give with the same hilarious success. For the paraphernalia I provided for the stars to bedeck and transform themselves came from the five and dime store.

My invitations read: Cocktails at 8:30. Dinner at 9:30.

Many did not arrive until the cocktail hour was over, proving once again how silly the stories are about Hollywood drinking itself to death. Actually

Costume Ball

BY
ELSA
MAXWELL



★
Roz Russell and Eddie
Goulding switched
clothes and raised hi-
larity to a new high
★

I have never known a cosmopolitan group more abstemious.

Millicent Rogers who came with Clark Gable instantly was a conversation piece. All the girls, even those happily married, have a faintly proprietary attitude about Clark and judge his girls rather critically. They said Millicent, who recently had been quite ill, was too thin. Too aloof also. I thought her as strangely beautiful as a Dali creation in her crepe dress, the color of faded roses, dramatized by her brilliant diamonds and sapphires.

Thanks to the wizardry of the lighting system with the lights cleverly concealed in trees and shrubs, the terrace and gardens appeared to be bathed in soft moonlight. Some couples strolled out there while others danced cheek to cheek on a dance floor surrounded by the many little dining tables.

The decorations were green and white. The tables were laid with dark green cloths and small candle-lit cen-

Minnelli turned Irene Dunne into the Amazon queen





Cheesecloth and tinsel paper—and Oleg Cassini designing.
Result: A dream of a dress for beauteous Lana Turner

terpieces of fern and gardenias. All sixty places were indicated by place cards. At a party last year I inaugurated the idea of seating buffet guests so the attractive, clever people couldn't gather in their own gay groups and leave less clever and attractive guests stranded. And now it's a Hollywood custom.

Cold soup or melon were served first at the long buffet table. Then came roast beef, roast ham, potatoes, vegetables, seafood newburg and corn souffle. A salad and cheeses followed. And then came great bombes of water ices and fruits. Champagne. And coffee.

Interestingly enough, black was the predominant dress color. Both Loretta Young, who came with her handsome husband, Tom Lewis, and Joan Fontaine, who came with her devoted bridegroom, Bill Dozier, were lovely in black lace. Judy Garland Minnelli's dress was black net. Claudette Colbert wore black with an overskirt of white embroidery. Roz Russell's dress was black chiffon. Irene Dunne wore black and white. And Lana



Joan Bennett wearing real diamond-encrusted glasses—with Joe Cotten and Darryl Zanuck

Irene Dunne, please note Doug Fairbanks as Anna and Rita Hayworth as the King of Siam



I Give A Costume Ball



Gay moment for host Jack Warner with Norma Shearer

Turner, who grows so increasingly lovely that you scarcely can believe her, wore a black dress reminiscent of the ballet.

IN STRIKING contrast to these dryads in black there was Norma Shearer in stiff brocade of a blue that exactly matched her eyes. Anita Colby, Photoplay's beautiful beauty editor, wore dark brown crepe. Rita Hayworth's Grecian dress was white chiffon. And there was Joan Bennett who, gazing through her *diamond* encrusted spectacles, looked far more like a schoolgirl pretending to be grown up and sophisticated than Mrs. Walter Wanger, mistress of a great house and mother of three daughters.

We played *The Game* after dinner. But in a new manner. Instead of acting out a question, an appointed member of a team had to illustrate the quotation with drawings. David O. Selznick captained one team, Darryl Zanuck the other. Clark Gable, on David's (*Continued on page 80*)

Untold Story

"I know you will tell the truth, Louella," Van said, then spoke from his heart

THIS is more than a story "about" Van Johnson. It is a look into his heart.

Never before has any reporter touched on the true relationship between Van and his mother—but more than that, I hope this story will reveal to you what has made this sandy-haired, freckled-faced idol what he is today—one of the finest and most unspoiled human beings I have ever met.

I'm saying all this with no feeling of bragging about a "scoop" although what I am about to reveal has never been told before. You just don't "scoop" a man's innermost feelings and brag about it, not even when he happens to be, well—Van Johnson.

"You have your job, Louella," he said, "and I know you will tell the truth and not a highly colored fable such as has been gossiped on the radio."

The scene of this conversation was an unusual one even for Hollywood where the unusual is the usual. Van was sitting in the easy chair in my room at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, his long legs stretched out in colorful pajamas covered by an equally colorful silk robe. We were both patients—Van convalescing from an operation and I building up my strength to face one.

Frankly, I was on a strict "no visitors" regimen but Van had managed to "convince" my nurses that I



Louella says: "Van is one of the finest, most unspoiled humans I ever met"

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

needed a little cheering up, so he had become a familiar figure in the elevator between his room on the seventh floor and mine on the eighth.

Every morning I got a little note from him along the lines of "Good morning, Duchess, your neighbor sends love and greetings," and then around orange-juice time in the afternoon Van, himself, a little shaky on his pins, would come a'calling. My attractive nurse, Margaret Collins, was the envy of the entire hospital because she had to escort him on these expeditions! Mary Ivy, my night nurse, said it *would* happen to the day nurse.

During those talks I think I discovered a Van Johnson I might never have known if we hadn't been in the same invalids' boat. You get to know a person awfully well when you are sharing worry—and pain. There's time to think and talk about even the closed chapters in your life.

And that is how it happened that, for the first time, Van spoke of his mother to me. He knew that she had been to call on me some months previous although I had never printed one word of our conversation. Mrs. Loretta Newman had come to ask me to arrange an interview between her and her world-famous son.

"I wouldn't have blamed you for printing that my mother came to you," Van said, his young face suddenly serious, "but I love you for not doing it. (Continued on page 111)



Van, star of "Till the
Clouds Roll By"

Engstead



Fink

All American Ingrid—next starred in "Arch of Triumph"

because *She's Bergman*

She's as unexpected as a

hurricane, as natural as spring water . . .

Ingrid, of the disturbing contrasts

BY CAMERON SHIPP

AT PERINO'S well-known bar in Los Angeles, Ingrid Bergman sat sipping something mild one evening when a friendly lady who had not been sipping something mild suddenly sat down at her table.

"Want to tell you something, dearie," said the friendly lady. "I've been watching you. You laugh too much. If you didn't laugh so much, you'd look exactly like Ingrid Bergman."

Ingrid exited laughing—and unrecognized.

Astounding as it may seem, Ingrid is seldom recognized. This delights her. She goes shopping anywhere, without posing in dark glasses. She often buys groceries at the famous Farmer's Market, wandering happily and anonymously among the vegetable bins. She takes long walks through Beverly Hills with seldom a stop for autograph hounds, because the autograph hounds don't often know her either. Of all the stars in Hollywood, Ingrid Bergman is probably the last to seek special privilege. She even carries this to the naive extreme of trying to make hotel reservations under the name of Mrs. Peter Lindstrom,

But if Ingrid has been unable to learn how to act like a movie star after seven years in Hollywood, (*Cont'd on page 107*)



Ingrid and doctor husband, Peter Lindstrom, at Mocambo, love to dance—wish they could go more often to night clubs



Peter Lawford



Appeal leader: Peter Lawford, starred in "My Brother Talks to Horses"

Bull

Peter with playmates
Keenan and Evie Wynn



ALL BORES BARRED

Life's a tinsel tree, a moon-

light swim, when that merry

trio—fame, fortune and Peter

Lawford wind up together

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

IT CHEERS me to report that in this turbulent, perplexed and discontented universe there exists one gay young man with a whirlpool haircut and a genuine broad A to whom life is neither a headache nor a pain in the neck. On the contrary, it is a jar of milk and honey, a Lehar waltz, an April dream, a tinsel tree, a moonlight swim, a two-inch steak. It is fireworks on the Seine, silk sails on the Nile, vodka on the Volga. His existence on this planet is unwrinkled and unblemished, every step on the upgrade, every day on the upbeat. Those twin bambinos Fame and Fortune arrived on his doorstep some time ago and are getting plumper and prettier every day. Work is a pleasure, and the road ahead is as smooth as a satin ribbon.

The name of this joyous creature is Peter Lawford. If you are delighted by swains who see their psychiatrists twice a week, he is not for you. If you go for the brooding type, skip this lad. And if you like people who have Been Through The Mill and Suffered, you will hate him, because quite obviously the only thing he has been through that even faintly resembles a mill is the Tunnel of Love.

I don't know anyone who enjoys life more thoroughly than Peter does, and I think he has always been this way; it is not just a product of his Hollywood success. All the years up to now have been as good as he could ask for, and some of them, childhood years, were crammed with (Continued on page 82)



Powolny

Hat by Walter Florell. Coat by Teitelbaum Furriers

Entree exotic: Gene Tierney, in personal chapeau, turns heads as she does in "The Razor's Edge"

design for *Delight*

Savoir-faire and sophisti-

cation, naivete and New England sense . . .

Gene, the titled Miss Tierney

BY HERB HOWE

MRS. OLEG CASSINI LOIEWSKI—licensed a countess but never caught practicing—has slim pale Kashmiri hands tipped *sang de boeuf*, roses of Rubaiyat mouth, eyes slanted Arabic and the languid sinuosity of a Siamese kitten.

"My wife has the drive to command an empire!" refutes Oleg. "Executive power to organize the affairs of the world!"

"The job is wide open," says a world-weary diplomat, swigging restoratives at the bar in Superwoman's new Beverly shebang where diplomats buzz in happier swarms than in the Luxembourg palace. "Does she command the home?"

"No," says Olèg, sharp as the cavalryman he was in wartime. "She makes most of the decisions—I clocked 350 one day before fatigue overtook me. I govern policy. Departments requiring tact and good taste belong to women. Leadership, no."

Mrs. Cassini dropped her career for two years when her husband went to Ft. Riley, put off lipstick, put on apron and sunbonnet of Kansas housewife.

"I confess we suffered some tension," says Oleg. "Our income was small. We lived in a three-room house. Gene had little experience but she became an excellent housewife because she is methodical. She stuck the cook book on a shelf in front of her nose and followed its instructions meticulously."

The Cassini income is no (Continued on page 129)



Design for a bride by her husband—for Gene's role in "The Razor's Edge." She keeps photos of exquisite dress for daughter Daria

If *You* were the House

You'd share in their wildest dreams (come true)

and agree it's all this (and heaven too)

By DOROTHY DEERE



Punch rates all attention
because baby Wendy's away



It's the same fence the deer jump over at dawn



The little princess of the premises, Wendy, looks like her father

Guest of the Cornel Wildes

A BID to be the house guest of Patricia Knight and Cornel Wilde is a direct invitation to come and share a dream. A dream come true, that is, because practically anyone who knows this pair knows that to them, success, fortune and a home of their own, are all new and shining things.

The feeling that you've joined a celebration begins the moment Patricia picks you up in her new car. The car is a spanking red-fendered town and country, the girl's a stunning blonde and there's a bright Saturday afternoon sun striking sparks off both. You climb in feeling almost as proud as Punch (the coal-black French poodle on the front seat), and are off in a cloud of stardust. Your conversation, as a matter of course, is about the vehicle you are riding in. This year of '46, owning a town and country model has become the Hollywoodian's symbol of prosperity:

"You can imagine how *many* things it symbolized for us both when Cornel drove up to the door and said, 'Here, Pat—it's yours!' We're still tingling about it. The other day a friend asked us, 'Did you have to wait long to get it?' 'Not too long—' Cornel told him, 'Only about thirty years!'"

Speaking of dream-stuff, Benedict Canyon is the perfect driveway to it. Winding curves (*Continued on page 76*)



Color pictures by Fink

Cornel, star of "The Home Stretch," has one dream left—to co-star with Pat



Country House in Benedict Canyon, with cool splendor, natural beauty



That Romantic Look

Make it a special moment under the
mistletoe, with the man of the hour

looking at a breathtakingly lovely you

BY ANITA COLBY

*Photoplay's Beauty Editor and
Feminine Director of Selznick Studios*

Soon it will be Christmas again.

Tulle ribbon will adorn fragile tissue-paper packages, department store Santa Clauses will give assurance to little children, tinsel stars will hang on the top-most branches of evergreen. . . .

A sentimental season, Christmas. There'll be cards from boys you haven't seen since they went overseas with "Remember me" written across them. There'll be cards from boys you met during the past few months who you didn't think remembered. And these cards, like the holiday parties and the office and school gatherings and the church festivals which celebrate Yuletide, will be an invitation to romance.

Will you meet this invitation halfway—with a romantic look? Will you be like the ideal the boys carried in their hearts when they were overseas, a girl softly feminine, wistful and gay?

It's born of wholesomeness and naturalness, the romantic look. It's the healthy aura of white teeth, clear eyes, shining hair and an alive skin. It's the vitality and freshness that belongs especially to American women.

Jeanne Crain has this look. She typifies what a sophisticated man named John Erskine meant recently when he said, "Nature is what a woman is born with and art is the difference she makes in it."

Jeanne's eyes are clear and (Continued on page 127)



The glow of candles... Yuletide carols... and Jeanne Crain, beautiful star of "Margie"

Powolny

A new kind of idol, this
Mason, of the sinister charm
and normal outlook

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW



Skipper is one of the animal family.
Pamela is competent Mason manager



Remonstrance from Mason because
Pamela reads in bed—for half hour in the A. M.

JAMES MASON does not need or like many people—and pretends to like and need them even less than he does. He doesn't care in the slightest whether he's seen in the best places. On the other hand, he doesn't go out of his way to avoid notice. He is quite content to work hard, to live comfortably and well.

He's as unlike the average Hollywood star as it is possible to imagine. Instead of the self-made boy, who found stardom just a steppingstone to culture, and who learned about books and music and art after he'd made money, Mason attended Marlborough and Cambridge before he turned to acting.

Meeting him face to face you realize he is far more handsome than his pictures indicate. He's of medium height, his dark eyes have a brooding quality and his face is unusually mobile, changing from gravity to whimsy and to laughter in no time at all. Yet on the whole, you'd find him serious. He's studious, rather than light, and a scholar far more than a playboy.

Although the Masons have the reputation for being hard to get at, they are, as a matter of fact, extremely easy to know. They are a likable and clever and agreeable young couple, perfect host and hostess, great fun, (Continued on page 100)



Internationally noted: English star James Mason in "Odd Man Out"



"WE'RE THE RAY-GANS"

... say the Reagans, giving an Irish
lilt to their name—but the lilt of their
living is strictly Yankee style

By JERRY ASHER



The arc of perfection—Ronnie's an expert diver



"We four . . ." Maureen is five and Michael's past one

THERE'S a pensive new portrait hanging over the fireplace in the oak-paneled living room of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. It was painted by the celebrated Paul Clemens, depicting Jane sans make-up, as the simple-costumed *Ma Baxter*, a dramatic character she plays to perfection in "The Yearling." Shortly after Captain Reagan became a civilian he issued his last order. One tiny worry wrinkle out of Jane and down will come the portrait and up will go the new family slogan, framed, gold-lettered and reading, "No Ulcers!"

By way of explanation, Ronnie says, "Janie does a lot of covering up. You'd never think she's the worrying kind. But she's been knocking herself out worrying for years. She gets hurt too. But instead of showing it, she keeps it to herself and it eats away inside.

"She's been at Warner's ten years. She's been a good sport, taken anything and everything. As a result, she's sometimes been taken for granted, never really had the deserved breaks. It took 'The Lost Weekend' and 'The Yearling' to prove she was capable of doing important things.

"When I got out of service, we took a trip to New York. Janie (Continued on page 55)



Daughter Maureen is just as "at home" in the water as a mermaid



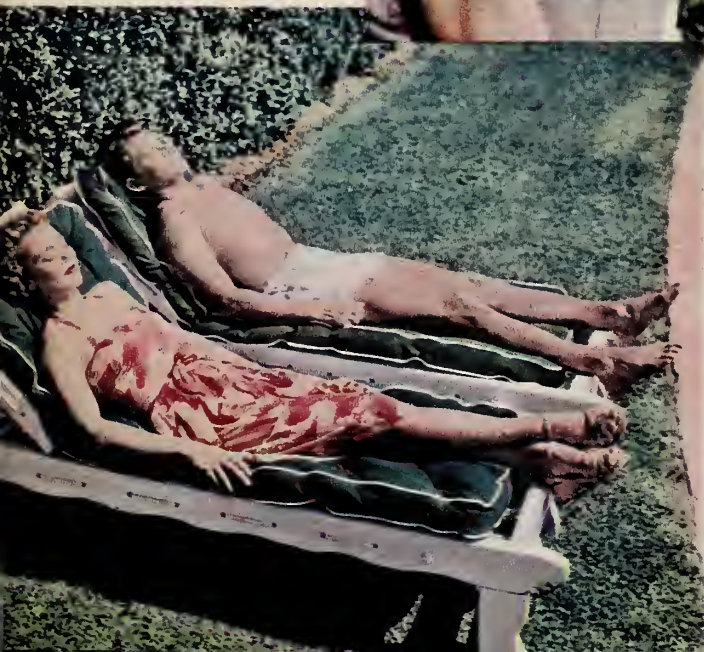
Beach comfort at home: Ronnie, Jane, Maureen and Michael



Sun worshipers: Ronnie of "Stallion Road" and Jane of "Cheyenne"

Maureen knows the answers. Jane's starred also in "Night and Day"

Color Pictures by Fink and Smith





Noted artist Paul Clemens painted the portrait of Jane as *Ma Baxter* of "The Yearling"



Among their dreams and schemes—plenty of playtime with the children—Maureen who asks the questions and Michael who listens

"WE'RE THE RAY-GANS"

Maureen's special delight—water-play in the pool with her daddy





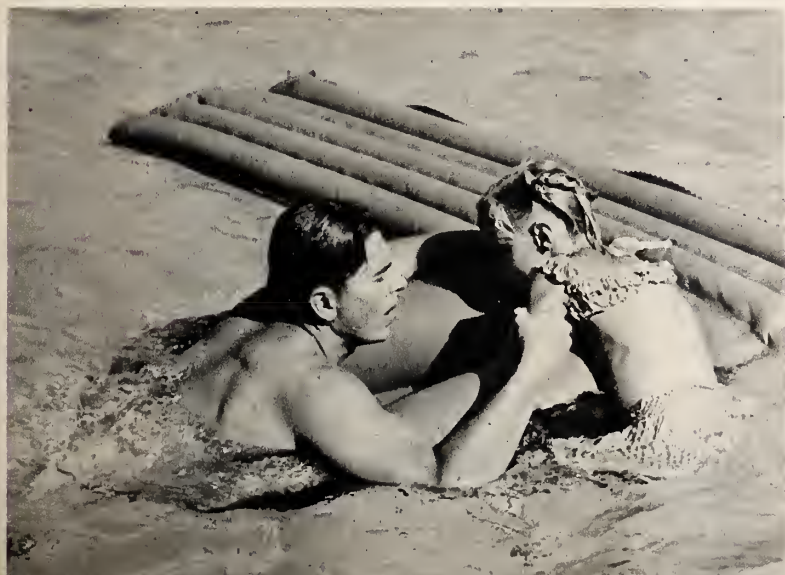
High on a Hollywood hilltop—the Reagan house looks down over the Sunset Strip

(Continued from page 52) went for a complete check-up. In 'The Yearling' she worked every day for nine and a half months. There were many crying scenes, all of them heavy and dramatic. Jane's had to carry the bulk of the burden. There was our home to run. Responsibilities assumed before the war that still had to be met. Altogether it's been too much for one person.

"The doctor said she'd have to relax, take things easier, or she *would* have an ulcer. I think I've convinced her that she no longer has to beat her brains out. If things don't go right, she can just stay home, redo the house and all the other things she's wanted to do for a long time. She's still inclined to worry. Then I remind her—wanna get an ulcer? Right away she snaps out of it."

Ronnie too is a bit of a worrier. When *he* gets going, it's Jane's turn to remind *him* of the ulcer department. Usually his interests are less professional and (Continued on page 120)

By-play, but Maureen can take it.
Ronnie is known for his athletic ability



Whenever she went swimming, someone phoned, so Jane had a phone installed out by the pool

THE *Inner* POWER

Hands—that will work for
a brave new world. Tyrone,
a great man in the making
BY MARGARET MAMLOK



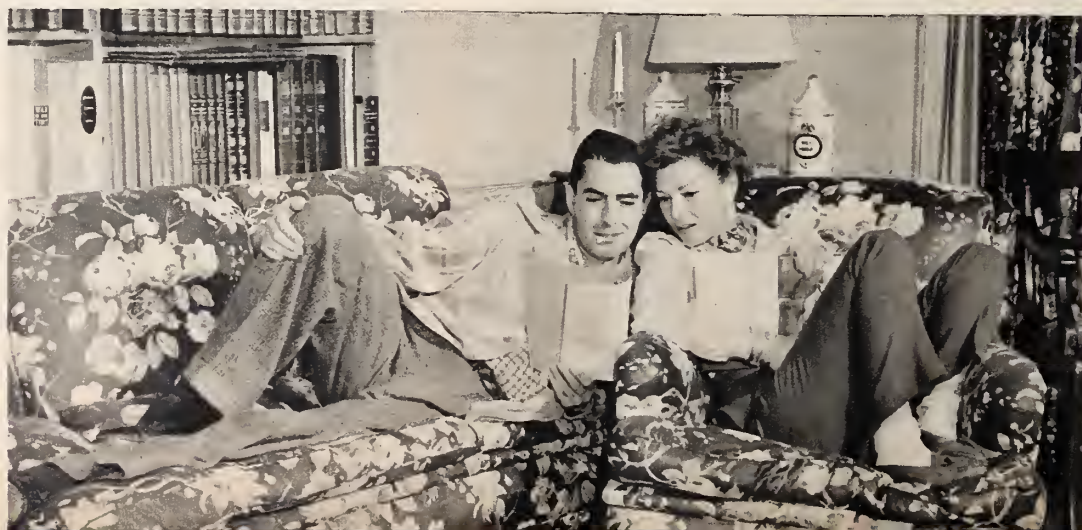
"His hands are unlike other actors'," says Mrs. Mamlok, noted chirol-
gist who has read hands of such notables as Einstein, Raymond Swing

IF I were asked to suggest a hand expressive of our post-war hopes for a better world, I would without hesitation choose the wonderfully moulded, strong hands of Tyrone Power. They are the hands of a fine artist whose mind and heart have been opened by thought and experience to the world in which he lives. They are hands shaped by heritage to the actor's art, trained to precision by war and fitted by extraordinary mental and physical development to work with other young hands in building a brave, new world.

As Tyrone Power sat across the table from me, I studied his intense, handsome face, then returned to the hands which had told me so much at almost a glance.

"How unusual in an actor," I thought to myself. For the second time I examined features of his hand which are more often to be found in doctors and ministers than in actors. But there they were—the full Mount of Venus,

Ty and Annabella at home just before he left for Latin American tour and she for France





Tyrone's life begins a new and important chapter with his intense portrayal in "The Razor's Edge"

the well-developed Mount and finger of Jupiter and the fine-curved, deep-reaching head line. In combination they reveal the heart which beats for mankind and the mind which reaches out to share the sufferings of others. Men who are guided by selfless principles and are unconsciously motivated by the compulsion to move forward with others in the evolutionary process of life have these collective feelings.

I could not resist shaking my head in unbelief. "But this can't be," I said. "You are the first actor I have ever met who is not egocentric. Talk about the needle in the haystack. I think I've found the needle."

Earlier, we had talked of his exacting and difficult role of *Larry Darrell* in Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge." Maugham's portrait of the God-searching *Larry* is magnificent, but the thousands of readers of the book will remember that the author for the most part presented *Larry* through the eyes of other characters. It is Tyrone's herculean task to bring *Larry Darrell* and his spiritual search for the truth to life in a more direct and personal way.

I had listened with great interest to Tyrone's account of his preparation for the role: Talking to men who had embraced the Indian philosophy (Continued on page 114)



ESTHER WILLIAMS literally grew up in the water. The waves were her earliest playmates. Steadfastly she turned her face away from such childish temptations as sand castles and concentrated on her swimming.

Result: Before she'd hardly grown up, she was a record-breaking mermaid.

She made her screen debut in "Andy Hardy's Double Life," followed that with such hits as "Bathing Beauty," "Thrill of a Romance," "Easy to Wed."

Her latest is the colorful bull-fighter picture made in Mexico, "Fiesta."

So you see Esther's a star on land as well as in water!

Photoplay's

PHOTOLIFE OF ESTHER WILLIAMS

BY LYNN PERKINS

2



Water baby Esther at two and a half was already familiar with sand and surf of the beach at Santa Monica where she played with brother David, her four-year-old pal

3



At fifteen, coaches predicted that the girl who, at age eight, earned her swimming lessons counting towels would be a champion in four years



"In two years," Esther said—and won the Women's Nationals at Des Moines, Iowa. But mermaids can't eat medals, so Esther turned to modeling



Showman Billy Rose, planning his Aquacade at the San Francisco World's Fair, made such an attractive offer that Esther turned professional and was star of the greatest water show in the world



Film offers came. M-G-M was most persistent, phoned for six months, finally wired Esther's terms—a chance to study before facing the lens



Then came romance. Esther took time out to marry her sweetheart, Dr. Leonard Kovner. They both tried hard, but marriage was not meant for them, so they separated



X marks Esther! It's her birthday and the Williams clan has gathered to celebrate! Esther's dream has been to have a family of her own—with the kind of home she had. One evening she was selling cigarettes at a Jewish Old Age Benefit . . .

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF ESTHER WILLIAMS

And now just what she's always dreamed of! Esther happily picks out wallpaper for the nursery of the first little Gage, due some time this winter. Esther Williams, swimmer, star, is a family woman first!



. . . and she was introduced to handsome Army Sgt. Ben Gage. Love came swiftly—there was an evening wedding in Hollywood and a midnight plane to Mexico City



**His petite wife, Marie, runs
their home happily alone**



Whenever she can, Marie corners John to help in fixing their new house, which they call their "little gray home in the west"—a pride and joy after endless evictions

Marie's the lovely distraction from writing, which John still does now and then



Six-foot blond sensation John

Lund, who knows all about

moving, both around—and up

JOHN LUND and his petite wife Marie stepped gingerly down the imposing stairs of the mansion, one room and bath of which they called home. It didn't bother them that for their sumptuous crackerbox they paid the neat sum of \$275 a month—with no kitchen privileges, naturally. In fact they considered themselves lucky to have a roof over their heads in the Hollywood housing shortage, particularly after the trail of evictions that lay behind them.

What was of vastly more concern to them was the look on their elegant landlady's face as she regarded with a cold eye the descent down the stairs of her "paying guests." Not until they reached the last step did she speak.

"Eloise"—it was her custom to refer to herself in the third person, contriving thereby to convey a flavor of royalty—"is displeased with her tenants today."

John and Marie exchanged quick glances that said, "Is she kidding?" Aloud John said, "How so?"

"You broke my beautiful ash tray and Eloise doesn't like that." Nor did she like the Lunds, it developed rapidly; in fact, they might consider their "guest privileges" as having expired then (Continued on page 85)



The Lunds live modestly and enjoy each other extravagantly. John, who has done many and varied jobs, appears next in "Perils of Pauline"

LISTEN, IT'S LUND

BY ELZA SCHALLERT



Presto! Up goes a log cabin in the middle of Canada's Jasper Park—for "The Emperor Waltz"



Bing and the "Tyrolean maids" must "dress" for dinner

Pictures

Trailing stars and crews to deserts,
islands, mountains and wheat fields—
for this "on location" film-making fun

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

The "combine" in "The Big Haircut" is wheat and Alan Ladd





Pioneer Cathy Downs walks little Navajos in "Clementine"

Go Places

IT isn't being done with mirrors anymore. It isn't a miniature nor a painted backdrop. It's the real McCoy. Now, with the war behind us, Hollywood is again on the move.

The National Parks of Utah, Arizona, Canada, the wheat fields of the Fresno valley, sleepy little Mackinac Island, are teeming with cameras and fantastic looking things called "booms" and "dollies." You are as apt to find Alan Ladd popping up out of a wheat field several hundred miles from Hollywood as you are to meet Bing Crosby plodding melodiously across an ice field in the Canadian Alps.

A bewildered traveler in a Wyoming car, coming suddenly upon a town that wasn't anywhere on his map, got out to look it over. Completely puzzled he finally cornered a harassed workman. (Continued on page 117)

Joel and Don DeFore find the old swimming hole in Utah



Veronica Lake got preoccupied and Joel McCrea made a real-life rescue on "Ramrod" location

Should Teen-

Wherein six have their say on whether or not

Ann Blyth,
of "Swell Guy"



I don't think teen-agers should marry. Most children today live at home. Their parents shoulder all the responsibilities. The children are sheltered and are not used to coping with problems. Of course, young boys and girls earning their own way can take on the responsibilities, but why marry in your teens anyway? The fun just begins when you're in those wonderful years. I don't mean that teen-agers aren't emotionally solid, but I don't see any reason to tie yourself down. There's too much to do and see in the years ahead. There's too much of a chance that if a girl marries in her teens, she's going to want to break the ties that bind sooner or later so she can have some of the freedom she innately feels she needs.

Richard Long,
in "The Dark Mirror"



I have a friend of eighteen who is a very shy person. He's seldom at ease with any girl. Recently, he met a girl he liked and who understood him. The change in the boy was miraculous. I feel this boy should get married because he needs that closeness, that understanding. If he should ever lose her, I am sure he'll be unhappy the rest of his life. In such a case as this, I think a teen-ager should marry. But only in that kind of situation. I think kids in their teens, as a general rule, should wait. There is such a great difference in mental development from the time a boy or a girl is under the care of his parents to the time he's on his own. Teen-agers aren't developed mentally enough to take on marriage—and being one myself, I think I know what I'm talking about.

Nancy Guild,
of "The Brasher Doubloon"



Certainly teen-agers should marry if they're in love. I don't think age makes any difference at all. If you're sure you've met the right person and have weighed all possible obstacles to happiness, it doesn't matter if you're eighteen, twenty-eight, or forty. Nor do I believe that a girl—or a boy—should set any special time for marriage. He or she shouldn't say, "I will or I won't marry when I'm twenty-four." All this doesn't imply I favor a girl of sixteen or seventeen marrying her first date. Definitely not! But if she has good common sense and intelligence and is sure of her feelings, then I say: Go ahead!

Agers Marry?

young love should heed the heart and head for the altar

Frank Latimore,

in "*The Razor's Edge*"

I don't think teen-agers should marry, primarily because no boy in his teens, except in very rare cases, can have the security that marriage demands. Without security, a couple has to spend their time wondering where their next meal is coming from and where they're going to live—and under such a stress, happiness cannot exist. In addition, the average teen-ager changes his ideas from time to time. A person he may like at seventeen or eighteen might be entirely different from the kind of person he'd be interested in at twenty-five. Remember: The test of time has never hurt any two people really in love. If the test does hurt a romance, there is consolation in the knowledge that the marriage wouldn't have worked either.



Diana Lynn,

starred in "*Easy Come, Easy Go*"

If a boy or a girl is sure the stardust is out of his or her eyes and that there's no doubt of the love, marriage is okay for teen-agers. While I definitely do not think a girl should marry her first date, I think there are real advantages to young marriages. You have more enthusiasm for things. Your minds aren't so definitely set in one pattern that you can't change and work out problems that come up. Kids who marry young can stay young with their children—and can understand their children's problems easier. But I do not think a young couple should have any additions to the family for the first two years of marriage. They need that time to get acquainted and to smooth out the rough edges.



Glenn Ford,

star of "*Gallant Journey*"

Why not? If a man is old enough to go into uniform and have an active part in shaping the future of the world, he's certainly mature enough to make a success of marriage. I believe that this generation's teen-agers are mentally older than their actual ages. This is probably due to their having shouldered adult responsibilities when the war interrupted their normal lives. Our young men and women have had the last four years to stand on their feet, and I think we'll find that the majority of them who have married have chosen their respective spouses with foresight and sincerity.



portrait of a *Royal Canadian*

Walter Pidgeon, who calls all men Joe,
all women Darling, whose middle name is Davis
and nickname is Slabfoot

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Photographs by Fink and Smith



Pidge, of "The Secret Heart," likes singers John Charles Thomas, Bing Crosby



He doesn't play poker, but he does play bridge, rummy, backgammon



He's an addict of "Snuffy Smith" and "X-9" comics, likes fishing

Pidge never goes by a piano without stopping to play it



He's a demon with pruning shears—an avid gardener



HE is allergic to tube roses, narcissus, gardenias and all musky perfumes.

He will recite Keats with the slightest encouragement.

He seldom drinks milk.

He remembers faces but has such a bad memory for names that he always calls men Joe and all women Darling. He is always listed on the studio call sheet as Joe Pidgeon.

He was nicknamed Slabfoot by his schoolmates because of his big feet.

He was baptized Walter Davis Pidgeon.

He plays the piano, doesn't like shad roe, and was born on September 23 in an old clapboard house near Marble Cove, New Brunswick, where he used to skate on the St. John.

He is an excellent baritone and superstitiously knocks on wood and says "bread and butter."

He is constantly tripping over the long telephone cord in his bedroom.

He has never been known to insist on closing a set to visitors. He is forthright, unaffected and, in the opinion of your portraitist, has more genuine personal charm than ninety per cent of Hollywood's Olympians. He weighs 195 pounds.

He used to be fair at spelling but confesses to being "lousy now."

He is bored by polo, enjoys boogie-woogie and considers Paris the (Continued on page 123)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, starred in "The Egg and I"

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of nineteen. My father died when I was small and my mother, who is forty, plans to be married again soon.

When my mother first introduced me to my prospective stepfather I know that I was quite rude, and I have found it impossible to get along peaceably with him since. I simply cannot endure the thought of this man living in our home. I can scarcely do my work at the office because I am so miserable and nervous and have been crying myself to sleep every night.

How can I adjust myself to this situation?

Gladys R.

Undoubtedly, you are looking forward with happy anticipation to the time when you will meet a man you love and marry him.

When that happens, you intend, of course, to make a home for him. You might well marry an engineer and move to the Panama Canal or to Alaska. You might marry an attorney whose company would station him in Honolulu or Havana.

When that happens, your mother will be left alone. Unless you have been utterly alone in your lifetime you cannot imagine the terrors that such a condition might hold for a woman who has always been accustomed to the comradeship of other people.

I am afraid that in your attitude there is nothing but selfishness and a blind unwillingness to see this situation from your mother's viewpoint. Since you love your mother, I am sure, you must want for her the happiness that she wants for herself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I want to become an airline hostess, but I don't have any idea of what the requirements are. I am eager to find out, because I want to know what course to take up in high school and college.

Some of my friends say that I must be a nurse in order to become an airline hostess. Do you know if that is true or not?

Dolores J.

Since you are living in Chicago, your problem is quite simple. Some Saturday make it your business to visit each of the major airline offices, Pan American, American Air-

lines, TWA and Eastern Airlines. Ask to talk to the personnel manager and explain to that official exactly what you plan to do and ask his advice.

Perhaps, in time to come, I may fly on a plane on which you are serving. If I do, be sure to remind me of this letter.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A year ago my sister met a man who was in service. After a six-month courtship, she married him. Now he is out of the Army, and because of the housing situation, they are living with us.

During the two months he has been home, he has made no effort to find work, nor has he even discussed this matter. There is nothing wrong with him physically or mentally. He is only taking advantage of us because he knows my father is well-to-do.

On top of all this, I know positively that he does not love my sister. He is quite handsome and has a winning personality; because of these attributes he is quite popular and takes advantage of the fact by flirting in front of my sister.

He has told me recently that he loves me, and every time we are alone he tries to make love to me. At first I tried to avoid him, but of late I find that I am becoming infatuated.

What should I do?

Margo K.

You should give yourself the lecture of your life. Your sister is entitled to loyalty, at least in her own home and from her closest relatives.

Simply because your sister has married a cad gives you no excuse for breaking her heart a second time.

Bear this in mind: If you should make your life's most hideous mistake and encourage this man in any way, you will have lost all things most valuable to a woman: Your own self-respect, the devotion of your family, the admiration of your friends.

Even if you find it necessary to move out of your home, you should do it in order to remain blameless in this situation.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three years old and the mother of four children. My husband is thoughtful, (Continued on page 125)

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 89

Are you in the know?



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ A kingsize design
- ☐ A petite pattern
- ☐ Neither

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too*, can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for you. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.



For lip-appeal *plus*, should you—

- ☐ Wear a sultry shade
- ☐ Use a lip brush
- ☐ Revise the shape of your mouth

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra protection, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ If it's more practical
- ☐ To show you're not stuffy
- ☐ Nay, noy, never!

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ Bock out gracefully
- ☐ Moke like a martyr
- ☐ Grin and bear it

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!



*More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Woman I Know

BY ROSALIND RUSSELL

IT was impossible for me to know, when my attention was first directed to Sister Elizabeth Kenny through a magazine article in 1941, that the next five years would find me becoming one of her most ardent champions.

I have always been interested in efforts to help crippled children. After reading about the difficulties encountered by Sister Kenny in her attempts to demonstrate her methods to the medical profession, I felt that here was a possible chance for me to contribute some help. I visited the Kenny Institute in Minneapolis, met Sister, and saw with my own eyes the wonderful strides she was making toward effecting cures in infantile paralysis victims.

As I grew more familiar with Sister Kenny and her crusade, I saw dramatic possibilities in her story. I hounded a dozen top producers and movie executives to put her biography on film. This went on for four years, until finally RKO Radio consented to make the picture with Dudley Nichols as writer, producer and director.

Sister Kenny has provided material for endless newspaper columns, but few reporters have found the humorous side of her nature. One day when Sister visited me at RKO, where we were filming "Sister Kenny," she asked if we might make a tour of the lot. We strolled onto one set, a Frances Langford musical, where a line of chorus cuties was rehearsing a number. The gals were rather scantily clad and I wondered what Sister's reaction would be. She watched them for a moment, then turned to me with a twinkle in her eye.

"They're all very pretty," she said, "but that one over there—her left gastrocnemius is overdeveloped!"

I found out later that the gastrocnemius is a muscle in the leg!



Rosalind Russell's personal admiration and friendship for Sister Kenny come to life in the timely and moving film, "Sister Kenny"

Help them to walk again!

Send contributions for polio victims today

To: Sister Kenny Foundation

2400 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minnesota

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
Loveliness"

Anne Baxter

star of
"ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER"
A Charles R. Rogers Production

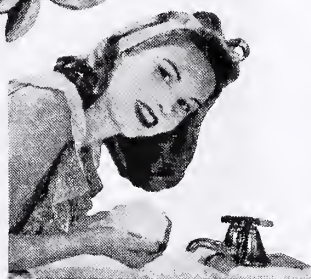


FIGHT WASTE
Lux Toilet Soap uses vital
materials. Don't waste it!

"It feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Soap's creamy Active lather," says Anne Baxter. "You'll love the way these beauty facials leave skin softer, smoother—give it fresh new loveliness!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle complexion care Anne Baxter recommends will make you lovelier tonight!

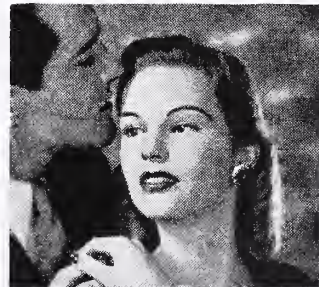
In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.



Screen stars are right! Just smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather well into your skin—



Rinse with warm water, then splash with cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry.



Lux Girls know that lovely, appealing skin makes pulses beat faster—wins Romance!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

— Lux Girls are Lovelier!

THIS WINTER

give your hair—

New Beauty



SPARKLING COLOR—let Nestle Colorinse take away that dull-drab look. You'll be thrilled when you see how Nestle Colorinse gives your hair richer, warmer color.



GLAMOROUS HIGHLIGHTS—rinse dancing highlights into your hair. See how these sparkling highlights make your eyes and your whole face look brighter!

SILKEN SHEEN—“He” loves hair that’s silken-soft, satiny-smooth to touch. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair this wonderful sheen. Try it today—after you shampoo!



NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and luster to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢

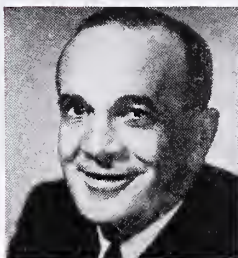


Nestle HAIRLAC

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A disk-ussion of the latest recordings emphasizing memorable melodies from your favorite films



Al Jolson

AL JOLSON: America's greatest minstrel man, saluted in Columbia's thrilling musical biography, "The Jolson Story," appropriately celebrates the tribute with a brand new Decca album, which happily includes such Jolson songs as "Mammy," "Swanee" and "April Showers." A collector's item to treasure.

DUEL IN THE SUN: An important motion picture, such as this David O. Selznick production starring Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck and other luminaries, should have an important musical score. The nation's record makers believe that it has and have prepared an avalanche of groovings. Out first is a new Victor album capturing the full thematic score. If you prefer individual performances, try Martha Tilton's Capitol caroling of "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love" or Orrin Tucker's dance tempo treatment of the same tune (Musicraft).

LOUANNE HOGAN: A new recording artist is this new Twentieth Century-Fox starlet who has been busy behind scenes voice dubbing for such favorites as Jeanne Crain. On her own she reveals a distinctive style, singing Vernon Duke's neglected ballad "Autumn in New York" and Jerome Kern's ever-lovely "Look for the Silver Lining" (Musicraft).

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM: The forthcoming Betty Grable Twentieth Century-Fox musical contains a unique chapter in movie music. The score is based on unfinished compositions by the late George Gershwin. With the help of a sympathetic arranger and lyricist brother Ira, the songs have been completed. Jane Froman (Majestic) and Margaret Whiting (Capitol) treat "For You, for Me" reverently, while Vaughn Monroe (Victor) couples the lively "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?" and "Changing My Tune."



Betty Hutton

BETTY HUTTON: Paramount's personable powerhouse steps out gaily with a new Victor platter ably abetted by Joe Lilley's orchestra. The tunes are "Walking Away with My Heart" and "What Did You Put in That Kiss?" Good listening.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE: Two more top-drawer tunes from this Twentieth Century-Fox filmusical click. "On the Boardwalk at Atlantic City" is a period piece of bloomer bathing beauties while "You Make Me Feel So Young" is a timeless expression. The Charioteers (Columbia) wrap up both harmoniously.

TO EACH HIS OWN: What well may be the song hit of the year is this song based on the Paramount drama. Two more fine interpretations have just been waxed, one by Eddy Howard (Majestic), the other by The Ink Spots (Decca). Tony Martin's original recording is still the standout.

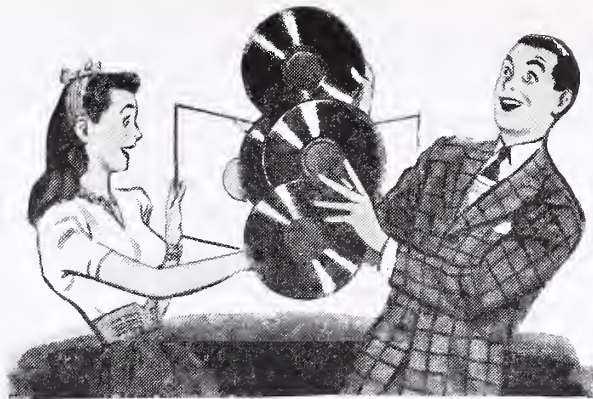
THRILL OF BRAZIL: Columbia's modest little music comedy has a winner in "A Man Is a Brother to a Mule"—especially the way The Andrews Sisters swing it (Decca) with Eddy Heywood's rhythm group for assistance.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: A twin triumph is Artur Rubinstein playing Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, Opus 18 with the NBC Symphony supporting the distinguished pianist. Just as a reminder—Rubinstein plays these magnificently in the film, "I'll Always Love You" (Victor) . . . More Rachmaninoff is found in the new Columbia album of mezzo soprano Jennie Tourel . . . The Boston Symphony with Serg Koussevitzky on the podium plays a brilliantly recorded performance of Tchaikowsky's familiar Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Opus 64 (Victor) . . . The Russian composer's ever-welcome Nutcracker Suite gets a new airing by the New York Philharmonic with Artur Rodzinski conducting (Columbia).

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S

"DUEL IN THE SUN"

RELIVE THE THRILLS OF THE FILM IN MUSIC... IN WORDS...
IN PICTURES... WITH THIS NEW RCA VICTOR RECORDRAMA!



YOU GET FOUR 10" RECORDS OF GLORIOUS MUSIC
FROM "DUEL IN THE SUN"!



AND YOU READ THE STORY IN 9 PAGES OF PICTURES
AND WORDS... BOUND RIGHT IN THE ALBUM!



IT'S PLAYED BY THE FAMOUS
BOSTON "POPS" ORCHESTRA!

Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston "Pops" Orchestra to bring you musical moods from David O. Selznick's "Duel in the Sun"... a magnificent recording of Dimitri Tiomkin's moving score. The story of the music is bound right into the album. Ask for Album MIDM-1083, \$4.00.



... AND DON'T MISS
TOMMY DORSEY'S GREAT "DUEL" HIT!

Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love, from "Duel in the Sun" is one of Tommy Dorsey's best and newest records. It's backed by *That's My Home*. Don't miss it! Ask for RCA Victor Record 20-1958. 60¢.

"IN THE GROOVE" magazine brings you news and pictures of bands and singers... lists the new records. Get yours free every month from your RCA Victor dealer, and keep up to date with the world of popular music!

Prices shown are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes. Listen to the RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 2 p.m., E.S.T., over NBC. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, New Jersey.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS



IT'S HERE!

A HAND CREAM

THAT HELPS KEEP

HANDS SOFTER,

SMOOTHER...AND

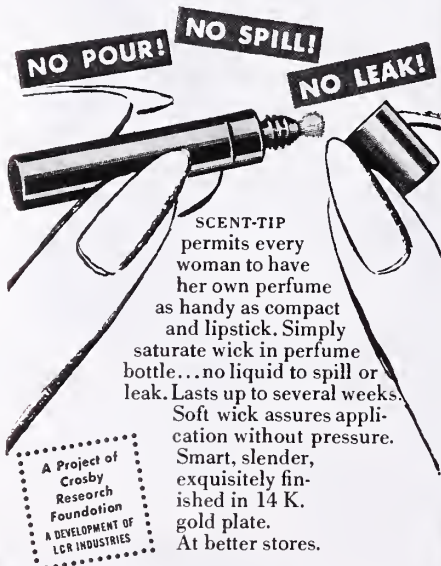
IS NOT STICKY—

NOT GREASY!

Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands look red, feel rough!



...the safe, smart way to carry your favorite perfume



(Continued from page 47) through emerald lawns, homes like architects' jewels in shrubbery settings, and then suddenly, you've made a slight twist up a short, deeper canyon cut and arrived at the swinging white gate-sign of "Country House." Actually, Country House was built for Norma Talmadge and has had a couple of other owners, but it's not hard to imagine Patricia and Cornel, coming upon it for the first time, and knowing it to be the answer to their own Wilde-est hopes.

First, a driveway flanked by young eucalyptus and feathery pepper trees, past a sign reading, "Careful, Child at Play," and then all at once, the house itself, white and rambling and friendly. There's a weathered shake roof, and an unstudied use of timber and red brick for trim. Vines riot up the walls, over the roof and spill out of one of the chimneys so thickly that the roof requires a periodical "weeding" and ridding of swallows' nests.

IN THE background, the hollowed-out canyon walls rise gently, like the sides of a cup. Here the eucalypti are tall and venerable, their hoary white trunks picturesque with peeling strips of red bark. At their feet is a large square of yard enclosed with a split rail fence—Punch's own play yard, undoubtedly a dog's idea of heaven. At the very bottom of the cup is a turquoise-watered swimming pool.

"Lucky for us—" says Patricia. "It was all ready and waiting for us—but if there hadn't been a pool I guess Cornel would have dug one. He's in it every chance he gets."

In confirmation, there's a shouted "Hey—hello!" from the springboard. A hearty but short greeting, because the master of the house is busy cutting an arc through the air and accomplishing the inevitable splash. Hardly has he hit the water than Punch is making a black streak out of the car and in the same direction. Applying his own kind of four-wheel brakes, the dog stops short at the very edge of the pool, crouches, and tentatively paws at a floating rubber ball. The pawing becomes desperate in a minute, because his master is slyly making ripples that keep the ball just out of paw-reach. It's an old game between them, ending only when Punch over-reaches himself and falls into the pool.

"You next—" yells Cornel, and for a moment, with Old Sol scorching the back of your neck, you think you don't care if you do. "Nothing like it—" urges your host, climbing dripping from the water. "We've been shooting 'The Homestretch' out at Santa Anita all week. That sun never quit for a minute—and me wearing a collar, tie and double-breasted blue serge suit!" He cuts another arc into the water, in celebration of this weekend release. It looks like fun, except for the fact that the bright blue and red couches in front of the bath-house are awning-shaded and tempting. Patricia has made a quick change into a jersey swimsuit—and that settles it. There may be a handsomer sight than this mahogany tanned pair in their white swim togs, but you're not apt to bump into it. You just stretch comfortably on the spectator's bench, and watch. . . .

Later, when Cornel is getting the last rays of the now disappearing sun on his browned back, he gestures to still another type of tree on the Wilde hillside. "Orange—in my own back yard—" he says. "I'm always going to pick some, but after I get out of the pool I'm too lazy."

"We'll have to pick some for Wendy, now that they're ripe," says Patricia. Wendy, the tiny princess of the household, is

spending the summer with Patricia's parents on Cape Cod. You get a slight idea of how much she's missed by the mournful look arising in Punch's liquid eyes at the mention of her name.

"Speaking of food, this is Saturday—dessert night. Let's get inside," says your host.

"We don't think too many sweets are good for us," explains his slim young wife, "but on weekends we really let ourselves go. We let Clare surprise us—and what desserts that woman makes!"

Then you enter the front door of Country House and experience a new kind of delectation. The entrance hall is a pale, silvery green from carpet to ceiling, with a soft-colored Chinese-patterned wallpaper and bleached ash woodwork. It's a large hallway, and the same silvery-green carpeting and walls run into one of the longest, coolest and almost indescribably lovely living rooms you've ever imagined.

"William Haines did the house for Miss Talmadge," says Patricia, "and it seemed so perfect we haven't wanted to make any changes." The perfection of the living room is in the restraint of its furnishing rather than the abundance. In front of the formal marble and mirror fireplace are two love seats of peach-flowered chintz. The same material drapes the windows. There is another long divan with the same color note.

By this time you've caught on that decorator Haines has managed to achieve one of those houses whose every room is a delightful surprise. The study, centered in a way that leads all steps to it, specializes in warmth and informality. Walls are paneled bleached ash and outstanding is that end of the room where every panel, from floor to ceiling, has been used to frame one of a vivid collection of medieval English costume prints. Otherwise, the furnishings are dedicated to living rather than looking. A square-cut beige divan runs almost the entire length of the opposite wall, and in front of it is a large, low table piled with magazines and smoking accessories.

THE telephone is in this room, the typewriter, and the script of the screenplay Cornel has just completed writing with Robert Turney. "Oh, Lord Byron!" you say, having read about it in the columns.

"Wrong inflection," says author Wilde. "At the studio they're saying, 'Oh Lord—Byron!'"

"A very fine piece of writing, nevertheless," says his wife proudly. This pride in being proud of each other is an almost tangible part of their household.

The impressive features about the guest room where you go to empty out your weekend bag and freshen up for dinner are its space, its cool green walls and four poster bed with pastel yellow spread. Most delightful is the amount of window space and the view you get of the hills, the lawn and the pool. "If you're up early enough tomorrow—" calls Patricia from her own room, "you'll see deer come down out of the woods to drink. There are a doe and two fauns who leap the fence every morning and go straight to the pool. I was so fascinated the first time I saw them I was afraid to breathe."

Downstairs in the sun room there are voices. Unencountered until now is this room's gay flowered-chintz furniture, the oddest looking divan you ever saw, and two newly arrived gentlemen. The couch, of woven straw and with a pagoda-like canopy, might be Chinese in origin. "Its greatest virtue," Cornel explains, "is thawing out frozen conversations. Someone's always bursting out with 'Where in thunder did you get that?'"

The gentlemen, (Continued on page 78)

YOU CAN'T RESIST—

"Temptation!"

AN OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURE

THE
MEN
IN HER
LIFE...
SOME-
TIMES
LIVED
TO
REGRET
IT!...

"You
treat me
like
dirt...
Maybe
that's
why
I love
you
so..."



INTERNATIONAL PICTURES presents

MERLE OBERON • GEORGE BRENT
CHARLES KORVIN • PAUL LUKAS

"Temptation"

"I married
you because
of what
you were...
and in
spite
of it!"



with
LENORE ULRIC • ARNOLD MOSS
LUDWIG STOSSEL • Screenplay by Robert Thoeren
From the Novel "Bella Donna" by Robert Hichens and the Play by James Bernard Fagan
Directed by IRVING PICHEL • Produced by EDWARD SMALL

"TEMPTATION"... You can't resist it — See It Soon At Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre



KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

It's Effective! Gives lasting protection.

Won't Rot or Fade Fabrics. Better Fabrics Testing Bureau says so.

No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Quick COME BACK!

All in from lack of sleep, worry or nervous strain? A whiff of invigorating CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS will help revive you. Convenient purse-size bottle.



CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At your druggist, OR SEND 25¢ (coin or stamps) to Dept. J-32, Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1794.

(Continued from page 76) as they explain themselves, are Jimmy Metcalfe—who tramped with Cornel and Pat in their stock company days—and Marine Corporal Welles Coggeshall, Patricia's cousin on leave from San Diego.

The men have been sampling an iced concoction brought in by Harry the houseman, and introduced by the host as "something Harry makes that when I make doesn't taste the same." It holds their attention until, in fickle male fashion, they abandon their glasses in a rush for roast beef and browned potatoes.

SATURDAY night with Patricia and Cornel is spent in "do as you please" fashion. Coffee in the study—a session of pool in the game room for those who want it—a lot of laughter and jibing and conversation. Jimmy and Patricia trade laughs and memories of those days when they road-showed, and ran for trains between one-night stands, and invariably wound up in New York too broke to pay their hotel room rent. And then, just about yawn-time, comes the high spot of the evening:

"Do you mind if I unwrap it, Cornel?" Patricia asks wistfully. "I simply can't go to bed until I do."

"It" is a large flat package which has rested on the bar for hours, at the price of Heaven-knows how much of Patricia's restraint. Inside the paper is a flannel bag almost large and luxurious enough to make a jacket for the hostess. And inside is a silver tray, so lovely it draws gasps. "Louella Parsons gave us a silver tea service as a gift for my appearing on her broadcast," says Cornel adding with a twinkle, "One of those gifts that cost you money—I knew Pat wouldn't be happy until she had the tray to match."

His wife just stands there holding the lovely, gleaming thing in her hands. "It's so beautiful," she says, finally. "I've wanted one all my life."

You sit there—thinking of the two youngsters who were married with a ten-cent-store wedding ring that left such a green mark on the bride's finger she finally had to wear it on a string—who bought things only to have to hock them for eat money when they first came to Hollywood—and you look at them standing together, now. You think maybe you ought to rush out and find all the discouraged young people in the world and tell them to hang on to their faith in themselves because things like this can happen.

It's 9:30 a.m. when you coax yourself out of the four-poster bed the next morning—too late to catch sight of the deer, but there's plenty of activity outside your

window just the same. The master of the house is engaged in pegging stones at the top of a tall eucalyptus, trying to dislodge a hawk's nest. "Hate to do it to them during the housing shortage," he yells, "but they frighten away the song birds."

Assisted by Punch, Cornel has been up and about for an hour, indulging in his favorite pastime of "puttering" about his acres. His gardening is all on the practical side—strawberry plants bordering the flagstone walk and a mint bed on one side of the house. "This faucet kept leaking, and rather than fix the faucet I planted the mint under it. A good idea, I think—look, it's growing like fury."

"I cook, too—" he says modestly. "How about breakfast?" The kitchen is an English cottage affair, cheery with red tiled floor and sink and gay strawberry-patterned paper. Your host performs capably in the soft-boiled egg department.

Almost before you know it, Clare is on hand whipping up sandwiches and salad, Harry is busy packing a lunch basket, and Patricia is loading in fruit. A swimming pool in your own back yard is a wonderful thing but according to the Wildes, it will never do away with the good old-fashioned custom of a day at the beach.

"Hurry up, hurry up—" says Patricia. "This is the day I really polish up my suntan." A few minutes later, she beckons you to a front window. "Look—" she says. Cornel has brought the car around—the bright red, shiny new town and country car—and is viewing it with alternate pride and concern as he polishes an imaginary speck off the hood with the sleeve of his sport-shirt. "Be careful," calls his wife, leaning out of the window, "how you treat my automobile!"

You ride with them out to Malibu—you and Punch. And on the way only five near-accidents will occur when a bobby-soxer or a lady tourist yells, "Gee, look—Cornel Wilde!" and narrowly misses a traffic light. You'll spend a long, lazy day in the sand and salt-air—eating your way through Clare's picnic basket—watching Patricia acquire a lovely teakwood shade to contrast with her bright, blowing hair—and listening to Cornel explain why he's decided to postpone his under-water fishing until another Sunday.

"He does it every time—" laughs his wife. "Loads all that equipment into the car, goggles and spears and rubber fins, and then says 'Malibu's too rough, we should have tried Laguna. Now, next week—'"

Well, okay, you think—but any week it's a happy and handsome experience, this guest-ing with Mr. and Mrs. Wilde!

THE END

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(Continued from page 37) team, had to make a drawing to represent, "Hark, hark, the lark!" With a heavy black crayon in his hand he bent over the large sheet of white paper as intently as the members of Darryl's opposing team bent over his shoulders. First he drew a bird. Then he drew a woman with her hand cupped over her ear. Then he drew two capital H's followed by long dashes.

The guessing was fast and furious. "Hozanna, Hozanna," suggested some one concentrating upon the letters only. "Give her the bird," suggested a wit. "Listen to the mocking bird," some one else suggested. Then, suddenly, Judy Garland had it. "Hark, hark the lark!" she cried. Whereupon, automatically, she became the artist who must execute with large black crayon and large white paper the quotation chosen by the Zanuck team.

Judy, incidentally, won a brooch; a little gold bow-knot with tiny rubies, for her skill in this game. And Darryl Zanuck won the captain's prize of a wrist watch. Darryl could buy himself the most magnificent watch in the world, but, keen about winning games, he was as delighted as a child.

CHARLES BOYER was there too with his pretty wife, Pat Paterson. Louella Parsons with her "Dockie" Martin. Gary Cooper and his lovely "Rocky." Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gardiner—I never can decide which of those two is more handsome. Sonja Henie. Oleg Cassini, alone—because Gene Tierney was visiting her family in the East. Edmund Goulding the brilliant playwright and director who's just completed Darryl Zanuck's production of Somerset Maugham's, "The Razor's Edge" with Ty Power and Gene Tierney. Ethel Barrymore, very regal. The Rex Harrisons. The Joe Cottens. Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard, Cole Porter, Jennifer Jones, Joan Crawford, Sir Charles Mendel, Jack Warner, of course, the host. And Edgar Bergen with his lovely Frances and Charlie McCarthy.

Charlie's sly jabs contributed much to the evening's fun. Edgar whispered something in Charlie's ear. "What did you say?" Charlie replied, pettishly, "Pull Elsa's leg! Why, Bergen, I couldn't even lift it!"

The *piece de resistance* of the evening came, however, when I had an enormous table, piled high with junk, wheeled in. There were fright wigs, goatees, mustachios and maces and swords borrowed from the wardrobe room of the Warner studios. Everything else came from the five and ten cent store. Odd lengths of brightly colored tartans. Floor and dish mops of all sizes and colors. Tin graters, lengths of black oilcloth. Silver and gold paper. Varicolored net. Feathers. Untrimmed hat frames. Junk jewelry. White lace shelving paper. Flowers.

I chose half a dozen stars and dared them to to be transformed with the help of the gentlemen of their own choosing. And the fun began.

Roz Russell and Eddie Goulding chose two fright wigs and promptly disappeared. When they emerged, people exploded with laughter. Roz wore Eddie's dinner clothes, much too big for her, and from her mouth a cigarette dangled. She appeared so slovenly that even her husband, Freddie Brisson, could not look at her without shuddering.

Eddie, with Roz's black chiffon dress draped in a low decolletage because his shoulders wouldn't fit into it and her lovely black fur stole rumpled into a ratty state was for all the world like an old broken-down prima donna. As they proceeded down the rooms, arm in arm, and

completely dead-pan the laughter almost drowned out the music, obligingly furnished by the orchestra, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." Roz broke into a jitterbug and Eddie followed. We laughed until our sides ached unmercifully. And I was in complete sympathy with one hysterical guest who leaned against the wall crying, "No . . . No . . ."

CLAUDETTE, with the help of Edgar Bergen, one large hat, a yard or two of black oilcloth, white lace shelving paper and a mustachio, changed before our very eyes from one of the most soignée women ever seen into that swashbuckling musketeer, D'Artagan.

Rita Hayworth used lengths of cambric to bedeck Douglas Fairbanks as the hoop-skirted Anna who went to Siam as a governess and remained to change the history of the kingdom. The cambric, which never quite became a hoop skirt, was so short that Doug, garters and socks showing, looked more like a broken down charwoman than any gentle Anna.

Douglas, in turn, dressed Rita as Siam's King. He had great difficulty getting the right twist to the pantaloons. But at last they hung to his liking whereupon he crowned Rita with a small hat trimmed with a feather duster.

Vincente Minnelli, Judy's husband, using graters and feather dusters for head gear, lengths of bright red, blue and green paper for a skirt and crumpled tin foil for a breast plate, turned Irene Dunne into the Queen of the Amazons. To invest her with the proper authority he gave her a sword and pinned a police whistle on her shoulder. This she blew and blew. It was good to see Irene, who hasn't been to a party since her husband, Doctor Francis Griffin, was taken ill last spring, happy again.

Lana Turner went straight to Oleg Cassini, dress designer par excellence, for her transformation. He fashioned black cheesecloth into a classic evening gown with a wide belt of crushed silver paper and a band of gold leaves over one bare shoulder. Lana, enchanted with this dress, wanted to wear it forever. We had to convince her it would not hold up against the damp evening air. Carefully she removed it then, explaining, "I'm going to have a dress just like it. I'll keep this for the pattern!"

Loretta Young, wearing cooper spot cleaners and yellow cheesecloth with the chic with which she wears anything she puts on became a beautiful oriental princess.

So it went, with the costumes conceived and worn with such imagination, skill and humor that it was difficult to award prizes. After much laughing and serious discussion Irene and Roz received the women's prizes—gold earrings with little pearls—and Vincente Minnelli and Eddie Goulding received the men's prizes, gold cuff links.

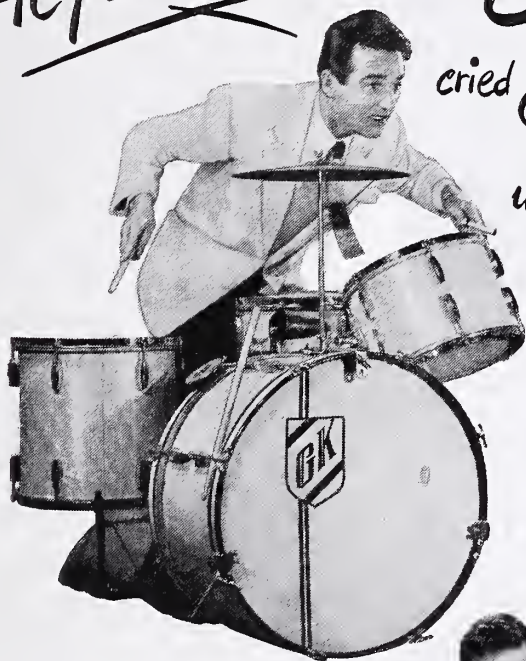
Jack Warner, our host, won a prize too—for his old-fashioned tap dance reminiscent of an act he did in vaudeville thirty years ago. And he couldn't have been more pleased if he had broken the bank at Monte Carlo.

At twelve the coffee bar opened with coffee, milk and great platters of sandwiches. At two, breakfast was served, cooked right before the guests' hungry eyes. But still many lingered. It was five o'clock by David Selznick's watch as we sat side by side, consuming scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee.

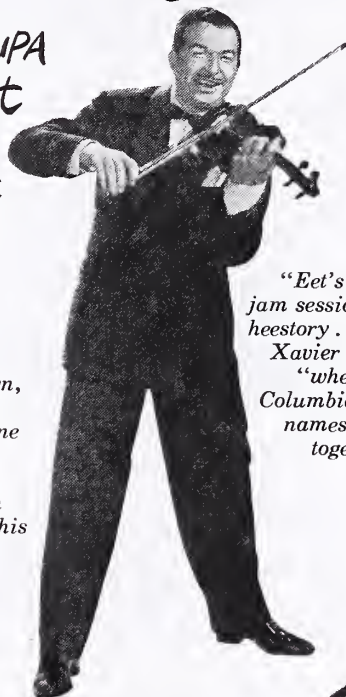
We had dined, danced, played and laughed the whole night through.

THE END

"Hey! we're burning up the page!"



cried **GENE KRUPA**
as he beat
with the
heat



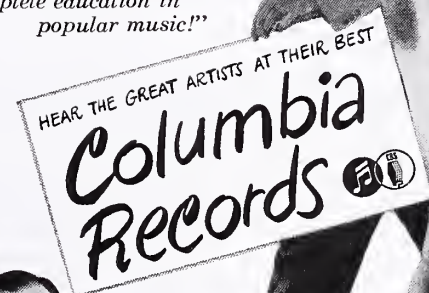
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"Yes Sir,"
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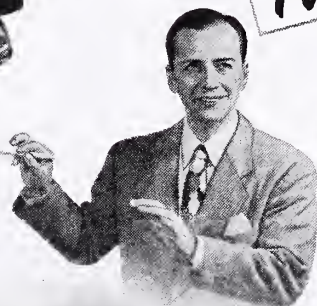
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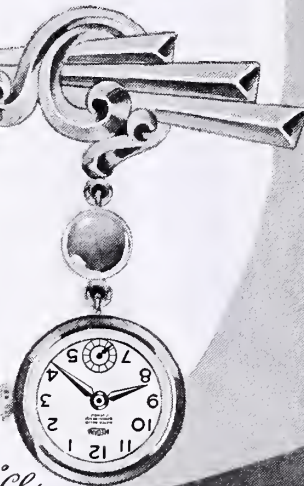
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(Continued from page 43) more flavor and fascination than the run-of-the-mill man dares to dream of over a counterful of travel folders. From the bazaars of Calcutta to the nutburger stands of Beverly Hills. From Shanghai to stardom. Tahiti to Jennifer Jones.

The last time I saw Peter we lunched at "21" and over his very American and very actory scrambled eggs—or so it seems to me, because I have a theory that more actors eat scrambled eggs for lunch than any other class of people—he told me that of all the places in the world the one to which he most wanted to return was Tahiti. In the five years during which he and his mother and father toured the world on their own time, stopping for as long as they wanted any place they liked (and isn't that everybody's dream of the way to see the world?) they lingered for five months in Tahiti.

"That's the life," Peter said, drawing a deep breath. "You have a little cottage on the Blue Lagoon, and it really is blue, and the sand is black—very chic, that black sand, you'd have loved it—and the water is so clear you can see the coral underneath. I had my own canoe and I lived on the water. It was a boy's Paradise."

HE got the outdoor habit early and it sticks with him. Even now he spends as much time on the sands of Santa Monica and in the waves of the Pacific as his working hours permit. "I'm a beach boy," he says.

Of course with Peter work is a kind of pleasure, too, because he loves to act; you can tell that by the way he unconsciously goes into mimicry when he's telling a story or recalling a scene in a Broadway play or talking about a friend. He becomes a taxi driver or a drunk in an all-night coffee pot; he makes you suddenly see Judy Holliday in the second act of "Born Yesterday." Once when he was telling me about a phone call he got from Evie Wynn I had to burst out laughing, and before the punch line.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Why are you laughing?"

"Because you sounded just like Evie," I said.

He has more humor in him than most actors and most Englishmen. His slang is plentiful, picturesque and so up-to-date he must invent half of it himself; his eyes glint with laughter and shine with enthusiasm when he talks.

He was tremendously amused by his father's unexpected debut as an actor.

"Dad's in the movies now, did you know?" he said. "He's even puffed up about the whole thing—very has an agent. Spends his days sitting by the telephone waiting for a call from the studio."

"His first job was two days' work in 'The Picture of Dorian Gray.' Mother and I went with him to the preview and sat through the whole thing on the edge of our seats so we'd be sure not to miss him. It was great excitement. But we never did see him. The sequence he was in had been cut, and nobody had thought to tell him. Poor thing, he was crushed."

Father recovered from the blow, however, and went on to bigger things. He worked in "The Suspect" and followed that with "Kitty" in which he played a barrister with a wig and had a scene in which he was required to hold a baby. He took it very seriously—asked Peter's advice on the readings and make-up and even how to hold the baby.

Peter's mother hasn't tried the flicker yet, but he has no doubt she could make good if she felt like a fling.

"Mother's a character," he says fondly.

"Sort of a British Billie Burke, only not so slap-happy."

His parents are delighted with his success and keep scrapbooks full of everything that is written about him. Peter is one of the few Hollywood bachelors who live with their parents, but the day we lunched he wasn't sure whether he lived with them in an apartment, a house or a Quonset hut.

"I think I live in a hole at the moment," he laughed. "I talked to them today and we've just been evicted for the third time in eighteen months. We were renting a tiny house in Westwood, but—you guessed it—the woman who owns it is selling it."

He looked about as bothered by this prospect of rooflessness as if a housefly had landed on his sleeve.

It was a nicely draped sleeve, at that—part of a hound's-tooth-checked odd jacket whipped up for him by the most expensive tailor in Beverly Hills. Clothes are his big extravagance—just about the only one. He loves good clothes and he is doing his best to collect a large and varied wardrobe, and such are his charm and persuasive powers that quite often he is able to wheedle a tailor into making him a suit in two weeks while other customers wait the customary four months. His tastes run to neat black and white checks and beautiful gray flannels and cashmere jackets, and he likes white shirts and black knitted ties.

HE has a new car (possibly this is Extravagance Number Two) that he speaks of in the tones of a father describing a new-born baby. For a moment I expected him to whip out his wallet and show me a picture of it lying on a white fur rug. It is a convertible Chrysler station wagon, maroon with lush wine red leather upholstery and yards of magnificently grained wood. He described it so minutely I felt as though I had just ridden a hundred miles in it.

However, his activities are not completely confined to the outdoors and the open road. He reads a lot, chiefly current novels and books with psychological themes. That day he was enthusiastic about "Rain Before Seven" and "The Pursuer" and he practically sent me home before the dessert came to read "Methinks the Lady."

He plays gin rummy and is the only Hollywood citizen I know who doesn't consider himself the greatest gin player in the world. "I am pretty much of a pigeon," he admits. One of his favorite indoor sports is running off motion pictures of ten or so years ago—films that starred Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard and Spencer Tracy and are to his mind more exciting than anything being done nowadays. He does this at least twice a week, usually accompanied by Keenan Wynn, who, as I am sure everybody must know by now, is his best friend.

His favorite eating place in Hollywood is Dave Chasen's. He haunts it because it is informal and comfortable and masculine in its tavernish atmosphere and so much like Toots Shor's in New York, which he adores. He seldom goes to Romanoff's in Beverly Hills because he feels it is a showing-off place more than anything and he's seldom in the mood for a Big Entrance.

Peter has not reached the point (currently fashionable with older stars) where fans irk him. His humor gets the better of any annoyance he might feel at being rent into small shreds by a horde of little fiends with pencils and he is consoled by the fact that a couple of other boys, Sinatra and Johnson, are even worse off than he.

He loves, apropos of frenetic fans, to tell the story of the day Frank Sinatra called Van Johnson at the Waldorf and

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little jockey Sammy Renick answered the phone.

"How you doin' up there?" Frank asked. Sammy was breathless. "It's awful," he said. "We can't go anywhere without being mobbed. They surround him. They tear him apart. Honest, Frankie, you can't imagine what it's like!"

The special service department at M-G-M takes care of the bulk of Peter's fan mail, holding out only the very interesting letters for him to read and answer. Most of his mail, quite understandably, comes from young girls, but now and then he gets a plaintive end-of-the-rope communique from a mother who writes: "My daughter has written to you several times and received no answer. She is heartbroken. Won't you please drop her a line—please?"

His youngest fan is my daughter Jill, who was two and a half when they met. He seemed to have the same effect on her as he has on eighteen-year-olds, only she is less inhibited. She came into the room where we were having cocktails, curtsied, and murmured politely to Keenan and Eve, then headed straight for Peter and put her arms around his neck. "I love you, little Peter," she announced with no preliminaries whatsoever. From that evening on she has been in a rather delicious state of confusion over which is Peter Lawford and which is Peter Rabbit, but she adores them both.

Peter has a very clear picture of what kind of an actor he is now and what he hopes to grow to be. More than anything else he wants to play the murderer in "Night Must Fall."

"In eight or nine years, of course. I know I'm not ready for it yet; I've got plenty to learn first. But I think about it . . . and I'd like to do remakes of some of the Cary Grant things like 'None But the Lonely Heart'."

He admires Grant's brand of acting greatly, and he pronounces the name "Grahnt." Another favorite performer of his is Pearl Bailey, the singer—"That woman knocks me clear out"—and when he was in New York he saw Peter Lind Hayes, the mimic, fourteen times at the Copacabana. "He fractures me every time." But his most fervent admiration is reserved for Keenan Wynn. "Keenan is tops for me. He can do anything at all."

Peter has a performer's respect for grade A night club comedians.

"My frustration—I know I'll never be able to do it, but I dream about it—is to be able to get up on a floor, cold, and entertain a roomful of people. Hold them for a whole hour, without props or a plot, just being funny all by myself. I think anybody who can do that is sensational."

What else about him? Well, he likes hamburgers and whiskey sours and really esoteric swing music like that furnished by Harry the Hipster, and he is kind to drunks in one-arm joints who ask him to write notes to their wives at three o'clock in the morning. He is good natured and an amusing companion and sharp as a tack about many things aside from making faces for the camera. His eyebrows are almost as bushy as John L. Lewis's, but on him they're attractive. When he is talking with great enthusiasm he grabs you by the arm or holds onto your elbow or puts his hand on your wrist as if he is trying to keep you from bouncing out of your chair in sheer excitement. He winces if you mention "Lassie." He has a trick hair comb; you can study it for an hour and I defy you to figure out how it's done. He has a very good time.

I think the person who wrote "I love life and I want to live" must have been Peter's psychological twin.

THE END

Listen, It's Lund

(Continued from page 63) and there. Now John has never been one to take life lying down. He blew up. In his best dramatic diction he retorted, "Well, Eloise may be displeased, but John and Marie don't like it either, especially the bric-a-brac. However, we'll pay for it gladly because John and Marie are sort of glad that they're not going to have to look at Eloise's ash tray and antiques any more."

Whereupon he and Marie both made low curtsies and turned on their heels—to pack up and move again.

The blond six-footer who was causing such a stir on the Paramount lot with his performance of Olivia de Havilland's lover and also her son in "To Each His Own" began to detect a fine irony in that title. Where was John Lund's own? Where indeed were he and his wife to lay their heads in this town of unfathomable fortune?

To be brutally frank, the immediate answer proved to be a motel. The higher the fame, the lower the roof, it seemed to the attractive Lunds. But they could take it in their stride.

In fact, John has taken a great many things in his seven-league-boots stride.

He's been a ditch digger, soda jerker, carpenter and timekeeper. What's more, he even tried to be a Hollywood actor once before. It was during the days when he was deciding whether writing for a big advertising agency could ever be as satisfying as, say, some day speaking the stately and philosophic speeches of *Macbeth*. At that time the test he made in New York for a major studio brought forth the brief epitaph, "N.G." However, there was some consolation in the fact that he was in the best of company. For the tests made at the same time of Van Johnson, who was then dancing in a New York chorus, and Gregory Peck, who was trying to believe the still small voice that kept whispering he could be an actor if only he'd overcome fear, drew a similar report from the same myopic Hollywood bigwig.

Nevertheless, for the time being the comfort was slight. It meant John had to stick to his agency job, but he made it grist to his mills by turning out such successful radio scripts that eventually he went to Hollywood, not as an actor but as a radio writer. During the war he had written shows using Army personnel from camps throughout the country and these were broadcast on coast-to-coast networks. Then from Hollywood itself he authored the Billie Burke radio program for some six months.

But he might just as well have been in

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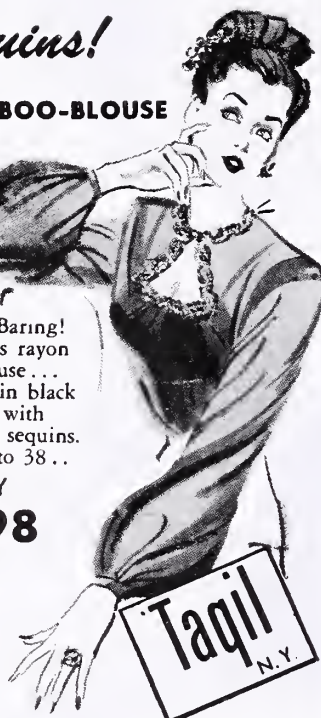
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_____ Zone Number _____

Singapore so far as getting into the movies was concerned. During this period he was living in the Knickerbocker Hotel on Ivar Street in Hollywood and as he puts it—"I was the hermit of Ivar and the kingdom of Metro and the fine Southern plantation of Paramount (to quote Olivia de Havilland) were both far, far away."

He closed this gap by the usual circuitous route of returning to New York and landing a part in a Broadway production, "The Hasty Heart." The role of Yank wasn't particularly taxing, but it gave him an effective chance to be seen. And how the feminine gender loved what they saw! So did Henry Ginsberg, head of Paramount Studio.

In fact, he was so enthused that he arranged for Lund's release before the end of the run of the play, which is exceptional. Paramount wanted Lund very much indeed for the vital role of Olivia de Havilland's flier lover of World War I in "To Each His Own." He proved so good in this that they gave him the other important part in the same picture, that of their son who becomes a flier in World War II.

LUND himself is a restlessly, violently active person, even though he contends that he is lazy by nature and that his most definite aspiration is to achieve a position where he may retire.

Everything belies that now. He reads avidly, deeply and with discernment. As a consequence he has far more than a smattering of knowledge of many subjects. For example, if you happen to talk Thomas Wolfe, the writer, with him, he will not refer merely to one of Wolfe's works. On the contrary, he'll discuss practically everything the author wrote, quote from his books and regale you with anecdotes about him. It's practically the same way with any topic that happens his way, whether it's Fifteenth Century Italian poets, modern music, hypnotism or women's hats.

About the latter he said, "I like women's hats when they're chosen with some obvious thought and care. They should be riotously beautiful. But even such hats are meaningless on the head of a woman unless they are well proportioned to her face and in some way complement her beauty.

"There's a certain shocking disillusionment, for instance, to glimpse an array of attractive hats reposing on a piano or a table at a party and later see them worn by the wrong types of women. That kind of hat miscasting always bothers me."

John Lund is socially conscious in high degree. He's a hail fellow well met to a host of friends. At Paramount there's a table in the commissary over which he presides which is humorously referred to as the "children's corner." That's doubtless because there's so much cutting up in that particular area at all times. It's a question too whether Lund isn't satirizing the sedate get-togethers of the moguls of the lot at other tables.

There's a waiting line for this table, in a manner of speaking, because, as Phil Terry, who was a regular Round Table member during his "incumbency" at Paramount, put it, "There's a lot of witty and good conversation. Lund really holds the party together at all times. He's the sort who just naturally takes over. Everything, no matter if it's a cube of butter or lobster in the half shell, reminds him of a story. He can go on for hours making interesting talk."

The "interesting talk" with the Lunds now is about furniture. Yes, they finally got a house. It's a hilltop cottage which they affectionately call their "little gray home in the West," and they're having a happy, though strenuous, time furnishing it. Every few weeks something that has

been ordered for months arrives. Maybe a chair or a bathroom rug, a lamp or an electric iron. And it's gradually taking form with a thoroughly conscious attempt at no chi-chi and a definite detour from decorators' debilities. They love color. The living room and dining room rugs are lime green and shaggy in texture. There are deep chairs, ultimately destined to make long davenport, splotted with bright cerise and cinnamon and bronze tones.

Recently the Lunds celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary by making tall cool lemonades and waiting for a cleaning woman to come who had something of a record of breaking her promise to show up five times straight in a row. But Marie was hopeful. She said with almost pathetic sincerity, "I'm sure she's had trouble with the bus or something. She sounded so nice on the phone!"

JOHNS and Marie have had a long and turbulent journey to their hilltop house. At the time they decided to get married, they had known each other for two years. John was writing camp shows and Marie who had been a Conover model as well as having been under contract to RKO, was selling programs for very large fees to help swell the receipts on "This Is the Army."

It was all a very hurry-up affair. They were married, had breakfast together in Baltimore and at noon they separated, Marie flying to Washington and John to St. Louis. They never saw each other again until nearly two years later, and all the time they were within flying distance of each other. It was a sort of *Evangeline-Gabriel* chase. Twice they missed each other, once by a few days and again by a few hours, while each was crossing the country to meet the other. Since they've been in Hollywood they've had their longest time together, one year and three months. And yet life has been hectic for them because of the housing conditions.

But now they have their roof and soon they'll have bookcases for their books, the many books that John loves and needs to satisfy his passionately questioning mind—the mind that has been restless and searching ever since he left school in Rochester, New York, when he was fourteen years old.

They have another possession besides their little house. It's a little car. If this gives the impression that they live in a world of midget proportions, that is true in a sense. The car can best be described as "some sort of thing!" They paid \$1,000 for it in New York and assembled it themselves out here. Marie threatens to put her sewing machine motor in it one day because it is more powerful than the one in the "auto" at present. It has strange windows that don't come together and certainly will be impractical in the sunny California rainy season, and even though it has seats that you can't sit in except with a minimum of comfort and security to nylons, yet, as John says, you must admit it runs and piles up sixty miles to a single gallon of gas.

And then there is one more possession which the Lunds treasure, especially Marie, and that is the strawberry patch. "It's not much bigger than a large scarf," John says, "but Marie loves it and tells people about it with an intense fervor. She has the enthusiasm and imagination of a child. She makes you believe that patch of berries is as wondrous as 3,000,000 acres of winter wheat."

A house, a car, a strawberry patch! It looks as if the Lunds have stopped moving at last. Except for John, who'll keep right on moving—up.

THE END

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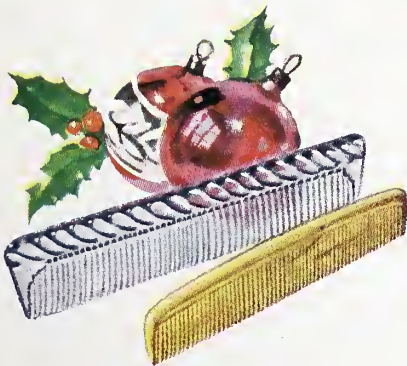
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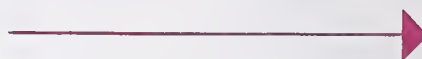
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DINAH SHORE

The Montgomerys (Dinah Shore and George) will awaken Christmas morning to accustomed sounds from their barnyard—and the cries of the golden pheasants Dinah is giving George. He's designing another piece of jewelry for her and will add to her collection of cook books. You'll see Dinah next in the Walt Disney production "Bongo the Bear."

A Mistletoe Special

Taffeta's rustle . . .
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. . . combine to make this Flirtation Kemper plaid taffeta evening dress irresistibly romantic. Designed especially for you with the new longer hipline by Emma Domb. Sizes 10-16 and 9-15. About \$25.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass., and Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.

Ultraviolet lipstick and nail polish by Revlon.

(For the stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturers listed on page 98)

Donna Shore



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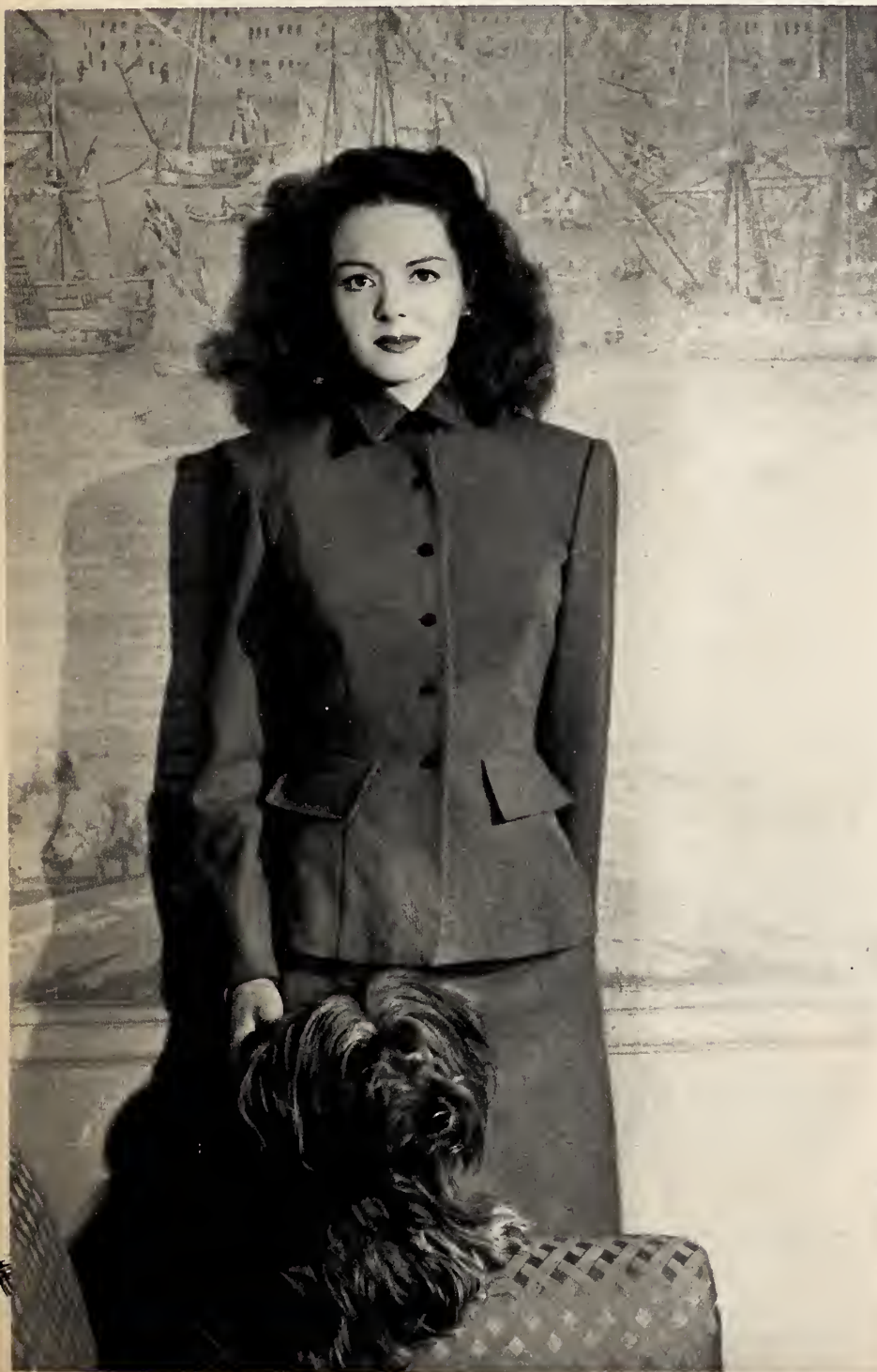
NORWEGIAN SAYING

Every day has seemed like Christmas to Arleen Whelan, featured in Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring," since a talent scout discovered her behind a manicurist's table. Arleen and her husband, Hugh Owen, will spend the holidays together in New York where he is an executive for Paramount. They know Christmas is where the heart is

If It's Going To Be Christmas,

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A bright green Petti suit. The long jacket fastens up to the chin with jet buttons that twinkle as gaily as lights on a Christmas tree. The stand-up collar is velveteen trimmed. The waist is nipped in. The pockets have big flaps. In bright shades. Sizes 9-15. About \$16.75 at Filene's, Boston, Mass., and Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.

On facing page: For holiday parties and chilly starlit nights a Donna Hale Jr. date dress of soft pure wool with glittering sequin pockets. In pastel shades, high shades and black. Sizes 9-15. About \$23.00 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and Russeks, New York, N. Y.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 98.

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Be beautiful in a heart-warming dress with a soft "dandy" collar and tapered bracelet sleeves. A Sacony-Fulura knit available in a variety of bright colors. Sizes 10-20. \$25.00 at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa., and A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Tex.

(Right) *Be beautiful* in a winter white wool with something terrifically new added; for the wool, treated with Lanaset, washes like a dream. An Eddie Rubenstein original by Crestlee. In other colors. Sizes 9-15. About \$20 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 98.

...And Be Beautiful

LUCILLE BALL: Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha III (known more familiarly as Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball) look forward to a country Christmas on their farm in the San Fernando Valley. Their gifts to each other will include a new horse or a new prize cow and an additional stall or two to accommodate same. From Lucille we'd like another characterization as hilarious as her "Gladys Benton" in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Easy to Wed"



THIS IS, INDEED.

NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT": You'll be lyrical about the sheer beauty and flawless fit of these lovely stockings. The seams are slender, the texture clear. They're not just "nylons", but full-fashioned, long-wearing hosiery "As You Like It"—to be asked for by name the next time you're stocking shopping.



NYLON HOSIERY.

"As You Like It"

READING, PA.

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with DINAH SHORE

By Rena Firth

Ben's studio was a hubbub of activity. Dinah Shore had arrived for her fashion sitting. And any gathering with Dinah Shore is animated. She's red-haired and vivacious. And her husky voice is fast and low with a quality as warm as her own personality.

She was wearing a simple little gray wool dress, close fitting to the hips and buttoned down to the waist. It had a tiny Peter Pan collar, piped with white and white piping on the cuffs, too. There were small, wired panniers at each side of the full skirt. And her small gray, breton-type felt hat was white-trimmed also.

The taffeta plaid evening dress worn by Dinah for the picture which opens the fashion section this month suited her to perfection. She's 5' 4½" tall, with lovely shoulders and bosom and a waist that measures a scant 22". She wears her hair parted in the center and up at the sides. She uses little make-up; just a light touch of powder on her dark-golden skin, lipstick and mascara. For the sitting, she was wearing a new shade of ultra-violet nail polish, which toned in beautifully with the violets she carried. Incidentally, she has made a recording for Columbia that gives her own ultra-violet version of the old song "Who'll Buy My Violets?"

Dinah loves perfume and jewelry. And surprises! When her secretary whisked out a package at the studio, Dinah cried "A surprise?" Seems husband George Montgomery always brings her something, even if it's only a chocolate bar.

Dinah said people are always saying they've been told they look like her—which is all right with George if he thinks it's complimentary. If it's not he's liable to tell them they must know a lot of blind people!

As we said our goodbyes, more than ever we understood her great popularity. For you can tell from the way she talks that she has a real interest in people and fresh enthusiasms. And these things color her voice when she sings.



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These Evans compacts to give a purse a Christmas air. The woven wire flap-jack is \$10.00. The gold-dipped shell is \$6.00



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A "must" for off-the-shoulder fashions—daring bras by Model. Marquisette nylon is \$3.50. Taffeta nylon is \$3.95



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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Lana Turner, always known for so-phisticated evening clothes, went jeune fille at the Xavier Cugat party which followed the premiere of "Holiday in Mexico." Her gown was white embroidered net with a tiny little round collar and fitted bodice. The skirt was very very full with an adorable petticoat that showed when she whirled on the dance floor. It wasn't really a petticoat but a double hem, for the top layer was the embroidered white net of the gown and the underneath layer was flaming red.



Believe it or not, Joan Crawford wore almost the same dress described above on Lana at Adolph Sprekels' tremendous party. Joan, however, gave her embroidered full skirted white gown a sophisticated touch by wearing a gorgeous new diamond and ruby feather-shaped clip at the high collared throat of the gown. Also a matching ruby and diamond bracelet. Her evening bag too was stunning; envelope shaped and completely covered with dull white paillettes.



Jennifer Jones looked ravishing at one of the best parties of the year given by David Selznick. She went "sophisticated" with her hair piled becomingly high in a soft coif. Her very low cut stiff white silk gown was heart shaped in front. The bodice was tightly fitted

with a huge full skirt that puffed and billowed out as she danced. She wore pearls at her neck and on her arm. Diana Lynn wore white too and her gown was so filmy, so feminine and so utterly "dancy" that it would be divine in almost any color imaginable. And for anyone of any age. It was in heavy white net with a low neck that softly draped into deep "V's" both front and back. It was long waisted and snug to the hips and the skirt was so full you almost wouldn't believe it. Simply yards and yards of the white net gored and gathered to the hips. Toward the bottom of the skirt huge ostrich feather-tufts tucked between the net folds.



Joan Caulfield, at the Selznick party, wore a tight-bodiced black velvet gown with a low square neck. Her skirt was very full and around her neck she wore a tiny black velvet ribbon to which were attached two small white gardenias.



Greer Garson has a new winter coat she's mad for. It's soft black cloth with tiers and tiers of black Persian lamb from the hip to hem-line. The tiers give a flaring look and she also wears a shoulder capelet of the fur over the plain uncollared neckline of the coat, for variety. She wouldn't dream of wearing anything but tiny black hats with this, of course.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

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Emma Domb
1462 Market St.
San Francisco, California

Wool Date Dress with Sequin Pockets

Donna Hale Jr. Inc.
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Milwaukee, Wis.

Winter White Wool Dress

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New York, N. Y.

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1384 Broadway
New York, N. Y.



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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen —
Always Treasured*

(Continued from page 50) and aware both of their own position, as well as what is going on in the world. They are not surrounded by press agents and sycophants and parasites. Their friends are of their own choosing and they haven't too many of them. Those they have have been selected for special reasons for friendship.

They live in Herfordshire, on a real farm, near King's Langley—and their telephone number is a private one. They raise their own vegetables as well as their own chickens and eggs. There are even young ducklings and geese on the place, strutting comfortably about.

Part of the farmhouse was built in the Sixteenth Century, and this has been left almost in its original state. A few generations ago, the "new" part was added, in an Italian style not at all like the other houses in Herfordshire. Two years ago, when the Masons bought the place, they began making it over and now, in spite of all of the difficulties attendant upon rebuilding, which is even more difficult in England than it is in America, they've made the place into an extremely comfortable and informal country home. The Italian features haven't been played down, exactly, but now they fit into the picture perfectly and tiles and rough walls blend beautifully with English farm life.

The huge living room has many windows looking out onto the garden and to the countryside. The walls are dull beige, the big sofas that flank the fireplace are of the same soft beige with green cushions. Cream and green with touches of vivid color form the informal decor. It isn't studied, but the effect is far better than if a decorator had placed each piece of furniture.

Outside the living room is a formal garden, as lovely as only an English garden can be, with dark trees forming a background for smooth lawns and clipped hedges and an abundance of flowers. Yes, they do all right, the young Masons.

THEY'VE always done all right in spite of the necessary difficulties in getting started. But they wouldn't be so successful, now, if success had come too easily.

Mason was born on May 15, 1909. After college, he decided that he didn't want to be an architect, after all. So he answered an advertisement in a theatrical magazine, *The Stage*, and got an engagement touring the provinces. But he wasn't getting along too fast. He was learning—but he hadn't reached anywhere near stardom.

It wasn't until 1935 that Mason appeared in his first film, "*Late Extra*." He followed this with "*Troubled Waters*," "*Twice Branded*" and "*Prison Breakers*."

About that time he met a pretty little actress named Pamela Kellino. It may not have been love at first sight. They aren't too sure about that. But, before they both realized it, it was love, all right. And not too long after that they began a collaboration—in their work and in life as well.

If you think Pamela is just another wife, you might as well revise your ideas. If you think that English wives are just calm, prettily spoken and retiring young girls, you've got even more reasons to change your mind. Pamela is small, slender, dark haired—though she admits she's changed the color of her hair several times—dark eyed (she hasn't changed those), vibrant. She knows her own mind—and she knows James Mason's mind, too. Some say she's the power behind Mason. Others say it's just a very successful collaboration. One thing is certain—it isn't just another marriage. And if Pamela doesn't like a story, Mason doesn't appear in it. (Continued on page 102)



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The R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., Creators of *Minx Modes* Junior Dresses... Saint Louis 5

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you'll want to see

the glamorous items featured

in the January issue of Photoplay—

a fur coat, negligees and wonderful

skirts and jackets.

Watch for it on the newsstands December 11th

(Continued from page 100) Pamela is quite a girl on her own. Her father was important in the British film industry—though Pamela has never traded on that. She was a successful writer and actress when she met Mason. And, practically as soon as she did meet him, she began taking over. She's taken over successfully ever since. Let's not say she runs Mason. But she does run the house—runs it beautifully. There's more than a rumor around the British studios that Pamela is the one to please—if you want a successful James Mason picture. Whether or not that is true, Mason's real success began just about the time he and Pamela met and were married.

She has her own theory about marriage, especially their kind.

"Theatrical and movie marriages are precarious at best," she said. "I'm going to make a success of our marriage by sticking around. Every minute. When James goes on tour, I go with him. When he's at the studio, I'm there, too. When we go on holiday, we go together. I can look after the house in my spare time. Luckily, my writing can be done when he's busy, too. But where he goes, I go. That's the only way I think our marriage can succeed."

SHE may have something there. For the past year, the Masons have been touring the Continent, appearing in plays for the Red Cross, with time off for a movie or two.

"The Upturned Glass," which promises to be as successful as "The Seventh Veil," was written by a handsome young American writer, John Monaghan from Pennsylvania, whom the Masons discovered while they were touring Europe. Captain Monaghan had ideas. The Masons liked them. Now, he's been released from the American Army, and is a house guest at the Masons' country place. He wrote "The Upturned Glass" as an original story and, in collaboration with Pamela, made it into a screenplay. Monaghan and Pamela are now working on Mason's biography.

Pamela has several other books to her credit—and James Mason is the illustrator. But his art isn't confined to illustrating his wife's books. His living room contains a number of his drawings, excellent in color and design and displaying the exotic temperament that his fans find so fascinating. He has designed a scarf, too, that the house of Ascher has put out and that is extremely popular in London. He is fond of music, with a bias in favor of the blues.

So there you are. All you have to do to be a famous English movie star is to be handsome and attractive and talented, and have a curious angle of whimsy and a love of the slightly weird and have a face that can mirror cruelty as easily as love, and a depth of feeling as well as surface emotions. And be intelligent and artistic and humorous at the same time. And all you have to do to be a successful English star's wife is to be beautiful, and be able to act, and write both novels and screen plays, and run a large house successfully—and be loved by and in love with the English star. Maybe that would work out all right in any nationality.

The Masons want to come to America. Mason wants to choose his own movies—as well as the people who will act and direct. And Pamela will have quite a bit to say about it, too. And they both have an idea that an American summer stock company might be fun, too. Don't expect them to "go Hollywood" as to night clubs and extravaganzas and sycophants. Mason—that is, Pamela—has got too much sense for that. Make a bet that Mason will stay reserved and intelligent and humorous and a bit odd. And that Pamela will—well, Pamela will stay—around.

THE END

*Newest thing
under your suit*

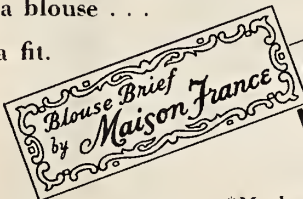


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STARS

In Flight

Skybound—with Joan Leslie learning plane

facts from pilot Robert Cummings



Just in case—Bob doesn't plan on their jumping! Joan gets beautifully confused with the parachute; puts it on backwards



It's like this: Bob Cummings, who has been flying nineteen years, uses a model plane secured from Reginald Denny, who makes them, to show Joan Leslie what really happens when your plane takes off skyward



They're off! The plane is a little two-seater Cessna model, the place Whiteman's Airpark. Bob, who stars with Joan in "The Chase," is such a good teacher that now Joan takes regular flying lessons

The wind up! Joan whistles as Bob sets the propeller whirling. All the fliers Bob trained during the war came back home again safely



'Round and 'Round They Go

(Continued from page 33) toughest of them was handed to him, right to the heart, by the lady who is known as Rita Hayworth.

Until that weekend, Tony was a man utterly infatuated. He was also on the air for a perfume manufacturer. Two weeks later his program went off the air without warning because of product shortages, and his girl had gone back to her husband, from whom she had been estranged for almost a year.

Of course, there at the beginning of September, Tony knew that Rita hadn't yet filed her action for divorce against Orson Welles. But he and Rita had been dating constantly and exclusively for months, and he already had an engagement ring and a wedding band, as well, to give her. He knew that, at the earliest, he couldn't make Rita Mrs. Martin much before the beginning of 1948 but he worshiped her so that he couldn't resist buying these exquisite and most expensive symbols of what he believed was to be their idyllic future together.

RITA said very little about that future. Rita says very little on any subject. But briefly, this past spring, she had discussed in PHOTOPLAY her romance with Tony. She said they had fun together, that he was a kind, fine person. Shortly after that they quarreled.

Rita never did explain what she and Tony quarreled about or why they reconciled. In fact, after that, this hitherto most co-operative star told the press that, since she wasn't yet free, she had the rights of her small daughter, Rebecca Welles, to think about and that any romantic conversation might endanger those rights. So she wasn't talking.

But there was no quieting Tony on his rhapsody of Rita. Like all impassioned lovers, he simply had to discuss the girl he adored. He'd stop anyone anywhere and go on and on about his glamorous subject. "Do you realize I've adored Rita for seven years now?" he'd say. "Have you any conception of how perfect she is? There's her sweetness as well as her beauty, her simplicity as well as her glamour. Everything will be completely ideal, once she's mine. You see, we can't have any misunderstandings in the future because we've already talked over all the controversial subjects and we agree on everything. Am I ever a lucky guy?"

It did you no good to point out to Tony that he and Rita had obviously quarreled in the spring.

"But that works out to be an advantage," he'd say, and his voice would take on the tenderness it does when he is giving with "To Each His Own." "We discovered then how terribly we missed one another. We found out what fun we had together. Listen, if I sound as though I'm overboard, I am. I've never been in love like this before. I never knew I could be. My heart's completely Rita's and I know hers is mine, too, forever."

It did look as though that was true, all last summer. Night after night you'd see Rita and Tony dancing together, he whispering the romantic words of each tune into her pretty ears, telling her he'd be lost without her, telling her she was wonderful. They danced cheek to cheek, stars in their eyes, their feet moving lightly across the floor.

They looked divine together, even more lost in love than Tony had with Lana Turner, once upon a time long back, or Rita and Vic Mature, before Orson.

Surely, said Hollywood, up until the weekend of September sixth to ninth, this is the real thing.



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But on that blue Monday morning of the ninth, Hollywood was shaking its head in disillusionment.

For this is what had happened over that weekend.

Lana Turner had split up with Bob Hutton.

Bob Hutton had gone back to Cleatus Caldwell, Ken Murray's ex, whom he had dropped to go around with Lana. He had gone back so thoroughly, in fact, that he announced that it was now true love leading to matrimony between himself and Cleatus.

Howard Hughes, who had separated Bob Hutton and Lana for a brief interval in the summer, had left the hospital and gone to New York. He was closely followed by Ava Gardner, whom he had dated before Lana, and who was recently divorced from Artie Shaw. You will probably recall that Lana Turner had also divorced Artie Shaw—before Ava, that is.

But the bombshell was that Rita Hayworth had gone back to Orson Welles. She didn't say so but she certainly inferred that this was a final reconciliation.

This left everybody taken care of except Lana and Tony. So they did the obvious. They went out together.

BY mid-week, tough as it was, Cupid finally had all the new names bracketed and had grown rather philosophic about it all. He argued with himself that Tony and Lana had once had a real shine for one another, that Rita and Orson were still married and did have their child to think of and that Cleatus Caldwell and Bob Hutton would probably make a very nice couple. Cupid worked himself up into such a glow that after a bit he was even pleased that Yvonne de Carlo, who had been Howard Hughes's favorite date in between Ava and Lana, had got herself around to Burt Lancaster (having dropped Rod Cameron in the meantime). Everything was tidied up—or so it seemed.

So what happened on Thursday?

Out on the floor of the exclusive, swank California Cabana Club moved two pulse-stopping figures with stars in their eyes.

Uh-huh. It was Rita and Tony.

This time Rita did talk. She said a whole sentence, which for her is a volume, and her glances were positive libraries of adoration.

"Oh, I'm so happy," said Rita. "So utterly, utterly happy."

Later that very same evening, came the news that Orson Welles was trying to get in touch with his before-Rita flame, Dolores del Rio.

The status in those cases remained magnificently quo for eight whole days, which was just fine—until the weekend.

What developed that one was that Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles went back together once again.

Said Tony Martin, "This is the hardest blow I've ever taken. That rap in the Navy—losing my air show—they're nothing to this. I've loved Rita so long. I—I—" His voice shook. He wasn't acting. He was a completely heart-broken man.

Perhaps Tony had better look toward Hollywood's junior misses. They seem to be more stable of heart there—the pretty girls like the impish Shirley Temple, who prefers to be addressed as Mrs. John Agar, the spritely June Allyson, who is so proud of being Mrs. Richard Powell, the serene Jeanne Crain Brinkman.

Hollywood is very proud and fond of that group—that is, up to this moment.

Alas, but who can look ahead? It's enough to look at the stars in their eyes as the couples of the hour dance cheek to cheek. And when there's a sudden heart switch, why ponder too long, for after all, isn't it true that all's fair in love?

The End

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EL PASO, TEXAS

Because She's Bergman

(Continued from page 41) there is no doubt that she has learned how to act like an American. Here is another story.

The tall, tawny-blond girl was dancing a sedate fox trot with a sergeant when the nineteen-year-old Pfc. stepped up.

"I like to of busted the punkinhead on the snoot," said the Sergeant, reporting the incident later. "This yardbird character prances forward and I hear him say it, very distinctly. He says to her, 'Jitterbug?'"

"And she never blinks a peeper. She says, 'Sure, soldier, swing it.' And they swung it. My eyes bugged out four feet and six inches. Lissen, would you have asked Ingrid Bergman to jitterbug?"

The incident occurred in Alaska when Ingrid was visiting Army camps. Similar incidents occurred in France and Germany when she called on GIs there and many similar incidents have occurred in America. Certainly Ingrid Bergman jitterbugs. It is ripe time for us to get something through our admiring but sometimes befuddled heads: Miss B., who has taken out her first naturalization papers, is as American as the girl next door. She is not a foreign star. She is no longer a Swede.

A SURPRISING talent for the national dance mania does not, of course, prove that any young woman is thoroughly American. There is considerably more evidence. Just as we adopted Ingrid, so she adopted us. In the process, she learned more about Americans than Americans learned about her. The impression is still about that Ingrid is a bit remote. Here goes the great-lady legend, so devoutly fostered by many an awed publicist. Listen to it crash:

She is a movie fan, probably as ardent a fan as any reader of this magazine. She frequents neighborhood shows in Beverly Hills and is catholic in her tastes.

Ingrid not only likes to see movies, she likes to take them. She has an aged sixteen-millimeter motion-picture camera with which she is expert. On days when she has few scenes she often smuggles this onto the set and takes pictures of other actors while they work. Since her camera is a noisy thing, alleged by one super-critical director to make more racket than a tractor in a bottle factory, Ingrid's movie-making is sometimes disturbing. She has been known to run and hide after disturbing sensitive players.

Her accent, which used to reveal nationality as emphatically as a monocle, is now plainly American. Words like "indubitably" used to trip her. She takes them now like a steeple-chaser taking a one-foot jump. One of her favorite stories on herself concerns her early struggles with the American language. Her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was completing advanced studies in San Francisco and was home for weekends only. He had not studied English as long as Ingrid and was having enormous difficulties with medical words in a foreign tongue. So he preferred to relax into Swedish when he came home.

On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, Ingrid's studio English was pretty good, but on Mondays her accent was as noticeable as a peanut whistle in a symphony. Directors and sound technicians accepted Mondays as almost wasted days.

One weekend, Dr. Lindstrom was overworked and did not come home. On Monday morning, Ingrid's accent was perfect.

The sound man tossed off his ear-phones and yelled his joy.

"I see you are not speaking to your husband," he called to Ingrid. "That's won-



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"And jewels of fabled Samarkand are drab beside her *Moon-white Hand*"



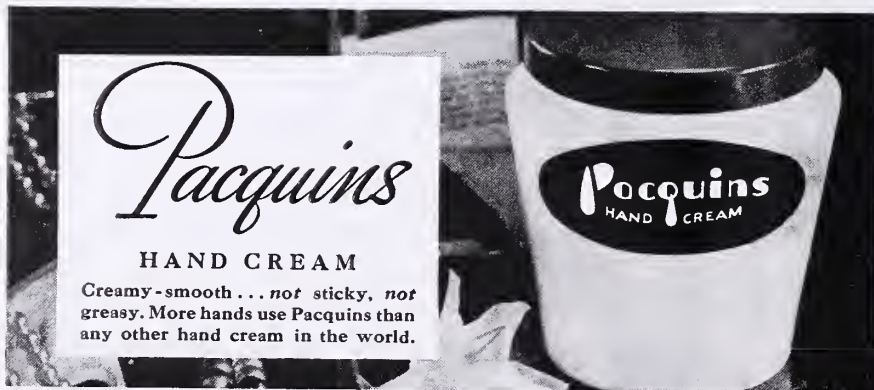
"Moon-white" hands that do a baby's daily wash? Of course!

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AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

derful. Stay mad with him until the picture's over, will you?"

Dr. Lindstrom's accent is under control, too, now. He holds an important medical post, that of resident neurological surgeon of the Los Angeles General Hospital. Ingrid considers his work more important than her own and would defer to him, if their careers ever clashed, which they have not. She has the same complaint, though, that many another American girl lodges against her doctor-husband. Dr. Lindstrom keeps monstrous hours, leaving home at eight A. M. daily, including Sundays, and returning anywhere from seven P.M. to four the next morning. He is, of course, frequently called to the hospital in the middle of the night. But Peter Lindstrom is a man of parts. Despite his grueling work, he too has learned to jitterbug. The Lindstroms frequently turn on the phonograph and cut a rug at home. Since he avoids publicity, the interesting possibilities of photographing a great dramatic actress and a distinguished surgeon jitterbugging has never been explored.

His first name, incidentally, is pronounced precisely as it is spelled, "Petter." But Ingrid now calls him "Peter," Americanizing it. They speak only English these days, and their eight-year-old daughter, the remarkable Pia, does not know a word of Swedish. She attends a Beverly Hills public school, to which she is occasionally delivered by her mother, in the Ford. Her small friends frequently come to visit her. They know Ingrid simply as "Mrs. Lindstrom," and although Pia knows that her mother is an actress, she has seen her only in "The Bells of St. Mary's." Pia is a replica of Ingrid, which is to say beautiful.

AS A doctor's wife, Ingrid takes an absorbed interest in her husband's work. She fetches home batches of studio stills to study. He fetches home batches of X-rays and photographs of operations. They study their art with mutual interest. Possibly Ingrid's mastery of English has been quickened because she has had to learn all the difficult technical terms associated with surgery. She can explain a brain operation, but she was at a loss to explain herself one day when, having got the surgeon's pictures mixed up with her own, she handed a friend a photograph of a tumor operation.

She chews gum, a habit she never learned in Sweden. Lately, she has become mildly addicted to the word "lousy." When in New York, her first call is invariably made to a restaurant named Hamburger Heaven. Her next is to a department store where she purchases quantities of kitchen utensils. She craves kitchen gadgets with the passion of a native-born housewife Americanus. Currently, she is fascinated by her new electric garbage disposal outfit. She likes New York cheese, the sharp kind. Like most other young American women of her generation, she has an appetite, eats too much if not careful and frequently has to diet.

She is a voracious reader, averaging two books a week in addition to all the motion-picture magazines. Her almost total ignorance of politics marks her as typically American rather than European. She has another typically American trait which will be instantly recognized:

As opposed to the usual European belief that all culture resides in an old country background, and is not subject to improvement, Ingrid is a firm and vigorous practitioner of the Yankee yen for self-improvement. She takes lessons. She takes lessons in music and voice, although she is not ambitious to become a singer. She has studied skiing, riding and tennis. When she wanted to learn the rumba, she went to Arthur Murray. Between pictures, she works at something

every day. When she is acting, she has French lessons three times a week. The only course she has abandoned is the course in the English language which Ruth Roberts supervised for several years. Ingrid got a *cum laude* in that when she found she was able to cope with Bing Crosby when that wag tries to fluster her with jive talk.

She likes gin rummy, at which she is a merciless foe, "Information Please," silver charms on a bracelet and sandwiches. She cannot balance a checkbook.

If some of the "great foreign star" legend is disappearing by now, why fine. The idea fits Ingrid Bergman as poorly as a diamond tiara fits a daisy-chain girl.

She is a woman, and you know it. It has been suggested by eminent critics that no actress on the screen is as capable as she when it comes to portraying mature feminine passion. She is also a lady—so much so that without conscious conversational editing, you speak as circumspectly in front of her as you would to Shirley Temple.

The happy effect that Miss Bergman's presence has upon male citizens is something your correspondent could describe at enormous length, but possibly the best report on that matter was capsuled by a gray-headed Hollywood writer who has seen lovelies come and go since Swanson was a bathing beauty. He should be impervious, but his quote is this:

"The lady," he says, "makes me feel like a cocker spaniel puppy. I'd like to roll on my back, and mebbe get tickled by her toe."

But this does not describe warmth, or laughter that's as natural as spring water, or a happy invitation to surprise and discovery. She is continually surprising.

Certainly no actress intent upon enveloping herself in mysterious foreign glamour would have done what Ingrid did with Jack Benny. She went on the air in a memorable show, kidded the buttons off a picture called "Gaslight," and burlesqued her own Academy-award-winning performance. The satire was as broad as a slapstick comedian's paddle.

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O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING"

On the stage of the Hollywood Canteen, she wrestled with the aforesaid talented Mr. Benny and tossed him into the footlights. You don't expect these things from Ingrid, but she does them.

She gave a Calvados party before the start of her current picture, "Arch of Triumph" (Calvados is the apple brandy drink featured in the book), and went to endless pains to make it a funny party, as diligently and as mischievously as a girl from Sauk Center might plan to surprise Dr. Arrowsmith.

When her guests arrived, expecting to observe the formalities, they discovered a long table decorated with surgical instruments and receptacles—certain pots and pans that Ingrid had filched from a doctor she knows very well.

IT IS good form in Hollywood to ask actresses two stock questions. One: Do you go to night clubs? Answer, no, never. (Nobody goes to night clubs. The Hollywood night clubs are always empty.) Two: What is your favorite role? Answer: The most dramatic role the actress ever played.

Well, Ingrid goes to night clubs, sometimes. She and Dr. Lindstrom would like to go more because they like to dance, but this always attracts too much attention, so the visits are rare. Her favorite role is that of a train whistle.

At any rate, that is what Ingrid will tell you. She played it on a war bond tour.

"They expected me to do dramatic, solemn things," she will tell you. "But it seemed silly to me to do things like that when there were only those few minutes to try to entertain large audiences. Ben Hecht wrote a sketch for me. There were fifteen parts. I played all of them. The train, everything, including the whistle.

"The whistle goes like this: O-o-o-o-o-ooooh!"

So far, Ingrid has never repeated a role or a character. She laughs about this.

"Maybe I am running out of roles," she says. "Maybe that is why I have to go to New York to act in a play, and be Joan of Arc and get burned alive."

That interesting conflagration will be getting under way shortly. Upon completion of her current picture, Ingrid was off to New York with hotel reservations for a long stay, to begin rehearsal of Maxwell Anderson's play about the Maid of Orleans.

Her record of not repeating a role is, as a matter of fact, astounding. In "Spellbound" she was a psychiatrist. In "Saratoga Trunk" she was a Creole vixen. In "Gaslight" she was a wife on the verge of insanity. In "Casablanca" she was the beautiful foil for Humphrey Bogart's tough love-making. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" she was a bad girl. In "Rage in Heaven" she was a refugee. In "Adam Had Four Sons" she was a governess. In "Intermezzo" she was a pianist. In "Bells of St. Mary's" she was a nun, and in "Notorious" she was a spy. In "Arch of Triumph" she's a lost woman in a chaotic world.

Americans are like that. It's impossible to type the melting pot. It bubbles with no accent. The only accent you can accuse Ingrid of having these days is an accent on laughter.

THE END



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by D. B. Olsen **25c**

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

Untold Story

(Continued from page 39) It wouldn't have been good at the time. Things are more—straightened out now."

Mrs. Newman is a fair-haired woman who must have been very handsome when she was young. She is still a fine looking woman and her son bears a marked resemblance to her.

I DON'T feel I am betraying Van's confidence in reporting these facts, for I feel the public is entitled to know why he didn't see his mother after she came to Hollywood. Almost all of Van's followers already know that his father and mother were separated when he was three years old. Van and his father remained in Newport. His mother left.

"I feel," Van said to me, "that I can never do enough for my father." This, I think, was his way of trying to explain that he had not seen Mrs. Newman for fear of hurting his father who had tried so hard to be both parents to him. By no word, however, did he criticize his mother, saying only, "I've often wished my childhood had been a little different; that I had had a mother's guidance like other boys."

Van is thirty years old and has never come close to marrying, regardless of what has been written about his "romances."

"I'll never marry until I know it's for keeps," he said, "I want to know there is no chance of a mistake. Divorce, to me, is tragedy."

Broken marriages are a heartache to him because they bring to mind too vividly the memories of his own childhood when other boys were taken to the circus, the movies and to school parties with both proud parents beaming on them. For, hard as his father tried in his behalf, it is not possible for a man to manage this alone.

"The impressions of your childhood you carry all through life," he said. "People who think children do not really suffer are crazy. I love kids. Love to be around them."

This is quite true you will find if you look back over his list of friends. What's more, in those households that have children he's just about their most popular visitor.

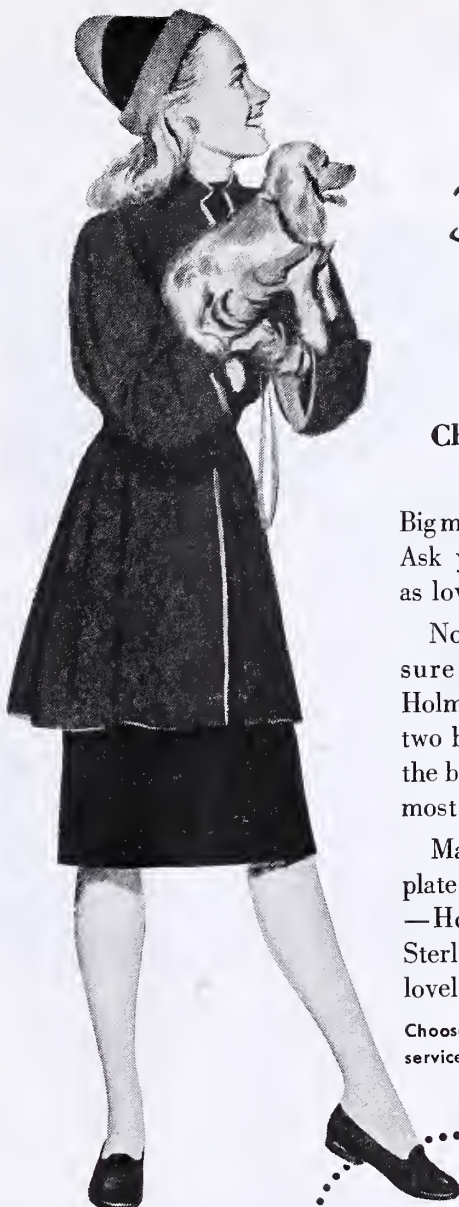
"I like the warmth and cheer of having kids around me," he said slowly. Then looking directly at me he added, "I get damned lonely, you know."

"You! Lonely?" I gasped. "Why, you are the most sought-after dinner guest in town and you know it."

"But you can get awfully lonely, Louella," he went on, "even with a lot of people around you. Why, when I went home to visit my father in Rhode Island, I thought it was going to be wonderful to see all the old friends and to be back home again. Frankly, I was disappointed. Either you have changed or they have, and try as you will to find a common ground for conversation, your lives and interests have diverged—and there's just nothing to say. If you talk about your life in Hollywood, you're afraid they will think you are bragging. If you don't talk about Hollywood, they think you're stuck up and aloof. If you reminisce—you feel as if you're being patronizing. So the whole thing winds up in a great big embarrassment for everyone concerned."

"It's not that I am not grateful and happy over everything even though it's sometimes tiresome to live like a goldfish in a bowl. I wouldn't give up my kind of life for anything in the world."

"Even the autograph kids who seem to bother so many actors—I love 'em, every doggone one of them. Sometimes I wish they could find a better place to ask for



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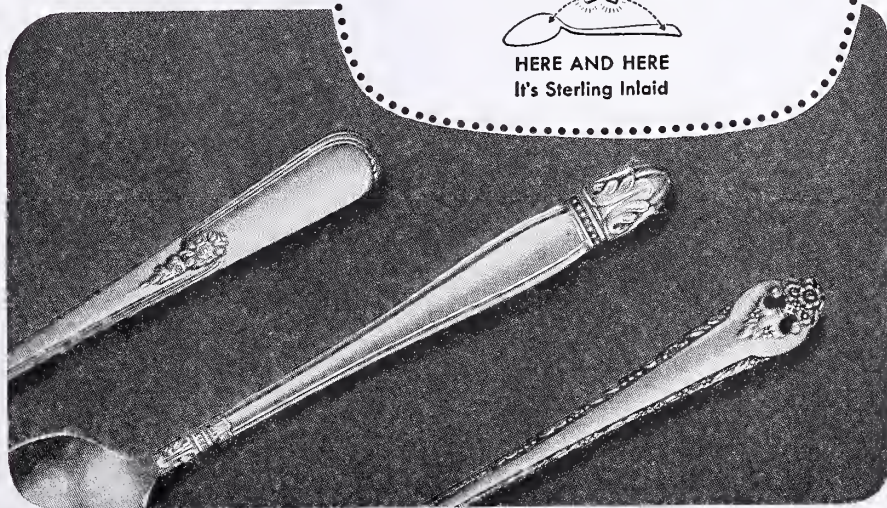
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TABLETS

my autograph than from under my hotel window and better hours than midnight—but then I stop and remember that I wouldn't be living in my particular hotel if it weren't for them."

That's one of the really grand things about this Johnson boy. They'll tell you at M-G-M that he has never gone temperamental. Other actors may find fault with the Golden Lion that roars for them, but not this boy.

"Do you know," he laughed, "I've enjoyed every minute of this two weeks in the hospital? Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But it has given me my first real rest in years. Vacations aren't always a rest. They can be more hectic than your working days. But here I have had a chance to read—bet I've read three dozen books—and listen to the radio and they wouldn't let me answer a phone! The best part of all is the opportunity to think, to take stock of yourself—where you've come from and what you're headed toward. In my case, I just want things to keep on coming the way they are. I'm lucky and I know it."

I thanked Van for the pink and white Easter bunny, perched on a bed of lilies, he sent me. Van caught my eye as I glanced at it. "I sent you *Peter Rabbit*," he said just like a big kid, "just so you wouldn't get lonesome. Even in the middle of the night when a hospital gets so quiet and lonely you can't feel sorry for yourself with a *Peter Rabbit* in the room!"

ALL through the rest of my three-months stay in the Good Samaritan I thought back often over this talk I had had with Van. I believed, and still believe, we cemented a friendship there that will never be broken. It was almost as though I had discovered a part of this almost too-popular boy that I might never have known if we hadn't been ill at the same time and I determined that the friendship would not lapse when I got out of the hospital.

We are busy people in Hollywood but real friendship is too rare to ever let it out of your life. But it was a long, long time and I went through a great deal before I was able to get around to taking Van up for the date we made in the hospital to have a Martini when we were both back on our feet. Just a few days ago, I called him up and said, "Still no Martinis for me—but are you game for ice cream?"

Was he? He was over in nothing flat.

When he came into my playroom, I thought how wonderfully well he looked, vital and healthy, and that wistfulness and serious note I had noticed so strongly in the hospital was overshadowed by his usual high good humor and gift for kidding.

"You look like a glamour girl," he greeted me. "Darned if you don't."

"You don't look un-streamlined yourself," I tossed back.

"I guess we both had to get sick to get our 'figgers' back," he kidded. "I'm going to stay on a diet. It's awful tough to get off that candy and those sweets—but I was getting too fat."

He had on a loud plaid shirt that only Bing Crosby would have worn and I asked him if it was preference—or a picture. "I've never made the list for the ten best-dressed men yet," he reminded me.

I asked him what he was doing—if he was happy. "Sure," he agreed. "Right now I'm tennis nuts. Wake up the Gary Coopers every Sunday morning playing on their courts. I'm all full of health again, Louella—everything's hotso tosy."

In spite of "keeping his figger" he went over and helped himself to a piece of candy just like the big kid he is.

I didn't say anything because the mood for heart-to-heart talking was behind us and closed chapters were closed chapters.

THE END

Beauty Spots



Shopping-wise
brunette: Dorothy
Lamour,
"My Favorite
Brunette" star

By Mary Jane Fulton

Christmas-Shop Early!

DOROTHY LAMOUR was an early bird with her Christmas shopping. Faced with three films on her schedule, months ago she bought, wrapped and stored away until Yuletide, lovely gifts. She'll have no last-minute scurrying around to do. So you won't, either, start now to shop!

Gift Hints from the Stars

ANN BLYTH likes to give and receive attractively-packaged, flower-scented soaps, colognes, toilet waters and sachets, either singly, or in sets . . . Because Maria Montez travels a lot, she appreciates practical, easily tucked-away gifts, such as a manicure kit, bath powder mit, purse-size perfume flacon and small bottled sets of perfume (to offer a fragrance choice). Maria also likes to give these things and the newest make-up and nail polish sets. Especially nice, she thinks, are real or simulated leather cosmetic kits which may double for overnight bags, pocketbooks or jewelry cases. Combination bath sets, in bouquet, spruce, pine or spicy fragrances, also make beautiful gifts. They come in all prices, with various combinations of dusting powder, talcum, cologne, toilet water, soap, bath oil, bubble bath, bath powder mit, body sachet, bath salts, body lotion and bath sachets. These items may be purchased separately, too . . . June Vincent makes every effort to personalize gifts to men and women friends by having their initials put on cosmetic bottles and kits . . . Dan Duryea, Charles Korvin and Donald O'Connor have the man's idea about giving generous-size bottles of sophisticated perfumes, cosmetics in beautiful leather cases, and stunning compacts, which is a very nice way to say Merry Christmas to any woman!

For Men Only!

Give that special man, and every other man on your list, cosmetic gifts that are sure to please. Soaps, shaving and after-shaving sets, and eau de cologne are fashioned to good-grooming needs, scented just right for the most discriminating male, and packaged for strictly masculine appeal. . . . And now—a very Merry Christmas to you!



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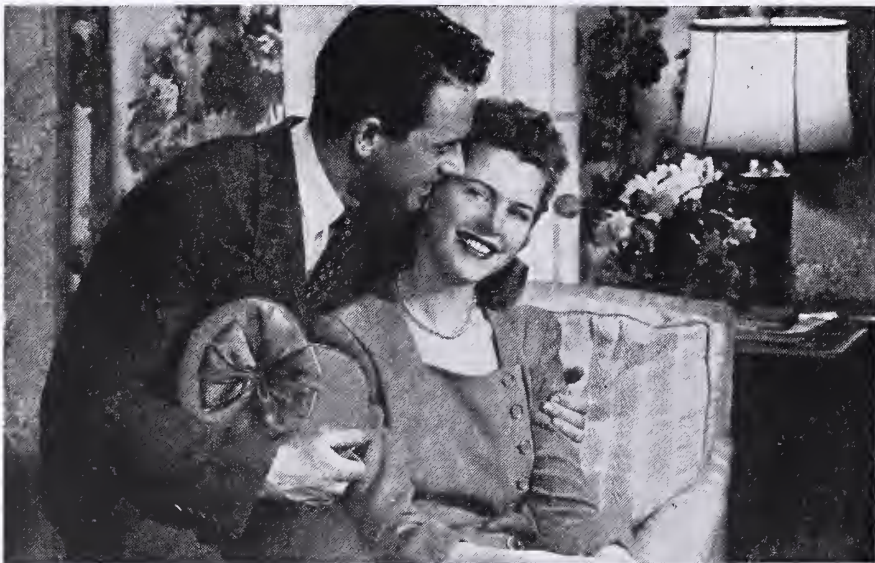
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"Divided hearts at our house..."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness*. I didn't realize that *I* was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene . . . or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the

careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect . . . advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right*! I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and

can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 4: CLEAN ODOR—"Lysol's" clean, antiseptic odor disappears quickly after use. Being an effective deodorant, "Lysol" helps to solve an

important problem of personal daintiness.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!
616 U.S. PAT. OFF. "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

The Inner Power

(Continued from page 57) of life, spending hours in solitude to capture the consciousness of the spiritual which Larry Darrell acquired.

"Once," Tyrone said, "my wife remarked that I was becoming more and more like Larry Darrell off the screen."

"Your wife is very intuitive," I said.

Tyrone's life falls into two sections, divided by the war, and it is "The Razor's Edge" which begins the new and more important chapter. The feeling for humanity revealed in his hand began long ago, forming quietly and slowly, coloring his thinking more and more. The war abruptly thrust him from his well-ordered existence into conditions which demanded the very best of him, mentally and physically. It called for strength above that which he possessed. Somewhere along the line, perhaps in the new kinship he found with his fellow men in moments of grave danger, his consciousness of the broader life expanded, his sense of brotherhood with those who make up the world, the good and the bad, opened like a flower in the sun.

The Tyrone Power who came back from three years of war service was not the same Tyrone Power who entered the Marine Corps as a private.

STILL there have been other men whose mental and spiritual faculties have been intensified by war and who have returned to civilian life only to gradually lose their idealism in their readjustment to society. It might have happened in Tyrone's case but for the fact that Darryl Zanuck saved the role of Larry Darrell for him—saved it for almost three years. That is another strange piece which fits into the mosaic. It is as though Tyrone had been born to play the hero of "The Razor's Edge."

In breathing life into Larry Darrell, he has progressed beyond measure in his own spiritual development.

It is important in this hand portrait of Tyrone Power to examine the forces which have made him one of the most unusual men in the film colony today.

In the hands of man are the reflection of all that he is and all that he will be. The hands are a seismograph on which are recorded the shocks of childhood, the parental influences, the inborn strengths and weaknesses.

Tyrone's graceful fate line runs to the Mount of Jupiter, which is found beneath the index finger. It signifies leadership in the skills and the arts, and it speaks of ability to be a useful member of society. His creative wealth, extending far beyond the acting art, is attested to by the balancing elements of masculinity and femininity in the shape of his hands and his fingernails. The truly great creative being has within himself the combination of the masculine and the feminine. No man ever wrote a great work or painted a powerful picture without a strong mixture of the feminine within him, nor has any woman made an impress upon the world of art lacking masculine power.

The Mount of Luna, to be found midway on the outer curve of the hand, and the head line reaching into it, stamp him as an idealistic, imaginative type. His skin texture points to his sensitiveness. He is a broadminded man, tolerant and forgiving of the weaknesses of others, as the wide space between his heart line and his head line show.

Before I came to his heart line, I knew that emotion must have played a vital part in Tyrone's development as a thinking and deep-feeling man. The heart line told me that and more. Emotion has shaped him

and will continue to exert considerable influence over him. In matters of love, his warm, passionate nature is released without restraint. He loves with all his being and gives himself completely. Love has never been casual or light with him. His smooth fingers, another sign of emotion in the human hand, confirm the heart line.

We now come to his parental birthright, which is revealed in his right hand.

I was amazed to find that although there is a great similarity in both hands, the parent hand, dominated by his famous actor father whose name he bears, is a wild, chaotic hand. There are lines of sheer genius in it, but the total effect is an uneven one and lacks proportion.

In Tyrone's own personal hand, the left hand, the lines are balanced. The whirls of a strong subconscious appear in both hands, but only in that of the son's is it harnessed and linked firmly with the head line which dips into it. The measure of control in the parent hand comes from Tyrone's mother, a gentle, artistic woman, who taught her son to love beauty and value order. Her relationship with her son was extremely beautiful; it was to mother that he turned for consolation through most of his youth. But Tyrone's mother was also restless and torn by the need to constantly move. The parental hand reflects this quality which she had in common with Tyrone's father, though not to the same extent.

But it is the father's unruly, poetic nature which overrides all else. His stormy subconscious compelled him, great actor though he was, to seek escapes. He was constantly driven and harassed by feverish impulses throughout his career. His need of solitude to fight the disordered emotions which poured through him was acute. Like his son, the sign of dominance in his profession—the bending of the fate line to Jupiter—was in his hand. Tyrone has the innate sense of rhythm which must have belonged to both of his parents, for the lower knuckles of his two thumbs project in a marked manner. It has enabled him to almost automatically sense the pattern of drama and has given him remarkable timing. His love of music stems from it.

TYRONE'S early life is mirrored in his fate line, which starts deep on the outer part of the hand and brings to mind the picture of a boy given to dreaming. Even today he is prone to retire at times to this "Peter Ibbetson" type of dream world. The broken marriage of his parents is clearly etched in the early formation of the fate line and the shock of this to his happy nature is recorded. Until the age of ten, at least three influences figured in his life—his father, mother and sister. At ten, a strong but painful influence appears and with it a great disappointment. It is my conclusion that it was at this point that he began to understand the erratic nature of his father, accepting his many weaknesses, putting behind himself his childhood illusions and even loving him in a curious, shy way.

His sister gave him comfort and companionship during the years when the adult world of his father and mother seemed harsh and terrifying. Tyrone was a physically weak child and since there was only a slight age difference, he turned to his delicate, affectionate sister to assuage his loneliness. She has been a strong influence in his life and even today the line of influence continues.

New traces of influence, many of them, appear in that portion of the fate line which begins after his father's death. These were lean days for him, days in which every dram of his inherent persistence was drawn to survive the disappointments

If Your Little One Has A Cold-



Tonight Relieve His Distress This Way—*As He Sleeps!*

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STIMULATES
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This wonderful, special penetrating-stimulating action (brought to you only by Vicks VapoRub) quickly relieves discomforts and invites restful sleep.

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Which of these SMART NEW YORK HAIR-DO'S will make you prettier?



1. "UP-DO." Brush hair up to crown of head and fasten. Pin tight ringlets flat on top or make roll, turning ends under. Jo-Cur will keep up-hair-do sleek and smooth; make curls last longer.



2. PAGE-BOY. Comb Jo-Cur through your hair. Tie a ribbon around your head low in back; then set two rows of pin curls along the neckline; comb up side hair and set in clockwise pin curls.



3. SHORT "DO". Get a good haircut; comb quick-drying Jo-Cur thru your hair and pin ends all around into ringlets—setting them counter-clockwise. When dry, comb out vigorously.

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of Hollywood and Broadway. Because of his warm-hearted nature, he reached out to absorb the love and devotion of others and to return it in full measure. The line of influence which belongs to Annabella begins shortly before their marriage, which is marked in Tyrone's hand at the age of twenty-five. It is an influence line which one would expect to find in the marriage of a sensitive, serious young man and a vivacious young woman—even at times, curving at others. If not altogether an harmonious line, it does denote different cultures blending together, stimulation, great attraction—in short, an exciting influence.

A TRIANGLE is formed on Tyrone's head line at the age of twenty-eight. This type of triangle signifies a significant new experience, vigorous in force. For Tyrone it was World War II.

I told him that war service for him, whether he cared to admit it or not, had been a baptism of fire, shocking in its impact. But from the beginning, he had hardened his will to it and had learned to endure it stoically. I told him, too, that while strong men have broken down to cry on the battlefield, his own agony in seeing his comrades killed was unutterable and almost too much to bear.

"All that you say is true," he admitted, smiling gently and wisely, loving truth in all its forms.

We talked for a time of the lessons in human comradeship which he had learned during the war and of the spirit of sacrifice which had come to fruition within him. Like Larry Darrell, his spiritual awakening had grown out of the war and, like Larry, he had returned to his old life with a feeling that he was a small link in the chain of humanity and that from now on he must shed the outworn in quest of the absolute.

"Since I have known this new philosophy," he told me, "people seem drawn toward me in a much stronger and in a more decisive way than ever before."

The future is a golden one for Tyrone Power.

There will be many new influences in his life in the years to come.

The deepening of his fate line and its turning to Jupiter lead me to believe that he will make a distinctive contribution in production and direction to the motion-picture industry. It will be fresh, new and adventurous.

He will give of himself to the world of tomorrow which the veterans of the war and the new generations will make. With millions of others, his is the understanding that as different colors compose the beauty of the rainbow, so do different cultures combine to create the human race in its nobility.

He stands for the new post-war American who is determined to fight fiercely for the belief that all the peoples of the world can live peacefully together, as our great country has so eloquently demonstrated in its history.

I find myself marveling at his generosity of spirit and his ethical riches.

I had looked at the hand of a great man in the making.

THE END

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AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

Pictures Go Places

(Continued from page 65) "Where am I?" he asked.

"This is Tombstone, Arizona."

"Tombstone!" he yelled. "Then I'm three hundred miles off my course."

He glanced again at his map. "Tain't here," he said.

"Well, it's a replica."

"No replica on my map . . ."

"It's a movie company on location," said the workman hurrying away.

One hundred and eight-seven miles off the beaten track the traveler had come upon a complete town of forty-seven buildings where 300 Hollywood people were making a picture. Three months earlier there had been nothing there but a small Indian trading post, a handful of Navajos and the magnificent scenery.

The company that bewildered the man from Wyoming had a definitely "rugged" cast to it. Forty miles from the nearest phone, the cast and crew of "My Darling Clementine" really roughed it. They were plunged right into the elements that produced the desperadoes of the old West.

Linda Darnell claimed, "In one day we had four inches of snow with breakfast, a sand storm over a baked desert for lunch and a cloudburst for dinner."

"I'm working up to rival John Fred-erics," grinned Jane Darwell. "I design the fanciest snoods—for the face. And still Linda and Cathy Downs and I inhaled half of the sands of Arizona."

The company lived in tents or at the small Indian trading post. There were no newspapers, no radio. What did they do, these Hollywood people, in the midst of a desert wilderness for two months?

They worked! Hard! They herded cattle, they staged a clan fight, they rode for

hours on wiry little Indian ponies, all for the silver screen.

For recreation, director John Ford and Henry Fonda played a running game of "pitch" in their off hours. Linda painted in oils. Vic Mature pitched horseshoes with John Ireland—or went to the occasional "squaw dances" with Tim Holt.

At the latter, Mature was a shining success. A silver dollar is given to a squaw you have finished dancing with to console her for the loss of a partner. An old Indian custom! Mature ran out of silver dollars, fickle fellow, and put new life into the dance by giving canned goods instead.

THERE was the rattlesnake question. These snakes are sacred to the Navajos and cannot be killed. So Linda, fresh from Ciro's, would side step a giant rattler and production would halt until "Old Fats," native keeper of the snake pit, came and removed him with his forked stick. The boys side stepped a bit too when Ford's two pet gunmen fired live bullets at them. To achieve realism and facial tension, Fonda, Mature, Tim Holt and Ward Bond had their faces carefully and closely missed by a pair of sharp shooters. Rugged? Fonda thought so. "All the time I was in the Pacific," he commented, "I never had a shot fired at me. Look what happens when I come home."

Tim Holt grinned. "With me, it doesn't seem to matter if it's Tokyo or Hollywood. Someone's always throwing lead in my direction."

Sometimes it isn't the Hollywood company that sets the stage or the tone of a location. If they are simply filming a reality the tone is already there. Such

was the case with the tremendous harvesting scenes for "The Big Haircut." The great lumbering combines, those harvest machines that cut the wheat, separate it and bag it in one operation, were actually cutting wheat. And cutting wheat at that time was a deadly serious business.

Alan Ladd, star of the picture, stood in the grain elevator letting the stuff trickle through his fingers like sand. "Brother, do you know what this stuff is?" There was awe in his tone.

The most important harvest in our memory, sweeping up through the great grain lands of the West, was being caught by the cameras for the screen. 21,000 acres of it on one farm, twenty-six combines, and "The Big Haircut" company who had rented the stand of wheat had to agree to cut it—and was honor bound not to hold up the harvest nor the men and machines which must move north on schedule to follow the steadily ripening grain.

The slogan around the hotel where the company was quartered was W. W. W.—"Wheat Won't Wait." Actors and crew worked from sun-up to sunset and all day Sunday getting the shots the script called for, but they were also aware that they were taking part in the real "haircut" which was to feed America and the starving peoples of Europe.

Back in the hotel the company was tired and quiet. They drifted from room to room visiting, usually winding up in the suite belonging to Alan Ladd and his charming wife Sue Carol, where they were always welcome. But playtime was limited for this crew. The actual business on hand was to get the wheat cut and it wasn't entirely simple.

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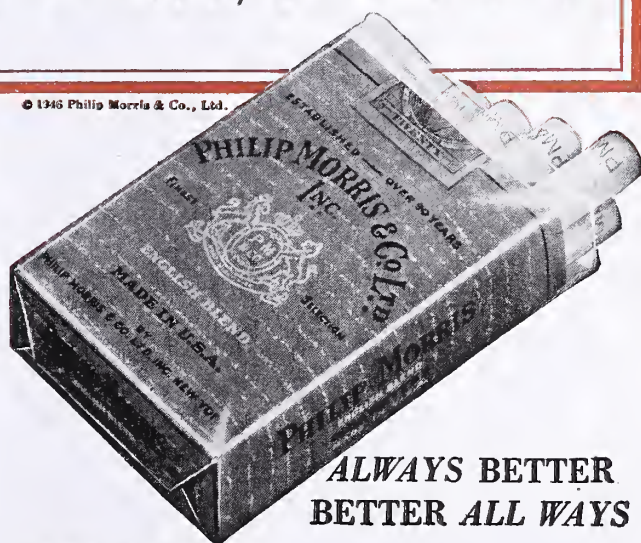
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Out in the fields fire was a thing to dread and smoking was prohibited. Sue Ladd kept her fingers crossed each morning while she scanned the sky—for rain meant fatal delay and endangered the stand. Directing the big combines necessitated a studio man to every few machines and an intricate system of signal flags. All day long the harvesters worked back and forth across the fields like an army of weird tanks with the general sitting high on a platform in his director's chair beside his cameras. This was a movie location, but it was also an epic in harvesting wheat and there was no make-believe about it.

Sometimes a company will be sent to a place that is lovely enough yet close enough to provide a sort of vacation spot for the family. When "Ramrod" was filmed in Utah it started out as a family affair with star Veronica Lake taking direction from husband Andre de Toth. The company was based at a lodge with charming cabins and Veronica sent for her small daughter who flew up to join her. Joel McCrea's youngest son came up with his mother. Don DeFore's pretty dark wife brought their Penny and the Lloyd Bridges had their little girl with them. It all added up to a pretty homey affair. If the Bridges wanted to go up to the lodge for a dance, Mrs. DeFore "listened" for their offspring—and vice versa.

Veronica loves to play games and each night found a crowd sitting under the trees in front of her cabin playing "ghosts" or "Guggenheim." Sometimes Preston Foster unlimbered his guitar and they all made music.

Out on the sets, which included an authentic ghost town, the principals turned candid camera fiends. They shot the scenery, the native wranglers, the animals and each other. The prize went to a series

in which Veronica got a picture of Joel who was busy snapping Don who got a honey of Veronica. And they were each so intent they didn't know they were being photographed.

There was a touch of the "rugged" about this outfit too. "All you need to be in this picture is a large dash of mountain goat," commented Don DeFore after spending a full morning climbing around a narrow ledge in leather-soled boots with nothing below him but a sheer drop into a most picturesque but very distant canyon.

THE big fire scene in "Ramrod" turned out to be almost too authentic and Veronica's enthusiasm for photography might have been fatal. A farmhouse and barn which had been erected for the sole purpose of being burnt to the ground were drenched in kerosene to ensure a right good flame. With a fire scene it must be right the first time—even Hollywood can't burn the same thing twice. Hours were spent preparing for this one and rehearsing it.

The big moment came, the fire was touched off and it burned. How it burned! It just exploded in the dry hot sun. The Indian woman who was to escape for the script escaped just in the nick of time and flew right on past the cameras and into the river. So did some of the spectators. One of the cameras caught fire and was rescued with its precious film content by a quick-thinking cameraman who dunked it in the river first and carried it out of danger wrapped in a dripping blanket.

It was Joel McCrea, mounted to ride into the action, who spotted Veronica hanging over a fence, so busy with her camera she didn't realize the danger she was in. He picked her off the fence, swung her onto his saddle and rode away with her just like a genuine melodrama.

Humor that equals Durante films at their best existed when the man with the nose and the benign and twinkling Lauritz Melchior were put on a beautiful sleepy island in the Great Lakes where there has never been a motor car.

From the time their company arrived to make "This Time for Keeps" to find that the horses—which have acted as beasts of burden on Mackinac Island for a century or more—drew the line at hauling movie equipment, till the day Durante and Melchior cruised round the Island on a tandem bicycle—usual method of transportation among the natives—carefully reinforced in the rear to bear the Metropolitan star's ample frame, pedals shortened in front to meet the comedian's short legs, it was all strictly for fun.

It was fun for the hotel guests as well. A million dollars' worth of talent gave for them, beginning with an aquacade by the luscious Esther Williams and ending with an impromptu floor show at night when Melchior and Durante, not to mention the smooth-voiced Johnny Johnston, couldn't resist the temptation to keep in trim.

Of course they had their problems. When it came to filming a swimming scene with Esther and little Sharon McManus it developed that Sharon turned an odd shade of blue in cool water—and that the Technicolor film faithfully reproduced it. Solved—by bringing in two generators and heating the pool to 85 degrees.

But even when a company moves into an elegant location there are still drawbacks. The company that went to swank Jasper Park Lodge in Canada to make "Emperor Waltz" received a written communication from their studio to the effect that women would not wear slacks around the Lodge and that men would wear coats and ties in the dining room.

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Navette 14 kt gold, 2 gen. chip diamonds. Complete birthstone selections. \$9.50



Style No. 4

Cameos Beautifully sculptured in 10 kt gold setting. \$11



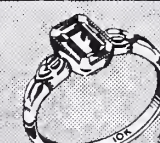
Style No. 5

Boys' Birthstones Heavy, massive, hand-set stones for young men and boys. 10 kt gold. \$7



Style No. 6

Onyx Initial Rings Massive square in 10 kt gold. Handsome initial. \$15



Style No. 7

Birthstones Octagons for the young lady. Hand engraved, polished. Complete selection. \$15



Style No. 8

Cameos Large square style with genuine pink gold floral corners. 10 kt gold. \$15



Style No. 9

Baby Doublets Wide variety of birthstones in 10 kt gold. \$4.50



Style No. 10

Ruby-style Rings Heavy, massive, the kind men like. Fine ruby-color. 10 kt gold. \$13.50

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☐ Style 4

☐ Style 7

☐ Style 2

☐ Style 5

☐ Style 8

☐ Style 3

☐ Style 6

☐ Style 9

☐ Style 10

Ring size..... (or string size)

Name.....

Address.....

LAMOUR JEWELRY CO., INC.
545 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

the gang took to dancing in the recreation hall where music was piped up from the dance floor below. It promptly became known to one and all as the "Wreck Hall."

The trained dogs who traveled two thousand miles from Hollywood were satisfactorily ritzy, however. They brought their own stand-ins and were fed the very best beef when the rest of the outfit dined on the more readily procurable delicacy, buffalo steak.

Joan Fontaine provided most of the excitement.

While Bing Crosby quietly pitched horseshoes or played baseball, Joan successively went swimming the first night at ten o'clock only to discover that it was against the rules, went canoeing in a boat which she did not know was condemned as unsafe (and her amiable companion Roland Culver was forced to bail hurriedly with an old tin can) and caught the first fish in the company in a lake where fishing was banned.

The gift that Hollywood, not to be outdone in elegance, left to Canada was a tribute to the green man. "Green men" are not—as you might expect—*Superman's* second cousins, but rather nature's first assistants. If the script calls for an orchard, a garden or a large batch of cacti in a certain spot, it is up to the green man to see that it grows promptly where it is required to grow.

At Jasper, in Leach Lake, which is part of Jasper National Park, the green men had built an island complete with bushes, trees and growing grass. On the farewell day of the location this little gem was presented to Major Wood, Superintendent of Jasper National Park, in a full fledged ceremony by Miss Fontaine. An orchestra on the island played the national anthems, the Stars and Stripes were lowered and the Canadian flag was furled above Emperor Island.

So, traveler, beware. The island you think is nature's masterpiece may be Hollywood's synthetic best and that cowhand you see dancing with the pretty girl on an Arizona ranch might be Joel McCrea.

THE END

FARMER FAN FARE



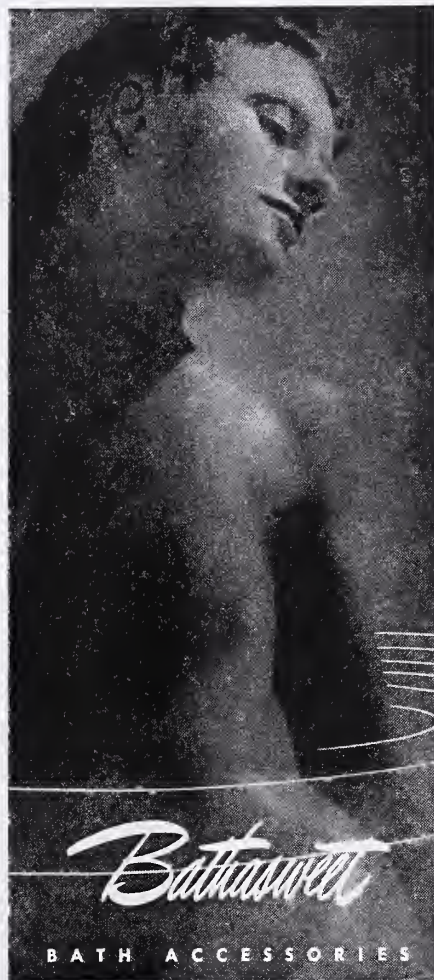
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to Dennis Morgan—
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E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., DEPT. MW, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

"We're the Ray-gans!"

(Continued from page 55) more universal. Jane admires him tremendously for his unselfish endeavors. She's sympathetic and respects his viewpoints. But she's learned from experience that with one tiny bit of encouragement, he's wound up for the evening. So now she has a system.

"There are three changes I'd like to make around the house," she starts out.

Ronnie, on the board of the Hollywood Chapter of the American Veterans' Committee, as well as the Screen Actors' Guild, sits there thinking.

"That's great, Janie," he answers abstractedly. "I couldn't have done it better myself."

"But I haven't told you yet!"

"You know, Janie," he blithely continues, "I had nearly four years' time to fully realize what freedom is. I missed my work. Not just being a movie star, but I missed the actual thing of acting. I love it. I love the challenge, the interesting and enjoyable things you find when you get a good script."

He also did a lot of thinking about freedom—and the world he lives in.

"There's one thing I now ask myself.

If I could talk to a man who just died, what are the things he would say? What advice would he give? He'd talk about the time he wasted, not doing the things he always wanted to do. Not seeing the places he always wanted to see. I don't want to be that man when I am no longer here. Things are happening around us and they can't be ignored."

"I've got news for you," answers Jane pointedly. "I'm not interested."

BUT she is, very, very interested. Wisely, she realizes that if Ronnie is to do anything about these things close to his heart, he must survive too. Tactfully, she assumes a humorous viewpoint. Makes a big joke out of things and thereby lessens the tension. Like the day they got the extension telephone by the swimming pool.

"I think there was an underground plot to get me out of that pool," she muses. "Just as sure as I'd get wet, I'd have to run into the house to talk to someone. Finally, they released equipment and we got the extension. That first Sunday the servants were off. Michael, Maureen and I settled ourselves in our bathing suits."

"Hours went by. Not one single call. Finally, at four o'clock the phone rang. Is Mr. Reagan available for speeches, someone wanted to know! I wouldn't be knowing, I answered. I haven't seen him for days!"

Even when they go to parties the crusade is still on. The ladies find themselves talking to each other and trying not to look bored. The gentlemen are huddled together in a far corner. Jane smiles sweetly, excuses herself and automatically does her stuff.

"Okay, Reagan," she says kiddingly. "Break it up. Come on over and talk to the girls. They love you, too!"

Ronnie, caught in the act of making a very special point, assumes the air of an injured, coerced husband. He crosses the room, takes out his pipe, folds his arms and sits down. He makes a few polite remarks. Finally Jane throws up her hands.

"You win," she says resignedly. "Go back and save the people." But her eyes are warm with understanding.

A while back word got around that things weren't running smoothly with the Reagans. Jane was hurt, naturally. Naturally, she said nothing. Ronnie indulged in the supreme satisfaction of telling off the columnist who printed the first rumor.

"It's just our turn," they explained to a chosen few, whose opinions counted.

"Everyone in Hollywood gets it sooner or later. We know how things stand—we're still the Ray-gans!" Which, by the way, is how they pronounce their own name.

The way things stand is a pattern for happiness that anyone could do well to follow. First of all there is no professional jealousy. Ronnie being out of the picture so long; Jane, in demand and currently the most popular, easily produce a problem. Ronnie, as a sender, will have no part of it. They kid each other, they laugh together, they surround themselves with people who are compatible. Recently, when the servants were on vacation, Jane and her first dinner. June Allyson and Dick Powell were invited over for the occasion.

Jane barbecued steaks, baked corn saute and whipped up an apple cream pie that should only happen to manoffs.

"How is it?" she cried, when she finally got everything on the table.

"Great," came back the roaring answer.

"Then why don't you eat it?" she demanded of the group, who had framed her by simply sitting there and staring.

THERE was that evening Ronnie was off speech-making. If Maureen would be a good girl, she was promised an early dinner at The Players and a movie. Michael was tucked away in slumberland. Maureen came in to chat while Jane put the finishing touches to her make-up. She asked her daughter a question.

"Aw, your fodder's muss-tash!" said young Miss Reagan.

"What did you say?" exclaimed an astounded mother.

"Your mudder's girdle!" was the reply.

Followed a little "talk" that sounded like a scene from "Andy Hardy." Maureen, repentant, promised never to repeat the performance. After dinner they went to see "Smoky." They got in while a second feature, "It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog," was still screening.

"Aw, your father's mustache," shouted Alan Joslyn, who was in the picture.

"You see—you see," shrieked Maureen. "People do too talk that way." So far as Jane was concerned, there was nothing left to talk about.

One of these days when things are the way the altruistic Ronnie would have them, they intend building on a lot they've been holding. All of which means someone's going to have to do some fast talking. Their hilltop home has long been a favorite of Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens Ditto Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell.

"If you ever sell it, promise us the first refusal," said Glenn to Ronnie. Ronnie promised.

"You'll tell us first when you do sell it," admonished Alexis, when they worked together in "Night and Day." Jane reassured her. To date there's no sale.

In the meantime, it's a happy life for the Reagans. Ronnie's fan mail has never diminished and he's especially grateful to those who have been faithful. "King's Row" at long last was recently released in Europe. The enthusiastic response gratifying. Very gratifying too, Jane's performance in "The Yearling."

So there's no reason why the portrait of Ma Baxter shouldn't keep its place over the fireplace while the gold-lettered "No Ulcer" slogan collects dust in a closet.

And the happy Ray-gans splash in their pool—or Jane (tongue in cheek) says to her philosophical husband, "Go away, you bother me. Go get the world straightened out and then maybe I'll talk to you!"

Rest assured, if it were up to Ronnie, he's the one man who could do it!

THE END

IF YOU WANT TO BE

Lucky in Love - give her a LANE

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COME TRUE

BARBARA HALE
and BILL WILLIAMS

co-starring in RKO's

"A LIKELY STORY"

Give Her a LANE and It's Love for Keeps

This Christmas, sweethearts everywhere pledge their love with a Lane. And no wonder! What gift could mean so much to the girl whose every thought is of you? Give her the Lane Cedar Hope Chest she longs for—beginning of your happiness together through all Christmases to come! Remember, too—Lane is the ideal gift for sister, daughter or mother.

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Lane is a lifetime sanctuary for precious treasures. It's the only chest that has all these guaranteed Moth Protection features—in addition to other exclusive construction features: 1. Tested aroma-tight protection. 2. Exclusive aroma-tight features. 3. Built of 3/4-inch aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations. 4. Lane-welded veneers will not peel. 5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow, prevent stickiness and add life to the chest. 6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

*A million maidens yearn for this
Romantic Love Gift*

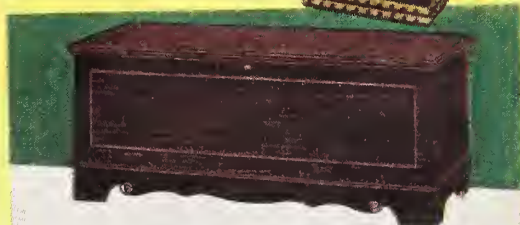


No. 2120. This chest beautifully combines American Walnut and Walnut stump with exotic Oriental wood and African Zehra wood. Has Lane patented Automatic Tray.

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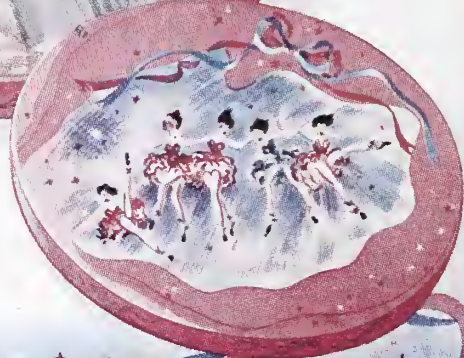




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Frolic Eau de Cologne
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The Fragrance of Youth



April Showers Perfume
\$6.50; 3.50; 1.10



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Sachet, Talc, and Perfume, \$2.95.



April Showers Dusting Powder
and Eau de Cologne, \$2.25.

All prices plus tax

Portrait of a Royal Canadian

(Continued from page 69) most beautiful city he has ever seen.

His father, Caleb Pidgeon, owned wholesale and retail general merchandise stores throughout Canada. He doesn't believe in fortunetellers and goes to sleep the moment he hits the pillow. He has blue eyes and dark hair.

He never drinks beer.

He wears a size thirteen shoe.

He married his Ruth in 1931 and has a daughter, Edna, by a previous marriage. He is not a fatalist and gets so excited in a political or social argument that he tries to shout his opponents. He is very fond of picnicking.

He drinks twelve to fourteen glasses of water a day.

He attended grade and high school in St. John, and the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton. His first screen appearance was in "The Mannequin," starring Dolores Costello.

He once worked in Boston as a bank runner. He likes candy of all kinds and has never studied music, acquiring his knowledge from his father.

He wishes the nights were warmer in Hollywood.

He was "born on skates" but has never been able to master the ski.

He has never owned a boat, dislikes night clubs and nurtures a secret yearning someday to play the title role in "The Life of Sam Houston." He excelled in soccer and hockey at college.

He is very fond of chocolate sundaes splattered with walnuts and has never been known to display "nerves."

He doesn't play poker and was marked for the theater by Elsie Janis who met him while he was in the Canadian Army, World War I, and several years later became her leading man in the London revue, "At Home."

He hates golf.

He has never had a singing role on the stage, speaks no other languages and never gets seasick. He has visited every state in the Union.

He is six feet, three inches tall.

Walter Pidgeon is a firm believer in hunches and likes birds in cages "that can do something—like parrots and singing canaries."

He is a rabid football fan and has visited Grant's Tomb and the New York Aquarium. He rejected the Boyer role in "Gaslight" but declares that had he known Ingrid Bergman was going to be in it he would have taken the part.

He is fond of playing bridge, gin rummy and casino; and has lived for twelve years in a lovely Spanish Monterey home in Beverly Hills. He has had measles and mumps and thinks both heredity and environment of equal importance.

His stage debut was in Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." He was rejected by the Canadian Army in World War I because of his extreme youth, although he had overstated his age, but he was accepted a year later and just when he was about to ship for France he was caught in a serious accident between two rolling gun carriages and had to spend seventeen months in the hospital.

He is not too good on a ballroom floor and prefers a shower to a tub.

He would go without dinner rather than eat alone.

He is forever unconsciously humming or singing "The Londonderry Air" and never passes a piano without stopping to play it.

He is too tolerant by nature to have any phobias, enjoys "Mignon" above all other operas and is always getting mad at things which he has misplaced and cannot find.

He cannot use a typewriter.

He once smoked two packs of cigarettes a day, now only one.

He is an addict of the "Snuffy Smith" and "X-9" comic strips. He has learned by perseverance to become systematic and orderly, and his favorite singers are Helen Traubel, John Charles Thomas, Ezio Pinza, Jimmy Melton, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra.

He never undertakes anything he cannot finish, is very fond of salmon and trout fishing and has read "Jane Eyre" five times, it having been his dream for years to someday enact the role finally played by Orson Welles.

He is partial to grays and blues in his suits and likes garlic in salads and roast lamb.

He subscribes to no book clubs.

WALTER PIDGEON is both realist and romanticist and says he likes coloratura sopranos "if they look like Lily Pons." He has never read Plato, likes driving with his radio on and hopes someday to do a stage play again.

His most troublesome companion is an ever-present wanderlust.

He is an omnivorous reader of travel books and biographies. He is very punctual and habitually goes out between the acts for a smoke.

His childhood idol was an old sea captain and this influence still remains with him. He is an authority on the notorious pirates of history and is a walking encyclopedia on buccaneers. He loves the smell of leather so much that he frequently polishes his own boots even though they don't need it.

He abhors female choruses.

He had such a loathing for mathematics that he couldn't get out of school quick enough. He enjoys cocktails of any kind.

He never eats lunch when not working and only lightly then, "because there isn't anything else to do during the lunch hour." He always does his own shopping.

He likes giving small intimate parties, usually has a light breakfast of a glass of orange juice or milk, and declares his home has more meaningful beauty in it than any building in the world. He experiences stage-fright every time he appears on the legitimate stage.

He dislikes dining where there is dancing and music. He is lucky in gambling.

He cannot bring himself to throw anything away, as a consequence of which his wife periodically sorts out "the junk" and gives it away.

He drinks little coffee, has never gone in for astrology and sentimentally hangs on to an old make-up box, frequently repaired, given to him twenty years ago by Elsie Janis.

He is not a claustrophobe, has never tried writing fiction and is a fanatic gardener with a fund of knowledge about soil, time to plant, etc.

His feet are always propped up when reading.

He likes oysters or clams "anywhere, any time," and his first professional appearance was as a singer with Elsie Janis at Aeolian Hall, New York. He chews gum.

His only jewelry is a sapphire ring given to him by his wife. He has traveled in South America, the West Indies and every country in Europe with the exception of Spain and the Scandinavian peninsula.

His answer to the question: "What picture do you wish you hadn't made?" elicited, "So many!"

He had two French poodles, both of them now in the Army. He likes roller-coasters, merry-go-rounds, personal appearances and window shopping in New York.



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☐ Send me (tax and postage prepaid) full size bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment at special introductory price of \$1.00. I am enclosing \$1.00. Also send me your FREE booklet "Curls for your Baby"

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The Present with a Future



WEST BRANCH

 Cedar Hope Chest

WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

He doesn't believe he has any hidden talents for writing, painting or composing music. He doesn't care for horse-racing and incessantly plays backgammon on the set between scenes; he is very unhappy if he can't find someone to play with him.

He thinks he might someday take up script writing . . . "only because scripts are so bad." He plays a fair game of tennis.

He is a lazy correspondent but answers business letters promptly.

He doesn't like cats and would rather live in California than anywhere else in the world. He believes his best screen work to date was in "Mrs. Parkington" and "How Green Was My Valley."

He is a demon with the pruning shears and once started he has a tendency to cut everything up; his wife always follows him closely when he is in one of these moods.

HE has never been able to indulge in just plain loafing, he has to be active every moment. He last rode in a streetcar—a cablecar—in San Francisco three years ago.

He has explored New York's Metropolitan Museum more times than he can remember. His favorite subjects at school were literature, drama, geography and history.

He prefers vocal concerts to any other and recently had his garage moved to widen the garden, assisting the process by taking a sledge hammer and breaking up the cement driveway.

He has developed the habit of fasting one day a week.

He is an excellent raconteur and delights his friends with tall tales of bizarre adventure in out-of-the-way places. He goes to see a movie every chance he gets.

He plans someday to buy a small boat and with a few tested companions sail out into the Pacific until land is sighted.

He replied with one word when asked if there was something he would like to do which he was now unable to do; that word was: "Retire."

THE END

Pretty Primper

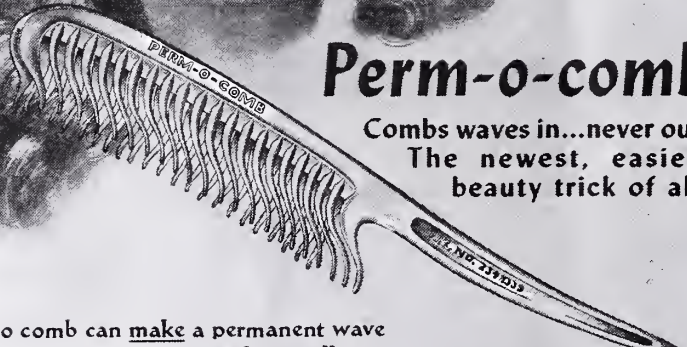


Jane Powell is getting all slicked up to meet you in a story by Maxine Arnold in January Photoplay

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Combs waves in...never out!
The newest, easiest beauty trick of all!



No comb can make a permanent wave
But this amazing new comb actually
trains and encourages wavy hair.
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teeth lift the hair, wave as they comb.
At department stores and drug counters. \$1.98



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What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) understanding, sympathetic, and provides us with a liberal income.

I have been married since I was seventeen and have been tied down with the children ever since. I love my husband dearly, but he has settled into the lethargy of married life and prefers to sit at home rather than take me to an occasional movie or dance. Other young couples with children go out once in a while, but he refuses to do so.

Recently, several men I have known for a long time have asked me to go dancing, and I have accepted.

Now I don't want you to think that all I care about is a good time, but after I have taken care of the children all day I need to relax in the evening. My husband objects to these so-called dates and often argues about them, saying that it is tantamount to being untrue and that I don't love him any more. That is absurd.

I am afraid that if you don't find a solution, my marriage may end in divorce.

Georgina A.

It would be superfluous for me to tell you that you are making the mistake of your life. By reading between the lines I know that you recognize the fact full well. It is quite true that you need recreation. But no woman needs recreation so desperately that she must jeopardize the welfare of her children, the happiness of her husband and her own good name in the process.

You married too young, that much I will concede. Nature gave you your children somewhat more rapidly than doctors advise. But the fact remains that since these things are so, you must face them as a woman and not as a wilful, irresponsible and rebellious child.

You must stop having dates, of course. Discuss your needs with your husband, not petulantly, but pleasantly and in as constructive an attitude as possible.

I am convinced that he must be an indulgent man, so if properly approached, he will surely arrange for the two of you to plan some recreation one or two evenings a week.

You will be much happier if, instead of feeling sorry for yourself, you will thank heaven for your four healthy children and your devoted husband.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

What would you do if, accidentally, you found out one day that your father had been in love with another woman for three years and had written to her all that time? Also, that they were planning to meet in New York for two weeks' vacation? I hope you won't think that I am just imagining things because with my own eyes I have seen letters substantiating these facts.

My mother and father have been married twenty-seven years, but they are so different from each other that I wonder why they ever married. They are unable to agree on any single subject.

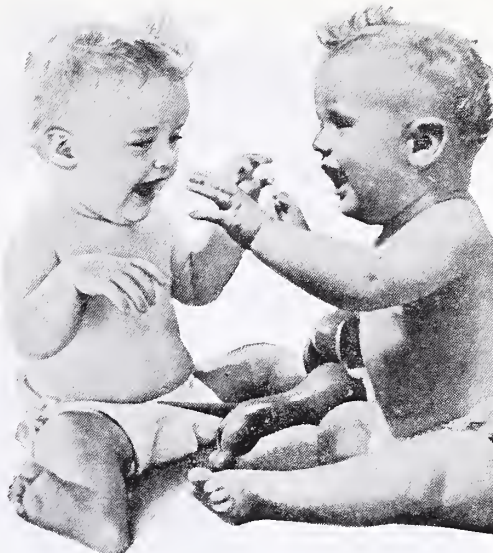
I have a brother and a twin sister who know nothing about this, of course, because I have not discussed it with them.

Since I made this discovery, I can scarcely bear to be in the same room with my father.

Can you please give me some advice?
Arden F.

I am constantly amazed by the number of letters we receive in this department from daughters, sisters, and other relatives who have discovered what they believe to be an irregularity in the marital

"Pat-a-cake,
pat-a-cake- for
Twin
Blessing's
sake!!"



DAN: We're applaudin' Mom for our beeyootiful, healthy skins! She smoothes Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on us daily for these twin blessings—

DON: First, Mennen Baby Oil is better for preventin' diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other troubles, 'cause it's antiseptic. Second, this mild, soothin' oil keeps skin lovelier by preventin' rough, dry skin...

DAN: Most doctors, hospitals, nurses say Mennen is best. Makes us smell sweet, too. Have Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder ready for baby's first day home!

Twin Blessings for Baby-
MENNEN



BEST FOR BABY—also, be sure to use **MENNEN BABY POWDER** to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell sweet and lovely. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other baby powder.

**"DON'T COVER UP
BLEMISHED SKIN!"**

SAYS MARY SHINE, R. N.
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See how this
Famous Medicated Cream
can help improve
Your Skin



It's just good common sense to realize that trying to "cover up" blemishes may actually make them worse. If externally-caused pimples are making you miserable, get a jar of Noxzema.

Start using it today. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective

Noxzema is as a complexion aid. That's because it's a *medicated formula*. It not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but *helps heal* those annoying blemishes. Try it! At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax).

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An Aid to
Lovelier Skin





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does all
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life of someone dear to them. Ordinarily, the letters indicate that the person who discovered the irregularity has been eavesdropping or reading mail not addressed to himself and certainly not meant for his eyes.

Knowing nothing of your family's life, nor of any of the people involved in the situation you have described, I cannot, of course, express any sort of opinion, except this: You, yourself, are at fault. The world is full of things, the existence of which we cannot change and knowledge of which will only make us wretched.

I think you should forget the revelation contained in your letter to me; most assuredly you should never refer to it in conversation with another person.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married when I was not quite eighteen, and two months afterward my husband asked for a divorce. I was terribly shocked and couldn't imagine what was wrong. He was in the service at the time, so we didn't see much of one another. His only contribution to our marriage was letters telling of his association with other women.

I started divorce proceedings, but by the time the papers were drawn he was overseas. He asked to be given another chance, so I agreed. However, after having spent a year in the Pacific, he told me when he was discharged that he had thought it over and he still wanted a divorce.

I would be perfectly willing to give him his freedom if it weren't for my mother. I have planned to go back to school for six months to get my high-school diploma, so I am not afraid of the future. However, my mother absolutely refuses to allow me to see an attorney. She says there would only be other men in my life, all probably worse than this boy.

So at present my life consists of my husband nagging me for a divorce, and my mother refusing to let me give it to him.

How can I deal with these two people?

Susanne W.

When a person is caught between two strong opposing forces, the intelligent thing to do is to withdraw and let them fight it out between themselves.

The next time your husband brings up this legal question, why don't you suggest that he stop giving you so much trouble and discuss the whole affair with your mother?

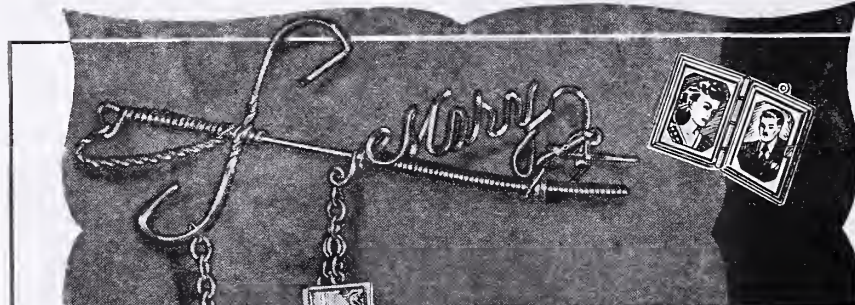
I see no reason why you should be in the middle of this sad tug of war.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

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If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



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That Romantic Look

(Continued from page 48) sparkling. Because she treats them well, gets enough rest, doesn't forever hide behind very dark glasses or indulge in orgies of sweets. And because instead of plucking her eyebrows until they're artificially thin or arched lines she leaves them the way they are, one slightly more arched than the other.

Cosmetics applied with a bold hand are death to the romantic look, especially around the eyes. Mascara the tips of your lashes lightly. Keep your eyelids clear and clean except for the least touch of petroleum jelly to add to your eyes' sparkle. And pluck your eyebrows only until they're a clean line which can be kept smooth by daily brushing.

Tired eyes, of course, aren't to be tolerated. Any good eyewash or boric acid and water (two teaspoons of boric acid dissolved in a tumbler of hot water and allowed to cool) used with an eye cup work magic. So do exercises. After a day under studio lights many stars rest their eyes by changing the focus. To do this hold a pencil ten inches from your face. Look at it for a moment. Then look off at the farthest corner of the room. Look back at the pencil. Look off at the corner again. And so on.

Another thing! If you wear eyeglasses, be obvious about it. Choose frames of a flattering color which are shaped to emphasize your type of face. Joan Bennett, wearing the first jewel-encrusted frames I ever saw, was the belle of a Hollywood party that was packed with glamour.

JEANNE CRAIN also treats her skin well. She loves the beach and outdoors. She doesn't, however, go in for an Arabian tan. This can be exotic and exciting, I know, but it often is not as romantic or as appealing as a skin so clear a blush shows occasionally.

Above all, if you would have a romantic look, select your lipstick carefully and apply it sparingly. Lipstick that is too vivid or too heavy is the reverse of attractive. And be sure to set your lipstick so it doesn't smear or rub off on glasses or silverware. Powder over it slightly. And remove excess powder by pressing your mouth gently against a cleansing tissue.

Nail enamel must be chosen with thought also. It should complement and dramatize the shape and texture of your hands, not overshadow them.

Greatly to be desired is a slender figure. Proper diet and exercise will achieve this. But the loveliest of all figures will avail you nothing if you do not have a good carriage. As you walk and as you dance hold yourself proudly, your head high. Move easily without unnecessary motion. Watch yourself especially on the stairs. Be sure you do not ascend with your head pitched forward and your hips sticking into midair or descend with a horsey clatter that's horrible both to hear and to see.

Music is important to romance, of course. So I say listen to your voice. Let it be

IT'S A GIFT

Christmas story

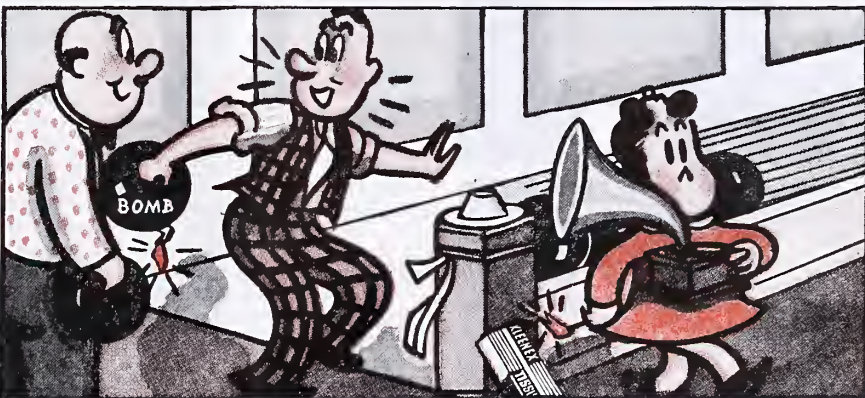
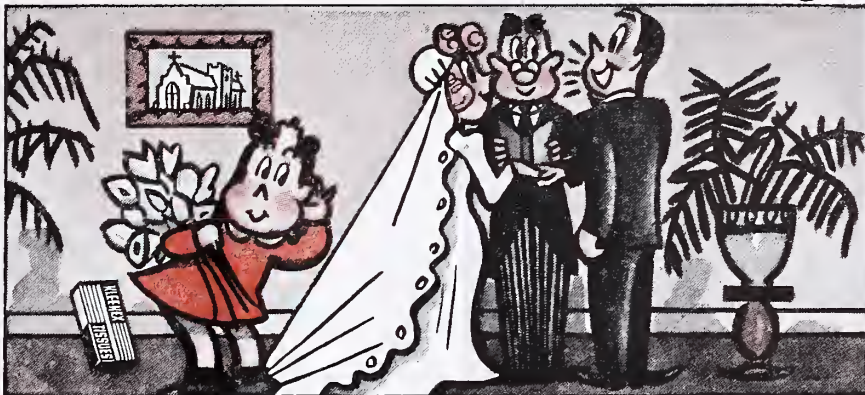
by our cover girl Greer Garson

in the January issue of Photoplay

On the stands December 11 or as soon thereafter as transportation permits

LITTLE LULU Is All Ears

by Marge



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Goes Christmas Shopping Head starts to Ache

low and soft and know when it should rest. To speak well and listen well are important. The romantic lady talks well. And she neither gossips nor exaggerates. Here, in truth, beauty is as beauty does. Men are afraid of catty women who are forever sniping at another's charms. Therefore, watch your words and the modulation of voice so you do not talk away your charm.

Listen to your laughter too. Let it come easily, especially when you're with boys who had little to laugh at for too long. Laugh at the silly things you used to do together. Laugh for the sweet sake of laughter. And if you hear your laugh sound hysterical, giddy or loud, tone it down, *oh do tone it down!*

Easy enough to say, "Speak gently. Laugh softly," I know. The tone of our voice and laughter generates within us. When we're worried or rushed, it's in our voice and our laughter that hysteria will manifest itself. Jeanne Crain, young as she is, knows this. Unlike many of the young players, she doesn't rush, rush, rush, fearful to stop lest she miss something. She insists upon enough leisure to keep her wits about her. She would rather miss a hundred things than sacrifice her time for thinking and reading and visiting with the family she loves, and so doing, retains her composure.

Serenity is the very wellspring of a romantic look. In it you have the beginning of the smooth brow, the easy carriage, the low voice, the gentle smile. This Christmas with our men home, surely we should know serenity. So let us look happy and contented and starchy eyed.

Wholesomeness and naturalness, health and serenity . . . these things work together to provide a romantic look. And drama is not amiss. Candlelight. The flirtation of a fan. Soft white shoulders. A locket at the neck. A black velvet ribbon or a string of cultured pearls to highlight the delicacy of a good skin. A red rose pinned in your hair. Drama, by all means! But just a little, not too much. For the romantic look is ever artful, born of taste and discrimination. Soon now we enter the magic season of carols and mistletoe. Let's make it the most wonderful yuletide yet. Let's, like Jeanne Crain, have a romantic look this Christmas.

THE END

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Design for Delight

(Continued from page 45) longer small. Uncle Sam licks his chops over it. Oleg is wardrobe chief and head designer for the new Eagle Lion studios ("Eagle" for Uncle Sam, "Lion" for John Bull, who jointly supply the dough). Oleg is partner in a wholesale dress establishment with display rooms on La Cienega. His partner's name is Nova. Mrs. Cassini's busy little brain came up with a name for this outfit that tops "Eagle-Lion."

"Casanova," she proclaimed, working a synthesis. "That is a name with a record for no failures with women, either misses or matrons." Casanova, true to record, never fails to satisfy, according to misses and matrons.

The more feminine the female, the more feline, ranging from back-fence prima donna to lioness, queen of the jungle. La belle star Tierney would be spotted a queen in any jungle, she's a natural in this which we whimsically call civilization. Lion tamers all agree with Mr. Cassini that man must dominate his pets every second if he hopes to preserve his status quo and solvency. They carry pistols, whips and chairs as show of authority, rather than with brutal intent, on entering the lair. Pistols and whips are unthinkable in approaching Miss Tierney, and she offers the chair with a cordiality not shown by her jungle prototype, except when hungry.

WHAT you mistake for languor is really composure. She is relaxed as a panther. This was not always so. Back in 1940 while making her first picture, "The Return of Frank James," her eyes became puffed and inflamed, and she had the jumps. Oleg swam into her vision just then, a startling apparition for the eyes any time. He had arrived from New York to design costumes for Paramount. Instantly, and without a doctor's license, he assumed the care of the afflicted Miss Tierney. Diagnosis: Nerves. Prescription: Marriage. They eloped to Las Vegas. Result: Cured.

But Gene has never been satisfied that she had no wedding dress—and pictures in it—to preserve for Daria. It was not until Oleg designed the exquisite wedding dress for "The Razor's Edge" that her dream came true. She had the pictures made in it.

Mrs. Cassini is gownwed with intimate perception for her attractions, too obvious for clocking in a family publication.

"All dress credits are due my husband, thank you," she says gallantly.

"Yes," gallantly agrees Oleg. "She only dresses out of loyalty to me. She is a New England girl; clothes mean little."

Why should they? thinks old seeing-eye diplomat, swigging eyefuls.

Her wonderful complexion is testimonial to soap and water and a well-chosen diet of everything.

Around the studio she is known as the gal who knows what she wants and gets it. Her protracted campaign for dropping make-up in pictures has been crowned at last with "The Razor's Edge." In this she wears only lipstick and, out of loyalty to Oleg, clothes.

"I designed myself a dozen mouths," she says, swabbing on one for the Gare St. Lazare scene. "It took me two years to find that nature is better at these things. Now I paint over the old original..."

"Masterpiece," caps a rapt onlooker. "Thank you," says she, without missing a stroke.

She never misses a "thank you" either; the graciousness of a sensitive woman who has poise within and without. Her svelt manners are svelt testimonial for progressive grade school, Bridgeport, Con-

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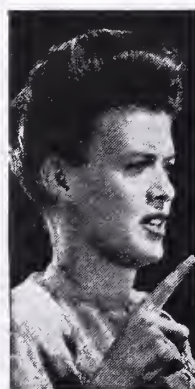
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necticut, for St. Margaret's in Waterbury, for Miss Farmer's in Farmington and for Brillmont in Switzerland at Lausanne.

When she was ten our little super-duper shipped all by herself to Europe to take on a load of Old World culture. She returned from Lausanne and Paris brimming with feeling for Bach and Brahms and geysering French with the sparkling loquacity of a Versailles fountain. Hardly had she set foot on the homeland than she was affronted by our crude, crass materialism as exemplified in her mother's greeting: "What are we going to do with you, you're so fat!"

Our dreamboat had been taking on a load of French pastry along with culture and had a displacement of 140 pounds.

At about the same age, young Oleg Cassini was buzzing solo around Paris. It is his wife's pleasure to tell how he foxed old dress designer Patou by sketching a hundred of his dress models adding improvements and taking them to Florence where his mother had a dress shop. Soon everyone in Italy was saying, "Why go to Paris and pay those prices when Countess Cassini has the better models?"

With his gift for embezzling ideas young master Oleg was plainly marked by fate for Hollywood. Eight years of Greek and Latin classics at the University of Florence equipped him further for the Athens of America and his polished bride-to-be. He sailed for New York with his mother and brother Igor, whose education at the University of Athens marked him for the classic column and Socratic toga of Cholly Knickerbocker.

OLEG CASSINI is a gentleman of singularly level head and variegated cultures, but his character by the book has the Russian screwiness delighting the American humor.

A Russian with Italian name, he was born in Paris, partly by choice and partly as convenience to his parents who were there at the time. His father was connected with the Russian embassy. His grandfather Arthur had been the Czar's ambassador to the court of Teddy Roosevelt when "Princess" Alice was married.

Oleg was five before he got around to seeing his native land, Mother Russia. The name "Oleg" is a Russification of "Olaf." Swedes ruled Russia several centuries and left a lot of Olafs around. Oleg's family name was Cassini-Loiewski, Cassini from maternal ancestors who four generations back came from Italy.

The Loiewskis lived on a politically shifty border land. They would be Polish one week, Ukrainian the next. One Loiewski was King of Poland for a day. The opposition party shot him at midnight. Next day the royal Loiewskis were New Deal Ukrainians. Oleg, lad of destiny, had the instinct to remain in Russia less time than is required by an American tourist to compose a book about it. The Czar had been liquidated. Kerensky teetered off. Oleg made what generals term a strategic skeedaddle before Bolshies could boot his small buttress out.

With title of Count and little else Oleg Cassini was a man without a country. The League of Nations gave him a Nantzen passport which made him the ward of all nations. He was citizen of none until Uncle Sam dotingly adopted him, gave him citizenship papers and two days later a GI dog tag with his name and serial number.

Today Oleg Cassini, still young, appears slightly sardonic. His humor is deadpan. It is good enough to pass with Tierney, who is a firm believer in laughter.

"We amuse ourselves by assuming certain characters without becoming them," says Oleg cryptically. "Gene is very funny."

"Is the Superwoman vulnerable in any

sense?" the old diplomat wanted to know. "Even Achilles had a soft spot."

"She is strong-willed," Oleg says, after meditation. "She undertakes too much responsibility. I preach the wonders of siesta, a smoke and a talk. In this fantastic competitive fight in which we are engaged life loses much of its flavor. We miss the bouquet and all the delightful graces of leisure, rushing heedlessly to the goal and finding only that the race is over."

"If we contrive to keep enough money from the clutch of the tax collector, I should like one day to retire for the joys of the contemplative life. Gene appreciates that way of life. At the moment, however, she is being the despair of all antique dealers and has since run off to New York to get the exact furnishings she visualizes for the house."

THE architecture of their house is designated "institutional" by Mrs. Cassini. "Strong, rugged and no imagination." Mrs. Cassini is pouring in the imagination. She knocked the dining room and living room together, laid down a white rug and painted a mural. These were the only furnishings for a time. Cassinis and friends sat on windowsills admiring the mural.

"It's all right," says Mrs. C. "But the white rug is an error. Dogs and children have only one thought for white rugs."

When a hole appears in her day's schedule Gene fills it in writing poetry. She confesses she has had little time for reading lately. A book, Sinclair Lewis's "Ann Vickers," almost changed her life. She was set for a time to be a social welfare worker. "Perhaps I should have; I might have done some good in the world."

Mrs. Cassini feels that the world needs plenty of good done to it.

"The sooner there is One World and one language the better," she says with a reformer's determination. "Oleg speaks five languages. I manage to get along with two, and gestures. Oleg is Russian and Italian. I am a mixture of five: French, Irish, Spanish, Swedish, American. My poor child, what a potpourri she is!"

"A melting potpourri," cracked the swiggled diplomat. "A United Nations baby."

"Her father was that before her," says mama Cassini. "She's One World."

There was tension in the Cassini council when Oleg assumed prerogative for naming the baby before it was born.

"Vladimir," he said with authoritarian finality, "is a nice name."

"Vladimir!" groaned Mrs. Oleg Cassini Loiewski from under her weight of Russian names. "I cannot think of my son playing about under the name of Vladimir."

"Vladimir," said Oleg, "is a Saint's name."

"There was no answer to that," says Mrs. Cassini reporting the bout, "so Vladimir had the good sense to be born a girl. We named her Daria for Oleg's grandmother."

Daria, now three, has the ugliest features of both sides, says her mama: "Uncle Igor's spaniel eyes, my pug nose and Oleg's wildly waving hair."

"She is stubborn as a mule," says Oleg.

"Like her father," says Gene.

"Her mother," says Oleg dispassionately, "is the Rock of Gibraltar."

"Rugged build-up you give your child," says diplomatic observer.

"That's Gene's strategy with herself," says a studio chief. "She blows herself down before the other fellow can do it."

"Self-offense is the best defense," says Colonel D. Zanuck who should know, having survived studio battles as well as North African.

Mr. Zanuck saw Miss Tierney coming way back there. It was either give her a hand or get out of her way, he decided, because she was an eaglet on her way

What . . .

SHALL I WEAR?

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to the topmost peak. Among the most memorable plays he gave her are "China Girl," "Heaven Can Wait," "Laura," "Dragonwyck," "Leave Her to Heaven" and "The Razor's Edge." Her next will be "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" with Rex Harrison.

Everyone in Hollywood sees Fate in the wings polishing up the Oscar for Genie. Fate is polishing up a bigger job than that, thinks sage old diplomat. The world, he observes, is headed for matriarchy. America already is a momocracy in all but name. Man's place will be the home. He will do well if he commands there.

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THE END

Your Gold Medal Award Vote

MANY of you have been querying us about casting your votes in George Gallup's Audience Research Poll for PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards to the most popular actor, actress and picture of the year.

Believe it or not, you have already cast your vote. You may not have done it in person, but it was actually recorded and will show up in the results. Here is how the Poll works.

There are nearly ninety million movie-goers in this country. It would take Gallup and his staff many years to interview each individual. But Gallup discovered years ago that by interviewing a certain number of people, he could tell from the answers what the country as a whole was thinking on that subject.

If you yourself don't happen to run across a Gallup interviewer, you may be sure that in the town or street next to yours, someone like yourself has given the very same answer you would give. Gallup knows that when he finds out what enough of each age and occupation group thinks, he will know what all of them think.

In other words, he samples the population just as you sample a box of candy. You don't have to eat it all to know it's all good.

So don't worry about your vote for the winners of PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards. If there are enough movie-goers in the country who think the way you do, you may be sure the results we announce in the February issue will be your choice.

The Editors

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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO: Randy Scott totes his gun around in the lawless West again. Ann Richards is the pioneer newspaperwoman, and the James boys, the Daltons and Belle Starr are all present. (Sept.)

✓**BIG SLEEP, THE**—Warners: This is full of action, full of Bogart and Bacall and full of murders. Bogart is the hard-bitten private detective hired to straighten out an old general's affairs, which are all mixed up by two daughters, Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers. Bogie does his best to find out everything, dashes about from corpse to corpse and taking time off to give Lauren the eye. (Oct.)

✓**BLUE SKIES**—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing reaches its peak in this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring Irving Berlin's haunting melodies. Bing Crosby as the restless night club owner was never in better voice, and Joan Caulfield as heart interest for Fred and Bing is beautifully decorative. Olga San Juan is Fred's dancing partner and Billy De Wolfe is the funnyman. (Oct.)

BLACK ANGEL—Universal: Suspects keep piling up, Peter Lorre among them, in this mediocre murder mystery involving John Phillips as an innocent bystander, convicted of killing singer Constance Dowling. John's faithful wife, June Vincent, with the help of the slain woman's husband, Dan Duryea, clears up everything in the end. (Nov.)

BLONDE FOR A DAY—PRC: If you happen to be a Michael Shayne addict, you may not mind viewing these proceedings revolving around crooked gamblers, trigger men and blackmailers. Hugh Beaumont plays a whimsical sleuth with Kathryn Adams as his Girl Friday. (Nov.)

BOYS' RANCH—M-G-M: We can do without this unentertaining little picture concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents. James Craig, an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug, provides a ranch for boy delinquents. (Sept.)

✓**BRIEF ENCOUNTER**—Noel Coward-Cineguild: This British production, done in muted style, deals with an emotional crisis in an English matron's life. Celia Johnson plays the woman, Trevor Howard the man who cuts into her even routine, providing a "brief encounter" with romance and forcing her into making her hardest decision. (Nov.)

✓**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**—Pascal-UA: This is strictly in the limited-appeal category, although the settings are perfection and every detail of the period is meticulously observed. Claude Rains plays Caesar, the conqueror, given to dashing off philosophic remarks, and Vivien Leigh is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen. Unfortunately, the picture is almost entirely static. (Oct.)

✓**CANYON PASSAGE**—Universal: A true-to-form Western done in Technicolor, with Dana Andrews as the earnest young colonist, Brian Donlevy as a gambler and Susan Hayward as the feminine foil. There's a touch of murder, some bloody fist fights and an Indian raid executed with wild abandon. Andy Devine is a pioneer, Ward Bond the villain. (Oct.)

✓**CENTENNIAL SUMMER**—20th Century-Fox: A round of lighthearted fun set in Philadelphia in 1876. Into the conservative household of Walter Brennan and their two daughters, Linda Darnell and Jeanne Crain, two bombshells arrive—one in the form of Mama's luscious sister from Paris, Constance Bennett, who brings along gallant Frenchman Cornel Wilde, and the second is the Centennial Exposition. (Sept.)

✓**CLAUDIA AND DAVID**—20th Century-Fox: A cozy little picture is this new episode in the lives of *Claudia and David*, the young suburban couple played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. Dorothy becomes jealous of Young and his business client, Mary Astor, and Young in turn gets jealous of Dorothy and her new-found friend, John Sutton. (Oct.)

✓**CLOAK AND DAGGER**—Warners: Starting off with some hold-your-breath scenes, this "now (Continued on page 135)

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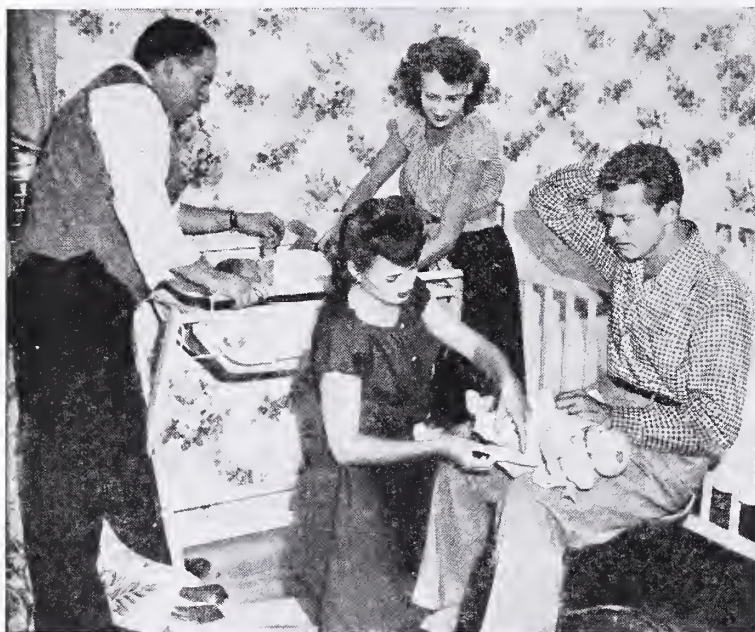
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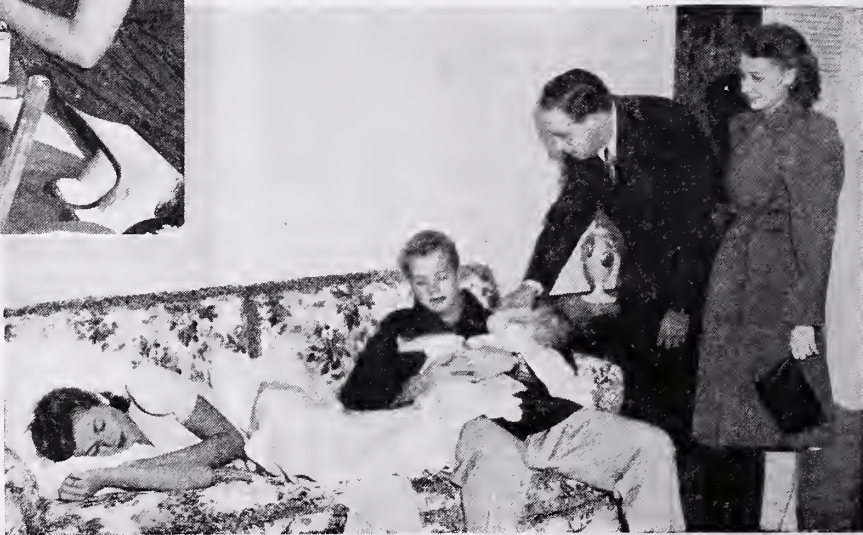


Relax, baby, coos Barbara, while Bill re-checks the instructions. Baby Linda looks surprised—she's sitting pretty!



Bill must think he's stoking a furnace! Barbara looks doubtful while Linda does her baby best to absorb Bill's idea of a spoonful—blub!

The parents return to a sleepy-time trio—acting was *never* like this!



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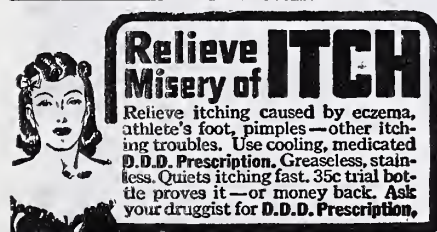
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(Continued from page 133)
it can be told" film has Gary Cooper as an American chemist in German-occupied Italy. Gary takes time from his OSS activities for a bit of romancing with Lilli Palmer. A nicely plotted and nicely played tale full of suspense. (Nov.)

✓**COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE**—M-G-M: Executed with a light touch and in the finest taste, this has Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn as two spirits who have a fine time observing their human counterparts. Morgan, Keenan's son, has a few earthly matters to clear up—his financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, with Richard Quine. It's gay and fantastic. (Oct.)

COLORADO SERENADE—PRC: Although too long, this offers all the essentials of the time-proved Western—the stagecoach hold-up, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest "Jedge" who tries to bring law and order to the frontier town. (Sept.)

✓**COURAGE OF LASSIE**—M-G-M: A Technicolor account of a golden collie whose adventures are many and hectic. Elizabeth Taylor is his young mistress, tense with apprehension when he disappears to eventually see combat as a war dog in the Aleutians and prove himself a canine hero. (Sept.)

DOLL FACE—20th Century-Fox: A film about a burlesque queen, Vivian Blaine, whose publicity manager, Dennis O'Keefe, has a book written about her life. The result is that the ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance. (Sept.)

DOWN MISSOURI WAY—PRC: A college-educated mule takes the lead in this, which should give you an idea of the type of picture it is. William Wright is a producer who comes to the Ozarks to shoot a motion picture on Martha O'Driscoll's farm. John Carradine, Roscoe Ates, Eddie Dean and Mabel Todd are all around the place. (Oct.)

EARL CARROLL SKETCHBOOK—Republic: Supposedly right in the groove, this minor musical lands in a rut instead. William Marshall, who writes radio jingles, is beloved by his secretary, Constance Moore, but goes for Hillary Brooks. Vera Vague reaps a few chuckles with her manhandling routine and Edward Everett Horton does his best. (Nov.)

✓✓**FROM THIS DAY FORWARD**—RKO: A picture with punch, about the marriage on a shoe-string of Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens. Scared by the scrub-brush existence of Joan's sister, they lose courage, then marry anyway. The war comes along and afterward they get a second chance. (Sept.)

G. I. WAR BRIDES—Republic: This spotty film is an attention-getter in parts, a deadhead in others. Anna Lee plays a stowaway on a boat of British war brides sailing to America. Carol Savage conveniently provides her with the proper credentials so she can join William Henry. But along comes James Ellison to make her change her mind. (Nov.)

✓✓✓**HENRY V**—Two Cities-UA: Laurence Olivier brings a brilliant living classic to modern life, playing Shakespeare's Henry V with restraint, humor and spirit. The battle of Henry at Agincourt will be long remembered as one of the great movie scenes. Renee Asherson stands out as bonny Princess Katherine. A masterpiece of realistic color and action that spells topnotch entertainment. (Nov.)

HER SISTER'S SECRET—PRC: Pure melodrama this, with Nancy Coleman falling in love with handsome soldier Philip Reed. After Reed sails away, Nancy turns to her sister, Margaret Lindsay, for help. So Margaret adopts Nancy's baby, and then the tug between the two sisters begins. (Oct.)

✓✓**HOLIDAY IN MEXICO**—M-G-M: One of the best musicals of the year, this is full of color, interest and breath-taking melody. Against a storybook Technicolor background of the American Embassy in Mexico, Jane Powell plays the daughter of Ambassador Walter Pidgeon with Roddy McDowall as her infatuated swain. Jose Iturbi, Xavier Cugat and Ilona Massey contribute to the fun. (Nov.)

✓**HOME SWEET HOMICIDE**—20th Century-Fox: This screen mystery constitutes a fresh slant on the usual whodunits, since it gives you a look at three little hellions—Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell and Connie Marshall—as they try to solve a murder. Lynn Bari is their mystery-writer mother, Randolph Scott and James Gleason detectives. (Oct.)

IF I'M LUCKY—20th Century-Fox: You can risk seeing this and not have too bad a time if Harry James's trumpet and Perry Como's songs "send" you, otherwise skip it. Carmen Miranda struts plenty of her stuff and Vivian Blaine sings in this trumped-up story of politicians and crooners. (Nov.)

INVISIBLE INFORMER, THE—Republic: The gross total of this supposedly scary story about a stolen emerald necklace is boredom. A gloomy Southern plantation with a bog that's ideal for hiding bodies is the set-up for all the dirty work. Linda Stirling and Bill Henry can't make this anything but a bad dream. (Nov.)

✓**JANIE GETS MARRIED**—Warners: Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton get married and set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage. (Sept.)

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✓✓✓**JOLSON STORY, THE**—Columbia: A life story with plenty of life to it, this Technicolor film will leave American audiences aglow. Al Jolson's hey-days are brought back magnificently by Larry Parks and a splendid supporting cast, including Evelyn Keyes and William Demarest. A gold-papered package of good songs and good music. (Nov.)

✓✓**KILLERS, THE**—Universal: Here's a fast action thriller with a Hemingway plot that will make strong men quiver. Two killers enter a town at night, and one man is murdered. There's good old-fashioned gangster play-acting with Edmond O'Brien as an insurance investigator who digs up some startling facts, Ava Gardner as a modern moll and Burt Lancaster as the murdered man. (Nov.)

✓**LADY LUCK**—RKO: You'll get some uninhibited laughs at Frank Morgan's antics as the incurable gambler who's reduced to a three-dollar-a-week allowance from his granddaughter Barbara Hale. Robert Young's another gambler whom Barbara marries thinking he's reformed until she catches him at roulette. Barbara's retaliation is a funny twist. (Oct.)

✓**LITTLE MR. JIM**—M-G-M: Jackie Jenkins' freckles and histrionic ability make this movie worthwhile. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and is generally endearing. (Sept.)

✓**LOVER COME BACK**—Universal: Light and frothy romantic stuff with Lucille Ball as the stylist wife who longs for her soldier husband's return after two years. George Brent plays the husband who returns to have his reunion with his wife marred by his meeting up with some of his blonde overseas friends. Vera Zorina's the other woman. (Sept.)

✓**MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE**—Paramount: A Bob Hope comedy special, in which he plays a barber from the court of Louis XV of France who's forced to impersonate the gay court playboy, Patric Knowles. If you like Hope, you'll love it. Joan Caulfield is a pretty French wench and Marjorie Reynolds the Spanish Infanta. (Oct.)

MR. ACE—UA: A second-rate movie in which politician Sylvia Sidney, running for governor, seems to worry more about her hats and her love affairs than about her campaign. As the political boss, George Raft has a chance to employ all his usual gangsterish tricks, which after all these years seem a little tiresome. (Oct.)

✓**MY PAL TRIGGER**—Republic: This is a very good Roy Rogers Western, with Roy and his horse, Trigger, fighting their way back after Roy's unjustly accused of killing a famous horse. With George "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans, and Bob Nolan. (Sept.)

NIGHT IN PARADISE—Wanger-Universal: This ridiculous story has Turhan Bey unhappily playing a juiced-up version of *Aesop*, the fable teller, who falls in love with Princess Merle Oberon. The princess is about to marry *Croesus* when Turhan reveals that he's really a handsome young man. (Oct.)

NIGHT TRAIN TO MEMPHIS—Republic: Get aboard this if you're a rooter of Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys, otherwise ignore it. Roy plays the good honest soul with the heart of gold, and Allan Lane is his bad brother. (Oct.)

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE—M-G-M: This film runs for ninety minutes, all of 'em bad. Van Johnson plays a marine homeward bound to marry his girl who has wed another. His pal Keenan Wynn, radio star Pat Kirkwood and tycoon Edward Arnold are wasted in a script which stops at nothing. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 138)



George Sanders, Hedy Lamarr, Louis Hayward, the triangle in "The Strange Woman"

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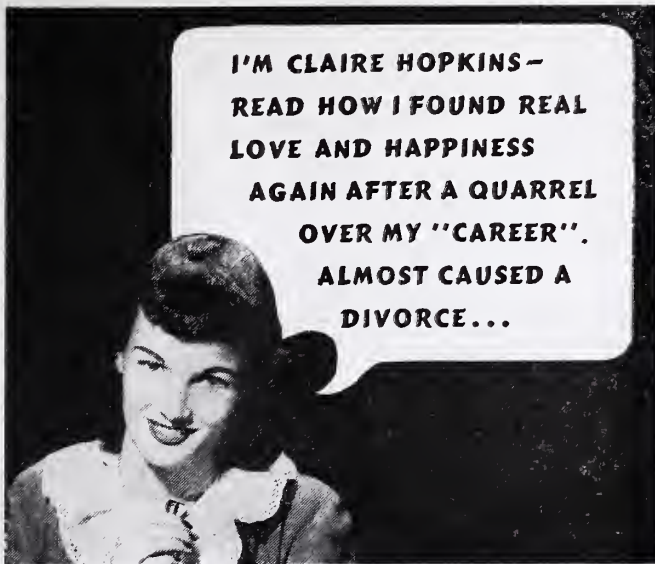


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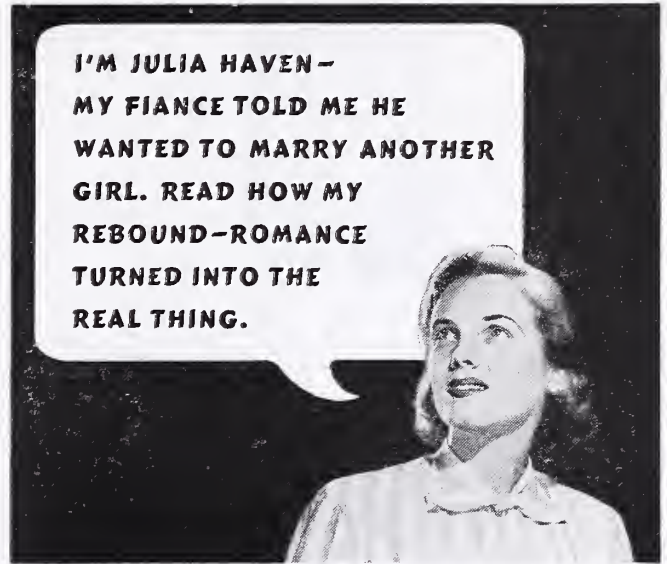
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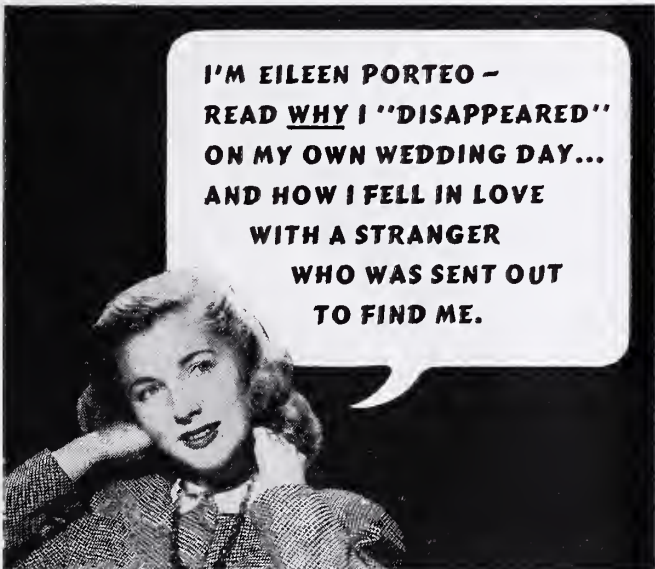
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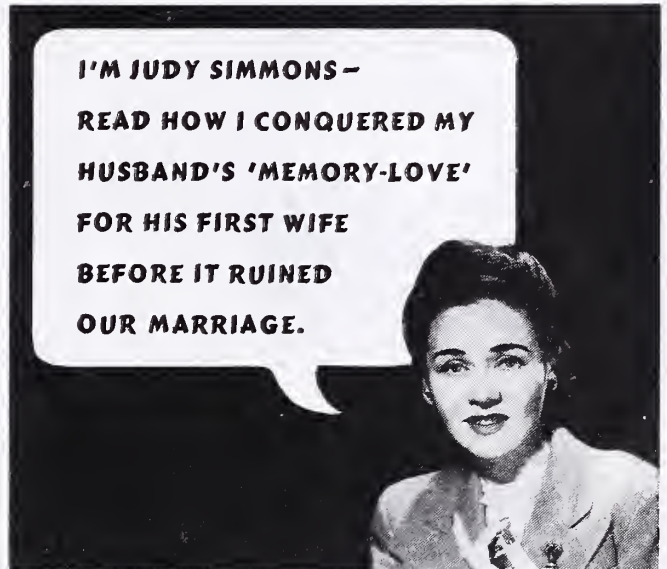
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✓**NOTORIOUS**—RKO: Intrigue south of the border, beautifully packaged by Alfred Hitchcock and delivered by competents Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains. Secret agents Cary and Ingrid set off for Rio where they meet intrigue and danger and high suspense. (Oct.)

✓**OF HUMAN BONDAGE**—Warners: Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film this time with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker in the roles originally played by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. (Sept.)

✓**ONE MORE TOMORROW**—Warners: Ann Sheridan works on millionaire Dennis Morgan's crusading magazine but, despite her love for him, she loses him to Alexis Smith who tries to get husband Dennis's mind off his magazine. Jack Carson is Morgan's alter ego who ambles around the picture rooting for Ann as against Alexis. (Sept.)

✓**RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE**—Republic: Laid during the war, this light farce offers a frivolous look at a soldier's life with Eddie Albert playing the homesick husband and Faye Marlowe the bride he left behind. There are some big laughs over little incidents with players Eddie, Faye, Gail Patrick, Philip Reed and Sir C. Aubrey Smith helping matters along. (Nov.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M: The rich humor of George Kelly's play is lost here. Red Skelton struggles valiantly with the role of *Aubrey Piper* whose in-laws find him so hard to take. Marilyn Maxwell is the wife who loves him, even if her family doesn't, and capable Marjorie Main plays *Mom*. (Nov.)

✓**SISTER KENNY**—RKO: This is the story of Sister Kenny's discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized. It's a remarkable film, carrying the power of simplicity, the dramatic punch of realism, and excellent acting by Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox and Dean Jagger. (Oct.)

✓**SMOKY**—20th Century-Fox: This is a horse-cowboy saga, telling the life story of *Smoky*, a wild

horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and adventures among an odd assortment of humans. Anne Baxter is the female lead, Bruce Cabot is the renegade, and Burl Ives sings cowboy ballads. (Sept.)

STEP BY STEP—RKO: Step by step, this gets more and more implausible. The mysterious goings-on include the disappearance of blonde Anne Jeffreys and a corpse on the sofa. Everything's covered with dust, especially the plot, in which handsome Laurence Tierney is unhappily involved. (Nov.)

✓**STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVEK**—THE—Wallis-Paramount: This is powerful dramatic fare, with Van Heflin as a hardened veteran who picks up probationer Elizabeth Scott, gets heated by thugs and comes back for more in order to discover why his childhood girl, Barbara Stanwyck, and her political husband, Kirk Douglas, want get him out of town. (Oct.)

✓**THREE WISE FOOLS**—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien as the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold comes from Ireland to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men in this enchanting bit of movie-making. (Sept.)

✓**THEY WERE SISTERS**—Rank - Universal: James Mason is at his sadistic best as the man whose dark moods leave a sinister effect on the lives of three sisters. The dialogue has sparkle and the story high suspense. (Oct.)

✓**TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE**—Warners: A harmless little offering with Dennis Morgan playing a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America as a guy from Milwaukee. Jack Carson, pick-up pal, introduces him to Joan Leslie and complications begin. Janis Paige and S. Z. Sakall rate applause. (Sept.)

UNDER NEVADA SKIES—Republic: The big point of this is that the atom bomb is here to stay, having finally caught up with the Roy Rogers series. Practically single-handed, Roy solves the mystery of the missing emerald crest despite interference from Dale Evans and Gabby Hayes. (Nov.)

Casts of Current Pictures

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Bing Crosby-UA: Rosemary, Joanne Dru; Abie, Richard Norris; Solomon Levy, Michael Chekhov; Patrick Murphy, J. M. Kerrigan; Isaac Cohen, George E. Stone; Mrs. Cohen, Vera Gordon; Father Whalen, Emory Parnell; Rabbi Samuels, Art Baker; Rev. Mr. Stevens, Bruce Merritt; Hotel manager, Eric Blore; Hotel clerk, Harry Hays Morgan.

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER—Rogers-UA: Eddie Kaye, Paul Muni; Barbara Foster, Anne Baxter; Nick, Claude Rains; Dr. Higgins, Onslow Stevens; Albert, George Cleveland; Smiley, Hardie Albright; Bellamy, James Flavin; Minister, Erskine Sanford; Mrs. Bentley, Marion Martin; Chairman, Jonathan Hale; Jim, Murray Alper; Brazen Girl, Joan Blair, Scientist, Fritz Leiber; Warden, Kurt Katch; Agatha, Sarah Padden; Lucius, Maurice Cass; Big Harry, Addison Richards; Shaggy, Ben Welden; Malvola, Joel Freidkin; Mr. Bentley, George Meeker; Bailiff, Lee Shumway; Interne, Russ Whiteman; Gangsters, James Dundee, Mike Lally, Saul Gorss, Duke Taylor; Prison Yard Captain, Edward Keane; Kramer, Chester Clute.

BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS, THE—Stone-UA: Eileen, Gail Russell; Mr. Moody, Adolphe Menjou; Cynthia, Claire Trevor; Terry, Ann Dorak; Marta, Jane Wyatt; Molly, Billie Burke; Schuyler Johnson, Eugene List; Bruce Farrington, John Whitney; Rex Miller, Damian O'Flynn; Mr. Dillon, Russell Hicks; Mr. Johnson, Richard Hageman; Mr. Stapp, Bill Kennedy.

BLACK BEAUTY—20th Century-Fox: Anne Wendon, Mona Freeman; Bill Dixon, Richard Denning; Evelyn Carrington, Evelyn Ankers; Squire Wendon, Charles Evans; John, J. M. Kerrigan; Mrs. Blake, Moyna Macgill; Joe, Terry Kilburn; Skinner, Thomas P. Dillon; Terry, Arthur Space; Dr. White, John Burton; Mr. Gordon, Olaf Hyten; Auctioneer, Leyland Hodgson; Veterinary, Clifford Brooke; Black Beauty, Highland Dale.

DARK MIRROR, THE—Universal-International: Terry Collins, Olivia de Havilland; Ruth Collins, Olivia de Havilland; Dr. Scott Elliott, Lew Ayres; Detective Stevenson, Thomas Mitchell; Rusty, Richard Long; District Attorney Givard, Charles Evans; Franklin, Garry Owen; George Benson, Lester Allen; Mrs. Didrikson, Lela Bliss; Miss Beade, Marta Mitrovich; Photo-Double, Amelita Ward.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU—Republic: Leopold Goronoff, Philip Dorn; Myra Hassman, Catherine McLeod; George Sampter, William Carter; Madame Goronoff, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya; Frederick Hassman, Felix Bressart; Nicholas, Fritz Feld; Mrs. Sampter, Elizabeth Patterson; Porgy at Seventeen, Vanessa Brown; Michael Severin, Lewis Howard; Senorita Fortaleza, Adele Mara; Porgy at Five, Gloria Donovan; Redhead, Stephanie Bachelor; Mrs. Blythe, Cora Witherspoon.

MAN I LOVE, THE—Warners: Petey Brown, Ida Lupino; Nicky Torsca, Robert Alda; Sally Otis, An-

drea King; Virginia Brown, Martha Vickers; San Thomas, Bruce Bennett; Riley, Alan Hale; Gloria O'Connor, Dolores Moran; Roy Otis, John Ridgely; Johnny O'Connor, Don McGuire; Joe Brown, Warren Douglas; Johnson, Craig Stevens; Tony Torsca, William Edmunds; Jimmy, James Dobbs; Buddy, Patrick Griffin.

RAIDER, THE—English Films: (Cast composed of non-professionals using their own names) Capt. E. F. J. Baskefield (as the lifeboat skipper), Capt. W. K. Kerr (as Leander skipper), Admiral Fullerton (as the Commodore), Paul Reuter (as U-Boat Captain), Gunner H. F. Hills. Seamen: Fred Armistead, Les Savage, Alec Murdock, Bill Leeman, Jock Bain, Tom Major, Jim Redmond, Alf Rawson, J. (Cocky) Day, Don Alexander, H. T. Russell, Harry Pritchard, John Walden.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—20th Century-Fox: Pam, June Haver; Van Damm Smith, George Montgomery; Liz, Vivian Blaine; Miriam, Celeste Holm; Myra, Vera-Ellen; Steve, Frank Latimore; Mike, Charles Smith; Hoskins, Charles Hallton; Mammy, Ruby Dandridge; Colonel, Thurston Hall; Ben, Clinton Rosemond; Head Clerk, William Forrest Jr.; Maid, Theresa Harris.

TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE—Warners: Steven Ross, Dennis Morgan; Jeff Howard, Jack Carson; Sue Jackson, Janis Paige; Victoria Cassel, Martha Vickers; Ladislau Cassel, S. Z. Sakall; John Braden, Alan Hale; Elaine Winters, Angela Greene; Martin Drew, Donald Woods; Madame Lucia Cassel, Florence Bates; Carmen Cavallo Orch.; The Condos Brothers; Chandra Kaly Dancers.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—Paramount: Charles Stewart, Alan Ladd; Richard Henry Dana, Brian Donlevy; Amazeen, William Bendix; Terence O'Feenaghty, Barry Fitzgerald; Capt. Francis Thompson, Howard da Silva; Maria Dominguez, Esther Fernandez; Brown, Albert Dekker; Foster, Luis Van Rotten; Sam Hooper, Darryl Hickman; Macklin, Roman Bohnen; Mr. Gordon Stewart, Ray Collins; Hayes, Theodore Newton; Bellamer, Tom Powers; Carrick, James Burke; Hansen, Frank Faylen; Mrs. Gordon Stewart, Kathleen Lockhart; Mercedes, Rosa Rey; Don Sebastian, Pedro de Cordoba; Sailors, John Roy, Bink Hedberg, Ethan Laidlaw, George Bruggeman, Clint Derrington, Robert F. Kortman, Carl Voss, John P. "Blackie" Whiteford, Mike Lally, Joe Palma, Dave Kashner.

WHITE TIE AND TAILS—Universal-International: Charles Dumont, Dan Duryea; Louise Bradford, Ella Raines; Larry Lundie, William Bendix; Archer, Richard Gaines; Mrs. Latimer, Barbara Brown; Mr. Arkwright, Clarence Kolb; Nat Romano, Donald Curtis; George, Frank Jenks; Mr. Bradford, Samuel S. Hinds; Mr. Latimer, John Beljan; Emil, William Trenk; Bill Latimer, Scotty Beckett; Betty Latimer, Nita Hunter; Cynthia Bradford, Patricia Alphin; Virgie, Joan Fulton.



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